

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 593

“Sleep soundly, and don’t be anxious to wake up early. Once I come back tomorrow after dealing with work, I’ll tell you a hilarious joke.” The crown prince said with smiling eyes as he helped the little fellow tuck in the comforter before getting up to leave.

Even after his graceful figure, which was as straight as bamboo, gradually disappeared from the window of the bedchamber, Qiao Mu was still gazing after him in a slight daze.

Suddenly, she shrunk her head inside the covers, touching her slightly burning face.

His voice lingered in her mind, and she soon timidly poked her small head out again, just like a small animal in the evening snow, her eyes shining especially brightly in the dark night.

Only a single candle had been lit in the corner of the room, and its flickering glow subtly extended outwards.

After tossing about for a while, she finally fell asleep. She didn’t know when it happened either, but when she opened her eyes, the sun had already risen high up into the sky!

Hearing her movements, Shaoyao immediately walked in and helped her wash up and dress. She asked with a wide smile on her lips, “Little Master, did you sleep well last night?”

“Not too bad.” Qiao Mu pursed her small mouth and ruminated that the crown prince must have drugged her, otherwise how could she have slept so soundly afterwards?

“That’s great then.” Shaoyao helped her change into a crimson red dress as she said, “The purpose of the small banquet that Her Majesty the Queen is hosting tonight is actually to meet Little Master. You don’t have to be too worried, Little Master. Her Majesty the Queen is an especially lenient person.”

Qiao Mu fiddled with the jade beads in her hands and said childishly, "If she doesn't treat me well, then I'll ignore her."

Shaoyao almost laughed out loud while arranging Qiao Mu's hair. "It's still early now, so we'll first leave your hair like this, but it'll have to be combed again in the evening. Does Little Master want to send for her meal now?"

"I'm not too hungry, so I'll first read for a while. You can just bring me some snacks later."

"It's best to have a proper meal."

"No need, I'll eat a little later. Bring me a bit more food, and then I'll go attend that whatever palace banquet after eating." The little fellow waved her hand before pattering to the brocade divan by the window frame, where she flipped through her book.

Shaoyao was a bit stupefied and just stood there for a while, before she couldn't help wanting to laugh.

Little Master was intending to eat her fill before joining the battle later!

Mo Lian didn't return until it was nearing dusk. Once Qiao Mu saw him, she set down her book and ran over. "I've already finished browsing through those medical books. You can send them back."

"It's starting to snow again outside." Mo Lian had gotten damp from the moisture on the way back, so he didn't hug her and prepared to change his clothes instead.

"Okay, I'll send them back and then go see if the Royal Physician Building has any other medical books." Speaking of which, it really was comical. The Royal Physician Building's old physicians signed a joint petition and actually sought out his Royal Father to lodge a harsh complaint against him...

The old king even summoned the crown prince to sternly reprimand him, but the crown prince, this gremlin, still didn't return the books to the royal physicians. As a result, the matter just died out like that.

The little fellow blindly followed suit behind him. "Then let's eat dinner."

Mo Lian removed his outer robe before wearing a clean one, and then he caught her in a hug. "Hungry? Prepare the meal."

"Yes, Your Highness." Xiao'xi'zi retreated out of the room to inform the others.

"I'm not too hungry." The little fellow had just finished nibbling on a peach earlier, and she rubbed her belly. "It's just that I have to eat my fill to have the energy to beat people up."

She had a premonition that this was going to be a nuisance of a banquet! That's why, she had to eat her fill beforehand, in case she still had to listen to other people prattle while she was suffering from an empty stomach.

The crown prince: ...

What to do? His wife didn't rely on him even one bit.

Beating people up was so exhausting. Was it necessary for his wife to do it herself?