

## My Crown 1171

### Chapter 1171: Jinx

Mo Lian blinked as he beamed at the little fellow.

Qiao Mu glanced at him, nodding without understanding the implications.

*Her muddleheaded state was truly too amusing.*

Mo Lian buried his face in her hair as he held her, his body trembling from his chuckling.

Huifeng, who was hiding on the roof, involuntarily rolled his eyes when he saw this, chiding in his heart: *Your Highness, quickly gather back your principles!*

“Qiaoqiao, your hands are too greasy. Don’t wipe them on my face.” Mo Lian helplessly grasped her small hands and grabbed the napkin to wipe them for the little fellow.

Suddenly, he heard Shaoyao’s earth-shaking voice outside. “Her Majesty the Queen has arrived! Commandery Princess Yi’an, you have also come!!”

Xiao’xi’zi, who was standing by the door, was nearly nonplussed by Shaoyao’s loud voice.

Meanwhile, the queen, who had been helped all the way here by Nanny Qing, paused when she heard this. She then looked suspiciously at Shaoyao, who was shouting at the top of her lungs. “Your master is inside, so why are you standing outside the door? Are you on the lookout?”

Shaoyao really wanted to slap herself. *Why in the world did she say that she had to be out the lookout outside in case Her Majesty the Queen came...*

*She really freakin’ came right now!*

The crisp clatter of dishes came from inside the room.

Xiao’xi’zi hastily turned and ran inside with mincing steps. He also cried out with a hasty salute, “It’s bad, it’s bad, Your Highness. Her Majesty the Queen has come.”

“It’s bad that this queen has come?” Queen Zhao glared at Xiao’xi’zi imposingly.

Xiao’xi’zi’s knees gave in, and he scrambled to the crown prince’s feet. “This servant made a slip of the tongue, a slip of the tongue.”

Let time rewind back to one minute ago. When His Highness the Crown Prince, who had been messing about with his wife, heard Shaoyao’s shout. At that time, he nearly dropped the shrimp that he had shoved near the little fellow’s mouth.

Darling Qiao hastily stuck out her small tongue and caught the shrimp between her teeth, chewing twice before swallowing it down.

Afterwards, the crown prince hastily grabbed the napkin and rushed to wipe his wifey’s small hands and mouth. He also put himself in order within a minute and then pulled his wife to her feet.

During this period of time, Queen Zhao had stepped across the Eastern Palace's high threshold and walked in with a line of royal maids and nannies behind her.

At a glance, she saw her son walking over with a smile to welcome her.

"Royal Mother, why have you come."

Queen Zhao creased her brows as she looked at her son. "Royal Mother heard that you found your young crown prince consort, so Royal Mother came to see her."

Mo Lian quickly reached behind him to yank the little blockhead's hand.

Qiao Mu walked up beside him in a daze, sweeping her gaze at the group of women in front of her in incomprehension.

With this glance, she felt that the line of royal maids all looked the same.

Yi'an stood at the head of the line of royal maids, standing beside Queen Zhao. However, she trailed a half-step behind the queen to show respect.

Xiao Qiao, that child, also grouped her as a royal maid, so her gaze swept across Yi'an's face.

On the contrary, Yi'an grabbed this opportunity to scrutinize Qiao Mu.

However, the outcome caused a faint gloom to surface in her heart.

This young crown prince consort looked a bit on the younger side, but her appearance was peerless and refined. *She... she was no match for her!*

*There was completely no contest!*

"Qiaoqiao, this is Royal Mother. Her name is Royal Mother, so call her Royal Mother." The crown prince hoodwinked his wife in a whisper.

Consequently, our dear Qiao Mu stiffly called out to Queen Zhao, "Royal Mother."

Queen Zhao: ...

"Mhm," Queen Zhao responded.

### **Chapter 1172: The Crown Prince Is Embarrassed**

At least this little fellow called her Royal Mother, regardless of how stiff her tone of voice may be.

In contrast to the distant way she used to stoically refer to her as "Your Majesty the Queen," at least she looked more pleasing to the eye now.

Shaoyao, who stood rooted to the floor like a candle beside Queen Zhao, quickly hung her head, but she was unable to hide her trembling shoulders.

On the side, Mo Lian also beamed as he turned his handsome face to his wifey and winked with his phoenix eyes.

“Many thanks for Royal Mother’s concern. Qiaoqiao is quite well. Because she had previously been in closed-door cultivation for a long time in the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm, she still needs to properly nurse her body now after coming back. When she has improved in health in a few days, this son will then bring Qiaoqiao to visit Grandmother and Royal Mother.”

Queen Zhao nodded after hearing this.

Beside her, Yi’an remarked with a smile, “Yi’an heard that Miss Qiao and them exited the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm in advance. Yi’an wonders if there was some kind of unforeseen development.”

Suddenly, the crown prince raised his gaze and swept it over her lightly.

Even though Yi’an’s heart sank upon seeing this, she still faced the crown prince and crown prince consort with a smile in her eyes.

“Could it be that Yi’an said something wrong?”

“The crown prince consort’s status was personally conferred by Royal Father. By calling her Miss Qiao, are you dissatisfied in any way with Royal Father’s decree?” Crown Prince Mo raised his eyebrow with a sardonic smile on his lips.

Yi’an was stunned, but even so, she hastily knelt down in apology. “Yi’an made a slip of the tongue. Your Highness the Crown Prince, Yi’an did not mean to disregard the king’s decree.”

“That would be for the best.” Crown Prince Mo nodded as he curled his lips into a callous smile.

“Otherwise, this crown prince might mistakenly think that you were dissatisfied with the king.”

While kneeling there in cold sweat, Yi’an hurriedly exclaimed, “Yi’an, Yi’an does not dare!”

Queen Zhao looked at her before smoothing things over with a smile, “Alright, alright, stand up, Yi’an. Crown Prince, don’t be so exacting toward Yi’an. She is your grandmother’s adopted granddaughter, after all. Speaking of which, she would be considered half a younger sister to you.”

Mo Lian nodded noncommittally.

Yi’an’s maidservant, Xu’er, ran up in heartache, bending down to help her miss up.

The master and servant exchanged a glance before suppressing the faint light in their eyes.

“Crown Prince.” Queen Zhao walked up smilingly to hold her eldest son’s hand intimately.

However, the crown prince wasn’t able to pull his hands back in time, allowing Queen Zhao to catch hold of them.

Causing her to end up with greasy hands...

The crown prince twitched his mouth. He then quickly peered at Queen Zhao’s queer expression and covered up with a dry laugh, “Roy-Royal Mother, just now, I broke a plate, so my hands are all oily. I wasn’t able to tell Royal Mother in time.”

If it weren’t because Her Majesty the Queen was present, Shaoyao really wanted to double up in laughter!

*His Highness was in dismay now, right. But how happy was he when he was messing about with Miss just now!*

“You are grown up now, yet you still do not know how to take care of yourself.” Queen Zhao cast a look behind her.

Nanny Qing immediately led forth maidservants who were holding a water basin and clean towels.

Queen Zhao personally wrung a hand towel to wipe her son’s hands, instantly making Crown Prince Mo a bit embarrassed...

He was already so big, yet his mother still had to wipe his hands for him. He quickly grasped his Madam Mother and asserted with a light cough, “Mom, it is not like I am a child. I can do it myself.”

Queen Zhao couldn’t resist breaking out in a chuckle. “In Mom’s eyes, you will still be Mom’s child even when you are 80 years old. But thinking back now, you were thinking of dressing by yourself when you were three years old, even though you weren’t even as tall as the clothes rack. In the end, the clothes rack fell down and buried you in clothes.”

### **Chapter 1173: The Crown Prince Needs to Save Face**

“Pfft...” Some of the royal maids behind the queen couldn’t hold in their amusement, and they hastily coughed to mask their stifled laughs.

Crown Prince Mo immediately begged for mercy. “Mom, don’t say anymore.”

*His wife was still here. He needed to save face!*

However, Queen Zhao just chuckled as she covered her mouth. “But you did have a lot of amusing incidents when you were little. Mom remembers that year you went out on a hunt with your dad when you were seven. You ended up encountering an enormous big bear that chased after your dad. You were still young at that time, and you just pursued the big bear with a small bow on your back. Eventually, the bear wasn’t able to catch up to your dad because he got rescued by the guards. However, when he discovered later that he had lost you, he flared up in agitation...”

Crown Prince Mo let out two embarrassed chuckles as he hastily swung his mom’s sleeves. “Mom, stop talking already!”

“Fine, fine, fine, Mom won’t say anymore.” Queen Zhao finished washing her son’s hands with a gentle sigh. She looked at him affectionately as she said, “You’ve already become so big in the blink of an eye, already about to marry a wife.”

Afterwards, the mother and son pair exchanged gazes with a smile.

Yet at this time, the young crown prince consort pattered over and yanked on the queen’s sleeve. “Royal Mother, who is the big bear?”

Everyone: “...”

Crown Prince Mo twitched his mouth, attempting to hold in his laughter while grasping the little fellow’s hand. “Royal Mother, Qiaoqiao has become a bit muddle-headed from cultivating these two days.”

Queen Zhao gazed at her dumbfoundedly.

Upon hearing the word “cultivating,” she immediately became strung up and looked up at the crown prince. “Hubby! Cultivation ground!”

“Okay, okay, okay.” The crown prince quickly nodded at her before turning to tell Queen Zhao, “Royal Mother, Qiaoqiao is about to break through in these couple of days, so I will be bringing her to the cultivation ground first.”

Queen Zhao nodded before urging soon afterwards, “There are less than two months to your wedding, so don’t be cultivating all the time. See what else you lack and remember to furnish it in time.”

“Your wedding is an important matter, so take it to heart.”

Crown Prince Mo quickly nodded.

“Alright, you both should rest earlier.”

Only then did Queen Zhao call out to Yi’an as she left the room with her.

“Take care, Royal Mother.” Mo Lian gripped the little fellow’s small hand.

Qiao Mu cast him a glance before mimicking him in a stiff voice, “Take care, Royal Mother.”

Crown Prince Mo burst into a chortle only after Queen Zhao and her entourage had exited the doors to the Eastern Palace. He pulled the little fellow into his arms and pinched her small cheek.

Shaoyao had long split her sides in laughter.

However, Qiao Mu merely looked at Mo Lian sternly. “Hubby, cultivate!”

Mo Lian was incredibly amused, and he nodded repeatedly while holding her small hands. “Let’s go, I’ll bring you to that cultivation ground.”

After bringing her into the back room of the bedchamber, he swept across a row of candles with a breeze from his palm. Subsequently, a stone door in the wall opened.

Qiao Mu could immediately sense the dense mystic energy enveloping her from all directions, and her small face promptly eased.

Mo Lian still hugged her without letting go and nuzzled her head with his own. “You can cultivate for the night, but come out tomorrow morning to eat breakfast, okay?”

“Don’t wanna!” Qiao Mu immediately spread her palm, promptly rejecting him.

“You still have to even if you don’t wanna.” Mo Lian lifted her high up and gazed fixedly into her eyes. “Either we bathe together tonight or eat breakfast together tomorrow morning, choose one!”

Shaoyao: ... *Where is your pride, Your Highness?*

Qiao Mu scratched her small head. “Eating breakfast then.”

She felt that this man’s eyes seemed to be shining when he said “bathe together tonight!”

*It wasn't anything good...*

#### **Chapter 1174: Cuteness Overload**

Mo Lian nodded with a chuckle before leaving Qiao Mu by herself inside the cultivation room. "Then it's a date!"

Qiao Mu could only nod in resignation.

*It was so strange. This person kept hindering her from cultivating, yet why didn't she want to whack him dead in particular...*

"Qiaoqiao." Mo Lian popped his head inside the cultivation room and gave her a grin. "See you tomorrow."

At this, Qiao Mu raised her small paw and waved it reflexively.

On the other hand, Mo Lian held back from springing over and fondling her again in his arms.

*The little fellow's cuteness was going to be the death of him!*

He really wanted to just hug her like this, even if they did nothing but chat the night away.

He didn't want to let go at all!

*What in the world was she cultivating for?* It was as if this imp had joined a heretical faction, harping on and on about cultivating, day and night.

Crown Prince Mo left the secret room dejectedly as he returned to the bedchamber. However, he would involuntarily keep looking in the direction of the secret room.

*It was great that his Qiaoqiao had returned!*

His pitiful heart that had been suspended on tenterhooks had finally calmed down, settling on firm ground.

—My Lian's section break—

Mo Kingdom capital, the Vassal King of An'nan's Estate.

The gilded plaque with a black background was solemn and awe-inspiring under the setting rays of the sun.

The imposing main doors opened inward with a rumble.

Afterwards, an entourage escorted an abnormally thin woman, with a gaunt face and protruding cheekbones, outside.

That woman was not yet in her fifties, and right now, her demanding face was all gratified smiles.

The two nannies supporting the woman on each side wore cyan servant clothes, with their hair coiled into buns.

Beside them stood a man in his fifties dressed in a purple and gold robe. His hair was black, and he also wore a beard. These two were the old Vassal King of An'nan and his vassal king consort Wu Hongmo.

The couple nodded smilingly as they exchanged glances. Afterwards, they looked ahead at the same time with anticipation.

"They have come, they have come. Vassal King, Vassal King Consort, the vassal prince has returned, he has returned." A cyan-clothed servant exuberantly proclaimed as he sprinted rapidly for the estate's doors.

"Quick, quickly, help me over." Wu Hongmo pulled the nannies' hands, unable to restrain her joy.

"Vassal King Consort, do not be anxious. The vassal prince will come to greet you soon." One nanny smiled as she held the vassal king consort's hand.

Soon, three swift horses galloped over rapidly from far away under everyone's expectant gazes.

The black figure in the middle dismounted effortlessly while throwing his spear to a soldier behind him. The Vassal Prince of An'nan, Chou Fu, strode forward and knelt down with a straight back before the old Vassal King and Vassal King Consort of An'nan. "What virtues and capabilities is this child blessed with to actually trouble Father and Mother to personally come out in welcome."

"Fu'er, stand up, quickly stand up." The Vassal King Consort of An'nan enthusiastically descended the steps as she hurriedly helped him up. In her excitement, she caressed her son's handsome face tremblingly with a joyous smile. "Fu'er, Mother really has been missing you for so long, finally seeing you home at last. Fu'er has gotten thinner, but more robust."

"Mother." The Vassal Prince of An'nan, Chou Fu, supported the vassal king consort with a smile. He then turned to look at the beaming Vassal King of An'nan. "Fu'er greets Dad."

"It's good that you're back, it's good that you're back." The old Vassal King of An'nan smiled while stroking his beard.

The Vassal King Consort of An'nan nodded as she gazed tenderly at her son. "Fu'er, the journey must have been hard on you. Let's go back before catching up."

"Mhm, your mom is right. Fu'er, let's first go inside. For your welcome dinner today, we made a lot of your favorite dishes. Come in now," remarked the Vassal King of An'nan with a chortle as he stroked his beard.

### **Chapter 1175: Unwillingness**

"Thank you Dad, thank you Mom!" Chou Fu nodded before helping his mother, the Vassal King Consort of An'nan, into the estate.

The family contentedly ate a reunion dinner.

Nevertheless, in front of the vassal king consort, the father and son were set on not mentioning the fact that the crown prince had submitted an impeachment memorial for the Vassal Prince of An'nan.

Because of her son's return, the Vassal King Consort of An'nan drank more than usual. She felt tipsy afterwards, so she returned to her room with the maidservants first.

"Fu'er, what do you plan to do in regards to that matter." The Vassal King of An'nan stopped smiling after seeing his wife leave, looking at his son in slight worry instead.

"Dad, rest assured. I have already discussed this matter with Mister Lu, and we have a preliminary countermeasure."

"That's good then." The Vassal King of An'nan shook his head with a sigh. "I understand the king very well. He is an easily influenced person. The matter of your failure to discipline your troops is considered neither a major nor a minor issue, but if the king hears more than three people mentioning your error, then he will definitely have doubts toward you."

"It is possible that this matter may not be resolved satisfactorily." After all, those censors had bit on to his son like mad dogs. They wouldn't just let go so easily.

Furthermore, behind these censors stood His Highness the Crown Prince.

"Dad, do not worry, this son is well aware of the situation."

The Vassal King of An'nan nodded drearily before raising his cup and patting his shoulder with a smile.

"Even if the king temporarily wants you to relinquish the Valiant Army's military tally, do not refuse and just turn it in. You will be able to accompany your Mom more by resting at home."

"This child understands." Chou Fu lowered his head, but a faint unwillingness flitted across his eyes.

*He had managed to rope in the whole of the Valiant Army with much difficulty. How could he just send it out with cupped hands like this?*

That night, in the Vassal Prince of An'nan's courtyard.

*\*Slap!\** Someone smacked down a sheet of paper.

"His Highness the Crown Prince presented a memorial to the king to punish the vassal prince for failing to discipline his troops." A military advisor noted with concern.

"In less than an hour, that person had already clearly listed a dozen of Nian Chong's crimes and pasted it in the Central Plaza to make it known to the common people."

"Mister Lu, what are your thoughts on this matter." Vassal Prince Chou's stern face was tense as he turned to look toward that middle-aged military advisor.

Mister Lu replied while shaking his head. "His Highness the Crown Prince is clearly taking advantage of this situation to suppress Lord Vassal Prince."

"If this matter is not resolved well, not only will this campaign to Northern Qi not yield rewards, perhaps you might also be charged with the crime of failing to discipline your troops."

"D\*mn it, I see that His Highness the Crown Prince is deliberately targeting us!" A brawny general bellowed, "Lord Vassal Prince led us through dangerous situations in order to fight for the kingdom. Not only is he not rewarded upon his return, he even has to get punished? How is this acceptable?"

“That’s right, that’s right! Nian Chong has snatched some married women and also looted some money, but those are minor offenses. Compared with his meritorious service, what do those amount to.”

“Shut up.” Mister Lu glared at them in a fit of temper. “Look at you people. You people have already renounced the brigand life for many years, yet you still carry an immutable banditry attitude with you. Isn’t this just delivering leverage on a platter to other people?”

Mister Lu concluded, “Alright, you don’t need to bother further with this matter. I will discuss with Lord Vassal Prince on how to resolve it.”

“You all should go back to rest for the time being. This is the Mo Kingdom capital, so mind yourselves and observe the rules. Don’t commit errors and create more vulnerable points.” Mister Lu waved his hand to dismiss those roughnecks.

### **Chapter 1176: Witch**

Only after watching them leave did Mister Lu look over at the disgruntled Lord Vassal Prince. He then analyzed with a light sigh, “The crown prince submitted this impeachment memorial jointly with several censors, so the king will definitely attach importance to this incident.”

“I know.” Chou Fu spat coldly, “He means to put me into place with this warning by killing one of my young generals on the street.”

“He wants to tell me that as long as he wills it, there isn’t anyone he can’t execute!” The Vassal Prince of An’nan sneered.

“The crown prince is too influential. We are unsuited to clash directly with him.” Mister Lu advised with a sigh, “Lord Vassal Prince should think three times before taking any action.”

Chou Fu nodded. “I’ll have to trouble Mister Lu to conceive a course of action.”

Mister Lu also nodded in response. “Allow me to think it over tonight and inform Vassal Prince tomorrow.”

Suddenly, Chou Fu heard his mother’s voice outside, so he dismissed Mister Lu with a wave of his hand.

The Vassal King Consort of An’nan, Wu Hongmo, walked in while holding a bowl of ginseng soup herself. She handed it to her son, remarking with heartache as she examined him, “Fu’er, you’ve thinned down a lot. The campaign must have been arduous.”

“No, it was not, Mother.” Chou Fu pulled his mother to a seat before telling her in seriousness, “I have already heard about Younger Sister’s matters. However, I have not been able to grasp the exact situation this whole time. Could Mother tell me the details?”

Upon discussing Hui’an, the Vassal King Consort of An’nan couldn’t help tearing up, grabbing her son’s hands as she wept. “Fu’er, you have to avenge your younger sister.”

“Your younger sister died too tragically!” Wu Hongmo gnashed her teeth upon speaking about Hui’an. “It’s all because of that crown prince consort. That b\*tch was the one who harmed my daughter.”

Thereupon, she thoroughly retold the events from beginning to end to Chou Fu.

When Wu Hongmo got to the part where the crown prince consort didn't hesitate to crush Nian Kui's soul in order to kill Hui'an, her face was strewn in tears.

"That b\*tch wasn't willing to let off your younger sister even after she got disfigured. Upon meeting your younger sister at Xixia Valley, she despicably wounded her severely during the competition. She used some kind of witchcraft to hoodwink His Highness the Crown Prince, instigating His Highness to burn your injured younger sister to death! Ahh, my Hui'an, my pitiful daughter, you really died too tragically."

"I wanted to avenge your younger sister. I wanted to poison that d\*mned crown prince consort so that she would die. Yet who knew that she was actually well-versed in medicine. Not only did she see through me, she also threw... your younger cousin Xiaosu into prison to be detained for a full one month." Upon recalling this, Wu Xiaosu could not help but be melancholic, and she sobbed while exclaiming, "Your younger cousin was finally released from prison two days ago, but was that still a person?"

"You didn't see her! Your younger cousin was all skin and bones and in such a miserable state! I truly, truly do not have the face to see your uncle. I was the one who harmed Xiaosu! It was me!"

"Mom." Chou Fu circled his mother's shoulders and placated, "Do not grieve any more. I will think of a plan to resolve this."

A cold light flitted across Chou Fu's eyes. "Even though I did not see that crown prince consort today, I have received a taste of her sinister methods.

"I heard my subordinates report that if it were not for the crown prince consort insisting on killing Nian Chong, the crown prince would not have done anything to Nian Chong, nor would he have thought of submitting an impeachment memorial against me."

"Like I said, she is a witch that brings calamity to the country and the people, but His Highness the Crown Prince has been infatuated by her beauty," Wu Hongmo spoke fiercely.

### **Chapter 1177: A Hoodoo?**

Vassal King Consort Wu blustered, "This girl may be young, but she is a total seductress and absolutely obscene!"

*A witch?*

At this thought, a cold light passed through Chou Fu's eyes.

*Witches should be disposed of as soon as possible to avoid bringing disaster to people!*

"Fu'er." Vassal King Consort Wu recollected her sorrowful emotions, wiping her reddened eyes as she smiled at Chou Fu. "Speaking of which, you are already twenty-five this year. Mom has selected a few good young ladies and plans to invite them to a flower-viewing banquet. At that time, you can take a look and tell Mom which one strikes your fancy..."

"No need, Mom." Chou Fu shook his head lightly. "This son already has someone in mind for the position of vassal prince consort."

“Oh?” The Vassal King Consort of An’nan was taken aback, but she inquired with a smile, “Which family’s young lady caught my proud son’s eye?”

“It is Commandery Princess Yi’an, Mother.”

“What? That hoodoo?” The Vassal King Consort of An’nan’s face fell, and she hastily shook her head in objection. “No way! You cannot marry that jinx who caused her parents’ deaths. Who knows if she might curse our Vassal King’s Estate.”

“She is destined to have a hard lot in life! You cannot marry her. Besides, her family background makes her useless to you. That Marquis of Su’an’s Estate is under her aunt’s charge, so she has no connection to it at all!”

“Mother, as long as the queen dowager is standing behind her, what does a mere Marquis of Su’an’s Estate amount to?”

Wu Hongmo sighed before acknowledging with a nod, “That is indeed the case. The queen dowager likes her very much, but unfortunately, she is still destined to have a hard lot in life. After hexing her parents to death, what to do if she also hexes Mother and your father?”

“Mother, if you are worried, you can go request the Great Sea Monastery’s Abbot Konghui for several Buddhist seals to keep her in check.”

“Mother, at present, no noble lady is as honorable as her.” Chou Fu rephrased his words with a thought, “This son will naturally marry the best in this world.”

Wu Hongmo smiled with closed lips and assented with a smile, “Child, you are correct. Then I will host the flower-viewing banquet as planned and also invite Yi’an.”

—My Qiao’s section break—

*\*Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock!\**

After knocking on the door to the secret room, Mo Lian led his wifey out. However, before he could sit down for breakfast, they heard the sonorous sounds of gusts and blows due to fighting coming from beyond the courtyard.

“Why is it you? You audacious guy, how dare you barge into our Eastern Palace!” Huifeng yowled twice outside before turning silent.

A swift figure suddenly flitted inside with a whoosh, sitting before Mo Lian at once.

“Qiaoqiao, Qiaoqiao, I am Duan Yue. Remember me?” Duan Yue pointed at himself with one hand while propping his chin with the other as he observed Qiao Mu’s expressionless face like this.

Qiao Mu had grabbed a thin pancake with her hands and was nibbling on it. However, the sound of fighting could be heard again.

Crown Prince Mo raised his eyebrow with a spurious smile.

Subsequently, Situ Yi also darted inside with a flash. “Good morning, Little Junior Sister! Your senior brother, me, has still not eaten breakfast. This is perfect, let us eat together.”

Mo Lian gave an ironic chuckle as he looked at these two uninvited fellows.

“From the fact that you two have barged into This Highness’s Eastern Palace without permission, are you thinking of rebelling?” Mo Lian curled his lips satirically.

“What rebelling? We came to see Little Junior Sister (Qiaoqiao).” The two answered in unison.

Meanwhile, Huifeng and the others rushed inside while panting, and they spoke while wiping their heads of sweat, “Your Highness.”

“Alright, you all go out first.”

### **Chapter 1178: Your Name is Hubby**

These two nutty fellows still knew their limits when exchanging blows. Otherwise, Huifeng and them would have long gotten toppled.

Huifeng gave a hump before cupping his hands and rapidly retreating with the others.

“Hubby, cultivate.” Qiao Mu looked seriously at this man who had dug her out from the cultivation ground bright and early in the morning.

*So annoying! He kept hindering her cultivation, yet she couldn’t hit him. Biting him also hurt her teeth and was uncomfortable!*

Mo Lian twitched his mouth imperceptibly. He then ordered someone to ladle a bowl of porridge and mixed it with a spoon. Afterwards, he coaxed her with a smile, “If you wait a bit, the mystic energy inside will be even more dense when you go cultivate in the afternoon.”

“Qiaoqiao, Qiaoqiao.”

“Little Junior Sister, what happened to you!” After drinking two mouthfuls of porridge from the bowl he was holding, Situ Yi held his chopsticks as he looked at her. “Senior Brother thinks that it is better to have someone from the Celestial Medicine Valley come and check out your condition. Say for example, that Second Dou. He is the disciple of the Celestial Medicine Valley’s valley master, so you can’t go wrong with his medical skills.”

“No need.” Crown Prince Mo indifferently waved his hand to reject. “I already requested for the physicians to come over and examine her after breakfast.”

After saying this, he turned her small face back to him and fed her a spoonful of warm porridge.

“Little Junior Sister, you really have gotten a lot skinnier! Can you tell us what the heck you encountered inside that secret realm?” Situ Yi inquired curiously.

“She doesn’t even remember you! What else can she remember?” Duan Yue irritably shoved Situ Yi aside before huddling close and calling out repeatedly, “Qiaoqiao, Qiaoqiao, take a look at me, I am Duan Yue! Duan Yue, do you remember?”

“His name is Duan Yue,” said Mo Lian as he fed the little fellow.

“Duan Yue,” Qiao Mu parroted.

Duan Yue nearly jumped in joy. "She remembers me, she remembers me!"

*You're a clown sent by monkeys, right!*

*She only repeated your name without thinking, you fool!*

Mo Lian and Situ Yi both swept him disdainful glances.

"His name is Senior Brother Situ."

"Senior Brother Situ," parroted Qiao Mu again without thinking, just like a monk chanting scriptures.

Situ Yi's mouth jerked as he silently gazed at Mo Lian.

Mo Lian merely calmly explained, "If I don't say it this way, she simply doesn't know what to call people."

"So your name is Hubby??" The two barked in unison.

"Correct. What else can I be if not Hubby," Mo Lian shamelessly admitted.

Duan Yue cast him a gruff glance before propping his chin with one hand and tilting his head as he said, "I wonder what kind of drug Qiaoqiao was fed, and when she can recognize us again."

The trio exchanged glances before sighing.

After they ate breakfast, the group of physicians Mo Lian called over each examined Qiao Mu's pulse one by one. However, all of them walked out with tightly knit eyebrows.

The crown prince consort was clearly healthy and in the pink of health, so why was the crown prince staring at them with a terrifying gaze each time, as if they simply didn't diagnose the crown prince consort's illness at all.

But she wasn't ill at all!

"Not ill?" Crown Prince Mo stared at the last physician before berating, "Every one of you say that she is not ill, but why can't she recognize people then? She didn't get hit in the head? Have you examined carefully?"

That unlucky physician could only prostrate on the ground as he kowtowed repeatedly. "Reporting to Your Highness, this humble official's diagnosis is the same as theirs. Th-The crown prince consort, really is not ill at all!"

"Impossible!" Duan Yue shouted as he banged the table.

### **Chapter 1179: You're the One Who Took the Wrong Medicine**

"It must be that you didn't find out the cause!" Duan Yue berated, "A bunch of quacks, quacks I say!"

"Quacks!" The little fellow also parroted Duan Yue's words in a garrulous fashion.

Upon hearing this, Situ Yi was a bit speechless, but he still suggested, "How about I go invite the Dou Clan's Second Dou to come over and examine Little Junior Sister?"

At this time, Qiao Mu was sitting on the side, and she had long been aggravated by the 17 to 18 physicians' repetitive examinations. Therefore, seeing that they were in a heated discussion right now, she stealthily stood up.

It wasn't until the trio appointed Situ Yi to go invite Second Dou from the Dou Clan into the palace to diagnose Qiao Mu that they discovered the little lass had actually disappeared.

Mo Lian cried on the inside as he ran into the bedchamber by himself to take a look. He then sighed after coming out. "She went into closed-door cultivation again. Go invite him tomorrow since she probably won't come out again today."

However, the main reason was that he was also worried that if he went to bother her again, she might become so furious that she would go missing on him.

Situ Yi chortled out loud. "My Heavens, how much is Little Junior Sister thirsting to cultivate! She just ran off to cultivate in those few minutes that we didn't pay attention to her."

Yet Mo Lian let out a long sigh: *How depressed should he be with a diligent wife that cultivated nonstop every day?*

"What kind of drug makes someone think only about cultivation every day?" Duan Yue blinked as he commented, "This is too mysterious, don't you guys think?"

Situ Yi hastily interjected, "Could it be that we are wrongly accusing that guy from Beijing Manor, and that it isn't his fault at all? Or perhaps, Qiaoqiao was the one who was randomly eating things inside the secret realm and accidentally took the wrong medicine?"

"You're the one who ate the wrong medicine!" Mo Lian and Duan Yue rolled their eyes at him crossly.

"Qiaoqiao isn't that dumb!"

Situ Yi simply shrugged his shoulders. "Then fine, I will bring Second Young Sir Dou over at this time tomorrow. Remember to allow me passage and don't make me fight my way inside again. It's annoying."

Mo Lian acquiesced as he sent the two gods of plague away. After they left, Huifeng appeared before him with a flash.

"Your Highness didn't go to morning court today, so you are unaware that the censors clashed with the Vassal King of An'nan directly this morning in front of the court."

Curling his lips scornfully, Mo Lian asked, "How was it? Are the results out?"

"The king followed your suggestion. Today, he announced in the morning court that the Vassal Prince of An'nan was meritorious in defeating Northern Qi, but he also needs to be punished for failing to discipline his troops. As the two offset each other, he will have neither merits nor demerits. In addition, the king also issued an edict removing one of the Vassal Prince of An'nan's generals from his post. The royal edict should have arrived at that person's estate by this time."

Mo Lian snorted. "How about the matter with the Northern Qi princess?"

“The king was on board with your suggestion and bestowed the Northern Qi princess to the Vassal Prince of An’nan.”

Mo Lian laughed out loud. “Good bestowal. How could there be such a wonderful thing as letting her fester away in Our hands? Since he was the one who brought her back, let him enjoy the favor.”

“The vassal prince is probably not going to take this lying down.”

“Just watch. This princess will not live for much longer either.” Mo Lian smiled darkly as he got up and walked outside.

Huifeng’s eyes suddenly lit up. “Your Highness means that the vassal prince will not marry the Northern Qi princess.”

“How could he be willing to marry a woman that is of no assistance to him? He has wild ambitions.”

Yet Huifeng pursed his lips. “Then should this subordinate secretly arrange for people to protect that unlucky Northern Qi princess?”

“No need.” Mo Lian commented apathetically, “The life or death of a small kingdom’s princess has nothing to do with us.”

#### **Chapter 1180: Your Brain is Muddleheaded**

He had been grossly revolted by the Vassal Prince of An’nan after conducting a secret investigation on him, where he found out that this vassal prince had planned to shove the Northern Qi princess into his hands.

*Ha ha, how could things in this world go as smoothly as he wished?*

*That’s just wishful thinking! He even wanted to shove an unknown woman onto him. If he didn’t drive this Vassal Prince of An’nan into a bad fix, then his name wasn’t Mo Lian!*

Mo Lian spat with a sneer, “Does the Vassal King of An’nan’s Estate think that We are unaware of their little maneuvers during these past years?”

“It’s just that he might not have the life to enjoy what he wants.”

He was going to hand over a lifetime of peace and perpetual well-being to Yu’er! Some people had been in high positions for so long that they seemed to have long forgotten not only their surnames but their true identities, as well.

Then he might as well thoroughly remind them of this fact.

*Not everyone in this world could be provoked at random.*

Huifeng’s gaze shifted before he quickly followed the crown prince out.

Yet after taking two steps, he suddenly looked back in surprise. “Your Highness, it couldn’t be that the crown prince consort went into closed-door cultivation again!”

The crown prince simply didn’t want to bother with him!

*This guy just stabbed at his heart unintentionally all the time with his garrulous chatter. So infuriating!*

—My Qiao's section break—

The next day.

As agreed upon, Situ Yi brought Second Young Sir Dou to the Eastern Palace. After exchanging greetings, the crown prince ditched them and led Qiao Mu out in her reluctance.

"Hubby, cultivate!"

Duan Yue facepalmed. *He had heard this sentence the most over the past two days!*

Mo Lian also coughed vexedly before holding her small hand and coaxing, "Okay, okay, cultivate, cultivate. After we take your pulse and eat breakfast, you can continue cultivating, okay?"

Qiao Mu knitted her eyebrows as she sat ramrod straight on a stool and glared at Second Dou with large eyes.

"Quack! Hurry up."

Situ Yi hastily coughed to cover up his amusement, and he quickly stood up to appease Second Young Sir Dou, "Please do not take offense, Second Young Sir. Our Little Junior Sister has overexerted herself cultivating, so her brain is muddleheaded."

"Your brain is muddleheaded!" Qiao Mu snapped back.

However, Situ Yi turned around and looked at Qiao Mu with a smile. "Little Junior Sister, what is my name?"

"Senior Brother Situ!" Upon hearing this, Qiao Mu had 'you think I'm an idiot' written all over her face.

*Didn't Hubby tell her this person's name two days ago? How could she forget!*

Second Dou's eyebrows creased as he turned to look at Situ Yi.

Duan Yue then said with a chortle, "Second Dou, let me tell you. Actually, Qiaoqiao wasn't scolding you just now. It's just that we offhandedly told her that a group of people whose names are 'quacks' will be coming to take her pulse these two days."

"So just now, she was actually, cough, just calling your name."

Second Dou: ...

*What else could he say to this bunch of oddballs?*

"Crown Prince Consort, please extend your hand."

Second Dou felt Qiao Mu's pulse with knitted brows, his eyes intermittently observing the small, wooden face close to him.

"It's very normal!" Second Dou gazed at Mo Lian and them with a puzzled look.

*Why were these three people looking at him with disappointment!*

*This young crown prince consort's body really was completely normal, alright?*

“Quack!” Hopping down from the chair, Qiao Mu pattered toward the back room, not bothering to give them another glance.

“Where is the crown prince consort going?” Second Dou was confused.

Duan Yue rolled his eyes and replied, “She’s going to cultivate! These past days, she has been in this industrious cultivating state every single day, disregarding the affairs of the world all for cultivation.”

As they spoke, the four people were astonished as they noticed that large amounts of mystic energy generated by heaven and earth were gushing toward the back room.