

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 296

She saw it! She saw the mystic technique that she chose earlier...

The child eagerly moved her limbs like she was swimming and strenuously chased after the book of mystic technique that was encased in rich mystic energy.

When Qiao Mu's hands were about to grasp that book, anticipation finally appeared on her face.

Suddenly, an icy, bone-chilling rectangular iron box descended from the sky and heavily dropped onto her outreached hands. The hefty unknown item inside caused her weak arms to also sink a few inches.

Qiao Mu's anticipation froze on her face, her stoic face taut to its limits!

AH, HEAVENS!!!

What the heck is this?!

This cool iron box did not have any openings and did not resemble a box that held a mystic technique.

It looked like a rectangular lump of iron that had been completely melded together, sealed so seamlessly that it did not have a centimeter of a crack in it.

Qiao Mu was livid with anger and quickly tossed it away like she had caught a hot potato.

However, in the next second, she felt like she was being dragged out by the air.

It's over! Time's up!!!

AHHH! Qiao Mu felt like she had to have been possessed by the deity of bad luck!

She entered here for four whole hours, but all that she took away was a tattered book...

The child felt like her pitiful heart was fatally injured!

She was swiftly transported out of Maple Pavilion and saw her master, Murong Xun's, grinning face as soon as she landed.

All of her grievances rushed out of her immediately, and she barreled into Murong Xun, her head burrowing into her master's arms.

"What is it? What is it?" Murong Xun was taken by surprise, but before she could say anything else, the talisman matrix flashed briefly and returned to normal.

The bracelet key snapped away from the matrix and flung itself into Murong Xun's hand.

At the same time, a strange iron box was tossed out of the matrix, and Murong Xun hastily caught it when it was about to slam into the back of Qiao Mu's head.

Qiao Mu's head listlessly drooped down, and she dispiritedly glanced at the iron box. "Master, let's go." [Read more chapter on vipnovel.com](http://vipnovel.com)

Oh my, why did Maple Pavilion have an iron box? Based on the little one's appearance, she probably did not have a successful hunt.

She did not only choose this iron box, right?

As her master, Murong Xun naturally should not knock her any further down. Murong Xun carried her away from Sky Peak and asked cautiously, "My disciple, did you notice what level you got to? Did you see the number on the crystal platform?"

"Six," Qiao Mu mumbled spiritlessly as she limply leaned against Murong Xun's shoulders, uninterested in talking.

Anyone who entered a building with treasures and ended up inexplicably picking out a few lousy things probably would not be in high spirits. Who would care what level they went to?

She found it embarrassing to mention to Murong Xun that she also picked a crappy book besides this iron box.

Murong Xun looked at her disciple strangely though. She quickly pacified her and chuckled. "It's fine, it's fine. It's unimportant if you didn't find anything good today. You'll have lots of opportunities later."

After they arrived at First Peak, Murong Xun led Qiao Mu by her hands and escorted her to her own courtyard.

This was the benefit of being a personal disciple. Every personal disciple was bestowed with their own standalone courtyard. It might not be large, but it was fully equipped with a drawing room, sitting room, study, cultivation room, and even a concoction room.

Murong Xun knew her little disciple was coming, so she appropriately prepared everything inside her courtyard two months ago, and Qiao Mu could directly move in.

After comforting her little disciple for a little bit, Murong Xun had to hurry to the Main Peak to talk to the sect master, so she left Qiao Mu's courtyard.