

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 656

“That’s good then. Later, I’ll put these winter fruits into talismans for you, and you can hand them out to the shack area on Xiluo Street,” Qiao Mu told Mo Lian.

Mo Lian naturally felt his heart turn mushy from seeing how incredibly understanding his wifey was. Who said that his little wife was violent? Look at how tenderhearted she was.

Of course, he still needed to discuss the details with the Ministry of Revenue, since purely giving material assistance wouldn’t solve the root cause. The primary measure was to make young and middle-aged men work for it, and then distribute rations according to their performance.

Mo Lian momentarily put these disorderly state affairs at the back of his mind and pointed out the window, questioning, “That person is the owner of the Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon Cauldron?”

Qiao Mu quickly raised her small head, looking out of the window towards the area below them.

They were all sitting next to the window. Xiao Sen was especially restless and climbed onto the soft couch at the window ledge, supporting his chin as he looked down below. “I don’t see any cauldron, Sister.”

“Since that cauldron isn’t an ordinary one, I reckon that it can probably change sizes,” Qiao Mu commented offhandedly.

Yet Duan Yue snickered out loud. “What changing sizes! Don’t rush, just watch. It’ll be coming out in a while.”

Just as expected, after a short while, five large men huffed and puffed as they carried out a humongous three-legged copper cauldron over two meters tall.

Qiao Mu: "..."

She saw that the body of the cauldron flaunted an extremely imposing nine-star design, with a crescent moon hanging up high above in the center. It indeed looked the part and seemed to be quite like the real thing too.

But it was so big! Just by looking at it, the cauldron seemed to be fake.

Mo Lian also twitched his mouth. "You're certain that this is the legendary Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon Cauldron?"

It wasn't some knockoff, right?

"This person took great pains to bring it out and hawk it every day. Besides, with so many people serving as witnesses, would he still dare to take out a fake?" Duan Yue glared at Mo Lian.

Qiao Mu pursed her small mouth. She felt like what she was seeing differed way too much from her impression of a small, delicate, and eye-pleasing medicinal cauldron.

It wasn't even as small and convenient to carry around as her stewing jar!

"Moreover, this is probably because no one has ever subjugated this medicinal cauldron. If it gets subjugated, perhaps it would be able to change its size at will?" Duan Yue harrumphed.

Mo Lian nodded while holding his teacup. "That does make some sense."

"Make way, make way!" A racket immediately arose in front of the pill house's entrance.

It seemed that two lines of guards were escorting three people over, and Qiao Mu even recognized the person walking in the center. She was precisely the uncompromising young lady from the Pill Union that she encountered in front of the pill house last time.

She seemed to be a bit over twenty, with a very tall and slender figure, but her facial features were always taut, looking quite solemn and uncompromising.

The two people beside her seemed to look over forty and were probably important figures in the Pill Union.

“Master Hong, this way please.” The uncompromising young lady extended a hand and led one of her companions to the copper cauldron.

A stooping and slightly hunchbacked elderly man stood next to the copper cauldron, and he looked at the middle-aged man with somewhat dull eyes.

The middle-aged man, Master Hong, swept the elderly man a glance before turning to scrutinize the cauldron meticulously, even using his hand to touch it a few times.

Following which, he scoffed. “What kind of quality is this cauldron, to actually pass it off recklessly as whatever Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon?”

The elderly man’s eyes instantly widened and gave a supercilious look in return. “If this cauldron isn’t the Nine Stars Mirroring the Moon Cauldron, my senile self shall be struck by lightning! And die without a burial place.”

Master Hong’s expression sunk. “You think that by saying this, I’ll believe you?”

“My senile self isn’t begging you to buy it. If you don’t choose to believe, please leave!”

Master Hong snorted coldly.