

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 595

“This kind of control over the water spirit can absolutely be considered as talent blessed by the heavens.” Mo Lian pinched her small face.

It had to be known that his little one had yet to break through to the spiritual realm. Besides, using the water spirit at least required spiritual energy to guide it, right; however, when it came to this little one, all these regulations were broken.

He had never seen a level-11 mystic cultivator who could control a water spirit. This already couldn't be summed up as simply being able to control it even when bypassing levels.

Certainly, the little fellow was an oddball.

What could it be, other than being incredibly gifted? The crown prince basked in a shared glory, and he warmed up the little fellow's slightly chilly hands.

“Then are we late?” Noticing that the sky had already darkened completely, Qiao Mu raised her eyes to look at him.

“It's a special circumstance. I've already sent someone to report to Royal Mother's Brilliant Sun Hall.” The crown prince said with a smile.

“Then will your mom believe that I was late on purpose?” Although the little fellow was an aloof stoic face on the outside who didn't speak much, she was actually an especially meticulous softie.

Sometimes, she had a lot of things on her mind, but she wouldn't tell others about all of them.

She also had a particularly sharp intuition when it came to judging people. She could basically determine in an instant who had good intentions and who had hostile thoughts towards her.

Mo Lian could already sense her slight unease, and he quickly caressed her small hand, reassuring, "Royal Mother is a very magnanimous person, so you don't have to be nervous. Besides, don't forget that there's me to accompany you no matter what happens. We will always stand united together."

"Not nervous." Qiao Mu's face remained stoic as she remarked, "If your mom doesn't treat me well, I won't talk to her."

Crown Prince Mo gazed at this darling, both amused and exasperated.

"Fine, then I won't talk to her either. We'll both ignore her." Mo Lian nodded his head solemnly.

Xiao'xi'zi and the other servants in their retinue almost staggered into kneeling on the ground. Oh my, their lord crown prince was originally a very willful and capricious person. It was just great, and now, the crown prince consort seemed to be one hundred times more willful than their lord. What were they to do in the future! Wouldn't these coming days be abnormally lively...

Qiao Mu turned to look at him and gave a humph, declining to comment.

As the carriage didn't go on a long detour anymore, it very quickly stopped before the Central Palace's twin gates.

The two people didn't board a palanquin after alighting from the carriage. Instead, they held hands as they ambled through the snow. Xiao'xi'zi quickly opened up an umbrella, and he also informed the royal maids on the side to frantically hold umbrellas up above their two willful masters' heads.

As they advanced, the rooftops and trees on either side had already been blanketed with a fine snow-white color.

If this snow were to keep falling for the entire night, it would definitely accumulate by tomorrow.

Inside the Brilliant Sun Hall where the queen was hosting the banquet.

A group of noble daughters and madams with royal mandates, as well as the young ladies and daughters-in-law of patrician families, had long fully assembled and were just waiting for the banquet to start.

The queen was wearing a brocade robe that alternated between red and gold, with ends that were embroidered with layers of clouds. Presently, she was sitting in the chief seat, and she had been drinking tea unhurriedly from beginning to end without saying a word.

There were only some whispers below, as everyone didn't dare to say much.

It wasn't until "Noble Consort Zheng is here" was announced that this superficial silence in the hall was broken.

The noble daughters and madams with royal mandates, as well as the young ladies and daughters-in-law of patrician families, all rose up to give their salutations, and they said in unison, "Greetings to Noble Consort Zheng."

The tall and voluptuous Noble Consort Zheng was wearing a long and rippling cerise dress on her slender waist, her head adorned with a gorgeous eight-treasure pearly hairpin. She swayed gently as she walked lissomely towards the first seat below the chief seat, the superior grade pearls that dangled beside her cheeks emitting a series of plinks as they knocked against each other.