

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 679

“Young Master.” Halfway through the journey, a phantom-like figure quietly appeared within the carriage and bent forward slightly in greeting.

“Did you wipe everything clean?” Second Qin asked faintly in a voice that was as frigid as iron.

“Yes.”

Second Qin nodded, and his gaze shifted to that person’s shoulder, where a patch of dark red was currently seeping out from the black garment. “You fought someone?”

“Yes.” That person cracked open his wide mouth, his eyes showing bloodthirst. “However, the person this subordinate fought didn’t end up well. He suffered even more serious injuries than me and probably, ha ha, won’t make it past tonight.”

Second Qin nodded faintly and then had the person leave the carriage.

Mu Xiao Bao, you want to run away so irresponsibly after provoking this young master?

In the blink of an eye, the teacup between Second Qin’s fingertips crumbled into dust.

That’s impossible!

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu rubbed her slightly itchy nose, and Mo Lian caught her small hand within his palm immediately afterwards, caressing it with his fingers.

“Cold?”

What do you mean “cold?” She was a mystic cultivator! How could the chilliness of a winter day make her cold?

It wouldn't matter even if she only wore a single piece of clothing!

However, if she were to really wear only a single piece of clothing, then her dad and mom would be the first ones to nag her continuously, not to mention the crown prince.

On this first clear day after the snow stopped, there was still quite a lot of pedestrian traffic on the main street.

The two people strolled around aimlessly for a while on the street, quietly enjoying the slow passage of time.

It was truly a pity that good things didn't last forever, with a brawl breaking the silence on the street. The pedestrians hastily dodged aside, and the sound of shouting and whipping, alongside a woman's cries, very quickly caused all hell to break loose on the street.

The crown prince lowered his head to pull out a jade messenger talisman from his sleeve, and when he saw the small characters that appeared after swiping his fingertip, his expression sunk. “Qiaoqiao, I have to return to the pavilion to take a look. I'll first send you back.”

“What's wrong?”

“Ao'ye got wounded.”

Qiao Mu abruptly raised an eyebrow. “Ao'ye got wounded? Can I come along with you?”

The crown prince was slightly taken aback before exclaiming with a smile soon after. "It'll be even better if you come along! How could I forget again that my Qiaoqiao is not only a pill alchemist; she has even more exceptional medical skills."

"Am I allowed to know the pavilion's location?" Qiao Mu blinked her eyes.

"What foolish words are you saying? I don't have any secrets before you. You can directly ask me anything you want to know. Besides, you're the Hidden Night Pavilion's lady of the house. How are you not allowed to go?" The crown prince squeezed her small hand. "Let's go."

Qiao Mu nodded, and just as the two people were about to leave hand in hand, they saw a weeping woman rushing towards them straight on as she carried a child.

Seeing that they were about to stumble into Qiao Mu, the crown prince frantically grabbed his darling by the waist and carried her over to his side, evading that reckless woman.

As a result, the woman crashed heavily onto the ground with the child she was carrying, and since she was pressing the child down beneath her, the child gave a groan before starting to bawl out loud.

"You b*tch, you even dare to run!" The man's curses, along with the sound of the whip cracking through the air, instantly landed on that woman.

Whap! Yet when the whip landed on that woman's back, the man's hand distinctly froze for a moment. It was as if he hadn't expected for this lash to land so easily.

While holding on to the child, the woman scrambled to pounce at the crown prince's feet as she grimaced in pain. "This miss, this miss, please be benevolent and help me and my child."

According to the normal sequence of affairs, the rich family's miss would certainly show deep sympathy for the mother and son's encounter.

Yet who expected the little stoic to—