

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 542

The fury in Crown Prince Mo's pupils was so extreme that it could soar into the heavens.

"Bang!" The wine cup in his hand disintegrated into a fine powder that instantly scattered in the breeze.

Assume responsibility? Where did this scoundrel come from, considering himself her guardian angel and wanting to assume all responsibility for his darling?

Then what about him? What was he, Mo Lian, to her?

The crown prince was enraged. Qin Guilu's brows jerked, and he suppressed the apprehension in his heart.

That person said that the plan would immediately commence as long as the crown prince arrived. Why wasn't there a trace of it commencing even until now?

Judging from the crown prince's skyrocketing fury, he reckoned that the crown prince wasn't going to stay in the Qin Estate for much longer.

"Someone, hurry and replace His Highness the Crown Prince's wine cup." Second Young Master Qin coldly instructed as he swept an indifferent glance across some subordinates.

Noticing that the atmosphere had completely turned foul, the subordinate scrambled to be the first to leave and procure a new wine cup...

"No need to go through the trouble!" Crown Prince Mo stood up abruptly and descended the steps, heading towards Qiao Mu.

What to do? He looks very, very angry! Our dear Qiao Mu was inexplicably a bit flustered and agitated. She was out of her wits and could only subconsciously hang her head while poking her index fingers together.

She had gotten fat from eating her words for these past two years, so he had reason to be angry!

At that time, she said that she would go look for him in the capital, and he had smiled quietly and said okay, that he would wait for her...

Besides, the ferule that he had gifted her broke, and Big Treasure had died. She was useless to not be able to safeguard the presents he gave her.

She was a little jinx who cursed everyone who got close to her, so she wasn't very suited to be by his side, right?

"Go back with me." When the crown prince saw her keeping silent, her small figure shrinking behind Second Qin, he felt his heart wrenching in pain. He stretched out his hand to grab her wrist.

Second Young Master Qin instantly deflected his palm.

"Your Highness." Second Young Master Qin stressed, "This is this humble one's maidservant. Please conduct yourself with dignity, Your Highness."

"Who do you think you are? Daring to speak without thinking in front of Us? When did she become yours? She never had been!" A killing intent swirled in Crown Prince Mo's eyes, and he promptly smacked towards Second Qin's head without a second thought.

"Please quell your anger, Your Highness! Please forgive my son for being rude, Your Highness!" Qin Guilu cried out loudly while trembling.

When Mo Lian smacked down his palm, he felt a rather powerful energy blocking him somewhat.

The defensive shield on this fellow was unexpectedly quite powerful?

Mo Lian's phoenix eyes harbored a certain danger as he swept a cold gaze at Qin Xin.

The two's gazes clashed, and monstrous waves threatened to surge to the heavens from the depths of their eyes.

Crown Prince Mo promptly put up his guard and glanced coldly at Second Young Master Qin: When We first met Darling Qiao, who knows where you, this baffling fellow, were?

"Step aside!" Mo Lian shoved Second Qin angrily and nabbed a certain someone over to his side.

"Let's go!" Crown Prince Mo yanked the little fellow's wrist in frustration and turned around, dragging her along with him.

How was it possible for her to free herself once his fingers latched onto her wrist like an iron pincer?

Our dear Qiao Mu blindly followed him along to the anteroom's entrance and noticed that the madams and young misses were standing nearby, looking over from afar.

As both genders' dining halls were close to each other, the female guests had walked out from their hall in curiosity when they heard the commotion. Hence, they were dumbstruck upon seeing this scene.

"Mom, who is this b*tch? Why is the crown prince grabbing her hand?" Mu Qianqian glared disbelievingly with a pale complexion at Qiao Mu.

What was happening? The crown prince normally didn't like coming into contact with women, so why would he grab tightly onto that b*tch without letting go?