

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 518

The light snow that fell last night accumulated into a thin layer on the ground. Originally, it was very normal for her, with her cultivation, to leave no trace of trodding in the snow.

However, Qiao Mu purposely treaded a line of small footprints in the snow, one footprint for each step, stringing them together crookedly.

As she trodded, she mused over the matter that the senior manager came to report about earlier, oblivious to the several figures passing by on the nearby path.

The birthday feast of the master of the Qin Estate and the VIP list—were they thinking of adding Crown Prince Mo's name on to it?

Last night, was he the person Family Head Qin and that person with a somewhat familiar voice were conspiring against? How were they going to plot against him?

Would the crown prince really come?

He was busy with state affairs, so he probably wouldn't go so far as to come personally to give his felicitations for a mere Qin Estate, right?

She stomped out a pair of small footprints with a hop as she ruminated: Even if he really came, she wouldn't let anything happen to him.

The little fellow ran her fingers over her small face. Since she disguised her appearance, this current face of hers was very ordinary, unrecognizable amongst a crowd.

She was probably going to bump into many acquaintances on the day of the birthday feast, but as long as she didn't speak, no one should be able to recognize her.

However, the amount of confidence that the little fellow exuded in her facial disguise right now would equal the degree of her stupefaction later on...

Suddenly, a light chuckle entered her ears.

When Qiao Mu turned her head, she saw an exceptionally fine young master dressed in a dark purple robe, his long, loose hair slightly disheveled, with a spot of vermillion between his brows. He was currently leaning against a snow plum tree, glimpsing at her small, purposely-crooked footsteps with smiling eyes.

“Who are you.” Qiao Mu’s face remained stoic as she asked frigidly.

“Insolence!” A woman next to the young master rebuked lightly.

Qiao Mu only then noticed quite a few young and pretty women of all body types trailing behind this man.

The person who spoke had wrapped herself in a crimson woolly cloak. Her pair of soft mounds were half-concealed and half-revealed, her body buxom and full-figured.

She was adorned in pearls and jade, but she still jealously gazed at the precious white fox-fur cloak on Qiao Mu’s shoulders. There was a tempestuous air surrounding the woman, as if she was going to swallow Qiao Mu whole in the next instant.

“You even dare to be so rude before the Eldest Young Master? Little b*tch, you’re not going to kneel down in greeting?” A yellow-clothed woman also popped out from behind the trees, glaring at Qiao Mu as she criticized.

Oh, so it was Eldest Young Master Qin, Qin Xuan.

No wonder his eyes had some similarities with the second young master's.

However, compared to the second young master's breezy and unaffected exterior, this Eldest Young Master Qin's eyes were flirtatious, harboring a frivolous wickedness within. He was undoubtedly an unparalleled Casanova.

Qiao Mu glanced at them before turning around, intending to leave, but Eldest Young Master Qin's figure warped, appearing beside her in the next instant. He stretched his hand out flippantly, wanting to lift up her small chin.

Yet without waiting for an explanation, Qiao Mu kicked at him. Just as he was about to catch her small leg with his outstretched hand, Qiao Mu abruptly pulled it back before immediately smacking him with a big slap across his face, so handsome that it rankled both the heavens and mortals.

Qin Xuan was caught off guard, and neither did he expect that there would be a woman that would raise her hand against him. He was immediately bewildered after being soundly slapped across the face by the little lady.

The accompanying females had already started screeching in fright, as if our dear Qiao Mu had done something insane and unpardonable. Those series of shrieks were practically about to pierce through her eardrums.

"Scram!" Qiao Mu kicked the eldest young master in irritation before forcefully pushing him away, running away in a huff.