

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 666

Zheng Cao almost couldn't control his temper and directly spit in Hong Cheng's face.

If I could f\*cking find that exotic visage-setting fungus, would I still need you to refine a beautifying pill! You think that you're the only advanced-level pill alchemist in the Pill Union? Who would still care about you?

Qiao Mu closed the door to the private box and said impassively, "Zheng Cao and that despicable pest from the Pill Union are sitting together."

"Which despicable pest?"

"The one that tried to snatch my medicinal cauldron."

Mo Lian stood up and walked to the window, looking down below before letting out a chuckle. "This person is from the Hong Family."

"What Red[1] Family, Blue Family. I don't care who he is. First, he tried to snatch my medicinal cauldron. Now, he's sitting with Zheng Cao. In any case, he's a despicable pest." Qiao Mu pursed her small lips.

"This Hong Family is one of the capital's eight great patrician families." Duan Yue filled in.

"What eight great patrician families?" Qiao Mu asked offhandedly.

"The talisman patrician family: the Mu Clan; the Qin Estate's elixirs patrician family; Duan Yue's concealed weapons patrician family: the Duan Clan." Mo Lian continued, "Other than these, there's also the families that specialize in smelting and mining: the Wu Clan, Hong Clan, and..."

The little fellow had long lost the patience to listen to that whatever eight great patrician families, running to the window to look around below instead. Hence, Mo Lian stopped his spiel with an involuntary laugh.

Oh well, it didn't matter whether she remembered the specific families. He'd remind her again if they happened to cross paths in the future.

"It's starting, it's starting."

After Huifeng came back, he instructed the employees to bring in more snacks for the two foodies.

Only after they replaced the cooled-down tea did he order them to leave the room.

The group chatted as they ate, while also surveying the auction taking place down below. Besides the beautifying pill, there were naturally other mystic weapons, high-rank jewelry, and the like also up for auction today.

Even the items that Zheng Cao had plundered from his concubines and daughters were also on the auction list.

These items had been sent to the auction house two days ago. Mo Lian was naturally very aware that Zheng Cao could only shell out 50 or so pieces of high-grade magnetite, but this was only a rough estimate after also accounting for the odds and ends from converting these items into magnetite, as well.

Nevertheless, this was already a considerable amount of assets. A person who could shell out 50 or so high-grade magnetite at once in times of peace was already considered filthy rich, let alone using this sum to purchase a beautifying pill.

After a little while, the manager of Morning Sunlight Pavilion's capital branch, Liu Yan, knocked on the door, giving a simper as he entered with a tray.

"Your Highness, State Uncle Zheng wishes to auction off a 500-year-old snow ginseng."

"Let me see." Qiao Mu extended her small hand, and Liu Yan hurriedly handed the tray over.

Qiao Mu lifted the cloth covering the tray and examined that 500-year-old snow ginseng in her hand. Then, right in front of everyone, she overtly... confiscated it!

Liu Yan gaped his mouth slightly, then turned to look towards the facepalming His Highness the Crown Prince.

Your Highness, your wife is going too far!

Soon, Qiuqiu chiseled an identical "500-year-old snow ginseng," sending it out into her hands.

"Alright, return this to him! Tell him that the auction house doesn't have this rule. The items up for auction have always been confirmed two days prior, so how can he add an item at the last moment? Go tell Zheng Cao that the auction house can't bend its rules for him!" Qiao Mu declared righteously.

Liu Yan took back the tray and looked down at it in a daze. "Crown Prince Consort, this snow ginseng is?"

"Is there a problem?"

"N-No, there isn't." But the weird thing was that there wasn't a problem. Didn't the crown prince consort confiscate the snow ginseng just now? How come she returned it after a short while?

Our dear crown prince consort swept the snow ginseng a disdainful glance. “Only several hundred years old, I don’t fancy this at all! Go return it to him.”

“Yes yes yes!”

[1] When pronounced out loud, Hong sounds the same as ‘red’ in Chinese.