

## **My Crown 1161**

### **Chapter 1161: You've Gotten Skinny...**

*What had happened to this little one during these past days? Did she not take care of herself well during this time?* He felt like she had gotten much skinnier, and a certain originally rotund area seemed to have also thinned down. *Sigh...* He felt so awful inside.

He had nourished her with much difficulty to be round as a pearl and as smooth as jade, yet she was now back to before after several days.

"Sigh!" Qiao Mu also sighed along with him in a hilarious fashion.

A hint of amusement rippled in Mo Lian's phoenix eyes.

"I am Hubby." He murmured in a whisper into her ear, "I am Hubby, Darling."

His breath lingered about her ear as he repeated this several times. Although she could not sense his closeness because she had yet to recover her sense of touch, her heart felt very peculiar.

*This man really was quite good-looking!*

His head of fine black hair, which cascaded like a waterfall to the surface of the water, lightly parted with the wind.

At this time, he carried the little fellow to the big rock and sat down with her. He looked down at her unblinkingly with his pristine black phoenix eyes, as if wanting to embed her deep into his bones without showing any intention of letting go again.

Even though the little fellow had lost her emotions and had no feelings in the present moment, she was still able to sense that something was not right from the intense feelings carved into those eyes.

*It was too intense!*

Therefore, Qiao Mu stretched out her small hand and pushed Mo Lian's handsome face aside.

A breeze from the lake gently blew past his jade-white robe and made his waist belt flutter, just like the sensation he was giving her right now. It was so unconventionally graceful and limpid.

*A surprising man!*

"Hubby?" She blinked her eyes.

The slow-witted look that entered Mo Lian's eyes was exceptionally adorable to him.

"Right, Hubby!"

While wiggling her small legs, Qiao Mu brooded in vexation. *This person had clearly been hindering her from cultivating, but why could she just not do anything to him?*

Normally, she should obliterate everyone that hindered her from cultivating, but Miss Qiao didn't want to hurt this person in front of her.

*Mhm, it was probably because he was good-looking.*

Suddenly, a greasy, golden-yellow roasted chicken drumstick oscillated in front of Qiao Mu.

Qiao Mu blinked once then twice, momentarily thinking that it was an illusion. Therefore, she reached out to pinch his jade-like cheeks.

“Does it hurt? Hubby,” asked Darling Qiao.

“Hiss.” *That was some strength!* Mo Lian creased his charming eyebrows and gave an honest nod.

Only then did Qiao Mu snatch that drumstick and take a bite, after which she wiped her oily hand on his bluish white sleeve.

Mo Lian chuckled as he hugged her waist, lowering his head to peck her fair and tender cheek. He declared in his heart: *No matter how his Qiaoqiao had changed, she was still his.*

It didn't matter even if she temporarily didn't remember him. Eventually, he would make her remember him again!

Moreover, Mo Lian suspected that the reason Qiaoqiao had ended up in this state was probably linked to that Ding Yun from Beijing Manor.

*Did Ding Yun feed her some kind of drug?*

*He must have!*

*From that guy's loutish behavior, he must have fed his darling some drug and then intended to forcibly keep his darling with him.*

*Mhm, that was right. This was definitely the truth!*

No matter how intelligent Mo Lian was, he probably wouldn't have imagined it.

The reason Qiao Mu, this little fellow, had ended up in this state was totally thanks to the disaster-courting curse she drew herself!

After Qiao Mu finished gnawing on the drumstick and wiped her small, oily hands clean on his clean robe, she wriggled free from his arms and entered the water to continue cultivating.

### **Chapter 1162: Returning to the Palace!**

The flavor today was not bad. It was crispy and fragrant, unlike the sensation of chewing wax no matter what she ate.

Mo Lian was quick to perceive her intention, so he quickly scooped up her small figure, whispering quietly into her ear, “Darling, Darling. Let's go home first before doing anything else.”

Qiao Mu turned her small face around to look at him, and an urgent voice cried out nonstop in her heart: *Cultivate, cultivate, cultivate!*

She also shouted rapidly, “Cultivate, cultivate, cultivate!”

Mo Lian was stunned, but he quickly concurred as he stretched out to hold down her limbs. "Okay, okay, okay. Cultivate, cultivate, cultivate! I'll bring you back to the Eastern Palace's cultivation grounds okay? The mystic energy there is much denser than here."

*He had to first coax her back, Mo Lian ruminated.*

Qiao Mu tilted her head at him, with faint confusion flitting across her bright eyes. "The Eastern Palace's cultivation ground?"

*What kind of place was that?*

"Cultivate! Cultivate, cultivate!"

"Okay, okay, okay. Cultivate, cultivate. The mystic energy in that place is much denser than over here. Cultivating there is much faster than cultivating in this Zhuzi Lake!"

Darling Qiao shook her head. "Not going, I want to cultivate here."

*This person will hinder her from cultivating! He will affect her peace of mind! Look, he was hindering her right now! This was too upsetting!*

Mo Lian's face subconsciously sank, and he encircled her waist to lift her up. He then stressed unyieldingly, "We're returning to the palace."

*This time, he definitely had to keep her under his nose no matter what! He could go along with her for everything else, but not returning to the palace wouldn't do!*

Promptly becoming angry, Darling Qiao simply leaned on his shoulder and chomped down with her white teeth.

However, this chomp felt like a tickle. Mo Lian merely turned to look at her with an exceptionally staunch expression. "Be obedient. Let's go home first."

The little fellow shook her head like a rattle-drum.

*Humph! He actually yelled at her!*

Qiao Mu was infuriated. For some reason, she felt that this person would never yell at her in the past.

*He changed. He didn't dote on her anymore.*

Even though she had lost her emotions and desires and her memories were blocked, she could subconsciously feel something toward Mo Lian after interacting with him.

She had also been a little emperor darling in front of Crown Prince Mo!

In normal times, he had never raised his voice before, let alone made her aggrieved.

*Yet he dared to yell at her now?* Darling Qiao was very displeased in her heart, and she struggled to stand on the rock. Afterwards, she turned around and simply showed him the back of her head.

Mo Lian was instantly both amused and exasperated. He tugged her small hand and hugged her from behind, apologizing softly, "Darling, it's my bad. I shouldn't have spoken so loudly. Don't be angry, okay."

*He thought that she wouldn't be angry after saying several sentences?* Darling Qiao gave a harrumph in her mind and continued to ignore him.

"Darling." Mo Lian sighed softly as he grasped her small hand and turned her around to face him. He reached up to caress her small, soft face. "Good Qiaoqiao, what do you want in order to not be angry anymore? How about you hit me? It's fine as long as you stop being angry anymore."

"Humph." Qiao Mu rolled her eyes with a raised chin.

Mo Lian couldn't resist pulling her into his arms as he pleaded despondently, "Qiaoqiao, we haven't seen each other in a long time, so don't throw a tantrum. Do you know how much I missed you and worried about you during this period of time?"

Ever since learning that she had been transferred out from the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm, he had almost gone mad with worry, searching for her here and there the entire day.

### **Chapter 1163: Vassal Prince of An'nan**

He had finally found her after much difficulty, so no matter what, he wouldn't let go.

Qiao Mu's heart quivered, but she still raised her head and barked with a stern look, "Cultivate!"

Mo Lian nodded. "Okay, okay, we will go back right now to cultivate."

After saying this, he didn't give her the chance to object.

While flitting toward the bank of the lake with her in his arms, Mo Lian agonized: *His darling has turned into a cultivating madman!*

*What to do?* He was distressed!

*What should he do if she just wanted to cultivate every day!*

*What if on the day of their marriage, this darling suddenly shouted "Cultivate, cultivate, cultivate" at him halfway through the marriage proceedings? How could he tolerate that...*

Mo Lian straddled the horse despondently while carrying his little lady. After leaving the vicinity of Zhuzi Lake, he headed straight for the palace.

As there were many pedestrians on the main street after leaving the Great Sea Monastery, Mo Lian slackened the horse's pace.

However, at this time, a contingent of soldiers turned the corner to the main street, eliciting cheers from the populace.

Pulling the reins, Mo Lian knitted his brows as he hugged Qiao Mu, simultaneously urging the horse to the side of the path.

He didn't plan to meet that contingent directly to avoid the hassle.

“Cultivate!” The little fellow pouted as she tugged his hair in displeasure.

*This fellow was wasting time. She was in a hurry right now to cultivate!*

“Okay, okay, okay. Cultivate, we’ll go home to cultivate straight away.” Mo Lian helplessly stroked her head with a smile, and he looked toward where the crowd was.

On the street, a contingent of soldiers filing in strict order jogged along the sides of the street with their long spears and sectioned off a wide path.

With cold and impassive faces, the young soldiers linked their long spears horizontally in a line to block off the common people that were here to see the flurry.

The clatter of a horse’s hooves could soon be heard.

Meanwhile, the common people peered over excitedly with hope in their eyes.

They saw a steed with a black and bright mane trotting over with a handsome, 25-year-old young man on its back.

The man was exceptionally tall and boldly fierce. He held a spear behind his back with his left hand and grasped the reins with his right.

He wore a coronet that was traced in gold, as well as pitch-black cloud-patterned boots. His pair of austere eyes were bright and piercing on his chiseled face, and his compressed lips did not reveal a smile.

Immediately, there was a small clamor in the crowd.

“Heavens, it’s the Vassal Prince of An’nan. The Vassal Prince of An’nan has returned to the capital.”

“It’s our Vassal Prince of An’nan who wins every battle he fights!”

“I heard that the vassal prince utterly defeated the Northern Qi Kingdom this time, capturing one princess and two princes. Hahaha, he truly is aggrandizing our Great Mo Kingdom’s national prestige.”

“Look quickly, those in the back must be Northern Qi’s slaves!”

The common people revealed smiles as they knelt to the ground in a stream. “Congratulations to Lord Vassal Prince for your victory!”

The Vassal Prince of An’nan, Chou Fu[1], galloped in the lead with several valiant generals accompanying him, each prancing forward while sitting high on their horses.

Behind them were several hundred shabbily dressed Northern Qi slaves covered in dust, bound together with two to three ropes.

Those slaves, no matter their age or gender, were all bound at the right hand, forming a long line in succession. The soldiers drove them from behind with whips, yelling at them to quicken their pace.

The young crown prince consort leaned against Mo Lian’s chest with enlarged eyes.

She saw a soldier whip an old grandpa who was hobbling along but ended up tripping to the ground. It only took a moment for the elderly man, whose wails echoed through the street, to turn into a bloody mess.

Nevertheless, the civilians on the two sides watched on with relish.

#### **Chapter 1164: Hubby Also Dislikes It**

At this time, two steeds had swiftly galloped over. Accompanied by a young general, the General of Military Might, Shi Guangfeng (also the eldest young master of the State Duke of Qing's Estate), cupped his fists toward the Vassal Prince of An'nan, Chou Fu. "Guangfeng has come to greet General's escort on the king's order."

"I'll be troubling General Shi." The Vassal Prince of An'nan nodded tepidly without a change in his stern expression.

"By the king's decree, the Northern Qi Kingdom's prisoners of war will temporarily be escorted to the North Battalion's prison and kept under strict watch."

"After you, Vassal Prince." Shi Guangfeng gestured, his gaze inadvertently glancing in Crown Prince Mo's direction.

The Vassal Prince of An'nan, Chou Fu, swept Shi Guangfeng a faint glance before nodding. He then urged his horse forward to the King's Palace for an audience with the king.

The young crown prince consort pointed at those shabbily-clothed prisoners of war and looked up at Crown Prince Mo. However, she saw that he had squinted his eyes in contemplation.

"Hubby?"

While looking down at her in amusement, Crown Prince Mo poked her small chin. "What do you want to tell Hubby?"

"Dislike," remarked the young crown prince consort as she knitted her delicate brows in displeasure.

Even though it was vague, Crown Prince Mo really was the person who understood his beloved wife the most in the world.

Back in those days when his darling didn't feel like saying even a single word, he was instantly able to comprehend her intent with just a glance, let alone now.

The little fellow was saying that she didn't like how those soldiers were atrociously bullying the debilitated elderly man.

"Hubby also dislikes it." Crown Prince Mo immediately nodded, taking his beloved wife's side without caring for his principles. "Wait until Hubby returns and learns about the situation. Let's return to the palace first."

However, just as he planned to steer the horse away, he saw that the young general Shi Guangfeng had brought with him had gotten into a conflict with two of the Vassal Prince of An'nan's military officers.

The young general's name was Shi Zhong, a trusted and valued aide of the General of Military Might, Shi Guangfeng.

At this time, Shi Zhong and the Vassal Prince of An'nan's two military officers were glowering at each other angrily.

"No means no. You cannot bring away these two people!" The Vassal Prince of An'nan's subordinate who was middle-aged with broad facial features barked, "These two are not Northern Qi Kingdom's prisoners of war. They are merfolk that our general captured and specially brought back to the capital to extract their naga pearls so he can present them to his mother, the Vassal King Consort of An'nan!"

"You cannot bring them away."

The two merfolk, young ladies around 18 or 19 years old, were wearing ragged white middle layer garments. They curled up inside the prisoners' carriage, shivering while silently shedding tears.

"How can you prove that these two people are merfolk?" Shi Zhong declared, "By the king's order, this humble general is to escort all prisoners of war to the North Battalion. Are you people planning to disobey a royal decree?"

"Bullsh\*t!!" The broad-faced man started ranting, "Are you incapable of comprehending human speech? I said these gals aren't Northern Qi Kingdom's prisoners of war! They are mermaids. Because naga pearls become ineffective less than an hour after leaving the body, our Lord Vassal Prince specially escorted them back to the capital so he could choose when to extract them from their bodies. Do you understand, ah?"

"Old Jia, since he doesn't believe you, then open his eyes." The other vulgar-looking young general suddenly smiled. He struck his whip against his palm before lashing out at the prisoners' carriage.

With this thrash at the prisoners' carriage, the end of the whip tore the cloth on one of the mermaid's legs, revealing a section of her fair calf.

"Don't worry. You see that these are legs right now, but when you look again later, it'll be a mermaid tail." That young general made a move to thrash his whip again with a lewd look in his eyes.

### **Chapter 1165: Come Out**

Shi Zhong's face sank, and he raised his hand to stop him. "You have already captured them. There is no need to further harass two young ladies."

That young general snickered and crossed his arms with a taunting look at Shi Zhong. "Our general captured these people. What does it have to do with you?"

"Take them away to the vassal king's estate." At the young general's order, the old man driving the prisoners' carriage brandished his whip.

Nevertheless, Shi Zhong blocked the carriage with his horse and announced with a cold smile, "After entering the capital, they are all prisoners of war. Escort them all to the North Battalion!"

"Shi Zhong, you're seeking death, aren't you!" The young general, Nian Chong, raised his whip with a cold face. "If you dare to keep blocking my way, be careful that my whip has no eyes!"

“Oh? Is that so?” Crown Prince Mo, who had urged his horse over, leisurely joined the conversation.

Everyone suddenly jolted in fright when they turned to look. Shi Zhong immediately flipped off his horse and genuflected on one knee. “This humble general, Shi Zhong, greets Your Highness the Crown Prince.”

Crown Prince Mo gestured for Shi Zhong to rise before shooting a piercing look at the Vassal Prince of An’nan’s subordinates.

The military officers, led by Old Jia and Nian Chong, all knelt down.

However, Nian Chong scanned Qiao Mu’s face wickedly, causing him to be stunned by her beauty.

Qiao Mu tugged the crown prince’s hair, struggling for him to let go. She then hopped to the ground and jogged over to the prisoners’ carriage.

Gazing helplessly at his little wifey, Mo Lian could only wave his hand, cutting down the bronze lock on the prisoners’ carriage with a pulse of mystic energy.

After the doors opened, Qiao Mu extended her small hand. Everyone turned to look at her, thinking that she was going to help the two pitiful young ladies out of the prisoners’ carriage.

Yet the reality was...

*\*Slap!\** Qiao Mu smacked one of the young ladies’ heads and scolded like she would a child, “What are you crying for! Shut up!”

Everyone: “...”

*These useless things, seeing them made her angry! Why were these bunch of merfolk always such weaklings?*

*They got captured all the time, with people wanting to kill and dissect them for their naga pearls so that they could maintain youthful appearances and improve their looks.*

*All the time? Could it be that she had seen captured merfolk before?*

Something flashed in Qiao Mu’s mind, but it was so fast that she couldn’t grab hold of it.

Those sealed memories were so fleeting that every time she wanted to look at them closely, there was nothing there.

*Such a strange feeling!*

The little fellow blinked. When she saw the two young ladies weeping while hugging their heads, she couldn’t help but smack the other person’s head too before roaring without holding back, “Come down yourselves!”

Mo Lian twitched his mouth.

Although his darling didn’t remember anything for the time being, her deep-rooted violent behavior hadn’t changed one bit!

The two mermaids shrunk their necks while holding their heads as they walked down from the prisoners' carriage, their terrified gazes scanning Qiao Mu nonstop.

With a flick of her hand, Qiao Mu took out two coats and tossed them over.

The two girls quickly caught them and draped them around their shoulders while repeatedly expressing their thanks.

Nevertheless, Qiao Mu simply turned around and walked forward. Yet when she turned back and saw that those two blockheads were still standing there dumbly on the spot, she couldn't help but shout, "Come here!"

The two mermaids gave a shudder before quickly catching up.

However, before they could walk far, that young general, Nian Chong, straightened his body halfway and blocked their path with his hand. "You cannot do this! They are to be brought back to the Vassal King of An'nan's Estate..."

"Nian Chong!" Old Jia yelled at him, indicating for him to quickly shut up.

### **Chapter 1166: Confiscated**

Nian Chong shut up indignantly, but his body language was obvious as he continued to block those two mermaids.

A peculiar emotion surfaced in Qiao Mu's heart.

Of her long-lost emotions, wrath had returned...

Qiao Mu glared at those two meek mermaids angrily, roaring at them once again, "Come here!!"

Everyone: "..."

*Why the heck did they think that the little lady was cute for some reason!*

Those two mermaids immediately moved at Qiao Mu's command, hastily jogging over. When they saw that Nian Chong wanted to block their way, they pushed him away with all their might, too.

*\*Clip-clop, clip-clop!\** Two steeds came galloping over, one closely behind the other. Subsequently, two men flipped off of them in succession.

"Little Junior Sister, you're alright!" Situ Yi and Duan Yue, who had rushed over after receiving the news, quickly strode over to Qiao Mu.

Mo Lian facepalmed helplessly.

Sure enough, he saw the little fellow turn around to glance at Duan Yue and Situ Yi before shunning them with a roll of her eyes.

Duan Yue: ...

"Mo Lian, why did Qiaoqiao roll her eyes at me??" Duan Yue simply couldn't believe his eyes.

*How many years had it been since she had last rolled her eyes at him?*

*It was ever since he suffered at her hands at Qiaotou Village's Hulan Mountain, but they had made peace soon afterwards!*

*What did she mean by rolling her eyes at him?*

Mo Lian simply didn't want to respond to him, but seeing Situ Yi looking over curiously, he explained dryly, "She doesn't even recognize me right now, so what do you think."

"What?" Duan Yue looked at Mo Lian in shock, and then he looked at the little fellow beside them.

"Little Junior Sister, you've gotten skinny! How did you get so skinny after making a trip to the secret realm? Coming back now, you've got to quickly let Crown Prince Mo nourish your body properly." Situ Yi was still prattling, but Qiao Mu didn't even give him a glance out of the corner of her eye.

"Little Junior Sister, Little Junior Sister?" Situ Yi circled around her, finally obtaining an irritated glance from the little fellow after much difficulty.

*So laughable, who is this guy? He was so long-winded and didn't stop talking. She didn't even know what he was saying!*

At this, Situ Yi clammed up, evidently comprehending the little fellow's meaning from her eyes.

Duan Yue guffawed, pushing him away. "Step aside! Allow me."

However, Mo Lian merely scoffed: *You think you'd be able to make her recognize you?*

Stepping up to Qiao Mu, Duan Yue took out a small, square-shaped box and opened it before her. "Look, this is my newly-researched, large-scale explosive, Jade Heavenly Thunder. Its might is tremendous!"

"I've tried it before, and it's super fun. It's even more entertaining than Core Ravaging Thunder. The fire that it shoots out catapults far away. I'll give it to you if you say my name. I'll also teach you how to play with them."

Situ Yi and Mo Lian simultaneously turned to look at him. *With this tone of voice meant to con children, could this guy be any more shameless?*

Beside this round and emerald-green Jade Heavenly Thunder was also a small, emerald-green bamboo tube. It looked quite novel.

Qiao Mu glanced at that wooden box as she reached over and clapped it shut. She then silently snatched the small box from Duan Yue's hands before silently stuffing it into her own inner world.

Her movements were so fluid that it seemed like this Jade Heavenly Thunder was originally hers.

### **Chapter 1167: Audacious**

After being stunned for a moment, Duan Yue then protested both in amusement and exasperation, "You still haven't said my name."

Mo Lian: ...

On the side, Situ Yi broke out in laughter. "Don't be silly, it's already been said that she doesn't recognize you. Crown Prince Mo, do you know why Little Junior Sister doesn't recognize us? When can she return to normal?"

"Is there a need to ask? It must be the shenanigans of that punk from Beijing Manor." Duan Yue declared conclusively, "He must have wanted to bring the little fellow back to Beijing Manor and hide her there, but who knew that he would encounter us halfway."

"No way, right." Situ Yi rambled.

Mo Lian and Duan Yue didn't pay attention to him because they both just so happened to believe that this was the case...

Although no matter how intelligent these two were, they absolutely wouldn't have reckoned that Miss Qiao ended up like this because she had courted disaster.

"Alright, Qiaoqiao, let's go home first." Mo Lian bent down and gave her his hand.

Qiao Mu looked at him seriously and corrected, "Cultivate."

"Right, right, right. Cultivate, we'll go home to cultivate." Mo Lian nodded, beckoning to her with a beaming smile.

It was only then that Qiao Mu put her hand into his, and the next instant, she felt her body turning light. She had settled on top of a horse, nestled in his embrace.

"Cultivate what?" Duan Yue looked at this little fellow in confusion.

*How did he not know that Qiaoqiao was that diligent?*

*There's a ton of stuff that you don't know!*

The crown prince gave him a gaze that said "mull it over yourself."

He then praised his darling promptly, "Our Qiaoqiao has been so incredibly diligent lately! Do you know that her current cultivation is almost about to overtake her Senior Brother Situ's?"

Situ Yi snuck a glance at Qiao Mu with widened eyes. "Little Junior Sister, how amazing are you!"

Darling Qiao understood the word "amazing," so she gave Situ Yi a prideful look as she nodded her head.

Situ Yi then pointed at Qiao Mu with a smile, bragging, "Look, Little Junior Sister is paying attention to me."

*You clown...*

Both Mo Lian and Duan Yue simply rolled their eyes at him.

"Prepare two horses for them." Mo Lian turned to instruct Shi Zhong.

Shi Zhong immediately complied with cupped fists. He promptly ordered two of his cavalymen to dismount and lead their horses over to those two mermaids.

The two mermaids hurriedly flipped onto the horses. They then gripped the reins with both hands as they stole a glance at Qiao Mu.

“What are you looking at, keep up!” Qiao Mu snapped at the two irritably.

*Seeing them made her flare up! Wimps! ...*

The two girls shuddered before obediently following along.

When Nian Chong saw this, he quickly stood up and shouted, “Please wait!”

“Nian Chong.” Old Jia tugged at him, but he couldn’t stop his rash temper.

*\*Crack!\** A green vine shot out from Qiao Mu’s sleeve, whipping Nian Chong’s shoulder without room for objection.

This sudden change caused everyone to look up at her in astonishment.

“Audacious!” Qiao Mu berated with a frosty expression.

“The crown prince consort will take in these two girls. Do you have any objections?” Mo Lian’s tepid gaze swept across the people present.

The Vassal Prince of An’nan’s military officers simultaneously lowered their heads from this overbearing pressure. How would they dare to still speak up and object?

*Crown Prince Consort? She was that heartless and vicious crown prince consort?*

Wrath flitted across Nian Chong’s eyes as he recalled what the Vassal King Consort of An’nan had once told him.

His elder brother, Nian Kui, seemed to have died brutally by this crown prince consort’s hand.

### **Chapter 1168: Kill Him, Hubby!**

*This one’s methods were extremely vicious. Just because Commandery Princess Hui’an had a small conflict with her, she would murder Commandery Princess Hui’an, crushing his brother’s soul thread to make his self-detonation implicate Commandery Princess Hui’an*

Nian Chong pressed against the wound on his shoulder and braced himself to put on a show of justice. “The crown prince consort can naturally take these two mermaids. However, could the crown prince consort please promise this humble general to gift a naga pearl to the Vassal King Consort of An’nan should you extract two. This is so that our vassal prince can express his filial piety to his mother.”

Upon hearing this, the two mermaids immediately looked at Qiao Mu in horror.

*C-Could it be that they fled the wolves’ den just to land in the tiger’s lair?*

Qiao Mu glared at Nian Chong, her large almond-shaped eyes practically about to spit out fire.

She was very angry and super indignant for some reason!

Suddenly, a vine whip lashed out at that person’s chin. Nian Chong’s pupils contracted upon seeing this, and he reflexively flipped to the side to dodge it.

However, another vine whip came in succession, nimbly landing on his forearm and shattering his wrist guard at once.

An obvious lash mark appeared on his dark arm. It was so deep that you could see bone, and blood spurted out.

Old Jia and the others all sucked in cold breaths. They were apprehensive at both the young crown prince consort's ruthless methods and her astonishing cultivation.

"Hubby, kill him!" The young crown prince consort suddenly turned around as she called out to Mo Lian in a huff.

She had only lost some general knowledge after her memories were blocked, but she didn't really turn into an idiot.

She could still tell at a glance who expressed kind intentions and who expressed ill intentions to her.

Duan Yue's mouth twitched, and he glared at Mo Lian unhappily. "You told her you are her hubby?"

"Is that not the case?" Mo Lian cast him a glance before pacifying the young crown prince consort by rubbing her head with his large palm.

"Okay, we'll kill him." He understood her too well, so he also knew why she was angry.

*Nian Chong, this person, really was audacious, actually daring to make a dig at his little wife.*

His words indirectly told others that the crown prince consort's goal for saving those two mermaids was merely to extract the naga pearls from their bodies.

Qiao Mu was naturally furious at this slander.

She didn't want those naga pearls. *How could those things beautify one's looks?*

*If she wanted to beautify her looks, she could just eat a beautifying pill. She could produce a large pot just on her own. Did she still need naga pearls?*

With a wave of the crown prince's hand, several brisk figures abruptly appeared beside Nian Chong, pressing him down to the ground.

Nian Chong yelped in pain, and it was at this moment that he finally became panicked.

"Nian Chong!" After Old Jia and the others reeled in shock, they rapidly shuffled forward on their knees, cupping their hands at Crown Prince Mo to plead for mercy. "Will Your Highness please quell your anger! Nian Chong is only a bit impulsive. He has no intentions of disrespect toward the crown prince consort."

"Oh? No intentions of disrespect?" Mo Lian gazed coldly at Nian Chong. "But why does this crown prince hear dissatisfaction and criticism from every single one of his words?"

While struggling fiercely, Nian Chong yelled, "Will Your Highness exercise your penetrating judgment! This humble general had no such intentions!"

“This humble general has followed the vassal prince for many years on campaigns all across the country. We even won a c

### **Chapter 1169: Impeaching You**

This punk was reminding him that he had just returned to the capital after winning a victorious battle under the Vassal Prince of An’nan. If he were to deal with that guy here on the street, it would dishearten the soldiers and maybe even spark off the common people’s disapproval.

Mo Lian curled his lips into an unexpected smile.

Yet even though he had a smile on his face, an exceptionally chilly light flickered in his eyes.

“Let Us tell you something.” Mo Lian’s eyes flashed as he snickered, “If We want you to die today, you will definitely not witness tomorrow’s sun.”

He raised his gaze, gesturing to those two hidden guards with a nod.

The latter abruptly slashed Nian Chong’s neck with his knife so rapidly that there was no space to maneuver.

His body soon slumped to the ground, his eyes still glowering even in death.

Old Jia and the others also felt a piercing chill creeping up from their feet. They didn’t dare take a deep breath, only stealing glances at the crown prince.

The thousands upon tens of thousands of common people lining both sides of the streets also slowed their breathing. They all looked down as they knelt, fearing to lift their gazes.

Corpses truly littered the ground whenever His Highness the Crown Prince got angry. No one dared to face His Highness’s rage directly.

“Go and investigate this person’s evildoing and make it public to the common people in the Central Plaza,” the crown prince ordered apathetically.

“Yes!”

“Summon Censor Li and Censor Chen for Us. We will submit an impeachment memorial to the king for the Vassal Prince of An’nan’s failure to discipline his troops.”

Everyone: “...”

*Crown Prince the Great was a vengeful person as expected!*

*Having just returned to the capital, the Vassal Prince of An’nan probably hadn’t even warmed the chair in his audience with the king, yet now the crown prince was going to submit a memorial to impeach him...*

Duan Yue almost guffawed, but he then acted dumb and commented, “Today wasn’t a futile trip.”

*He watched a pretty good show!*

Meanwhile, Crown Prince Mo gave Shi Zhong another glance. "What are you gawking for? Escort these Northern Qi prisoners of war to the North Battalion. If there are still people who dare to obstruct you, We permit you to kill them."

"Yes, this humble general receives his order!" Shi Zhong energetically took the prisoners of war off of Old Jia's hands and escorted them to the North Battalion outside the city.

"We're returning to the palace." While narrowing his eyes, Crown Prince Mo turned to urge his horse to leave.

After a long time had passed, Old Jia and the other military officers finally moved their petrified bodies and looked at each other in dismay.

The crowd had also dispersed, afraid to take another look at the corpse on the ground.

*Although the Vassal Prince of An'nan was quite formidable for returning after his victory in battle, his subordinates still couldn't be so rude and defy His Highness the Crown Prince!*

*He could only blame himself for his bad fortune for getting executed in His Highness's fit of pique...*

*Their Crown Prince the Great was not any normal person, after all.*

*Let alone a mere Vassal Prince of An'nan, perhaps even the Old Vassal King of An'nan didn't dare to be so insolent before His Highness.*

After carrying Qiao Mu back to the palace, the crown prince first sent the Qiao Family a message to placate them, informing them of the situation. He then had someone bring Shaoyao over to attend to her.

However, the little lady started to look left and right for a cultivation ground upon reaching this "unfamiliar" place. When she couldn't find one even after half the day, she glared at the crown prince with an accusatory expression.

"Okay, okay, okay. We'll go cultivate after eating first. You will only have the strength to cultivate effectively on a full stomach. My Qiaoqiao has gotten so skinny from hunger. If I had known, I wouldn't have let you go to the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm for practical training."

### **Chapter 1170: Hubby!**

Qiao Mu cast a glance at him. "Hubby?"

"Mhm." Mo Lian was overcome with delight as he gave himself ten thousand thumbs up in his heart. *How was he just so quick-witted that day, whispering "I am Hubby, I am Hubby" into the little lady's ear nonstop. Sure enough, it was effective!*

*The dull-witted little fellow probably thought that his name was... Hubby, tee-hee!*

The little lady really listened to him, calling him Hubby whenever she spoke to him. It made him so merry and content.

"Coming, coming, dinner is here." Shaoyao soon instructed a line of junior royal maids to come in with the platters of food.

While busily setting the table, Shaoyao exclaimed in heartache, "Miss, why have you gotten so skinny! Have you eaten at all during this period of time?"

Qiao Mu naturally wouldn't pay her any attention. The entire time, her eyes were on the food that was being carried in.

*\*Tap, tap, tap.\** The little fellow strode toward the table.

She then stretched her small, fair and soft hand toward a crispy roast goose drumstick.

Shaoyao: ...

Mo Lian sent Shaoyao a look, and she turned around in comprehension. Afterwards, she told the group of junior royal maids, "You are dismissed for now."

"Yes."

Upon turning around again, Shaoyao saw her little master nibbling on a roast goose drumstick, and she wiped the corners of her eyes uncontrollably. "Exactly how long has my miss gone hungry?"

It was so pitiful. She was so hungry that she directly grabbed it with her hands, not even bothering with holding chopsticks.

After taking two bites, Qiao Mu noticed the braised pork hock on the platter next to her, and her small hand stealthily reached toward that too.

However, Mo Lian subsequently walked up and grasped her small hand. "Let's wash our hands before grabbing."

He took away the greasy roast goose drumstick from her hands as he spoke, pulling her along to wash her hands.

After getting back from washing their hands, Qiao Mu grunted at him, gesturing toward the platter of large shrimp far away with her eyes.

Mo Lian thus brought that platter over and also grabbed the shrimp with his hands. As he peeled them to feed to her, he casually asked, "Qiaoqiao, do you remember my name?"

Qiao Mu nodded emphatically as she swallowed the large shrimp he peeled. "Hubby."

"That's right." Mo Lian pecked her on the cheek with a grin. "You can't forget in the future."

At his words, Qiao Mu merely nodded obediently.

Nevertheless, Shaoyao, who was watching from the side, looked up at the ceiling speechlessly.

*His Highness was too black-bellied, taking advantage of their miss's dull-witted state.*

Earlier, His Highness had only told her that someone called Ding Yun from Beijing Manor had harmed Miss, causing her to forget a lot of things from the past. Upon seeing her now, she perceived that this truly was the case.

“Your Highness, do you need chopsticks...” Shaoyao inquired with a light cough as she handed over a pair of silver chopsticks.

“No need. Our Qiaoqiao likes to grab with her hands, so I’ll accompany her.” Mo Lian waved his hand, not minding it at all. He then grabbed a fish that she had been staring at in passing.

Shaoyao instantly had nothing to say.

*This wouldn’t do, she had to be on the lookout outside. What if Her Majesty the Queen came over at this time and saw? Wouldn’t she be angered to death!*

*Her son, her outstanding and perfect son, did crazy things with his wife all day.*

“Qiaoqiao, is it delicious?” Mo Lian couldn’t help but be amused as he watched her eat with such relish.

Qiao Mu nodded while conveniently wiping her small hands on his sleeve.

Yet Crown Prince Mo pursed his lips as he declared, “You’ve made my whole body greasy. You’ll have to bathe with me later.”

“Let’s bathe together, Qiaoqiao, okay? Qiaoqiao, Qiaoqiao?”