

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 938

Mo Lian poked her fair forehead with his slender finger as he chuckled.

She truly was a child with a sharp tongue but a soft heart. It was obvious that she wanted to give them a way out, yet she insisted on saying it with a detached and unfeeling attitude.

Old Sixth Qiao's family of three were "courteously" escorted out of the Marquis of Jiayuan's main entrance.

Wei Ziqin had just reached the front door after hearing the news, and she tepidly said, "Please wait."

"Ziqin, you... really were ill?" A faint wisp of astonishment flashed past Sixth Aunt Qiao's eyes. Even she had thought that Wei Ziqin was avoiding to see them earlier.

Wei Ziqin wore a sickly expression and was wrapped up in a thick fur cloak as Chunying helped her out the door.

She couldn't help but scoff when she heard this. "There were some things I hadn't been meaning to say, but you shouldn't have blamed Qiaoqiao. Back then, she had wholeheartedly wanted you all to leave with us. In all fairness, Sixth Aunt, wasn't it you who stubbornly didn't want to leave?"

"Cough, cough."

"Madam." Chunying supported Wei Ziqin's arm.

After the day she was brought back from Clearwater Fine Park, Wei Ziqin had caught a chill, coughing the entire time since then.

It was particularly chilly today. Besides, she shouldn't have come out to suffer from the wind in the first place.

Even so, Wei Ziqin raised her hand to stop Chunying from speaking before turning to look at Sixth Uncle Qiao and his family apathetically. "I understand my daughter better than anyone else. Even if you treat her well a tiny bit, she will return in kind tenfold. I speculate that she had intended to go over the next day to persuade you again, but no one knew that there would be a zombie outbreak in the village that night."

"Did we want that kind of thing to happen? No one wants it to!" Wei Ziqin rebuked loudly in slight agitation.

"Ziqin, we, we know now. Your, your body isn't well, so go back to rest first." Sixth Aunt Qiao glanced at Wei Ziqin with a cowering gaze.

Yet Wei Ziqin took out a storage talisman and handed it to Sixth Aunt Qiao. "Keep it carefully. There is three months' supply of goods inside. You can retrieve it with a drop of blood."

"From today on, we'll have written off everything that happened between us in the past! You all... please look out for yourselves." Before Old Sixth Qiao's family could say anything, Wei Ziqin promptly turned around to enter the door after finishing her piece.

Subsequently, Chunying coldly shut the main door with a "bam."

Sixth Aunt Qiao had opened her mouth, still wanting to say something. She even chased up the stairs, but when she saw the main door shutting with a bam, she promptly felt a lump in her throat.

For some reason, she had the urge to bawl her eyes out.

It was like, like she inexplicably had a peculiar feeling of having personally pushed this family away.

This feeling of... complete severance really was hard to take.

Early the next morning, the family of three boarded a donkey wagon they had arranged earlier and quietly left the Mo Kingdom capital.

As the covered wagon rocked to and fro, Qiao Ya shrunk in the innermost corner. She hugged her knees with her arms as she hung her head the entire time without uttering a sound.

“Xiao Ya, it’s all Mom’s fault. It was Mom who made a wrong decision that...”

Qiao Ya shook her head faintly while hanging her head, and she spoke in a downcast voice that was choked with sobs, “It’s not your fault, Mom. It’s my fault, I was the one who thought too hideously of people’s hearts.”

“It’s my fault...”

She had thought that she had abandoned her, betrayed her!

The instant that they saw each other again, she even felt that that person was too dazzling, and that she really wanted to destroy this kind of dazzling existence with her own hands!

The small donkey wagon rocked to and fro as it left the Mo Kingdom capital.

Qiao Ya seemingly saw two half-grown little girls holding hands beside the tiny brook in Qiaotou Village.

“Eat it.” She stuffed half a mantou into her dirty little hands.

But there was no going back now. Qiao Ya suddenly burst into tears.