

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 818

Mo Lian pressed his lips into a thin line, and in his displeasure, he went to pick up the little monk. "I'll bring you."

"No way, no way. You're such a bully that I can't pee when facing you!" The little baldy kicked his stubby legs as he rebuffed him in a huff.

Yet Mo Lian only sniggered in annoyance. "Don't worry, feel free to pee boldly and without worry. I'm not interested in watching you."

"Don't want you, don't want you! I want Benefactress, Benefactress, wuwuwu." The little monk sobbed so pitifully that even Duan Yue, who had just stepped through the door, couldn't help being stunned upon seeing this situation.

With a lightning move of his hand, Duan Yue successfully snatched over the little monk from Mo Lian's grasp as he cast him a glance with a faint smirk. "Look at how mature you are, you're even bullying a child."

Mo Lian rolled his eyes at him. "You came at just the right time, he's all yours! Bring him to go relieve himself."

Duan Yue was stupefied, looking down at the kicking little monk. He then glanced at the deadpan Mo Lian, thinking: Could he still toss this hot potato back?

"Benefactress." The little monk also gazed at Duan Yue disdainfully. "Don't want you! I only want Benefactress."

"Call me Sister." Qiao Mu irritably knocked on his smooth head before bringing him outside.

“Where did this oddball little monk come from?” Duan Yue speechlessly watched the two people leave before peering at Mo Lian. “Hey, when are we setting out?”

“It’s not like we’re leaving together.”

“Whatever do you mean?” Crossing his arms, Duan Yue cast him a glance and smirked in schadenfreude. “Qiaoqiao said that we’ll leave together!”

Mo Lian: ...

Seeing this guy’s smug look made him annoyed.

Meanwhile, after Qiao Mu finished attending to the little monk, she headed back with the child.

When she passed by the city gate, she just so happened to see Wenren Ningjing treating people at a stall.

Wenren Ningjing had just finished treating a patient, and she saw Qiao Mu passing by when she looked up. She then turned her small face aside with a taut expression, not really willing to greet this person.

“Hey.” Qiao Mu walked up to Wenren Ningjing with the little baldy. Kong Roumiao, who was standing beside Wenren Ningjing, promptly lifted her chin like a rooster, vigilant and ready for battle.

“What do you want now? We’re assisting with the rescue at the moment, s-so we don’t have time to deal with you!” Kong Roumiao barked threateningly even though, at heart, she was cowardly.

“Here, for you.” The little stoic couldn’t be bothered with Kong Roumiao and directly tossed a box of ointment at Wenren Ningjing.

“Apply it once in the morning and once at night, and the scar will disappear in a day.” After she was done speaking, she picked up the little baldy and turned around to leave without waiting for Wenren Ningjing’s reaction.

Kong Roumiao was so incensed that her small face distorted, and she grabbed the box of ointment that was half the size of her palm, wanting to throw it away.

“Wait.” Wenren Ningjing stopped her and took that ointment box from her. She opened it and took a whiff, after which her expression turned baffled in astonishment.

“What is it?” Kong Roumiao curiously inquired.

“This is superior grade medicine. It smells even more pure than what my master can produce.” Wenren Ningjing subconsciously reached up to touch the faint mark on her chin.

“Impossible,” Kong Roumiao angrily asserted. “Maybe she tampered with this medicine, wanting to disfigure you.”

Wenren Ningjing shook her head. “She wouldn’t.”

“You’re so sure?”

“As such a proud person, she would feel it beneath her dignity to do that.”

“Benefactress, it goes without saying that gifting medicine is a good deed. But if you don’t verbalize your good intention, how would other people understand you?” The little monk couldn’t help asking.

“Why do I need other people’s understanding?”

“Sigh, I truly fret over you.” The little monk sighed like an old man.

Qiao Mu couldn’t help but find this funny, and she reached out to stroke his bald head. “We’re going home now, to celebrate New Year’s.”