

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 881

“It’s no fun if you keep pretending like this.” Eldest Qin raised his wrist and grandly poured a cup of tea for himself, after which he gazed at Qiao Mu with a smile and said, “Xiao Bao, we merely haven’t seen each other for half a month, yet you say that you don’t know me. Isn’t that just too freaking fake?”

Li Xiu’e snuck a peek at Qiao Mu. Since she didn’t understand the situation, she didn’t attempt to butt in.

“Eldest Young Sir, why aren’t you introducing us?” More than ten young men and women swarmed in noisily at once. The one speaking was a powder-faced man who fanned himself with a folding fan to flaunt his tastefulness.

Qiao Mu only felt that this person seemed a bit familiar.

Situ Yi was the last to enter, and when he saw Qiao Mu, he was automatically taken aback. Subsequently, he shouted in astonishment, “Little Junior Sister!”

Qiao Mu rolled her eyes. She couldn’t keep pretending anymore now.

Qiao Mu also knew the two people beside Situ Yi. One was that weakling Shang Kun from the Daybreak Sect, and the other was the sect master’s daughter, Liang Qingqing.

“Little Junior Sister.” Liang Qingqing joyfully walked up and greeted her.

“Senior Brother Situ, Senior Sister Liang.” Qiao Mu nodded at the two people.

On the other hand, Qin Xuan couldn’t help being amused. “Not pretending anymore?”

After giving a harrumph, Qiao Mu turned around to give him a lukewarm gaze before standing up and saying, "We're leaving."

Since Senior Brother Situ was here, then she would oblige on his behalf!

Miss Li also stood up.

Just as Qiao Mu reached the door, the man with the powdered and oily face stuck out his folding fan to block her path.

"Hey, this miss. Since you've come, you might as well hang out with everyone here for a bit." That man winked at her cheekily. He was fanning himself back and forth in the dead of winter, posturing with a self-proclaimed tastefulness.

Situ Yi was just about to warn that man, but then he saw the eldest Miss Qiao smoothly grab a flowerpot from the flower rack beside the door and smash it on that powder-faced young man's head with a "bang," felling him on the spot.

Qin Xuan's mouth twitched, and he couldn't resist facepalming.

Was this Hu Youkang from the Marquis of Su'an's Estate an idiot? Back then in the Qin Estate, the little stoic had smashed him with a flowerpot, which resulted in his head getting wrapped up layer upon layer, and he had to recuperate for more than half a month to recover.

Yet it happened again now!

History repeated itself so shockingly!

Hu Youkang shot up, and after feeling his bloodied head, he screeched in shock, "Someone, someone come quickly!"

"Young Master Hu, Young Master Hu."

The people at the door were immediately thrown into a chaotic mess. Some hurriedly ordered people to bring gauze and water for binding up the wound, while others blocked Qiao Mu using their bodies while paling in fear.

Qiao Lin rolled up her small sleeves, as if ready to pick a fight.

It was during this noisy commotion that the sound of urgent stomping came from the stairs, and when Qiao Mu turned to take a look, she saw Hei'zi's worried face appear at the top of the stairs.

"Eldest Miss!" Hei'zi panted heavily, and he hastily ran up and cried out, "There's trouble at home."

Qiao Mu's eyes contracted instantly, and the temperature around her dropped to absolute zero. She kicked aside the people blocking her path. "Beat it."

She then promptly walked toward Hei'zi.

Miss Li and the three children also ran out after her.

"Wait, you can't leave after smashing my head!" Hu Youkang tried to run forwards, but he ended up staggering with his swaying body.

Suddenly, one person cried out in alarm, "Young Master Hu, that is the crown prince consort! You didn't attend the banquet yesterday, so you don't recognize her..."

Qiao Mu, however, quickly left these people in the dust as she hastily descended the stairs behind Hei'zi.