

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 891

In the past, Xiao Ya was a child that loved to smile, but she was unusually apathetic today. Wei Ziqin felt that even her smile towards her was a bit forced.

Nevertheless, seeing these old neighbors from Qiaotou Village become so unfamiliar, Wei Ziqin felt bad in her heart.

“Mom, don’t think too much.” Conversely, Qiao Mu wasn’t too hung up over it, and she held her mother’s hand while consoling, “Some changes, we can’t prevent however we try.”

Wei Ziqin wiped her tears and nodded.

She was just, a bit remorseful, was all...

The mother and daughter pair were escorted back to the Marquis of Jiayuan’s Estate by Crown Prince Mo.

However, just as they alighted from the carriage, someone called out to them with a loud cry.

Pausing in their steps, Wei Ziqin and Qiao Mu turned around and saw the king’s personal manager eunuch, Gong Chang’an, dashing over to them with his stubby legs.

“This old servant greets the crown prince, crown prince consort, and the marchioness.” Gong Chang’an wiped his sweat as he panted heavily.

Heavens knew that when he rushed over to the Qiao Clan’s main family to relay the king’s decree to the crown prince consort, he missed her, so he could only rush back the Marquis of Jiayuan’s Estate after that. It was only then that he just so happened to intercept the crown prince consort.

Mo Lian gazed at him coldly. "What are you doing here?"

Gong Chang'an was a shrewd character, and when he heard the crown prince's obviously displeased tone of voice, he knew that he was going to get wrecked.

Even so, he still bore this freaking mission that the king entrusted to him, so he had no choice but to stiffen his spine as he servilely explained to the crown prince, "Y-Your Highness, this old servant is acting under the king's order to urgently summon the crown prince consort into the palace for an audience with His Majesty."

Urgent summons? How urgent was it that it caused Gong Chang'an, this old fellow, to be drenched in sweat from rushing so?

Crown Prince Mo coolly swept the old eunuch a glance. "What kind of matter requires such urgency? Tomorrow will do. Qiaoqiao has to go back and rest."

Gong Chang'an promptly knelt to the ground with a flump. "Your Highness!! T-The king is urgently summoning the crown prince consort, which means that this matter absolutely cannot get delayed! If this old servant is unable to escort the crown prince consort into the palace, wuwuwu..."

This old fellow actually started bawling on the spot, with tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke.

Crown Prince Mo pulled his lips into a thin line in displeasure.

Overall, Qiao Mu was rather indifferent about it, so she tugged on Mo Lian's sleeve, reassuring, "Let it be, don't torment him anymore. I'll make a trip to the palace with him. It won't take up too much time anyways."

Just as they were speaking, Father Qiao, who had gone to the capital hall to report this case, just so happened to return while accompanied by the capital magistrate, Sir Pang.

The two people hurriedly dismounted and went up to greet the crown prince.

After Sir Pang saw that Wei Ziqin was safe and sound, he immediately heaved a sigh of relief and repeatedly expressed his good wishes.

“Sir Pang, the Highest Judiciary has already taken all the suspects into custody. This matter also requires you to follow it up closely.” Mo Lian instructed aloofly.

“Certainly, certainly. Your Highness can rest assured.”

After comforting her mother, Qiao Mu then had her parents first return home, while she entered the palace with the crown prince.

On the way, Mo Lian’s brows were so tightly knit that it made even the little fellow involuntarily knit her own brows as she stretched out her small hand to massage the center of his brows.

After regaining his senses, Mo Lian couldn’t help but chuckle upon seeing her adorable action, and he grasped her small hand, asking, “You really don’t want me to go with you?”

“No need.” Qiao Mu wriggled her small hand and stuck out two fingers, continuing to massage the crease between his brows.

Mo Lian chortled in laughter.

Yet Qiao Mu tilted her head and suddenly asked, “Mo Lian, can your daddy endure a beating?”

Gong Chang'an, who was sitting next to the driver, somehow felt his heart turn cold for no reason upon hearing the crown prince consort's words...