

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 445

However, there was not one bit of excitement or joy. Although it was the Three Sects' total victory, there was not a hint of joy on the faces of the Holy Water Sect's three peak masters.

After returning to their courtyard, all the senior sisters ran over to give her gifts. They said euphemistically that since their little junior sister had achieved glory for the Holy Water Sect, they had to gift the first place winner presents.

Xu Shanshan gifted her a dagger that was a level-15 mystic weapon. She told her that she had brought it out from the Maple Pavilion and that it was quite convenient to use.

Qiao Mu intuitively felt that it was a bit strange. Her senior sisters ran over one by one to present her with gifts that were all considerably valuable.

"What happened?" Qiao Mu asked sternly.

"What can happen?" Yang Xirong smiled and said, "Youngest Disciple, you haven't returned home for so many years since coming to the sect. How about returning home for a visit this time?"

Qiao Mu nodded. She also had such an intention, but...

She had just about assimilated the essence water, so she had a bit of difficulty in suppressing her cultivation now. She planned to first find a place to advance her cultivation level before returning home.

"Master, are you still angry at Third Senior Sister?" Qiao Mu walked to Murong Xun's side and tugged at her sleeve. "You can't forgive her? You already know what kind of personality she has."

Master always knew that she was competitive and unwilling to admit defeat, but why was she so enraged today? Qiao Mu felt that she must have overlooked something.

An idea suddenly occurred to her, and Qiao Mu hurriedly asked, "Is it related to the holy water?"

Because Third Senior Sister swallowed the holy water on the spot and attracted unwanted attention? Then what would happen to the sect, Master and Aunt-Masters, and the senior sisters? Qiao Mu only felt like this turn of events was not very reassuring.

"Silly child, what can happen?" Murong Xun smiled and said, "Don't let your imagination run wild and go rest earlier. All the other sects and factions are leaving Xixia Valley early tomorrow morning. We will have to leave too."

"Child, your parents must be worried as you haven't returned all these years since leaving them, so stay at home for longer this time. You don't need to hurry back since not much is happening at the sect anyways." Murong Xun pulled Qiao Mu's hand and instructed quietly, "The world outside is different from inside the sect. Be vigilant in everything that you do, and take care of yourself on your journey."

"Young Master Mo has come." Xu Shanshan spoke.

Qiao Mu walked outside, slightly depressed.

Mo Lian grasped her small hand and squeezed it. He said smilingly, "What is it? Because I have to leave tomorrow, too? And you're unwilling to part with me?"

The little fellow wasn't in the mood to joke and raised her head sulkily to look at him.

She suddenly thought of something and rummaged through her purple talisman, finally plopping a small rectangular iron box onto Mo Lian's palm. "I don't know how to open this."

Mo Lian involuntarily let out a laugh and then lowered his head to look at this small rectangular iron box. It was melded together seamlessly and sure enough lacked a spot from which to open it.

“Duan Yue should know.” The little fellow was still slightly depressed, so she said, “Help me hand it over to him so he can study it.”

“If you’re returning to your sect, then we will have to go our separate ways tomorrow. Don’t leave this sour face for me to remember, or else the expression I’ll always be keeping in mind will be your sour face.” Mo Lian suddenly raised her small face with his hand. “Qiaoqiao, seriously smile for me. It’s been so many years, but I truly haven’t seen you smile before!”

Qiao Mu rolled her eyes at him. How could she smile without rhyme or reason just because he wanted her to?

“How about I tell you a joke and you try smiling?” Mo Lian teased her small face with his finger.

“Tell me.” The little stoic wasn’t in a happy mood.

“Once upon a time, there was a bad person called Duan Yue. One day, he was beaten to death by a good person called Mo Lian.”

Qiao Mu: “...”