

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 993

Even he, himself, probably didn't expect this. Today, he had originally planned to eliminate Qiao Mu in this wild, mountainous country, yet he was the one who suffered from serious injuries instead.

Ah! Heaven had its eyes closed! How could it treat him like this?

"Cough." The old Daoist vomited out another mouthful of bloody saliva. Simultaneously, his head was suffering from dizzy spells as he gazed coldly at Qiao Mu through the semi-transparent defensive thunder barrier.

Could it be that he had to use that secret technique today?

How hateful!

If there was any mishap, he would be obliterated by Heavenly Law...

"Cough, cough cough!" The old Daoist flipped his left hand, taking a white jade porcelain bottle out from his inner world. He poured out two to three medicinal pills, stuffing them into his mouth without looking.

Yet Qiao Mu's eyes abruptly settled on the white jade porcelain bottle in the old Daoist's hand.

A gloomy chill flitted across her originally placid small stoic face.

When she looked at the old Daoist again, an iciness and cruelty that came from the deepest pit of hell surfaced in her eyes that were devoid of ripples.

By this time, the defensive thunder barrier had already shaved the old Daoist to the point that his flesh was no longer intact. Other than his chest area that had been protected well, the thunderbolts had shaved his remaining limbs into a rather miserable state.

His entire body was adorned in wounds, his hair was in disarray, and even his cyan-colored Daoist robe was soaked red in blood.

With a motion of her finger, Qiao Mu deactivated the semi-transparent defensive thunder barrier in an instant.

With another motion of her finger, a long green vine appeared, lashing out in the old Daoist's direction with a swish.

If this hit landed squarely, then the old Daoist would surely lose half his life even if he didn't die on the spot.

How did he dare take this attack head-on? He directly rolled on the ground to dodge this vine whip attack.

Qiao Mu's fingers moved slightly, and several dozen immobilization talismans directly split apart in mid-air before rushing over to stick onto the old Daoist.

Since the old Daoist was already seriously injured, the immobilization talismans would undoubtedly thwart his movements should they land on him.

Even if they couldn't immobilize him, they would still delay his movements for a moment.

That much was enough!

Priest Dayu destroyed several immobilization talismans while flustered and exasperated. Yet he could feel that his body froze uncontrollably for two seconds during his flurry.

It was during this moment that two vine whips ruthlessly struck his back at the same time, and it hurt so much that his body shuddered, his teeth bared, and his eyebrows creased together.

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu descended step by step from mid-air as she agilely wielded a vine whip in each of her hands, simultaneously attacking him with both.

As the old Daoist looked at the little lady, his brows knitted into a knot, and his pupils also contracted.

The wood spiritual energy coming from these vine whips was rather concentrated, and even he couldn't determine which grade of wood elemental spirit it corresponded to.

It probably wasn't lower than a grade-six wood spirit. When he realized this, however, dripping cold sweat beaded the old Daoist's forehead densely.

He couldn't hesitate anymore.

Silently hanging his head, he only raised it again after several seconds. His eyes glazed over with a faint green light, and his aura changed instantaneously.

"Be careful! He advanced!" The little monk shouted rapidly.

Qiao Mu secretly activated her spiritual eyes, and she immediately perceived the mystic energy in the wicked Daoist's body increasing sharply...

His mystic meridians instantly transformed into red-colored spiritual meridians, after which she saw fiery-red spiritual energy coursing through them gaily.

A foundational red color naturally indicated the fire spirit.

Sure enough, a streak of fire instantly flitted out from the old Daoist's hand, directly pouncing at the vine whips in Qiao Mu's hands.

Once the fire touched the green vine whips, they were immediately set ablaze.

Qiao Mu harrumphed, and at the same time that she threw the vine whips in her hands, she raised her hands slightly. Subsequently, seven to eight green vines simultaneously shot out from all directions towards the wicked Daoist.