

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 850

“Qiaoqiao, I can give in to you and go along with you for anything. However, only this matter is absolutely out of the question. You are mine, mine, and I won’t allow you to leave me.” His pair of phoenix eyes dyed in ink were enshrouded in a dense profoundness. It seemed as if there were endless whirlpools rotating among the two pitch-black lotus fires that were leaping up from the bottom of his eyes.

All at once, Qiao Mu watched him blankly, spellbound as she stared at his eyes. She touched his face with her small hand and murmured, “Mo Lian, in your eyes...”

Right now, however, Mo Lian refused to hear the little fellow saying things like “forget it” and “let’s part” with her stoic expression.

He didn’t wish for her heart that was firmly confined inside layers of ice to once again shrink back into itself bit by bit.

“In my eyes, it’s all you.” Sighing gently, he then grabbed her small paw to give it a light bite. “Punishing you for saying something that you shouldn’t. You’re prohibited from saying it again in the future.”

Qiao Mu pulled back her hand and glared at him grumpily. When she lowered her head and saw Little Fifteenth goggling at them curiously with big eyes, she was even more embarrassed.

“So despicable.” She pushed him away with a burning face. “Your younger sister is still here.”

“Sis, Ta!”

Mo Lian’s face darkened at once, and he eyed the child. “You’ve called wrong, say Sister-in-Law.”

What the heck would the child know about a 'Sister-in-Law?' The child only felt that Crown Prince Mo looked very scary with his darkened face, so she quickly snuggled back into this sister's warm embrace before her expression finally eased up.

"Your dad fathers so many babies, yet he doesn't know to take good care of them." Qiao Mu's anger flared up again. "What a scumbag dad."

"Mhm, mhm, Dad is really useless. It's still Qiaoqiao who's the best."

Qiao Mu rolled her eyes at him. "Where is your mother sending this child?"

Mo Lian paused briefly, and then said soon afterwards, "She's sending the child to Zhaoyi He. The State Duke of Qing's second wife, née He, is Zhaoyi He's aunt."

"Doesn't she have her own son?"

"Mhm, Sixteenth is younger than Fifteenth by quite a few months."

After saying "oh," Qiao Mu continued, "Starting tomorrow, bring her to my home, and I'll administer eight more acupuncture treatments on her to completely cure her asthma and properly nurse her back to health."

"Okay." Crown Prince Mo immediately promised cheerfully, and he was so happy inside that he could fly.

Wasn't that just to his liking? Now he could see his Darling Qiao every day.

After the duo conversed for a while longer, and Qiao Mu's mood calmed down, she told him to first return to the King's Palace.

What happened at the noon banquet wasn't anything much, since the main act at night had yet to start.

That was the full-scale drama of the traditional court official patrician families against the eight emerging great patrician families.

As an actor in the drama, Qiao Mu was already unable to extricate herself!

Finally, there were no more hiccups in the New Year's noon banquet in the Brilliant Sun Hall, and the guests behaved appropriately as they partook in the meal. On the surface, they interacted joyously and harmoniously with happy laughter and cheerful voices, seemingly having already thrown the various awkward incidents that had occurred early in the morning out of their minds.

Noble Consort Zheng wasn't absent either. No matter how much she was burning with anger on the inside, she still stayed in her seat and tastelessly chewed on some food.

It could be seen that Noble Consort Zheng's smile was a bit forced.

There actually wasn't much meaning in her bracing herself to keep sitting there. After all, the people around her were afraid of touching the lioness' tail, nor did they dare to speak with her.

For the very first time, Noble Consort Zheng experienced the feeling of being ostracized from the social circle.

Rage burned in her heart, and just as the noon banquet ended, she found an excuse that she still had matters to attend to at Sophora Flower Palace and left in a hurry.

Queen Zhao didn't stop her, merely sweeping her a cold glance out of the corner of her eye as her lips curled up into a sneer.