

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 982

By the time the trio's figures appeared again, a peaceful, small bamboo grove was before them.

This secret inheritance realm wasn't large. There were just three small thatched cottages in the rear of the bamboo grove, with a shallow brook flowing past their doorsteps. It truly looked like an otherworldly place of seclusion.

It was lonely and tranquil, secluded and peaceful.

Upon entering this place, Qiao Mu took a deep breath and only felt a peacefulness flooding her heart.

All the fighting and killing outside had nothing to do with this place at all.

"Benefactress, what should we do next?" The little monk's expression showed faint worry.

Yet when Qiao Mu saw this, she immediately rubbed his small face. "You're so young, yet you act like you're a fossil. There's Sister here no matter what happens. What are you worried for. Let's first go and see this senior."

With this, she pulled along the round-faced little monk as she walked into the small bamboo grove and arrived before the three small thatched cottages.

When she pushed open the master bedroom, a faint pill fragrance wafted over.

Qiao Mu's body suddenly froze, dazed, as she stared blankly at the skeleton on the bed.

The skeleton was covered with a crimson outer robe, and it was sitting upright with perfect posture.

For an instant, Qiao Mu seemed to see that female in fluttering red robes, who had wiped out the ten-thousand men army all by herself in bygone times.

“Benefactress.” The little monk shook the hem of her clothes.

Qiao Mu returned to the present, but when she looked down at Kongkong, Qiao Mu was still in a daze.

“What’s wrong?”

Qiao Mu shook her head as she subconsciously clutched her chest: Why did she suddenly feel like she couldn’t breathe? It was just like a formless claw was gripping her heart tightly, preventing her from speaking at the moment.

At that instant, her heart seemed to be suffused with indescribable pain, and it felt like she wanted to vent it out by weeping.

Her eyes subsequently reddened.

But, why did she suddenly want to cry?

“Your expression is very sorrowful, Benefactress.” The little monk hugged her leg and nuzzled it. “Carry me, okay.”

Even though Qiao Mu was still a bit dazed, she listened to the little baldy and carried him up.

The little monk then hugged her neck and stuck a small hand to her face, exclaiming in all seriousness, “Don’t cry. This young monk can’t bear the sight of women crying the most!”

The misery and heartache permeating the atmosphere basically vanished into thin air with the little monk's remark.

Qingluan rolled his eyes speechlessly when he saw this.

"Do you feel a bit better?" The little monk's palm possessed an endless warmth, and it did warm up her bone-chilling cheeks somewhat as it nestled against her face.

"This senior should have died many years ago." The little monk turned back to look at the bed. "Look at her. Her expression is peaceful, with a hint of a smile. She must have already known that her time had come."

Qingluan wanted to ridicule the little baldy. What kind of eyesight do you have to be able to see that this skeleton has a peaceful expression?

"Every person will eventually come to this day. Unless you can escape heaven's will, and are able to defy Heavenly Law."

"Benefactress, don't grieve." The little monk comforted in his baby voice, "We'd better go and see what kind of good inheritance this senior left behind for you! Since senior opened up her cave abode and let us enter, then she must have left something for you."

Qingluan nodded. "Master, don't feel sad anymore. You better go and take a look."

Qiao Mu's eyes reddened slightly. Actually, she also didn't understand herself.

It wasn't like this was the first time she faced death directly, so why did she get so emotional?