

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 330

“Master, Master, I’m sorry. Master... waaah.” The blob of water kept circling around Qiao Mu, but it did not dare to approach her too closely.

Qiao Mu also did not expect her emotional breakdown to assault her so fast. She had thought she concealed her wound perfectly. She even thought she had completely forgotten her past already.

However, now, it appeared she did not...

Some things could not be forgotten simply because you purposely choose to forget it. If you do not gouge out the rotten flesh around the wound, it will never mend completely.

Qiao Mu took a deep breath and looked up at the faint sunlight sprinkling down.

When Qiao Mu turned around, she was surprised by the bawling blob of water. To begin with, this thing was made from water, so its form of crying consisted of two pillars of tears spraying from the main blob and cascading to the ground.

Seeing this, Qiao Mu quickly took out a bottle and held it near. “This is holy water, right? Eight drops are enough, why do I need so much?”

The blob of water inhaled some air and nearly stifled itself but quickly stopped crying. It looked at its Little Master, who sent her a murderous look moments ago, and stammered, “Master, Dottie will love Master very, very much from now on. Can you please not dislike Dottie from now on, Master?”

Master’s earlier look was extremely icy and heartless and sent the water blob into overwhelming fear.

“Just now, it wasn’t aimed at you...” Qiao Mu knew that she mistook the small water blob as a coiling snake at that moment. The sneering, chilly face of a snake overlapped with that “friend” from her previous life, so her emotions exploded and her actions went out of control.

“Apologies.” Qiao Mu apologetically looked at the ball of water and wanted to say something comforting, but she was not good at expressing her thoughts.

Finally, she sighed softly. “Let’s go back.” Master and the senior sisters must be worried.

“Master.” The blob of water flew into the air in front of her and its blue light sparkled. It was asking for pets and hugs.

“Little Junior Sister, Little Junior Sister!” Xu Shanshan and the others were behind Murong Xun. When they saw Qiao Mu in an unharmed condition after reaching the snowy peak, a sigh of relief escaped from their mouths.

Qiao Mu was about to reach out but looked up when she heard the calls.

An inch before Qiao Mu touched the ball of water, her hand shrank back skittishly and subconsciously clenched into a fist as she swiftly walked toward her master.

The glistening blue light encasing the blob of water dimmed. It trailed behind Qiao Mu like a wilted flower.

Three days later, Qiao Mu left the water blob in the Holy Water Sect’s mystical treasured land. She also departed from the sect with the disciples from the three peaks while riding large cranes.

The villagers of Xianghe Village were heading out for another day of labor when they heard the cries of cranes, so they hastily looked up.

There were more than 30 slender-figured, celestial-like disciples of the Holy Water Sect sitting or standing on the back of a dozen or so large cranes. Their already indistinguishable faces disappeared into the distance as the calls of the cranes grew fainter.

“Mother, are those celestial beings?” a girl asked while pointing at the disappearing cranes.

“Yes. Those celestial beings are silently protecting us using their own methods.”

After the cranes flew them down the mountain and escorted them to the riverside, they returned to the sect.

Xixia Valley was located on the edge of the Western Wilderness and bordered Shuwang City, so they had to pass through the Great Swamp.

The Holy Water Sect group planned to take the water route and they should arrive near the Great Swamp in a dozen or so days.

Calculating the journey, they had to make haste since traversing through the Great Swamp might waste some time.

“Master, there’s a boatman up ahead. Let me ask him.” A disciple from Third Peak swiftly darted toward the riverside like a bird released from its cage.

The boatman was sitting on the riverside with his bowed back facing the Holy Water Sect group.

The Third Peak disciple cheerfully clapped him on the shoulder. “Uncle, are you running the boat? Send us to...”

The boatman turned around. His nose and mouth had all concaved into his flat face, and only his blackened teeth were revealed.

He abruptly opened his mouth and sprang toward the disciple from the Third Peak, his mouth opening absurdly wide.

The Holy Water Sect disciples exclaimed in shock.

A “Swoosh” arched through the air, and a black arrow pierced the boatman’s throat, cleanly coming out from the back of his neck.