

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 250

A scarlet red light flitted across the night sky. As the light expanded, both the crown prince and Qiao Mu looked up simultaneously.

Suddenly, Qiao Mu felt her legs hanging in the air and exasperatedly looked at the crown prince, who had carried her into his arms.

‘ARGH!’ A certain child grumbled inwardly, ‘I want to grow tall! I’ll grow tall so that he can’t carry me!’

“Qiaoqiao, I’ll miss you, I’ll really miss you,” the crown prince muttered while pressing his forehead against her forehead. “Don’t worry, I’ll remember the return gift, and I’ll definitely give it to you when we meet again, alright?”

‘Alright, your a**! This treasure really doesn’t want your strange return gift...’

“Alright,” the crown prince responded in place of a certain child with a grin.

‘You! You can talk to yourself to this extent! You shameless guy! You’re gonna anger this treasure to death!’

After a red light flitted across the sky, a black figure that was a few inches shorter than the crown prince abruptly appeared behind him.

It was a youth around 11 or 12 years old and entirely different from the simple-minded Qiao Hu. This youth was coldly handsome with sharp features, already revealing his budding talent.

What was strangest about him was his pair of eyes—they were naturally heterochromatic, one gold and one red.

Qiao Mu curiously observed him, completely ignoring the youth's taut and aloof face, which warded people off from looking at him.

"This is Little Seven." Crown Prince Mo glanced at the child behind him with exasperation. Look at how impatient this child was. He had told the child that he was leaving tomorrow morning, but he was too impatient to wait and came.

"You're that blazing golden dragon!" Qiao Mu's eyes brightened as she studied Seventh Yan's head in close detail.

That magnificent and terrifying dragon head from back then actually became a human head!

The youth glanced at her before looking away with a snort.

"He has a bad attitude!" Qiao Mu turned to look at the crown prince stoically, unaware that she was tattling to him currently. "Can I win against him?"

The crown prince nearly chuckled out loud and shook his head, expressing his regret. "You can't win."

"Oh." The child muttered to herself, "Forget it if I can't win!"

The crown prince: ...

The youth turned to glare at her when he heard her words! Was this brat saying she would give him a good beating if she could win against him???

'Insolent! Insolent! This gutsy, rude, and impudent human!' The youth glared at the child, and the child glared back, not to be outdone.

The crown prince supported Qiao Mu's waist and turned around to head back inside the building with her in his arms.

Did these two little fellows have ill-matching qi fields? Why were they glaring at each other like agitated roosters at their first meeting? He probably should not put them together again in the future.

"I can't stay overnight today." After carrying Qiao Mu to the bed and placing her down, Mo Lian regretfully caressed her forehead. "Sleep. Be good and close your eyes. I'll leave after you fall asleep."

Qiao Mu: "..."

'How the heck can I sleep with you staring at me like this?!'

The crown prince patted her tiny figure and lightly said, "Don't worry, I won't forget the return gift. We'll see each other again very soon. At that time..."

The crown prince flicked his sleeves and Qiao Mu foggily smelled a faint calming, medicinal fragrance. She blinked twice before surprisingly slipping into dreamland.

Mo Lian sat on the edge of the bed and used the hazy and cool moonlight to dazedly look at her, lost in his thoughts, through the thin veil for a while before standing up and departing.

The room's doors closed with a creak. Mo Lian's straight and slender figure was elongated by the cool moonlight. He was desolate and noble, like a snowy mountain.

Seventh Yan's figure flickered. He turned into a dragon and soared into the sky, dancing in spirals under the cold moonlight.

The crown prince leaped and silently stood on the back of the dragon before turning around and profoundly looking at the small courtyard behind him.

'Although I am not with you, I yearn to be with you...'

'We'll meet again, Qiaoqiao.'

The blazing golden dragon sailed through the night sky, painting a streak of flaming, golden red across the pitch-black sky.