

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 317

Qiao Mu had lived in these quarters for nearly five years. Winter had left and spring had come, spring had left and summer had come, but her pale-colored clothes remained the same.

However, her abode flourished with every year, green vines sprawled across the walls, and the small flowerbed encircled by a fence was planted with several flowers that could grow in a snowy environment.

The courtyard was not too big, but nature thrived everywhere the eye could see.

Over these past years, Qiao Mu's small figure grew and grew, and she had to switch batch after batch of clothing.

Qiao Mu told her Master that she did not need so many clothes since she was always cultivating inside the mystical treasured land night after night. Why would she need so many changes of clothes?

However, she could not stop her Master's intense desire to dress her disciple. Hence, a lot of the clothes from eight or nine years of age were thrown to the bottom of her wardrobe without a day of wear.

This was because she often entered closed-door cultivation for months on end and would not leave the mystical treasured land until her clothes had shrunk immensely. As a result, the batch of clothes Master just replaced ahead of time did not suit her by then.

When night had fully set in the courtyard, Qiao Mu was sitting by herself in her room and bandaging the green-headed eagle lying prone on the table with a clean roll of cloth.

After grinding some superior grade medicinal powder, she sprinkled it onto the eagle's wound, causing it to twitch a few times.

“Stop moving.” Qiao Mu tapped its head and wrapped the cloth around its injured wing.

“My arrow back then wouldn’t hit your owner even if he didn’t dodge it,” Qiao Mu softly murmured. “I just wanted to scare that guy but didn’t expect him to use you as a shield.”

She stroked the eagle on its head before standing up and washing her hands in the nearby basin.

However, too many, far too many people in this world were selfish like that, so Qiao Mu was really not too surprised when that happened.

Thud thud thud! A round of urgent knocking was heard from the door.

Qiao Mu hastily picked up the green-headed eagle and stuffed it under her bed. She gently knocked its head twice. “Stay down and don’t move.”

After hiding the eagle, Qiao Mu stood back up and waved her hand, sprinkling some fine powder to eliminate the scent of blood from the room and leaving behind a faint fragrant scent.

Qiao Mu opened the door and saw the kitchen maid, Fat Sister, holding a cleaver and standing outside her door with Second Senior Sister, Xue Xiao.

“Miss Qiao, when you went to the kitchen to take your stew, did you see the super green eagle I left in the corner?” Fat Sister asked in her loud voice.

“No,” the little stoic answered expressionlessly.

Everyone had gotten used to this little fellow’s stoic face over the years, so Fat Sister merely nodded after hearing that.

The kitchen-maid angrily turned around with her cleaver. “Miss Xue, it looks like it escaped! I seriously didn’t think the eagle could still escape even though it injured its wing. I originally planned to pluck its feathers and then steam it to add a dish for everyone!”

Qiao Mu’s lips twitched silently, and she apathetically looked away, slightly lowering her head.

“Right?” Xue Xiao was also outraged. “Since that little beast dares to come to our sect and show off, it deserves to end up as our food! It got lucky! If I capture it tomorrow, I’ll definitely give it to you to be stewed, Fat Sister!”

Fat Sister heavily sighed with a wave of her cleaver and told Qiao Mu to head to dinner soon before following Xue Xiao and leaving.

“Every time I come to Miss Qiao’s court, it smells so good...”

Qiao Mu closed the door and looked back at the green-headed eagle that climbed out from under her bed. Her eyes were frosty without a lick of warmth. “Leave after your wing recovers.”