

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 301

Did you think the child wanted to soak some treasure out of this lousy book? No.

Qiao Mu merely wanted to wash this dirty and stinky book.

If it disintegrated in the process, great! She could throw it out with this bucket of water...

She soaked the book in the tub, again and again. When she picked the book up by a corner of a page, she thought the book would soften at least, but no!

It still remained that handsewn book that looked like it would fall apart at any second.

It looked like it would fall apart, but the pages remained intact and didn't even have a soak mark!

What was going on?

The child was kneeling next to the tub and used two fingers to flick the lousy book floating in the water. After poking it around for a while, the child was at her wit's end when she suddenly caught sight of the flickering candle flame on the table.

An idea occurred to her, and she scurried to the table with the book in hand and held a corner of the book above the candle.

She forlornly watched the flame dance across the page, but it would not lit up no matter what.

What kind of bloody book was this?!

After exhausting herself from wrangling with the book, she tossed it to the table and jumped onto the bed in a huff, covering her head with the comforter to go to sleep.

The lousy book, the dilapidated box—that was all the trash she got from her trip to Maple Pavilion.

Starting tomorrow, I'm going to enter closed-door cultivation and won't see anyone...

After the child fell asleep on the bed, the battered book tossed aside on the lonely, frigid table suddenly emitted a red light late at night.

The light and the book transformed into a ball of red mist and burrowed into the child burrito.

The child was sound asleep as she curled up inside the blanket.

When the red mist dug between her brows, a stab of pain pierced her.

She abruptly opened her eyes and dazedly stared ahead of her for half a minute before her eyelashes fluttered and she tiredly closed her eyes again.

The next morning, the child didn't wake up until the sun was high up in the sky.

She sat on the bed and looked at the bright sun outside her window with a disoriented expression.

How strange!

She had never slept in so late since the day she was reborn.

She wandered a circle around her room and slapped the back of her head. A nagging feeling told her something was missing from this room.

After washing up, Qiao Mu sat down next to the table and poured a cup of cold tea for herself.

Her hand around the teacup suddenly paused when her gaze landed on a corner of the table. She struggled to recall yesterday's memory.

She remembered... she clearly threw that lousy book on the table.

Why was the lousy book missing? She tilted her head and peered under the table, but nothing was there.

She furrowed her brows and inspected her room, yet nothing was out of place.

There were also no traces of any strange presence lingering in the room, so no one intentionally sneaked in here and stole her lousy book...

"Master! Ah, Master!" Qiuqiu's voice excitedly rang out next to her ear.

"Why did you run out here?" A little treant was tugging on her skirt.

"Master, are you surprised? Are you happy? Qiuqiu can come outside for a short time now!" The little treant giddily exclaimed as she shook Qiao Mu's skirt.

"Master only needs me by her side! You? Go back to wherever you came from!" The nimble golem jumped down onto the floor and promptly sent a kick to the treant.

Caught off guard, Qiuqiu was sent rolling back by the golem.

Such outrageousness! Qiuqiu rolled away quickly but rolled back even quicker. She leaped toward Qiao Mu and hung from her skirt. “Master, Master, Master! Who’s this weird looking guy?!”