

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 351

“Cough, cough, agh, cough, cough!” A middle-aged man covered in soot from head to toe crawled his way out of the kitchen debris and promptly waved his hand at the Holy Water Sect masters and disciples that surrounded him. “I’m al- cough, cough, alright, cough, cough! Don’t be worried, cough, cough, cough!”

Although Murong Xun looked unperturbed on the surface, the corner of her mouth was still twitching involuntarily.

As expected, the friend of a dunce is also a dunce! She shouldn’t have promised that dunce to stay at this place. Wasn’t it quite nice to find a random inn to stay at? Why did she have to save on those expenses? It was only for one night anyways!

Lu Yun lifted her sleeve to cover her mouth and chuckled with a “heh.” “It seems like our dinner plans tonight have fallen through.”

“Oh, it’s no problem, no problem! I’ll go prepare again. You all wait in the living room first!”

“You already blasted the kitchen. What can you still prepare?” Yang Xirong sent out a violent fist while she was at it, which landed heavily on the middle-aged man’s head.

Everyone’s mouths twitched slightly, feeling that the scene was especially comical.

“Then let’s just put up a spit and roast up something simple to eat!” Murong Xun turned her head to look at Crown Prince Mo.

“I’m fine with whatever.” Mo Lian smiled faintly.

“That’s right, Young Master Mo and Little Junior Sister just happened to bring back a large basket of vegetables. There’s even meat inside. This really is perfect!”

Thus, a bunch of people hurriedly set up a roasting spit, while others washed and picked over the vegetables. With the division of labor, the preparation went quickly.

When nightfall set in, three pots of stewed rib bone soup hung from the spit. The gurgling soup was already gradually releasing white steam, its aroma assaulting their noses.

Qiao Mu was afraid that there wasn’t enough food, so she stealthily brought out more from a storage talisman.

Everyone partook in this dinner very cheerfully. In the middle, Murong Xun even brought out two jugs of wine for a toast with her two junior sisters.

Under the night sky, the faint glow from the fire illuminated the little girl’s profile. Fireworks shot into the sky in the distance for some unknown reason.

The brilliant fireworks blossomed against a black backdrop, lighting up this night sky.

Mo Lian supported his chin with one hand, his gaze falling on his little stoic’s face. The little girl held a small bowl of soup in her hands and lowered her small head to drink in mouthfuls. She looked so lovely and agreeable.

She would occasionally raise her head to glance at everyone from the sect. That gaze was also particularly touching. There was no trace of icy coldness, only tenderness.

But Qiao Mu didn’t know that a night like this, with master and disciple toasting drinks and having a cookout, with everyone joking together, would perhaps not occur again in the future...

Her eyesight landed on her master, who was clinking glasses with Aunt-Master Lu. The senior and junior sister grinned at each other, confident and at ease. At least at this moment, everyone was extremely happy.

The scene of Murong Xun and Lu Yun downing their glasses, and Yang Xirong casting a glance at them while gnawing on a scalding pig trotter, the corner of her lips curling up, was like a lightly flowing ink painting that intruded into the depths of the little stoic's heart. Eternity was nothing more than this.

Peng! The fireworks in the distance dazzled a patch of sky, but also disappeared quickly.

After the group dispersed to return to their rooms to rest, only several embers on the spit burned faintly, small sparkles faintly lingering...

The next day, everyone got ready to set out even when the sky had barely brightened.

Riding horses could only get you to the Great Swamp. Afterwards, everyone had to abandon their horses and travel by foot.

A large region of wetland appeared before their eyes. Lush water plants grew on top of a black layer of accumulated river sludge. Repulsive-looking trees stretched out disorderly branches. These were pitch-black indicators of gloominess and dampness.

"Caw!" After letting out a low and raspy cry, a strange bird that was balding all over flapped its wings and took off from a crooked branch, flying over the group.