

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 568

“Xiao Lin’er, you’ve grown a lot.” Qiao Mu felt her mood become joyous when she saw her younger sister’s lively figure, just like a lark.

She temporarily threw those upsetting matters from the past to the back of her mind.

“Sis, you’ve also become prettier than before.”

“Alright, alright. These two sisters, the first thing they do is compliment each other.” Wei Ziqin couldn’t resist chuckling, and she held both her daughters’ hands in each of her hands while her face beamed with undisguised happiness.

“Qiaoqiao, let Mom show you around your Nanzhu Garden. You’ll be staying there in the future, so if you don’t like it, you can switch to another courtyard.”

How could the crown prince stand hearing this; she was going to move in!

The crown prince hurried forwards and beamed at Wei Ziqin as he said, “Auntie, Qiaoqiao still has to return to the palace today. There will be a palace banquet tomorrow night, which I believe Auntie knows already. When the palace banquet ends, it won’t be too late for Qiaoqiao to move back home after two more days.”

The crown prince was saying, she had to wait two days after the palace banquet ended before she could come back home...

But actually, frankly speaking, the palace banquet hosted by the queen simply didn’t have a lick of relationship with whether Qiao Mu moved back home.

Even if Qiao Mu moved back home right now, she could just enter the palace with her mother tomorrow night. Her mother was also a Marchioness with a third-rank imperial mandate after all, so she was certainly going to attend the banquet to greet the upper-class ladies of the capital.

Of course, there was no such thing as a good banquet; this was for certain. For the time being, she just had to see what kind of person didn't fear for her life and dared to provoke her.

Nevertheless, Qiao Mu's mom was strung along by the crown prince's words, and she looked slightly miserable when she thought of that palace banquet. "Qiaoqiao, I wonder what the crown prince's temper is like. Sigh, I reckon that you'll have to meet him face to face when you enter the palace tomorrow. What is that king thinking anyways! You haven't even had your coming-of-age hairpin ceremony, yet he already betrothed you to His Highness the Crown Prince. There should probably still be a period of time before the wedding ceremony, but your status has already been confirmed like this, sigh!"

Her mom once again started to prattle in deep worry for her daughter's bleak marriage.

Qiao Mu twitched her mouth. When she received the crown prince's imploring gaze that was begging her for help, she couldn't resist scolding "Serves you right" secretly, and she cast her small face aside with a humph.

The crown prince hastily extended a finger to scratch her small palm, and he tugged her gently.

Qiao Mu coughed. She held onto her mother's arm and spoke softly, "Mother, do you remember the incident I told you about before? One time, Daughter almost got kidnapped by someone from an evil faction but was rescued later on by a young chivalrous hero?"

"I remember, I remember. Mom of course remembers." Wei Ziqin's complexion paled slightly upon recalling this event.

She also remembered that her daughter said, the person from the evil faction had selected her for her talent and had wanted to capture her to make her into some kind of puppet demon.

“Mhm, actually, that young chivalrous hero was... the current crown prince.”

Wei Ziqin’s mouth gaped slightly. “His Highness the Crown Prince was the one who rescued you?”

“Mhm.” Qiao Mu nodded her small head.

Wei Ziqin exclaimed gratefully, “Then Mom definitely has to properly thank His Highness the Crown Prince during this trip into the palace.”

At this time, the pig teammate of a little brother-in-law who was standing on the side spoke up, “Big Bro, didn’t Ren Hongfei’s parents call you Your Highness the Crown Prince just earlier? Why does Mom have to enter the palace to thank you? Can’t she thank you right now?”

Wei Ziqin turned around abruptly to look at the graceful youth whose posture was as upright as bamboo, her eyes already widened into large circles.

Mo Lian: ...

Qiao Zhongbang suddenly slapped his thigh. They had called him “Xiao Mo, Xiao Mo” so fluidly that no one had ever thought in that direction.

Actually, Mo Lian that child seemed to have divulged his surname when they first met. Wasn’t the current kingdom surnamed Mo!