

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 839

“I’ve strolled through that Clearwater Fine Park, and it is indeed constructed nicely.” While holding his little wife in his lap, the crown prince fed her like no one else was beside them. He was even coaxing, “If you like it, let’s have Royal Father gift this park to you for your enjoyment.”

The king, who was currently chatting and laughing with Xu Pingyong and several courtiers inside the audience hall of the King’s Palace, suddenly felt his nose get itchy, and he hastily smothered this graceless sneeze.

“There is a hot spring inside the park, in addition to a large pond that encircles half the garden. The gazebos are elegant, and the scenery is pleasing. At night, it’s so magnificent when the night luminous pearls placed among the flowers all glow. You’ll definitely like it.”

Qiao Mu brusquely rolled her eyes at him. “Why would I want to live in such a big park by myself?”

Crown Prince Mo looked down at his wife with a foolish laugh, and he couldn’t resist giving her a smooch. “Qiaoqiao, you’re so good to me. You’re really virtuous.”

When Darling Qiao heard the word “virtuous,” her whole body involuntarily shuddered.

How was she, this little demoness who killed people like flies, virtuous? She really didn’t know how the crown prince’s eyes had developed.

“That’s right, Courtesan Zheng has even invited the Luo Family Troupe, who has recently made a name for itself in the capital, to come put on an opera performance.” As the crown prince spoke, he scooped out another spoonful of osmanthus flower custard, making the little fellow swallow it without any room for objection.

“In the past, they always called for the royal theatrical troupe to sing the opera, so there haven’t been any new and original ideas. Hence, Courtesan Zheng suggested having the Luo Family Troupe come and

sing. It seems like the idea was quite well-received among the madams and misses. Do you like it?" He scooped out another spoonful for her.

Yet Qiao Mu reached out to grab his fingers in a huff instead. "Can't eat anymore!"

"You ate so little. What to do if you get skinny? Eat this last mouthful, okay." The crown prince blinked. He just liked feeding her food, and he even squeezed her soft, small body as he spoke, "Look, so skinny."

Qiao Mu had no other choice but to finish eating this last spoonful before she promptly pushed him away. "Don't be so close, the little monk is here."

"The little monk is busy reciting scriptures."

The little monk was sitting at their feet. Sure enough, after he finished eating his vegetarian breakfast, he shut his eyes and started reciting the scriptures, no longer bothering Mo Lian and Qiao Mu.

Qiao Mu couldn't help finding it funny, and she cast him a glance, asking, "Wasn't Her Highness Zheng stripped of the authority to manage the three palaces and six courts? Why did she still meddle with the New Year's feast's matters?"

Besides, wasn't she pregnant? And she still troubled herself with such matters?

"Who knows." Mo Lian harrumphed, and then he looked down at his little wifey. "Could it be, you think that she has an ulterior motive for summoning the Luo Family Troupe into the palace?"

Qiao Mu was just about to say something when she took out the jade messenger talisman from her inner world. After swiping her finger on it, her eyes revealed a cold light.

“The Hidden Pavilion has sent news over. Shi Guangjin visited Wu Xiaosu three times in this half month that she’s been imprisoned. If we want to find out the specific details of their conversations, that will need more investigation.” Qiao Mu put away the jade messenger talisman and said in a voice tinged with freezing irony and burning satire, “I didn’t expect this Shi Guangjin to be the romantic type.”

“There’s no need for further investigation.” She only needed to know who was the one adding fuel to the fire.

Mo Lian creased his brows. “Do you want to deal with that Wu Xiaosu?”

“That’s not necessary.” Qiao Mu shook her head. “She won’t be able to walk out of prison in the end, so why go through the extra trouble?”

Wu Xiaosu thought that the golden cicada she had her swallow contained the poison that was originally in it?

She had long improved upon it. If Wu Xiaosu could walk out of prison three months later, then it’d mean that she, Qiao Mu, wasn’t skilled in her craft!

As they spoke, the royal carriage had already arrived at the Central Palace.