

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 826

However, the new servants were all incomparably shocked.

The master had just said that today, they weren't master and servant. Everyone present was family, working together to cook a reunion dinner.

Dongmei didn't know how many years it had been since she had eaten a full meal.

She was an orphan, so she had experienced the fickleness of human nature, as well as the dolefulness of the world. She had struggled to survive this entire time, up until being sent here by the middleman not long ago, luckily being picked by Sister Chunying.

Ever since entering the Qiao Estate for work, she didn't need to worry about going hungry or suffering from the cold again.

A few days ago, she received the two distributed suits of winter clothing, as well as a brand-new jacket. At that time, tears streamed down her face, and she quietly told herself that she had to work hard. Such a good employer was hard to come by, so she would truly be a fool if she didn't appreciate her good fortune.

To her astonishment, today, on New Year's Eve, Master and Madam had all the servants who didn't go home come sit down together for a reunion dinner. This once again refreshed her perception of her masters.

"Stop playing already!" Wei Ziqin gently patted her younger daughter's hand, and she smiled with closed lips while saying, "Look at your sister! What kind of thing have you wrapped?"

Qiao Lin grumbled with puffed cheeks, "Mom, you only just know how to say 'Sister this, Sister that.' Look at this dumpling that Sister wrapped. It's so repulsive and hideous! How is it prettier than this one I made!"

It was rare for Qiao Mu to be a bit embarrassed. She must say, her culinary talent was very ordinary...

"You lass!" Wei Ziqin raised her hand to swat her younger daughter, but Qiao Lin hightailed it in a flash while also scattering a handful of flour onto her brother Qiao Sen's small face.

Suffering this unexpected calamity, Qiao Sen simply gazed in stupefaction at his sister.

Beside him, the little monk, whose face looked like a steamed white bun, started chuckling. He clapped his palms together, just about to murmur "My Buddha," but he had freaking flicked his entire face with flour. Even his nose and small mouth were dusted white.

When Qiao Lin saw this upon turning around, she started guffawing out loud.

"His Highness the Crown Prince has come, His Highness the Crown Prince has come," Chang Zai excitedly ran in and yelled.

The whole family hastily patted off the flour on their bodies and hands. Just as they were about to turn around to welcome Mo Lian, he strode in with a smile and called out in a clear, loud voice, "Dad, Mom, Qiaoqiao, I've come."

Wei Ziqin was beaming so widely that her eyes became slits.

Duan Yue, who trailed in after him, couldn't help harrumphing and pursing his lips, before barrelling forward like a loose cannon. "Auntie, I've also come. Today, I came here especially to scrounge a free meal."

"Aiyo, you child, what scrounging are you talking about? If you want, you can come here every day to eat." Wei Ziqin was grinning from ear to ear.

How could Mo Lian stay unperturbed after hearing this? He hastily ran up to his mother-in-law to smear, "Mom, you have to charge him for food expenses."

"Shoo shoo shoo, Auntie isn't as narrow-minded as you." Duan Yue rebutted with a grin.

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu curved her lips before she walked up to Mo Lian while holding a pudgy dumpling that she had wrapped, stuffing it into his hands. "I wrapped it."

"Qiaoqiao, the dumpling you wrapped looks so nice! I can eat 30 of the ones you wrapped in one go!"

You'll stuff yourself to the point of bursting! Duan Yue rolled his eyes speechlessly, and then he also said, "I can also eat 30 of them."

Qiao Zhongbang let out a hearty laugh. "Sure! Then let's pick up the pace and wrap some more dumplings."

"You're not returning to the palace today?" Qiao Mu tugged at Mo Lian's sleeve and asked him softly.

Mo Lian's phoenix eyes curved, and he smiled at her while replying, "I'm accompanying you to see in the new year. It'll be fine to return before 5 o'clock in the morning."

At that time, the king was going to scrupulously hold the grand first writing ceremony. All the civil and military officials had to attend, presenting their memorials to the king to extend their respects. This was basically a formality in which they sang the king's praises.