

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 407

She thought she could forget, but reality proved that no matter how difficult it was to recall the past...

This name was still engraved deeply in her heart, as if it were incised with a sharp blade.

Fan Qiuhe was an extremely gentle man. He was eight years older than Qiao Mu and had maintained an image of being an always-smiling older brother all along.

As the eldest son of the Fan Clan in Guanlan City, he was of remarkably noble birth, but he was quite approachable. He was gentle and refined and extremely friendly, a good person in general.

Fan Qiuhe had always assumed the position of leader in the team. He had led everyone out of predicaments multiple times, causing everyone to hold him in high esteem. He was one of the few people Qiao Mu sincerely befriended in her previous life as a good friend!

If other people could only be considered Qiao Mu's teammate, then he hands down could be considered a teammate plus good friend.

After they interacted with each other more, Qiao Mu relied considerably on this "good friend" and trusted him more deeply over time, even to the point of being able to sacrifice her life for him in a life-and-death friendship!

Yet it was this man who always wore a gentle smile on his lips, this friend that she viewed most importantly in her previous life, who, on the day their team got wiped out with only the two of them left, gave her a most fatal stab.

For two years, she was locked up that whole time in the dark room he had meticulously prepared for her. She stared on blankly at this good friend she trusted in the past as he knocked and hit her body throughout the entire day so as to investigate her inner world.

The one sentence this person kept repeating back and forth: Ah, it's so strange, Qiao Mu. Why is it that your cultivation is clearly so much lower than mine, yet your inner world is bigger than mine? Your apparition is so strange compared to others, too! Can you seriously tell me, why? I'm a person who has an apparition, too! You can't lie to me and say that this is all the fruits of your apparition's labor! Your body has secrets, right, Qiao Mu? Please tell me! I really will be unable to thank you enough!

It was so ludicrous. If she were in the know, she wouldn't have ended up in such a passive situation.

She didn't understand anything at all!

She was duped into such a situation because she was a foolish girl that didn't understand anything at all!

"Qiaoqiao!" She suddenly felt her body lighten. It turned out that that fellow Mo Lian had actually carried her before the watchful eyes of the crowd.

They looked face to face at eye level. Her pair of large, dark, and round eyes stared straight at him, stared straight at him!

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"You're lost in thought, my Qiaoqiao." Mo Lian knitted his brows and whispered, "Your expression makes me feel uncomfortable."

It was like it had concealed an unfathomable number of sorrows, and it was so heavy that it anguished people on the inside.

"You must be tired after being disturbed for half of the night. Go to sleep, Qiaoqiao." Mo Lian simply shifted to a princess carry and turned around to stride towards her room.

Everyone: "..."

Murong Xun fumed with anger and scolded dryly, "This punk is really taking more than a mile after being given an inch now!"

"What did the chicken-clawed miss mean by her words just now?" Our dear Qiao Mu's puzzled voice rang out. "Could it be that she wasn't looking at me?"

Everyone: ... The lady was only used to making orchid-shaped fingers^[1] while walking, but you called them chicken claws. How was the lady supposed to stand it!

"She was looking, she was looking at you!" Mo Lian said with a smile, "My Qiaoqiao is the best-looking."

Well said! Qiao Mu nodded, thinking that the youth was extremely spot-on.

She had said that she was looking correctly! That gaze was clearly aimed in her direction. The vile woman actually dared to fixate on her with such a repulsive gaze. It was already a light punishment to shoot her with an arrow just now.

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[1] A hand gesture with the tips of the thumb and middle finger touching, while the others are raised, and demonstrates delicacy and grace.