

## **My Crown 1231**

### **Chapter 1231: I Am Here!**

“He asked me, Qiao Mu, why is your inner world different from other people’s. Your cultivation is clearly lower than mine, so why do you have a bigger inner world?”

“He would hammer my body with small hammers and nails all day and night, researching my inner world to find out my secret.”

“Qiaoqiao.” Mo Lian tightly hugged her slightly trembling body. “Don’t be afraid, that person will never harm you again.”

“Because, I am here.” Drawing close, Mo Lian nuzzled the soft hair at the back of her head. “I will not allow anyone to harm a single hair on you.”

Qiao Mu turned around and gazed at him in a stupor like this. Afterwards, she nodded and said softly, “I know. I know that was only a dream, that it will not happen.”

“But sometimes, I feel that those things had happened personally to me, as if I had been present! I, every time I see those, those enemies in my dream.” When Qiao Mu uttered the word “enemies,” her eyes flickered with specks of light.

“I wanted to stab them until their death.”

“I won’t let Fan Qiuhe die so easily like this.” Qiao Mu looked at Mo Lian and asked softly, “Do you think that this me is very horrifying?”

Mo Lian shook his head vigorously. “I won’t. I just feel that this you makes my heart hurt very much.”

Grasping her small hand, he pressed it against his beating chest and sighed forlornly, “Qiaoqiao, when I hear you talk about this, it hurts here.”

“It doesn’t matter whether it is a dream.” He lifted her small face with his hands and suddenly kissed her lips lightly like a dragonfly skimming the surface of the water. “All of this is in the past. It will not happen to you again.”

“I swear that I absolutely will use my life to safeguard you, my Qiaoqiao. My lover...” He murmured as he hugged her in his arms.

The two people had unconsciously interweaved their fingers tightly and did not let go until the noon sun shone down on them.

“That fat old man is the Third Elder of the Divine Province’s House of Elders. He... came to look for me.” Mo Lian grasped her small hand and continued faintly, “But no matter what happens in the future, Qiaoqiao, we will never part, okay.”

Qiao Mu was a bit tired out after laying bare these deeply-buried secrets to him.

She had already drifted off to dreamland, seemingly unable to raise her spirits to continue her conversation with him.

Seeing that she wanted to sleep, Mo Lian set aside the matter with the Divine Province's Third Elder.

While caressing her bright and smooth forehead, he planted a light kiss and murmured gently, "Sleep, when you wake up, everything will be fine."

This was a kind of mental tiredness and not that she was necessarily sleepy.

It was just like after she told him all of this, she felt like she had finally been pulled out from that hell, that vast and endless darkness.

She right now especially wanted to have a good, comfortable sleep while basking in the sun's warmth under the sky.

The cries of hawks rang out.

The war hawks carrying the Huge Bear Squad flew in the direction of the Mo Kingdom capital across that bright and expansive sky.

Qiao Mu's lips curled up lightly as she shifted into a suitable sleeping position in Mo Lian's embrace.

His strong and rhythmic heartbeat was like a lullaby, urging her into a slumber without any defenses.

It was like she felt that there was nothing to worry about with him by her side...

### **Chapter 1232: This Is a Dream?**

The view before him was hazy, as if he was peering through a layer of thin mist.

The second young sir teetered as he parted the gold-beaded curtain. He gazed at a pot of begonia in full bloom, lost in thought.

Beside the large, spotless bed inlaid with walnut wood inside the bedroom, there was also the sight of familiar stationery on the desk.

A pot of unfinished tea was giving off steam.

*Why did all of this look so familiar?*

Beyond the beaded curtain, there seemed to be someone speaking behind a screen.

The second young sir got closer. When he saw that obscure yet familiar figure underneath the fluttering white sheer curtain, it felt as if something had struck his heart, causing him to just freeze there.

*This, this back silhouette... why was it so similar to his?*

Afterwards, he heard a tender voice exhorting with a chuckle, "Ah-Xin, you haven't truly fallen in love with that woman and want to marry her, right. You must not forget your status. Your father will absolutely not permit you to marry a woman without a saving grace."

"If you are to marry, you should marry a lady from a patrician family, like me, no? That woman cannot assist you at all."

When the second young sir heard that woman saying this from across the white sheer curtain, he clenched his fists for some reason.

“Tsk.” This was the sound of disdain.

The second young sir abruptly widened his eyes and shot over a glance like a bolt of lightning.

*He, where was he right now?*

*In a dream?*

*Why did it feel like he had been there as an actor?* It was like he was watching himself from his past life talking to someone.

“Ah-Xin, at least take a stance.”

“You’re thinking too much.” He heard his own voice drifting over through the fluttering white sheer curtain.

His present mood fell into turmoil, and he took a step, as if wanting to rush over and stop himself from saying the following words.

However, he discovered that he had been confined in a tiny space. He could only watch them but could not touch or stop them.

*Don’t say it! Don’t continue!* The second young sir inexplicably felt his own heart squeezing.

It was like if he watched himself from his past life finish those heartless words, then it would induce some irreversible situation.

“If it were you, would you marry a disabled cripple for a wife?” The unfeeling voice continued, “She, is only a little pet of mine.”

“I will naturally play with a pet when I’m happy and neglect her when I’m not. Just watch, she will obediently call me ‘Master’ in the future.”

The woman chuckled, her resounding laughter piercing through his ears like a demonic chant.

As the second young sir watched everything happen before him with a vacant look, he saw someone wheel out a wooden wheelchair from behind a long cabinet.

That rolling wheelchair seemed to be crushing his heart as it came closer, hurting him so much that his eyebrows creased.

He heard that woman giggle as she bantered, “Ah-Xin, your little pet heard you.”

He could clearly see himself from his past life change his expression imperceptibly under the moonlight.

The moment he wanted to rush over and see the person who was hanging her head and huddled on the wheelchair, he stepped on nothingness and plummeted downward.

### **Chapter 1233: Why Did It Hurt?**

Instantly jolting awake, he sat up on the divan and stared at the pitch-black night in cold sweat.

The blanket covering his abdomen slowly slid down to the ground.

*That was a dream just now?*

*Why was it so real!*

When Second Qin got up from the divan, his body swaved, causing him to almost bump into the nearby pillar.

He pressed down on his throbbing temples as he stabilized himself against the window frame. After inhaling the cool air that came from outside, his fingers uncontrollably curled into a fist.

*Who exactly was that person sitting on the wheelchair?*

*Why did she give him an inexplicable sense of familiarity? Why would she make his heart convulse in pain...*

“Master.” Huang Chong’s voice suddenly came in from below the window. He seemingly didn’t understand why his master would run to the window for fresh air in the middle of the night.

The second young sir didn’t respond to him, instead fixating on the dark void far away.

There, it seemed as if there was another him staring coldly back at himself.

Meanwhile, after Qiao Mu returned home, she finally behaved for several days under her mother’s earnest exhortations.

The entire Qiao Family was so busy in getting ready for her coming-of-age hairpin ceremony that they were spinning like tops.

Neither the guests of honor, officials, nor the master of ceremonies could be lacking.

As the only idle person, she would intermittently check up on Second Uncle and Brother Xiao Hu’s injuries. Other than that, there wasn’t much to do.

The two of them had woken up the day after she set out for the small base, and their injuries were almost nearly fully recovered by now. However, at the mention of that Zhou Yuan from the Zhou Family, they would curse at him nonstop.

That day, the Zhou Family had detained Eldest Aunt Qiao Wenxiu and Cousin Pu Ruolan in their home.

When her dad brought over the large ape with him, the two sides started fighting when they didn’t like what they heard. Consequently, the large ape perfectly tossed the Zhou Family’s two layer-11 body cultivators out flying and beat them up violently.

After her dad rescued her eldest aunt and cousin and saw the miserable state they were in, it was said that the three of them wept bitterly in each other’s arms on the spot.

Yet from the side, that little b\*stard Zhou Yuan was still scolding her cousin Pu Ruolan for not abiding by female virtues.

His words ended up making her dad so incensed that he immediately requested for the capital magistrate, Pang Dahai, to make an appearance, having her cousin and Zhou Yuan divorce on the spot.

When Qiao Mu heard Second Uncle retell this story, she didn’t feel like she could believe her ears.

After all, she understood her dad too well. He was an indecisive and easily swayed good old fellow. How would he act so swiftly and resolutely, having her cousin and Zhou Yuan divorce on the spot?

This Zhou Yuan could be considered a talent for being able to anger her dad to this extent.

Her cousin was also a strong-willed person. At the beginning, her dad had planned to bring them, a widow and an orphan, back to the estate, but her cousin was unwilling.

Her eldest aunt had a small residential house on Hualing Street that they had secretly bought several years ago.

After leaving the Zhou Family, Pu Ruolan and Eldest Aunt Qiao Wenxiu had been living in that residential house on Hualing Street.

From Second Uncle's words, it seemed like after the fact, that Zhou Yuan felt a loss of face after being forced by his wife's uncle to divorce with his tail between his legs. Hence, he would bring people with him to Hualing Street practically every day to make trouble and disturb her cousin and Eldest Aunt's peace.

After watching Second Uncle swallow a pill, Qiao Mu handed him a bowl of water to drink. "Second Uncle, anger harms the body, so be mindful since you have just recovered."

"Qiaoqiao, you haven't seen that little b\*stard's mouth! If you have, I guarantee that you will go up and slap his mouth twice!"

"That's right, it was just hateful that there were people holding us back that day! Otherwise I would have long pummeled him to death with my fists."

### **Chapter 1234: Hubby's Present**

Qiao Hu also chimed in angrily, "He really couldn't be any more despicable."

"Alright, alright." Qiao Mu consoled Brother Xiao Hu both in amusement and exasperation as she watched him swallow the pill.

"Then that Zhou Yuan is still causing trouble with his people on Hualing Street these two days?" Qiao Mu inquired curiously.

"Which day has he not done so? He goes every day, cursing like a rabid dog." Qiao Hu smacked the table angrily. "Wait until I recover from these injuries. I'll definitely go beat him up."

"Isn't he going to marry some daughter of the Gao Family? How does he have the idle time to cause Cousin trouble?" Qiao Mu couldn't help but ask after having a maid come in and take away the empty bowls.

"That's right, it was clearly that detestable punk who abandoned his wife to advance his social position by marrying Gao Qiqi, that daughter of the Gao Family. Yet he keeps vilifying Cousin for committing adultery. I simply haven't seen anyone as despicable as him."

From the father and son's ranting, Qiao Mu had pieced together a big scumbag. "I'll have Shaoyao go take a look later. Everything will be fine, so you two should rest first."

Because her mother had given the order to prevent her from going out, she couldn't go out as she wished until after her coming-of-age hairpin ceremony.

However, she could still send over the quick-witted Shaoyao.

Qiao Hu's eyes brightened, and he blurted out, "Have Shaoyao be careful. Although those layer-11 body cultivators are injured, they are still quite formidable."

Qiao Mu turned around to inspect Brother Xiao Hu closely. "Brother Xiao Hu, when you are fully recovered, I'll refine two more mystic breakthrough pills for you so that you can raise your cultivation."

Qiao Hu instantly beamed with joy. "Okay, okay! Sister, I actually feel that my body is fully recovered right now, how about now?"

"We'll see in two days." Qiao Mu couldn't help but shake her head at his eagerness. "First recuperate properly. You don't need to be in a rush."

When she turned around and saw her second uncle looking at her eagerly, she couldn't help but chuckle, "Second Uncle, I'll refine two body cultivation pills for you."

"Great!" Second Uncle Qiao cracked a grin as he replied.

Previously, when he saw his eldest brother skyrocket to become a level-nine mystic cultivator after consuming two mystic breakthrough pills, it was a lie to say that he wasn't envious!

When he thought of how he would be able to improve himself soon, Second Uncle Qiao smiled so widely that you couldn't see his eyes.

After leaving the father and son's sickroom, she instructed Shaoyao straightaway to scout out the situation on Hualing Street.

By contrast, the little fellow kicked off her shoes and laid down on the brocade divan beside the window.

However, it wasn't long before she saw a pale white figure darting in from the window and snuggling up against her with a pounce.

"You're being annoying." Qiao Mu poked that guy's forehead with her finger.

Crown Prince Mo looked at her innocently as he caught her finger. "Qiaoqiao, I had to talk with that bunch of old fogeys for half the day after morning court ended, so I haven't even eaten a spoonful of hot porridge yet. So hungry."

"How about letting Qiuju cook you some noodles?"

"Mhm, mhm." Crown Prince Mo nodded as he prattled while lying against her, "Qiaoqiao, my head hurts."

Qiao Mu climbed over to him speechlessly and set his head on her thighs, using her fingers to massage his temples. "If Mom were to see this side of you, she would definitely be dumbstruck."

Crown Prince Mo nuzzled her with his head. "Which side of me?"

“Your rascally side.”

Mo Lian gave a chortle. He flipped around and pulled out a small rectangular box from his sleeve. “Hubby’s present for you. Quickly open it and take a look.”

“What is it?” Qiao Mu opened the lid.

### **Chapter 1235: Hubby is Good, Right?**

She saw a lustrous phoenix hairpin lying there quietly. The end of the hairpin was inlaid with a row of resplendent gemstones, and the mouth of the phoenix was holding a pearl. Its overall color was soft and mellow.

“This is a defensive spiritual weapon.” Although Qiao Mu didn’t show it on her face, her heart was extremely touched by this warmth.

*How long ago had this guy started to forge this hairpin for her?*

*It was a hairpin he crafted personally for her to wear during her coming-of-age ceremony.*

“For you to use during your hairpin ceremony.” As Mo Lian propped up his chin with his hand, he tilted his head at her and remarked with a smile, “Hubby is good to you, right.”

“Humph.” Qiao Mu looked askance at him.

However, she saw him looking at her with half-lidded eyes while imploring, “My wife, you’re not planning to kiss Hubby when he is so good to you?”

Qiao Mu set the hairpin into the long and narrow box. Suddenly, she hugged his head and smooched him on the face.

Following this, Crown Prince Mo gazed at her with a silly grin. “Qiaoqiao, you’re so good-looking. Come over and let me hug you.”

“Silly.” Qiao Mu cast him both an amused yet exasperated glance before she pulled him up.

She just so happened to see the maid Qiuju walking inside with a tray and curtsy toward them in greeting.

Qiao Mu then picked up that bowl of steaming noodles and handed it to the crown prince. “Here, you can leave after eating! If Mom comes later and sees you here, see how you’re going to explain yourself.”

“Then I won’t finish eating in this lifetime.” Crown Prince Mo picked up the noodles with his chopsticks to eat as he peeked at her.

However, Qiao Mu cast him an exasperated glance.

“Oh, that’s right, didn’t you ask me about Sikong Fuling before? How is she.”

Crown Prince Mo nearly choked on the soup, and Qiao Mu hastily gave him a cloth napkin to wipe his mouth. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” Crown Prince Mo guiltily swept Qiao Mu a glance and feigned indifference as he asked, “Are you considered good friends with her?”

“Of course not. I snatched her glacial star sand, so she must be hating me to death in her mind. It would be good if she doesn’t start attacking should we meet again. But if she does, I won’t be yielding to her.”

“Then that’s good, that’s good.” Crown Prince Mo cracked a smile, and he picked up more noodles with his chopsticks in a good mood.

Yet Qiao Mu observed him suspiciously. “Are you keeping something from me?”

“Hm? No! Nothing.”

“Mo! Lian!”

Crown Prince Mo instantly surrendered after turning to look at his little emperor darling. “Fine, fine, fine, I’ll tell you, but you cannot get angry. Previously, when I flew to the Mystic Beast Forest to search for you, I wasn’t able to find you. Hence, when I sniffed your scent on Sikong Fuling, I captured her and brought her back!”

Qiao Mu’s eyes turned as round as saucers.

“What did you capture her for?” Qiao Mu glared at him in a huff. “It couldn’t be that you captured her to feast on her looks when you saw how scantily clad she was.”

“What? How can you think that!” Mo Lian pulled her into his arms and exclaimed, flustered and indignant, “What would I look at her for. She’s so ugly and cannot even hold a candle to you. How is it possible for me to look at her.”

Hearing him saying this, Qiao Mu shifted her eyes. “Then what did you capture her for.”

“When I interrogated her for your whereabouts, she was unwilling to divulge it at first, but then everything she said after that were lies! Consequently, I just threw her into the dungeon. Afterwards... I forgot about her.”

Qiao Mu twitched her mouth. “Then she is still in the dungeon right now?”

“She should be.” After the incident, Crown Prince Mo simply forgot that there was such a person!

Qiao Mu silently lit a candle for Sikong Fuling. “Then when should I go see her.”

### **Chapter 1236: A Date**

“Let’s wait until after your coming-of-age hairpin ceremony.” Mo Lian helped her smooth out her hair. “It’s been so long anyway, so she should have gotten used to it too.”

Qiao Mu couldn’t resist wanting to laugh. *Could someone get used to staying in a dungeon?*

“Better not. There’s nothing to do tomorrow anyway, so I’ll sneak out. Mom won’t notice either if I have my younger sister help cover for me.”

With his eyes lighting up, Mo Lian cuddled his wife as he promptly nodded with a grin, “Okay, okay. Then let’s also go boating and listen to music along the way.”

“Bah.” Pushing him away, Qiao Mu said with a harrumph, “Forget about going boating. What if a mutated fish monster suddenly pops up in the middle? That wouldn’t be pretty.”

“Aiyah, how could there be such a coincidence.” Mo Lian wheedled while nuzzling his little wife, “Let’s just go for a bit. I’ll escort you home in two hours.”

Qiao Mu prodded his forehead. “You’re so fussy.”

As they were chatting, Shaoyao returned. As soon as she came inside, she curtsied toward Qiao Mu and Mo Lian; however, she was clearly irritated. “Your Highness, Crown Prince Consort, I’ve already asked around. That Zhou Yuan sure enough is as Second Master described. He is an awful b\*stard to the letter.”

“Luckily, the guards that Master dispatched there helped ward him off when he went to cause trouble for Miss Pu today. When the two sides clashed, Miss Pu’s wrist got twisted.”

“Is it serious?”

“It was not too bad. I left Miss Pu medicine, so she should be fine after applying it for a few days.” Shaoyao couldn’t resist scolding, “But that d\*mn bastard just keeps going to look for trouble! With this continuing to happen every single day, how soothingly can Miss Pu spend her days?”

Qiao Mu creased her brows. “Go again tomorrow, but bring my invitation to Pang Dahai and have him go along with you to seize anyone who is making trouble. After getting arrested two to three times, no one will dare to go look for trouble again.”

“Will this work, Miss.”

“Of course it will.” Qiao Mu curled her lips and said, “Have Sir Pang throw them into prison and then find several people to give them a scare.”

“Alrighty, Shaoyao will be handling this matter tomorrow.”

After finally sending away that vexing guy with much difficulty, Qiao Mu started to concoct the antidote pill for the devil grass.

The next day, Qiao Mu grabbed Qiao Lin, making the little lady stay in her room while she snuck out.

Having been confined at home for many days already, Qiao Mu swiftly flipped over the rear wall. She saw Crown Prince Mo standing there with a grin while in a suit of moon-white casual clothes.

Qiao Mu jogged over, and she hooked her arms onto his naturally. “You’ve waited for long?”

“It hasn’t been that long.” Mo Lian winked at her. “You won’t get caught by Mom if you sneak out, right?”

“It’s fine, I have my younger sister covering for me.” Qiao Mu said while holding his arm, “Let’s first visit Sikong Fuling in the dungeon.”

“I’ve investigated this Sikong Fuling’s identity. It’s quite special. It turns out that she is the Saint of the Demonic Cult.” Mo Lian stroked his chin as he contemplated, “Previously in the dungeon, she even used a flute and nearly made an escape.”

“That flute is the nightmare demonic flute. Previously, I almost fell for it at the small base.”

After ushering the carriage back to the Eastern Palace, the two people strode toward the dungeon while conversing in soft voices.

Just as they stepped through the entrance of the dungeon, they heard a heart-wrenching shout resound. “Why are you detaining me in here; I wish to see your boss. I already made a clean confession, so why aren’t you releasing me already!!”

### **Chapter 1237: Not Admitting Even in Death**

“Sikong Fuling.” Suddenly, Qiao Mu’s voice drifted into her ears through the wooden cell door.

At the beginning, she thought that she was hallucinating, however...

Someone’s face entered her sight, triggering her into pouncing over frenziedly. Consequently, she got electrocuted when she grabbed the wooden bars with her hands. She hastily withdrew them as she yowled in fury, “It really is you! Stoic face! Stoic face! Quickly let me out! Let me out!”

After watching a certain person going ballistic while hopping mad inside the cell, the little stoic’s face turned to look at the crown prince, who ambled over slowly. “Have her released.”

“Release her.” At the crown prince’s order, two young men in black ran over briskly and pressed a button on the mechanism in the stone wall.

The cell door in front of Sikong Fuling bounced open abruptly.

She then hastily bent her waist and bolted outside to where Qiao Mu and Mo Lian were standing.

“Like I said I didn’t capture the stoic face! Are you sick in the head! You locked me up in the dungeon for so many days, f\*ck...” Meanwhile, His Highness the Crown Prince simply threw a black robe in Sikong Fuling’s face.

“So freaking ugly! Quickly put it on! When you’re so ugly, it doesn’t matter what parts of your body you reveal.” The crown prince grasped Qiao Mu’s small hand gruffly and turned to walk out. “Qiaoqiao, I didn’t look at her. Such an awful sight.”

Qiao Mu twitched her mouth. She suddenly felt a bit sorry for Sikong Fuling.

Sikong Fuling was indeed quite unlucky. She had no idea whether it was because Sikong Fuling didn’t look out while walking, causing her to bump into a capricious and unreasonable fellow like this crown prince.

After Sikong Fuling scolded all 18 generations of the Mo Clan’s ancestors, she roared at the two people’s backs, “Give me back my flute.”

*She must’ve suffered interminable sh\*tty luck for eight lifetimes to have encountered this pair of devils!*

The nightmare demonic flute whirled in the air horizontally before landing on Sikong Fuling’s fair, outstretched palm.

*They simply angered her to death!*

“Stoic face, hey, stoic face!” While wrapping that black robe around her, Sikong Fuling leaped in front of Qiao Mu to block her way. “Stoic face, I’m asking you, where exactly did you run off to after we separated that time?”

“Am I very close to you for you to ask this and that.” Qiao Mu cast her an unfeeling glance.

Yet Sikong Fuling was startled, and she said with a frown, “You heartless stoic face. In any case, we ate wild game and camped together for a night!”

And yet here she was worrying about what troubles she might face by wandering around aimlessly inside the forest.

Recalling something, Sikong Fuling suddenly stretched her hand in front of her eyes and gave a wave. “Your eyes? They can see.”

Qiao Mu maintained her expressionless face, but her heart jolted uncontrollably on the inside.

*Could it be...*

*That period of time when she was bedeviled by the disaster-courting curse, she had encountered Sikong Fuling?*

“What eyes? What’s with your eyes.” When Mo Lian picked up on this piece of information, he drew over Xiao Qiao’s small hand and looked at her doubtfully.

Although by the time he caught hold of this little fellow, Qiao Mu had actually already recovered half of her five senses.

“Dunno what she is talking about,” Qiao Mu deadpanned.

She totally didn’t allow other people to perceive the crumbling expression beneath her stoic face.

*Don’t be kidding her, she was not going to tell anyone that she had lost her five senses and acted like an idiot!*

“You don’t remember?”

“You’re the one who doesn’t remember.” Qiao Mu waved her small hand at her. “Leave quickly since we’re letting you go now. If you don’t want to go, then go back inside and stay some more!”

Sikong Fuling wanted to smack this stoic face dead!

“I’m starving! You won’t feed me after locking me up for so long?”

### **Chapter 1238: I Embroidered a Flower**

Qiao Mu glanced at her grudgingly. “Lightning.”

Lightning immediately appeared beside her and saluted respectfully. “Crown Prince Consort.”

“Bring this person to eat a free meal at Morning Cloud Restaurant.” Qiao Mu pointed at Sikong Fuling. “Let her go afterwards. Don’t eat too much, it’ll waste food.”

Sikong Fuling: ...

As Mo Lian suppressed his amusement, he walked out of the Eastern Palace's small dungeon while holding the little fellow's small hand. He looked down at her with a smile, "My wife, Hubby has observed that the weather is clear and invigorating today, so let us go boating on Zhuzi Lake. Hubby will escort you back afterwards! How about it?"

Qiao Mu pinched his face. "What if your mother-in-law finds out!"

Even so, Mo Lian simply pursed his lips before leaning in and whispering into her ear, "If Mother-in-Law finds out, you take the fall."

Hearing this, Qiao Mu's eyes abruptly widened. "You!"

Mo Lian chuckled and ran while holding her hand. "I have to maintain a good image in front of Mother-in-Law, so I'll have to trouble my wife to take the fall."

"Bah!" In addition to characteristically rolling her eyes at him, Qiao Mu spat at him in disdain. "Mom even had me stay home to embroider a little something for you."

"A brocade pouch?" Mo Lian's eyes lit up as he looked at her joyfully. "Qiaoqiao is going to embroider one for me?"

However, Qiao Mu shook her head. "No."

"Then what did you embroider?" Mo Lian started to build castles in the air, indulging in his own fantasy. "Could it be that you embroidered something on some clothes?"

Qiao Mu twitched her mouth. "Do you think those clothes would still be presentable if I did embroider something on them?"

"Don't be afraid, Hubby won't disdain them one bit." Mo Lian looked at her gleefully. "Qiaoqiao, just tell me, what did you embroider."

Pattering ahead, Qiao Mu went on without even looking at him out of the corner of her eye.

*Eh? Qiaoqiao wanted to keep him guessing? She must want to give Hubby a huge surprise!*

Mo Lian caught up to her with a flash before he grasped her small hand and asserted, "Qiaoqiao. No matter what you embroidered, Hubby will like it."

Qiao Mu peeked at him and declared with a light cough, "I embroidered a flower."

When Mo Lian heard this, he immediately looked at his darling in surprise. "Qiaoqiao, you're even able to embroider flowers!"

Qiao Mu: ...

"A lotus flower." Qiao Mu proclaimed seriously, "I embroidered it for you!"

Mo Lian: ...

He suddenly had a not-so-good premonition. *What was going on?*

"You embroidered it on a small pouch?"

Qiao Mu shook her head. "I said already that it isn't a brocade pouch!"

"Sleeve?"

Qiao Mu still shook her head.

After these guesses, Mo Lian inquired carefully, "Then where did you embroider it?"

"Of course on a private article of clothing." Qiao Mu disdainfully swept a "you are very dumb" glance at him.

On the other hand, Mo Lian twitched his mouth. "M-My inner garment?"

*That was good, that was good, he didn't need to wear it in public!*

"How are you so dumb!" Hearing his response, Qiao Mu instantly went on tiptoe and walloped his head with her hand!

Mo Lian: ...

Young Sir Mo followed his darling's downward gaze and looked down at himself. He suddenly squealed, "My undies?"

At last, Qiao Mu nodded seriously before giving a rare explanation. "Mom said that I have to embroider it on one of your private items. After much contemplation, I could only just embroider a flower on your undies."

Mo Lian: ...

"You don't like it?" Darling Qiao knitted her brows as she gazed solemnly at this both amused yet exasperated man in front of her.

Mo Lian rapidly shook his head like a rattle-drum. "I-I like, I like it terribly."

### **Chapter 1239: Embroidering Talent**

"I embroidered a lotus flower," emphasized the little fellow once again.

"Mom says that I have a talent for being able to resemble its appearance when it's my first time embroidering." Upon speaking of this, Darling Qiao felt exceptionally proud.

Her mom even said that her hands were particularly steady in handling the needle and that the things she embroidered were also quite exquisite. Her mom was all smiles as she told her to practice this handicraft more.

*Ha ha, her skill at needles was used for killing people, not for embroidering flowers...*

"I embroidered a lotus flower on all of your undies, and I even used differently-colored thread for them. White, red, yellow, and even green! Do you like it?"

Mo Lian held back his laughter and nodded earnestly. He then held her small hands and gazed at her intoxicatedly. "Darling, you're so good to me, I like it very very much."

Huifeng, who was hidden in the shadows, had long doubled over in laughter.

*Goodness gracious, were you here to make people laugh, Crown Prince Consort! What white and yellow and blue and green are you talking about; you probably only know how to embroider one kind of flower, the lotus flower...*

Furthermore, he felt that his lord had great comedic talent!

*As expected, they wouldn't have made a couple if they weren't both oddballs...*

Qiao Mu's eyes curved as she nodded in a good mood. "I just knew you would like it. When I get more practiced at embroidering, I'll embroider your outer garments!"

"Okay, okay, okay." Mo Lian was dying from happiness as he said with repeated nods, "You can embroider anywhere."

"What color do you like for the lotus flower."

"Black[Mo Lian's surname "Mo" means "ink."]."

"I also like black." When Qiao Mu heard this, she mused with a nod, "Black is good, a black heart suits you."

Mo Lian: ...

*Strange, why did he feel like this sentence didn't seem to be praising him?*

Huifeng, who was slapping his thigh and splitting his sides in the shadows, suddenly discovered a burst of medicinal power rapidly shooting for him.

Huifeng hastily rolled on the ground to dodge it and yelped, "Wah!"

The medicinal power enveloped him instantly.

Huifeng wore a bitter expression as he coughed repeatedly from choking on the medicinal power. "Your Highness, what kind of medicinal power did you administer on this subordinate?"

"Since you love to laugh, why don't you stay here and laugh for four hours." After Crown Prince the Great tossed down these cruel words, he left while holding Xiao Qiao's hand.

He abandoned the shocked Huifeng behind on the spot.

Very soon, the hidden guards in the Eastern Palace discovered their head laughing hysterically nonstop like a fool in front of the small dungeon's entrance.

After the couple exited the Eastern Palace, they rode on the same horse to the Zhuzi Lake behind Fu Mountain.

"You really did arrange for a small boat." Qiao Mu's eyes lit up.

"Of course, I already said that boating is especially suitable on such a day with spring in the air and a multitude of flowers blooming." Afterwards, Mo Lian picked her up in a princess carry before leaping lightly onto a small boat.

The small boat leisurely floated into the jade-green lake.

“Several days ago, you wouldn’t come back with me and insisted on cultivating here.” Mo Lian pouted with a harrumph. “Do you remember?”

Qiao Mu shook her head very sincerely.

At this, Mo Lian pinched her small cheek. “You worried me to death, you rascal.”

Yet Qiao Mu took out a small bottle from her sleeve and handed it to him. “This is a bottle of antidote pills which I just refined recently. Keep it on you. It can cure a thousand poisons. For poisons on the level of the devil grass, consuming one pill will do the trick.”

“Qiaoqiao, you’re worried about me.” Mo Lian scooped the little fellow into his arms and nuzzled the top of her head with his chin. “Don’t worry, I’m fine. The poison has already been cured.”

Nevertheless, Qiao Mu took this chance to take his pulse, after which she turned to look at him.

### **Chapter 1240: The Furnace Exploded**

“You’re not hiding anything else about your body’s condition from me, right.” Qiao Mu looked at the man sternly, exuding an imposing manner that threatened to bite him to death should he dare to hide anything else from her.

Yet Mo Lian quickly shook his head as he reassured her with lowered eyes, “I’m not.”

Thus, Qiao Mu raised her small hand to ruffle Mo Lian’s hair in the same way she would a puppy. “That’s good then.”

Mo Lian could only pull down her hand, chuckling helplessly. “Qiaoqiao, why are we talking about poison at this place and time. Shouldn’t we be happily chatting while drinking tea?”

Qiao Mu poured him a cup of tea before giving him a smile. “Hubby, please have some tea.”

Mo Lian’s eyes glowed upon hearing this, and he took the teacup with a smile. “Wifey, it’s so rare that you don’t need to cultivate and I have tossed aside all trivial matters. How about today, we...”

*\*Boom!\** Suddenly, a loud sound came from the lakeside, abruptly cutting off Mo Lian’s words.

The couple held hands as they stood up and looked toward the lakeside. However, they could only make out a crowd of bobbing heads.

“We couldn’t really have encountered some kind of fish monster, right.” Mo Lian involuntarily twitched his mouth when he recalled what Qiaoqiao had said previously.

*This little fellow couldn’t really have jinxed it?*

“It’s nothing, it’s nothing! Everyone can leave, everything’s fine!” The voice of a young man drifted over from afar.

“Wow, it’s another pill alchemist whose furnace exploded while refining pills by the lake!”

“Are you a pill alchemist from the Pill Union?”

“Ah, it’s someone from the Pill Union?”

“Wang Youzhi!” Suddenly, a familiar shout drifted into Qiao Mu’s ears. She peered over from afar and recognized the two people from the Pill Union.

“So it’s them.”

Mo Lian also gave a nod. By this time, he also recognized the two people making their way through the crowd as the Pill Union’s Master Hua Feng and the uncompromising young lady, Chen Huiran.

The young man who had blasted a deep pit by the lake, and who caused even the embankment to slope down, appeared before everyone with a face blackened with soot.

“You, you brat!” Chen Huiran’s voice drifted over with the wind.

“I already told you not to carelessly refine pills outside!!” This brat who still refined pills daily after also making furnaces explode every day was now so eager to make the entire Pill Union lose their face in public.

“I just so happened to obtain a new pill recipe these last two days...”

“Alright, alright, we’ll talk after returning to the Pill Union.” Master Hua Feng shook his head in resignation before turning to glance at Wang Youzhi.

It was a good thing for this young man to work hard, but he wasn’t even able to refine a pill successfully even after working hard for three freaking years. The fact that he even made furnaces explode every day caused them to quiver in fright. *Was it suitable for this kind of “talent” to continue remaining in the Pill Union?*

It was good that the triennial Pill Competition was just upon them. At that time, people who couldn’t even refine a single pill would naturally be dismissed from the Pill Union.

“Master Hua, give me another chance!” The young man sobbed as he latched onto Master Hua’s leg, arousing the spectators’ sympathy.

*Pill alchemists had it quite hard—getting disdained by seniors when your furnace exploded during refining, not to mention the stress you were under.*

*Sigh, they also had to take the competitive examination every three years. If a pill alchemist’s level didn’t advance but instead regressed two times in succession, then it was possible for the Pill Union to expel them.*

Every profession had it hard.

Mo Lian pulled Qiao Mu down to continue sitting while remarking disinterestedly, “How preposterous, coming to disturb us for nothing. Why does he have to come to the lakeside to refine pills and not anywhere else?”

“He might have his own intentions.”