

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 363

Qiao Mu walked to the side without a sound.

Several Holy Water Sect ladies entered the thatched-roof teahouse. Soon afterwards, they grimly brought out 10 or so tatter-clothed women and children covered in countless injuries of all sizes.

The naive Princess Xiao Mi widened her eyes, her oval face in shock. “Th-they?”

Of these women and children that were being trafficked to Black City, the oldest was in her early 20s, the youngest was only seven. Each person had been tortured ruthlessly, and they had been locked up in dark rooms for so long that even when they were walking under the sunlight now, they still wore blank and dazed expressions.

Qiao Mu’s gaze landed on a young woman in the very back.

The young woman was not tall, and her forehead had a half-dried bloodstain. Half of her face was also beaten black and blue.

She tightly hugged something that was enshrouded in a molding cloth rag.

Yet when two senior sisters were about to approach, they were held back by Qiao Mu.

The sword in Qiao Mu’s hand rose bit by bit. However, she felt that the normal sword in her hands weighed a thousand pounds.

“What are you doing!!” Xiao Mi hollered with arched eyebrows. “Did you get addicted to killing after killing so many people!!”

“Shut up!” Not only Mo Lian, but even Baili Xi and Wei Nanfeng roared at her in unison.

Xiao Mi instantly felt extremely aggrieved, her tears almost flowing out.

Why did they all scold her?

“I’m sorry.” Qiao Mu muttered icily.

It was like the young woman realized something as she suddenly loosened her grip on the molding cloth rag. A monster whose head was twice as big as its body crawled out and bared its fangs at the crowd.

“Ah!!” Xiao Mi screeched, “Zombie, zombie, hurry, hurry and kill it!”

Baili Xi’s icy gaze caused Xiao Mi to shut up promptly.

“Miss, can you let us off? I’ll bring him to find a deserted forest deep in the mountains to live out our last days.” The young woman suddenly kneeled with a flump, shedding tears as she spoke.

Qiao Mu’s fingers that were gripping the sword had already turned slightly pale, but she still shook her head. “I’m sorry, I can’t. You have already entered the late-stage of the incubation period and will lose your sanity soon.”

The young woman wailed while covering her face. The infant with the monstrous head grinded its fangs and abruptly pounced out of her arms.

The young woman used her frail arms to tightly hug her child. Seeing that it couldn’t free itself, it turned around and tore into her arms with its fangs.

This scene terrified Princess Xiao Mi slightly, and she repeatedly retreated several steps to shrink behind Baili Xi.

Yet, the young woman didn't feel a bit of pain, and she lowered her head to look tenderly at her child. "Miss, I beg of you: can you cut off both my and my son's heads and bury them together? I want to accompany my child forever. Can you do that?"

Qiao Mu's eyes slightly reddened, and she solemnly nodded: "Yes."

I wish you both longevity and good health in your next lives, without encountering calamities...

The meter-long sword flew into the air, and a dense cold light flashed past. Even with the high noon sun shining, there was not a trace of warmth.

Mo Lian found the little fellow on a small dirt slope outside the village.

At that time, she was standing there with her back facing him. Her fingertips held a thin leaf to her mouth, and she used it to play a sorrowful melody that he had never heard before.

The former was like ascending the Zhuling grotto-heaven, the latter was like descending into the gate of rebirth. Difficult to transcend the Three Realms, bound for the Temple in Heaven...[1]

At the end of the melody, she just stood there, not looking back even after a long time.

Until the sun set in the west and nightfall started to set in, she was like a statute that stood there without moving.

Mo Lian's heart was so stifled that it was at the point of self-exploding.

He could restrain his bursting mood no further, and he landed quickly by her side with a flash. He stretched out his arms and embraced her tightly in his arms!