

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 863

W-What was he supposed to hear? Qiao Zhongde kept mum as he gazed at the crown prince in a daze.

“It was the king’s wish to drive that cruel and unscrupulous youngest son and youngest daughter-in-law out of the marquis’s estate. Did you not understand that?” Mo Lian swept Qiao Zhongde with the type of gaze that would be directed towards an idiot.

Qiao Zhongde silently clammed up.

“In regards to Elderly Lady Qiao, as mentioned before, she has hands and feet, and is her own person. Who can stop her from going with whomever she wishes?” Crown Prince Mo eyed Qiao Zhongde indifferently. “As for why they moved into a rundown temple...”

Pausing in his speech, Mo Lian blinked and remarked with a spurious smile, “Perhaps it’s a personal hobby. It could be that the elderly lady was tired of living in a big house and wanted a change of environment?”

“Pfft...” Duan Yue directly spat out the wine in his mouth.

This was met with a brusque glare from Mo Lian.

Qiao Zhongde was so infuriated that all his facial features had practically distorted. What kind of bizarre argument was this? Were there people in this world who felt uncomfortable living in a big house, so they specially sought a change of environment in a rundown temple where one would get scorched by the sun and drenched from the rain?

The king, being accustomed to expressing support for his son, also gave a low cough before concurring with a nod, “The crown prince’s words are not without reason.”

Reasonable your \*ss!

Qiao Dongbo's face was also distorted from anger, and as he kept his hands against his robe, he wore a slight sneer on his lips. "In that case, then it really was Qiao Zhongheng that punk and his wife who didn't know what was good for them."

"But Zhongbang," Qiao Dongbo turned around and started persuading with meaningful and heartfelt words, "No matter what, even if a family's bones are broken, the tendons are still connected. Your old mother especially, when we went to bring her out of the rundown temple, you don't know how wretched she looked..."

"Your Majesty!" Suddenly, Duan Yue cut in, flipping the hem of his robe as he stood up to cup his hands with a smile. "Today is the day when the eight great patrician families congregate. We didn't come to hear these domestic trivialities. If Family Head Qiao really does want to solve these mundane family matters in this audience hall, then would it not be better to straightforwardly solve this conflict the way cultivators do!"

Mu Boming smiled and inquired, "Fourth Young Master Duan[1], when you say to solve this conflict the way cultivators do, you are referring to?"

"Fists!" Duan Yue swung his fist and exclaimed with a grin, "Rather than fussing about like an old woman, it's more forthright to decide things with a fight!"

Qiao Dongbo's face had turned dark, and he used a terrifying gaze to glower at that handsome young man that had abruptly cut him off.

Just earlier, he had sensed Qiao Zhongbang clearly wavering upon hearing Elderly Lady Qiao's wretched state, and he believed that he had the hope to persuade Qiao Zhongbang to return to the Qiao Clan's ancestral residence to visit his old mother. Yet his plan had been messed up by this squirt that popped out from who the hell knows where.

“Family Head Qiao, are you staring at me like this because you want to have a contest?” Duan Yue’s eager expression of itching to have a go at it was asking for a beating, and it made Qiao Dongbo’s teeth ache.

It would only be if he were f\*cking sick in the head that he would have a contest with this squirt.

As the patriarch of the Qiao Family, why would he have a contest with the younger generation of the Duan Family? There was nothing novel about winning, and losing would be even more disgraceful. He would be sick to compete with that squirt from the Duan Family.

Duan Yue blinked his eyes and gazed at Qiao Dongbo in disappointment. “Family Head Qiao, you’re actually afraid of having a contest with me!”

Upon hearing this, Qiao Dongbo couldn’t sit still anymore and immediately jumped up from his seat, the veins on his forehead practically exploding. “Squirt, be mindful of what you say. Don’t spout nonsense!”

“Grandpa, he’s scaring me!”

—

[1] Keep note that this ‘Duan’ is written differently from the ‘Duan’ in Duan Yue.