

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 734

An ink jade strap tied the man's jet-ink hair high up. His thin lips were pulled into a line, and it was impossible to tell if he was happy or angry from his austere phoenix eyes.

It just so happened to be sunset, and red clouds blanketed the entire sky. The clouds stretched with the blowing wind, and a nip in the air seeped into the bones.

After sauntering out of the city gate, Mo Lian immediately glimpsed the barefaced little fellow dressed in pale-colored clothing standing in the middle of the crowd.

His eyes narrowed slightly as his gaze fixed on the little one.

Meanwhile, when Feng Manyun heard her maidservant's exclamation, she quickly shifted her gaze to the city gate's direction. With this glance, her maiden heart was practically set aflutter.

It was him, it was really him! That elegant Young Master Mo with a fleeting bearing.

Could it be... Could it be that it was just as Xiangqin[1] said, that the young sir came out to pick her up?

Feng Manyun giggled, and a rosy blush soon crept onto her cheeks. Her spirited maiden heart throbbed uncontrollably as her pulse sped up in a pitter-patter.

Ever since Feng Manyun's chance encounter with this Young Master Mo last night, the proud maiden heart that she had strictly guarded for 18 years fell uncontrollably for this handsome young sir.

When she found out that this Young Master Mo was also staying in the City Lord's Estate like her, it didn't need to be mentioned how happy she was.

Although they didn't interact or converse at all from last night to today, that was to be expected. After all, the young sir, being a jade-like gentleman, would naturally strictly abide by decorum towards an unfamiliar young lady.

Nevertheless, Feng Manyun felt that as long as she was given sufficient time to associate with him, this noble young sir would definitely form a favorable impression of her.

She had complete confidence in this.

After all, in the present morals of the time, there were evidently few females like her who possessed both exceptional medical skills and a kind heart, as well.

She was a doctor who had volunteered to go to the tent district where the commoners stayed in order to treat the ill, help the dying, and heal the injured! In the tent district, she was revered and adored by innumerable people.

At present.

Sure enough, she saw this fine young sir with a fleeting bearing walking in her direction, getting closer and closer, and practically about to halt right in front of her.

Feng Manyun put on her most confident and beautiful smile and took two mincing steps forward. She had just curtsied halfway and called out demurely, "Young Ma-..."

Yet Crown Prince Mo drifted past her, not even sparing her a peripheral glance.

When Feng Manyun realized that Crown Prince Mo had directly dashed past her, the gorgeous smile on her face completely froze, as if glued onto her face from that instant.

A maelstrom whirled inside Feng Manyun's pitch-black pupils, and she felt that her neck was abnormally stiff as she slowly, very slowly, pivoted her head.

Following which, her pupils contracted promptly before gradually dilating again.

She saw the noble, jade-like young sir, who had always acted modestly yet also very proudly in front of her, flying like a gust of wind to that aloof and peerlessly beautiful little lady.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the young sir stretched out his arms, abruptly hugging the little lady into a tight embrace while gently lifting her up.

He even lifted the little lady's small chin with his hand and lowered his head, giving her lips a small nibble without too much force.

Such willful behavior, oblivious to everything else, as if there were no one else present.

Feng Manyun felt as if the sky were collapsing right before her!

Why did it turn out like this? This was poles apart from the modest, jade-like gentleman and lofty, unsullied, noble young sir image in her heart!

Right now, how was there the slightest bit of gentlemanly behavior in this young sir? He was simply a rogue to a T.

Feng Manyun's lifeless eyes remained fixated on the two people, as if thunderstruck.

[1] Xiangqin means 'parsley'