

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker!

### Chapter 14: We Are Friends!

Qiao Mu did not decline his offer. It was currently the middle of June, and if the pattern from her previous life did not change and the time matched up, then 15 days later, on the first of July, a terrifying catastrophe would occur—the zombie outbreak.

At that time, in this chaotic world, survival would be more difficult than in the present time.

Medicine was useful for everyone. Her wound stopped hurting and turned fainter as soon as this ointment was applied, and it was greatly effective at stopping her bleeding. It was vastly different from the effects of the low-quality medicine that circulated in the world, so she wagered it was some extremely superior quality medicine.

Since someone decided to be such a spendthrift and give it to her, then she would just have to accept it.

“Alright, the wound will scab by nighttime, and your hand will recover to its original state when you wake up tomorrow.” The youth picked up her skinny and weak wrist and lightly blew on it two times. “It won’t hurt now.”

Qiao Mu could not resist rolling her eyes at him. Did he really think he was an apothecary? Even blowing air on her! She was aware that another group of people with special abilities other than mystic cultivators had appeared after the zombie outbreak had completely erupted in her previous life. That group included apothecaries who inherently carried medicinal power.

If someone was a high-level apothecary, they really could vanish someone’s injuries with a few puffs of air, but the condition for the aforementioned was that you had to be an apothecary! Even more than that, you had to be at least a high-level apothecary! Their every breath contained medicinal power, and casually blowing a few puffs of air filled with medicinal power could treat people!

However, young one, you aren’t an apothecary! Qiao Mu tried to withdraw her hand again without much success, so she angrily glared at him. *“Enough, isn’t it! You already applied the medicine and banded the wound up, why aren’t you letting go?”*

Crown Prince Lian completely ignored the little miss’s glare and even pinched her puffed up cheeks. “Why aren’t you speaking?”

*"I'm not in the mood!"*

"You have to speak even if you aren't in the mood. Communication is necessary between people so that they can become familiar with each other."

*"Who freaking wants to become familiar with you!"*

A certain child glared with her round eyes and nearly cursed!

Mo Lian snickered and poked her not-so-meaty cheeks. "We are friends!"

Friends?

Qiao Mu's placid, pitch-black eyes grew colder little by little, as though a bucket of water was poured into her beautiful eyes, its coldness chilling to the bones.

"I don't need it."

She had no need for those things called friends. Friends? What are friends? Friends were used to be sold; it all depended on the price.

In the end, the friend that she believed in sent her into a cage used for experiments and forcibly crippled her limbs, causing her to spend the rest of her days crawling in the dark.

Those people used weird little hammers and little nails to tinker with her body, searching for clues to expand the inner world.

She once naively believed that there truly were sincere feelings in this world. And then? Besides her mother who passed away from depression early on, no one had given her such a luxurious thing.

Later on, she did not need it. She did not need anything.

Now? She did not need such a banal thing even more. Friends? Sincere feelings? She did not have it nor did she need someone to give it to her out of charity. Because living peacefully and quietly by herself was just fine.

She possessed round eyes that were clearly excessively beautiful and full of life, but it just had to contain such a cold glint. It was simply too dissonant.

"Qiaoqiao, we will become friends." The youth lightly tilted his head, a trace of interest and anticipation in his eyes. "Look, even if you don't speak, I can understand the voice in your mind instantly. What does this mean? This is the so-called fate, isn't it?"

An alert light flashed in Qiao Mu's eyes as she snatched the ointment from the youth's hand and jumped down from the tree.

Thank you for reading on