

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 521

Yang Fengyan promised her compliantly, but she didn't think much of it.

She naturally knew her older brother's moral character. The year before last, he raped a b\*tchy servant from the Blue Mountain Courtyard, resulting in her death, yet her family actually dared to come demand compensation. In the end, it was her aunt who covered everything up. She reckoned that the grass on the graves of that family of reckless and contemptible paupers had already grown to reach a person's height.

After leaving Willow Court, the more Yang Fengyan thought about the matter, the more resentful she felt, so she simply headed for Crane Garden, wanting to see for herself how amazingly beautiful that b\*tchy servant whom the two young masters were fighting over truly was.

—My Lian's section break—

In the Eastern Palace's southern study, the last rays of sunlight shone upon the window frame, illuminating a wintery and ramrod straight figure.

Huifeng appeared noiselessly at the entrance and bowed in greeting. "Your Highness, Mei'ye's investigation, starting from Xijiu City, discovered traces suspected to belong to Miss in the outskirts of Guanlan City."

"According to those porters' description, there's an 80 to 90 percent probability that it's Miss. However, her traces disappeared after entering the capital."

Two days ago, Mo Lian received Ao'ye's urgent news that the box of letters inside the house in Pear Blossom Alley had vanished all of a sudden.

He had a premonition that the little fellow must have dropped by.

It had been more than two years already and that “I’ll be waiting” was still ringing in his ears, but the little fellow just didn’t appear. He wondered where this little one had run off to again.

Crown Prince Mo compressed his lips and gazed frostily outside the window at the snow landscape.

If he had known that this would happen, he shouldn’t have let her leave at all back then.

Just you wait, little fellow, as long as you haven’t disappeared off the face of the earth, We will definitely find you. At that time...

“Your Highness.” Xiao’xi’zi walked in carefully and said weakly, “Manager Gong has brought the k-king’s decree.”

These days, the servants in the Eastern Palace were all on tenterhooks, not daring to speak more than necessary. They acted in observation of the crown prince’s taut mood, afraid that they would be punished from a single misstep.

Last time, there was a talkative servant who gossiped secretly behind His Highness’s back, shooting her mouth off that His Highness probably wasn’t going to find the young lady that he was searching for. The next day, all traces of her had disappeared, and no one knew where she had been taken to be dealt with.

Not to speak of the eunuchs and servants who passed their days with fear and trepidation, even the old officials who came to the southern study to give their reports would occasionally be met with the crown prince’s rage, berated until they were completely shamefaced.

His Highness was in a bad mood, and it was the kind that got worse by the day! This was something that everyone knew.

Provoking His Highness now was the same as rushing over and begging for a scolding yourself. If there weren't any especially important matters to deal with, the officials dared not bother him carelessly at this time.

Mo Lian didn't bother with Xiao'xi'zi's announcement and rather turned to Huifeng, saying, "Beilan Fortification reported that they have cultivated a batch of thriving seeds, except that they have a prolonged planting period. However, that piece of land can at least produce something, so We plan to..."

"Your Highness, by the king's order, this old official has come to pass on his decree." Gong Chang'an's voice travelled in from the outside, seemingly betraying a slight quaver.

If you're afraid, why did you still dare to interrupt Us? Mo Lian's upturned phoenix eyes instantly turned cold.

"Enter!" Mo Lian turned around, walking to his seat. He sat down, waiting for the trembling Gong Chang'an to brace himself as he entered the southern study.

Gong Chang'an only felt his scalp turning numb, and he kneeled on the ground with a flump, not even daring to raise his head. "B-by order of the king to pass on his decree, His Majesty r-requests that Your Highness the Crown Prince g-go to the Qin Estate to a-attend the old Qin patriarch's 60th birthday feast."