

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 446

Wow, it really was very funny. Qiao Mu swept him a glance and poked his chest with her finger.

“Not funny.”

With a tug of his hand, Mo Lian pulled the little fellow into his embrace, chuckling as he hugged her.

Suddenly, a fuming voice sounded from the door. Duan Yue dashed over and yelled lividly, “Of course it’s not funny! Qiaoqiao, don’t listen to him talk rubbish! I am a good person without equal.”

Without equal, huh? Mo Lian cast him a slightly disdainful look and conveniently chucked that small rectangular iron box at his head.

Duan Yue was so angry that he raised his leg, intending to send it flying with a kick.

However, just as his foot was about to come into contact with the small iron box, Mo Lian’s voice sounded leisurely. “It’s Qiaoqiao’s.”

Duan Yue stumbled, and his kicking motion abruptly changed into an outstretched grasp. His movements were skillful and flowed smoothly, successfully nabbing the small lousy box into his hand.

“This should be a concealed weapon box.” Mo Lian said indifferently.

Raising his head proudly, Duan Yue cast a sidelong glance at him before giving a humph. Then, while shaking the small iron box in his hand, he said smugly, “You don’t know how to open this, right. Let me tell you, this type of concealed weapon box has been sealed with a method passed down from ancient times, and normal people absolutely cannot unseal the outer layer. I can already 99 percent determine that whatever is in here is a treasure.”

This small iron box had indeed perplexed Darling Qiao for many years. When she had free time and nothing else to do, she would do all sorts of things to it—soaking it in water, roasting it in fire, even stabbing it with needles and throwing it in the fryer... cough, cough.

Hearing what Duan Yue said just now, the little fellow pattered before him with great interest and urged, "Hurry and open it."

"Okay!" Duan Yue tossed the small iron box in the air. Then, he pulled Qiao Mu to his side and said with a grin, "But you have to call me 'older brother!'"

Our dear Mo Lian's face darkened. Duan Yue, that punk, really knew how to take a mile when given an inch!

He had originally thought that the icy little fellow would reject. After all, Duan Yue was also just making a joke, but the next second—

Darling Qiao called him "older brother" very straightforwardly in a clear and crisp voice. Afterwards, she hurriedly tugged his sleeve. "Let's go!"

Duan Yue was taken aback.

Mo Lian was furious! His handsome face had turned ashen, and he pulled the little fellow into his embrace, his entire body emitting a low pressure.

As dense as our dear Qiao Mu was, even she could sense the displeasure he was exuding.

The little fellow raised her head from his embrace and looked baffled at his expression. She asked flabbergasted, "What happened?"

“You called him ‘older brother!’” Mo Lian gnashed his teeth.

Qiao Mu nodded, then she turned her small stoic face to look at Duan Yue, who stood there laughing himself silly. She creased her brows and asked, “What happened to him? If not ‘older brother,’ should it be ‘older sister?’”

Mo Lian: ... Why can I not refute her?

Yet hearing this, Mo Lian’s shoulders trembled, trying to stifle his laughter. He lowered his head and hugged the little girl, unable to suppress his laughter at that moment.

His darling, was still young...

When Duan Yue heard her after returning to his senses, he also felt a bit both amused and exasperated. He swept a glance at Mo Lian and humphed, saying, “What are you laughing at. If I were to be ‘older sister,’ you would be ‘older sister,’ too! Tsk!”

You think that you wouldn’t be as attractive as me if you were to masquerade as a young lady with that face? Ah, blah! Who was a young lady? Your whole family were young ladies!

“Qiaoqiao, let’s go!”

“Don’t be so touchy! Lead the way in front!” Mo Lian swatted away Duan Yue’s misbehaving paw but was met with Duan Yue’s indignant glower.