

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 899

Qiao Sen and Qiao Lin each dropped their jaws wide, and it took a good while before they continued cracking their melon seeds.

Uh...

This guy that got his head bashed in with a flowerpot yesterday was really quite miserable, being beaten up by Sister again today into this state.

Releasing her hand, Qiao Mu meticulously examined his chin once more. It didn't seem like his skeletal structure had been displaced?

"You really aren't the snake beauty?" Qiao Mu was terribly suspicious of the Marquis of Su'an's Estate's Old Fifth.

She kept feeling that there was something weird about this person.

Normally, with his servile personality, it wasn't too likely for him to be so daring as to come make trouble for her.

Even if he didn't know of her before yesterday, she seemed to recall someone telling him her identity as the crown prince consort after she bashed his head in.

With Hu Youkang being the kind of person who wouldn't even dare let out a peep upon seeing His Highness the Crown Prince, he still dared to come pick a bone with the crown prince consort?

Cough!

Qiao Mu released her small hand in slight embarrassment, and just as she was about to reach out to fix his disarrayed collar, the Marquis of Su'an's Estate's Fifth Young Master shrunk backwards with all his might and released an extremely tragic shriek. "Don't come over, what are you planning to do?"

He shielded his chest with both hands, and his eyes were as wide as saucers as he looked at Qiao Mu, to the point that even Qiao Mu couldn't resist looking down at her small pair of pure white hands.

She really wasn't planning to do anything!

Qiao Mu coughed lightly as she looked towards Hu Youkang with slight embarrassment. "A misunderstanding, it's a misunderstanding. Young Master Hu, are you alright?"

However, Hu Youkang shrunk his neck and shielded his chest as he yelled in vehement agitation, "Yesterday, you busted my head! Today, you clobbered my chin! Tomorrow, are you going to punch my nose crooked! The day after that, you're going to sock my eyes until they get congested with blood, wah!"

Qiao Mu twitched her mouth and reached out to comfort him. "No, no, I won't."

"Don't come over!" Young Master Hu shrunk backwards, just like a bird that was startled by the mere twang of a bow.

Hence, our dear Qiao Mu's small hand froze in mid-air just like that.

Meanwhile, Duan Yue had already split his sides from cracking up. He facepalmed as he turned his handsome face aside, practically unable to look straight at Hu Youkang's aghast face that was tragic beyond compare.

"How about this, I'll give you a bottle of healing pills. After taking it, you'll recuperate in two days."

“Give it here!” Hu Youkang shouted in a voice that was threatening in manner but cowardly at heart.

Qiao Mu was a bit speechless, but she still took out a bottle of pills from her inner world and handed it to him.

After hastily snatching it over and opening the bottle to take a whiff, Hu Youkang’s face finally eased slightly as he murmured, “These pills are rather excellent.”

Qiao Mu nodded. “Then let’s write off our old scores like this!”

“No way!” Hu Youkang’s expression was extremely unsightly. “You have to take responsibility for fully treating my wounds! Otherwise, I won’t leave the Marquis of Jiayuan’s Estate! Even if we bring this matter up with the king, it’s still you who is in the wrong!!”

Qiao Mu: “...”

Qiao Zhongbang quickly went up to mediate. “How about this, Young Master Hu. You should go home first.”

“Out of the question!” Hu Youkang immediately clutched his chest, as if he was about to collapse from suffocation. “Before my injuries take a turn for the better, don’t think of driving me away from the Marquis of Jiayuan’s Estate.”

At this time, Qiao Mu’s head began hurting from his squabbling, and she turned around to tell Chunying, “Arrange for him to stay in the outer courtyard. This kind of small injury will take at most three days to recover!”

“Hmph.” Hu Youkang pursed his lips. As he followed Chunying, who wore a distasteful expression, through the marquis’s estate’s entrance, Hu Youkang snuck a glance at Qiao Mu’s back.

“Why did you bring this person into the estate,” Duan Yue asked unhappily.

Even he couldn’t enter the inner chambers like this, so who was this person that had the cheek to do so?

—