

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 817

At this time, Qiao Mu was feeling a headache when she looked at that incessantly weeping little baldy of a child, and she feebly raised her hand to stroke his smooth head.

“Don’t cry.” Qiao Mu sighed, lifting him onto her legs. Following this, she patted his back gently. “You monks also know how to cry.”

“Monks are also people, and it is only natural for people who feel unhappy to cry!” The little monk childishly rebutted, “Benefactress, do you know your mistake?”

Qiao Mu’s mouth twitched. What mistake should she know?

“You promised my master that you would take care of me! But ever since entering the city, you tossed me inside a room and didn’t even come take a look.” The more he talked, the more the little baldy felt aggrieved, and he choked with sobs.

Qiao Mu was at her wit’s end, and she patted his head. “Fine, fine, alright, don’t cry anymore. I’ve been busy these two days!”

The little baldy bit his small sleeve and whimpered, “I’m nearly starving to death, Benefactress.”

“Call me Sister!” What the hell were you calling Benefactress for? Hearing it made her eyelid jerk...

The little baldy cried so fiercely that the heavens were trembling.

Qiao Mu held back her urge to flee out the door, and she took out a fresh and juicy peach from her inner world with a wave of her hand before stuffing it into his hands. “Okay, don’t cry. I’ll give this to you as compensation.”

The little baldy sobbed and sniffled as he hugged the peach, after which he looked up with his pair of misty eyes and pitifully asked, "Just one? It's not filling enough."

"What have you done during these past few days?" Qiao Mu rolled her eyes, and she took out two vegetarian dishes plus a bowl of rice from her food box. She asked, "Want to eat red braised pork?"

The little monk's face flushed bright red, and he frantically shut his eyes, waving his hand as he hugged the peach. "Not eating, not eating, take it away, take it away!"

Qiao Mu jeered at him. "You little monk clearly aren't free from human desires and passions[1]. I haven't even taken it out, yet you don't even dare look at it. If I really did take it out, you'd most likely pounce on it and gobble it up delightfully."

"Benefactress, you must not say that!" The little monk glared in a huff at Qiao Mu with his pair of large and cute eyes.

"Don't tell me that's not the case! If meat doesn't exist in your mind, then your eyes won't see meat, and even if you do eat the meat, you'll only be eating veggies. If meat exists in your mind, then you'll treat even daikon as meat!" Qiao Mu brusquely picked up a piece of daikon with her chopsticks and stuffed it into the little monk's mouth, preventing him from trying to defend himself.

"What? By not eating these two days, were you preparing to go on a hunger strike?"

"That is not so. The vegetarian dishes they make are not to this young monk's liking at all!" Gulping down a mouthful of daikon, the little monk was so incensed that his face was scarlet. "Benefactress, it is improper of males and females to make physical contact, so you must not carry me again!"

Crown Prince Mo just so coincidentally heard this sentence when he walked inside, and with a flash of his figure, he lifted up that little fellow.

The little monk flailed his soft limbs, struggling his hardest to get down to the floor, and his round and black eyes glared indignantly at Mo Lian.

“This benefactor, you’re too rough! Quickly set down this young monk, or else you will regret it.”

“Oh? Why don’t you tell me how I will regret it?” Mo Lian pressed his lips into a thin line as he cast the little monk an indifferent glance.

The little monk’s round eyes bulged in indignation. “This young monk wants to pee!”

“Pfft...” Qiao Mu was amused to laughter by this big and small duo.

Mo Lian turned to look at her, his phoenix eyes instantly lighting up.

On account of the little monk amusing Qiaoqiao into laughing, he wouldn’t bicker with him.

Mo Lian released his hold, but then he saw the little monk scamper to Qiao Mu, saying, “Benefactress, bring me to pee.”

Mo Lian wanted to smack this brat to death with a single slap...

The smile that had surfaced onto Qiao Mu’s lips instantly stiffened.

[1] Represented by the six sense organs (eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, mind), which are the root sources of sins.