

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 903

Qiao Mu facepalmed, and when she looked back and saw how he alighted the carriage after her with a grin, she couldn't resist glaring at him.

This person had a strange magical power, which acted just like a magnet, that tightly attracted other people's eyeballs. It was particularly despicable.

Needless to say, Mo Lian wouldn't care about how the little fellow was giving him a dour look. He merely held her small hand in secret amusement as he led her towards the Highest Judiciary's entrance. "We have come here to the Highest Judiciary's prison twice already. Since you know the way already, I won't go down with you, okay."

Qiao Mu nodded, indicating with her gaze for him to let go.

You're not going down with me, so why do you keep holding my hand? You're hindering me from moving about!

Mo Lian looked at her innocently. "I'll escort you over to the entrance."

The Assistant Minister of the Highest Judiciary had already run out to receive them upon being informed. It was still the person they saw last time, the official that was almost forty years old.

Accompanying him was an official that was born with small pupils. Upon seeing the crown prince and crown prince consort, he walked over to welcome them with a simpering smile.

Mo Lian introduced in a low voice, "This is Sir Ge."

He then gave Qiao Mu a meaningful look as he transmitted his voice into her ears alone. "It's the person who had barged into Second Royal Brother's Estate to capture Ding Tingding."

Realization dawned on Qiao Mu, but she just glanced at Sir Ge without saying anything, merely following the Assistant Minister of the Highest Judiciary into the prison.

Along the way, the Assistant Minister of the Highest Judiciary politely exchanged pleasantries with Qiao Mu. "The people from the capital's Qiao Family are locked up inside the prison on the north side. Qiao Dongbo and them have all been locked up individually. Who does the crown prince consort wish to meet?"

"I'm not meeting Qiao Dongbo." Qiao Mu pursed her lips and said, "Bring me to the cell where the normal Qiao Clan members have been locked up."

"Yes!" The Assistant Minister of the Highest Judiciary called over a jailer to lead the way and bring Qiao Mu to the largest prison cells on the north side.

Each prison cell had locked up forty to fifty people, and she saw a mass of black heads upon glancing over.

Seeing that there was someone coming over, those people couldn't resist shouting "Let me out of here" over and over again, just like dying quails.

"Scram, scram, scram!" The jailer cracked his whip, flinging back inside the several hands that had reached out between the wooden bars.

Qiao Mu walked past them, searching for Sixth Uncle Qiao's family in the prison cells.

All of a sudden, someone squeezed to the front of the wooden cell and crashed her head against the bars. She dug her fingers into the wooden bars with a death grip as she roared, "Qiao Mu! Qiao Mu, you

still dare to come? You b\*tch harmed us into this state, yet you dare come to visit us? You black-hearted woman with rotten innards, with a heart as malicious as that of snakes and scorpions, why don't you just go die?"

Afterwards, a whip suddenly lashed out at Qiao Ni's hand, prompting a tragic scream in exchange.

As Qiao Mu turned around to gaze coldly at Qiao Ni, a mocking smile tugged at the corner of her mouth.

Miss Qiao must not have known that she would end up so tragically in this lifetime! Qiao Mu strode past Qiao Ni, throwing the latter's roars out of her mind.

She found Old Sixth Qiao and his family in the third large prison cell.

After Qiao Mu gestured for the jailer to open the door of the cell, many people tried to charge outside that instant.

When the jailer noticed this, he effortlessly whipped them back inside with several cracks of his whip.

"Behave well for me! You all will be exiled to the Northwestern Desert tomorrow, so you don't need to be so impatient. You will definitely get your chance to go outside." The jailer's schadenfreude induced a series of anguished howls from the Qiao Clan members.

These years, they had been indulging in their high position and comfortable life in the Mo Kingdom capital, so how could they possibly adapt to the impoverished and bitterly cold environment of the Northwestern Desert!