

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 447

The three people found a room to sit down in. Duan Yue set the small iron box onto the table, then he successively pulled out about a dozen intricate tools from his inner world.

The little girl propped up her cheeks with her hands, her dark eyes curiously watching Duan Yue busy around.

She really didn't know how to make heads or tails of this toy!

She felt a bit indignant thinking about it. With her bright and intelligent mind, it really made her angry that she couldn't even open a concealed weapon box.

"This kind of concealed weapon box passed down from ancient times was sealed by our predecessor with a melding technique. You can't open it even if you hack it with a saber, slash it with a knife, soak it in water, or burn it in fire!" When Duan Yue spoke up to this point, he subconsciously raised his head to look at Miss Qiao, and he discovered that her small face wore a weird expression.

Duan Yue was involuntarily amused, and he broke out into laughter, saying, "Oh? You wouldn't have tried all these methods I just mentioned one by one, right?"

As he said this, even he himself couldn't help stifling his laughter with several coughs.

Darling Qiao humphed and rolled her eyes at him emphatically!

"Hahahahaha!" Duan Yue couldn't stifle it anymore and simply laughed out loud.

Being laughed at now for being uncultured... Qiao Mu simply turned her head aside. Yet, she saw that even though Mo Lian didn't laugh out loud like that dunce Duan Yue, he also couldn't hide the laughter in his eyes. That laughter was practically about to flow out tangibly from his curved pair of phoenix eyes.

“Pfft.” Duan Yue controlled his laughter and hurriedly consoled the little fellow. “You can’t be blamed for being dumb.”

Our dear Qiao Mu glared with rounded eyes! This darling wasn’t dumb to start with!

“Only Guanlan City’s Duan Clan[1] would know a bit about this kind of melding technique. However, they wouldn’t know how to unseal it, either. Their patriarch is absolutely an idiot. I reckon that he wouldn’t be able to open it even after studying concealed weapons for so many years.” Thinking of the people from the Duan Clan, Duan Yue pursed his lips in disdain.

Qiao Mu urged him hastily. “Hurry and open it.” It wasn’t going to take until dawn, right!

Duan Yue curbed his smile and lowered his head. He held the small iron box in his hand, then he used a small crystal awl to lightly fiddle with its four corners.

She couldn’t see his movements clearly, but he was so skillful and quick that it dazzled her eyes.

They then heard a light “kacha.”

A small hole actually cracked open on the top of that seamlessly melded small iron box.

As their three heads immediately huddled over it, Duan Yue simply half-bent his waist to stand up. He flipped over the small iron box and grabbed a small iron bowl in passing.

They saw a trickle of corrosive liquid flowing out of the small hole. It let out fizzling sounds as soon as it dropped into the small iron bowl.

“Wow, that concealed weapons master used poison to seal this concealed weapon box.” Qiao Mu recalled that she had thrown this toy into the fryer before, too...

Cough, cough, cough. Fortunately, this concealed weapons master had exceptional craftsmanship. Or else, wouldn't it have harmed Fat Sister's thirty-year-old frying wok that had been passed down in her family!

Although Duan Yue kept his hands busy, when he saw the little fellow wearing a weird expression again, he couldn't help teasing, “What is it? Could it be that you even tried frying it in a wok?”

Darling Qiao: “...”

Why did I suddenly have nothing to say?

The two youths both looked at her small face and involuntarily chuckled in amusement. “You really did fry it?”

Humph!

Qiao Mu propped her chin on both hands and simply ignored them by turning her small head aside.

Nevertheless, Duan Yue's movements were fairly quick. When he finished speaking, he had already poured out all of the corrosive poison from the small hole.

Subsequently, he picked up a thin and long needle, and with a concentrated gaze, he stabbed it into the hole extremely slowly.