

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 632

“Clang!” The sound of Huifeng crashing into the doorframe rang out.

Immediately afterwards, the crown prince stretched out a long leg and directly kicked him out the door. Huifeng rolled into the snow and no more sound came from him...

While his back faced our dear Qiao Mu, Crown Prince the Great's eyes had promptly lit up, as bright as twinkling stars and sparkling in splendor.

After collecting himself and fixing his facial expression, the crown prince turned his head around towards his Qiaoqiao, his moist phoenix eyes faintly rippling. “Qiaoqiao, really?”

“The snow is falling too heavily outside. It won't be easy for you to walk over.” Qiao Mu wore a stern expression as she walked over to the crown prince, holding his hand. “You sleep on your own bed. I'll sleep on the soft couch.”

“No, no need. You sleep on the bed, I'll sleep on the soft couch!” Mo Lian hugged the little fellow and nuzzled his head against the side of her neck, revealing a pearly white grin that stretched from ear to ear.

After the two people each washed up, they clung to each other again and whispered sweet nothings for a while.

Suddenly, Qiao Mu thought of something and asked, “I heard that that infamous thief Ding Tingding had stolen something from Consort Zheng. Do you know what it was?”

The crown prince coughed in slight discomfiture. “I-I don't know.”

“You definitely know.” Seeing him like this, Qiao Mu knew that he was trying to hide it from her, so she immediately stabbed his waist with her finger. “Quickly tell me! You told me before that you’ll tell me everything you know without reservation and won’t cover up the truth.”

What kind of truth was this considered! The crown prince cried out bitterly on the inside. He simply wasn’t willing to mention Courtesan Zheng’s trivial matter.

“What was it!” After observing the crown prince’s expression, the more tight-lipped he was about it, the more Darling Qiao was curious, and her tone of voice inevitably turned a bit wheedling.

Mo Lian’s heart was nearly melting from this little fellow’s cuteness, but his expression was slightly awkward as he hugged the little one and breathed into her ear, “Ding Tingding previously stole Courtesan Zheng’s...”

His voice was suppressed, yet Darling Qiao shouted with bulging eyes, “What? He actually stole Courtesan Zheng’s belly...”

The crown prince hastily covered up her blindly shouting mouth, stifling the “band”[1] that this little demon was about to say at the edge of her mouth.

The two exchanged glances before automatically chuckling in amusement.

“Ding Tingding is too mischievous. No wonder Courtesan Zheng has an indissoluble enmity towards him, immediately sending people to the Second Prince’s Estate to capture him after receiving his news.”

“You don’t know.” Speaking of this all-pervasive Ding Tingding, the crown prince also fumed slightly. “This stinky worm likes to first leave his target a message before stealing.”

Qiao Mu’s bubble-like eyes opened wide from this unheard-of modus operandi. “What? He even previously left Courtesan Zheng a message that he was going to steal her belly...”

“Band?” Qiao Mu whispered quietly into the crown prince’s ear.

Mo Lian resisted laughing while shaking his head. “It wasn’t that explicit. In any case, it said that he was going to steal Courtesan Zheng’s most personal item.”

“It’s no use either to guard strictly in a tight lockdown, as well. For that period of time, Royal Father had issued an order, stationing the royal guard all around Sophora Flower Palace. Even when surrounded into an iron bucket like this, that person was still able to go in and out as he pleased. I suspect that he either uses some kind of special talisman, or that he is a master of disguise.” The crown prince said with a smile, “From then on, Courtesan Zheng hated this person desperately.”

“He is actually quite interesting.” Qiao Mu also shared her viewpoint with a nod.

However, this promptly made Crown Prince Mo vigilant, and he cupped up her small face, gazing straight at his darling. “I’m telling you, this person is very ugly! He’s ferocious-looking and isn’t like a good person. You can’t come into contact with him, understand? Be obedient, okay.”

Our dear Qiao Mu simply rolled her eyes at him. “What kind of contact would I have with him? It’s not like I know him.”

[1] Dudou, also the Chinese bellyband, is an undergarment covering the chest and abdomen that women wore in ancient times, equivalent to the modern bra. Little naked boy infants, too, are often seen wearing a red dudou in cultural references as signs of fortune and prosperity.