

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 827

With the addition of Mo Lian and Duan Yue, the family reunion became even more lively.

After they finished boiling all the dumplings in a boisterous racket, Qiao Mu then took out sumptuous dishes from her food box.

Two tables were set up in the sitting room, and the entire family, without distinguishing between master and servant, ate a reunion dinner together joyously and harmoniously.

Wei Ziqin took out small embroidered pouches, distributing them to the group of servants who were beaming with happiness, as well as passing out various trinkets and gold ingots to the children.

She gave the children toys to play with, while the servants got 10 pieces of low-grade mystic currency with which they could purchase items. This mystic currency was the newest circulating currency that the royal court had just issued.

Since it was forged from magnetite, it naturally mirrored magnetite in its division of low-grade, mid-grade, high-grade, and supreme-grade mystic currency. Supposedly, this mystic currency wasn't only accepted in Mo Kingdom but was also circulating through the other northern kingdoms. After using this mystic currency to register in advance at the various large and small fortifications, that person could purchase the items inside the food store and fabrics store the next day.

Dongmei gripped her embroidered pouch tightly. She only felt that every one of her masters were good people, and that she had something to strive for now.

While sitting on top of the roof eaves, Qiao Mu held a cup of hot tea as she looked up at the distant, bright moon.

During this time in previous years, she would accompany the old sect master, her master, and her aunt-masters on top of the snowy peaks. They would admire the bamboo and drink tea, silently awaiting the arrival of a new year.

Perhaps these kinds of days wouldn't ever come back.

"Qiaoqiao, you're missing your sect?" Mo Lian's warm and large hand gently grasped her soft and small hand.

When Qiao Mu looked up, she saw the man's pair of phoenix eyes were suffused with ripples under the moonlight.

"With Qiaoqiao here, the sect won't vanish." Mo Lian reached out to squeeze her small chin, and he pointed down below. "Look at how happy Dad and Mom are today."

Qiao Mu looked down, and she saw the two foodies, Qiao Lin and Qiao Sen, carrying a large fruit box as they cheerfully chomped down on the multicolored fruits.

On the other hand, Qiao Hu had collapsed on the side. It was probably because he had stuffed himself too much, since he was massaging his belly with his hand.

Shaoyao was stifling her laughter as she carried over a bowl of soup that aided digestion. Brother Xiao Hu quickly scrambled up as he smiled foolishly at Shaoyao in complete embarrassment.

Duan Yue was currently accompanying Dad, Mom, and Second Uncle in playing mahjong.

When she looked over, she just happened to see her mother grinning from ear to ear. "Oh my, Duan Yue, have you been losing to Auntie deliberately! Auntie won again."

“Auntie, you’re marvellously lucky at picking tiles tonight!”

Qiao Zhongbang harrumphed in feigned anger. “How could her luck not be good? She even has the Buddha blessing her, so could her luck even be bad?”

The little monk was sitting cross-legged on a soft cushion at her mother’s feet. He was holding a hollow wooden fish to beat the time as he chanted his scriptures.

Yet Second Uncle Qiao twitched his mouth and exclaimed in both amusement and exasperation. “Little Venerable Master, could you stop beating! Which monastery does their morning recitation all the way till this hour?”

This hilarious kid wasn’t diligent in the morning, waiting until the night to do things at the last minute...

“That is not so.” As the little monk beat the wooden fish, he replied to Second Uncle Qiao in a murmur. “This young monk is doing tomorrow’s morning recitation.”

Second Uncle Qiao gazed at him speechlessly. “Why are you doing tomorrow’s morning recitation right now?”

Duan Yue cracked up. “Does it even need to be said? It’s certainly because he won’t be able to wake up tomorrow morning!”

The little monk hung his small head in slight shame, but he still continued with his rhythmic beating, throwing everyone’s laughter out of his mind.

Qiao Mu was feeling a bit sleepy, yet the sound of firecrackers and drums instantly woke her up with a start.

After her view came into focus, she saw that she had drowsily fallen into Mo Lian's arms when she was nodding off earlier.