

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 880

Seeing that Li Xiu'e didn't look like she was about to let the matter drop, apprehension flooded the assistant troupe master's heart.

Previously, when he went to go notify the other guests in the private rooms in the Qin Estate's eldest young sir's name, those people were all anxious to go greet that Young Sir Qin and ingratiate themselves with him.

But these two young ladies in front of him, one who was expressionless and the other who was frowning in anger, didn't seem to be people he could easily drive out.

Li Xiu'e eyed the assistant troupe master coldly. "Go down and tell that Eldest Young Sir Qin, his gathering and his guests have nothing to do with us. If he wants to clear the theater, then have him come up himself to talk it over with us."

The assistant troupe master gave a servile response, and seeing that both young ladies didn't seem like characters that could be pushed around, he hurriedly wiped his sweat and shuffled down the stairs.

"Crown Prince Consort." Li Xiu'e turned to look at Qiao Mu.

Yet Qiao Mu simply waved her hand and said, "We only came to watch the show, so there's no need to be so long-winded with them."

Since the show had stopped, the children's entertainment had also ended. Seeing that the people in the main hall below were all walking outside, they couldn't help frowning as they turned to Qiao Mu and said, "Sister, they're not performing anymore."

"Wait for a bit. Do you guys want to come over and eat some fruit first?" She took out some fresh fruits from her inner world and beckoned to the three children.

Qiao Lin and the two little boys rushed over, and they each picked up an orange and started to peel them.

At this time, the assistant troupe master knocked on the door again and walked in, relaying in embarrassment, "Young Sir Qin and some of his friends have said, that they request for honored guests to go down."

With her finger, Qiao Mu beckoned at that assistant troupe master.

The assistant troupe master cheekily ran near. "Miss."

However, Qiao Mu abruptly struck out, hooking that assistant troupe master's neck with her palm before ruthlessly slamming his old face against the table.

A loud bam was heard, and the assistant troupe master could only feel one side of his face hurting terribly, and he feared that it had bruised completely.

Qiao Mu stated coldly, "If you don't want to die, have them come up."

When she finished speaking, she released her small hand that had hooked onto the back of the assistant troupe master's neck. He only felt his entire body turn cold, and he automatically gave a shudder.

"Bring some hot water inside." Qiao Mu coldly cast him a glance. How would the assistant troupe master dare say anything superfluous? He repeatedly nodded his head as he very cautiously backed out of the door step by step while stooping at the waist.

Sure enough, after a few minutes, a young waiter brought over hot water in an incredibly respectful manner.

Soon afterwards, the sound of shuffling footsteps came from the stairs, and before long, the door to the private room was pushed open.

While dressed in his dark purple robe, the slender and straight figure of Eldest Young Sir Qin appeared at the entrance.

He had a spot of vermillion between his brows, and he possessed a beautiful pair of captivating and enchanting eyes. He still wore his hair loose, which hung to his waist, and his entire being emitted a wild and evil charm.

“I had been wondering which fiend was making a fuss.” The moment Qin Xuan saw Qiao Mu, he curled up his lips and smiled.

He leaned against the doorframe and looked at the little lady with a smile. “So it was you, this ill-mannered and unreasonable little fiend.”

Qiao Mu expressionlessly cast him a glance before coldly stating, “Who are you.”

Rolling his eyes, Qin Xuan strode inside with his long legs. He dragged over a stool and sat down before her, gazing at her calmly. “Stop pretending, alright. Mu Xiao Bao, I know it’s you. Don’t think that I won’t recognize you just because you switched a face.”

Qiao Mu reflexively reached out to touch her small face, but she continued to deadpan, “I don’t understand what you are saying.”

Ha ha, Eldest Qin snorted in laughter.