

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 559

Let's not talk about the drama of Xu Jiao and company entering the city with evil intentions and doggedly inquiring after the Qiao Family's whereabouts for now.

At this time, the crown prince's carriage had already entered Minshun Boulevard. However, when they were around a dozen meters away from the Marquis of Jiayuan's Estate, they saw a gang of half-grown boys crowded boisterously together, punching and kicking something.

"Young Master, do you think it's good enough yet? This brat dared to be impertinent towards Young Master, so he deserves to be beaten to death!"

"Continue beating!" A small boy's clear and crisp voice rang out. He gave a humph and remarked, "Daring to scold me time and time again? Beat him until he's dead!"

"Hehe, Xiao Sen, I heard that this fellow is the youngest son of the Deputy Minister of Ceremonies. If we were to beat him to death, would there be trouble?"

"What trouble could there be! I have Big Bro!" The small boy raised his head up high and put his hands on his waist as he humphed belligerently. "Let's see if he dares to oppose me again in the academy in the future! I'll beat up whomever I want to! Beat him up! Use more strength, did you not eat earlier!"

"Haha, that's right! We were able to beat him up without consequence in the past, not to mention now! Right now, your dad is the Marquis of Jiayuan conferred by the king! You are the only son of a marquis, so who would dare to offend you?"

"Gao Fang, stop babbling. Hurry up and use more strength! I'm telling you guys, if you can't beat him into a cripple today, none of you should dream of having it easy!"

"Young Master, is it okay to beat him into a cripple?"

“How is it not okay! My Big Bro will take care of anything that happens! Just go ahead and beat him up! Beat him up ruthlessly!” The small boy directed his gang of lackeys, who rushed at the boy that had shrunk into a ball in the center of the circle, to punch and kick him ferociously.

“Alrighty, Young Master can rest and watch my efforts!”

Inside the carriage, Qiao Mu’s pair of tiny fists had clenched tightly.

The crown prince stifled a cough and was about to say something when the little one’s chilly but charming gaze shot over. His heart instantly sank, and he shouted “crap” in his mind.

“The ‘Big Bro’ he’s talking about is you.” Qiao Mu’s mouth curled up, but her voice was frigid.

“Qiaoqiao, listen to me.” The crown prince scolded his little brother-in-law for being a troublemaker in his mind. “Uh, Xiao Sen is still young, let’s teach him slowly...”

Qiao Mu didn’t want to bother with him anymore and lifted up the curtain with a swish. She jumped down abruptly before the carriage could even come to a full stop, giving the carriage driver a bad scare.

“What are you guys doing? Why aren’t you stopping!” Qiao Mu hollered.

The seven to eight half-grown boys, who were currently ganging up on and beating someone else, stopped simultaneously before turning around for a look.

When they saw the young older sister stare at them icily with her charming eyes, they quivered uncontrollably and huddled together in terror of her horrifying aura.

Qiao Mu's gaze landed on the small, seven to eight-year-old boy in the front center row.

Draped in a thick deer fur-lined cloak lined over a robe embroidered with gold thread, the small boy had rosy lips, pearly teeth, and bright eyes. His small face was chapped red from the cold wind, and he looked adorable.

When she saw the lively and animated child in front of her, Qiao Mu's icy gaze softened slightly.

"You, who are you! T-To mind this young master's business!" Seeing Qiao Mu, the small boy inexplicably felt afraid. His mouth gaped, but he still stiffened his spine to chastise her.

The crown prince immediately thought "sh\*t" upon hearing this, and he hastily lifted up the curtain to alight from the carriage. He was just about to speak.

When he heard Qiao Mu sneer, "You're so young, yet you don't learn the good and rather have the prodigal act down pat. You're not releasing him?"

Her bellow frightened the servants that were holding down the badly battered small boy into retracting their hands, and they subconsciously trembled.