

My Crown 911

Chapter 911: Worrying

Qiao Mu turned to look at Shaoyao in astonishment. "That's not possible, right?"

"How is it not possible!" Shaoyao was almost about to be defeated by her little master.

"I am a big living person! Doesn't he only steal things? Why would he steal me?" Yet Qiao Mu was stunned, and then she shook her head, saying, "Wouldn't he have an extra mouth to feed after stealing me? That'd incur a loss."

Shaoyao could only look at her with both amusement and exasperation. "Miss! Obviously, that Ding Tingding's goal right now is to provoke His Highness! Could he be short of that bit of food for you?"

These two days, Mo Lian was so busy that he didn't even come over, so Qiao Mu wondered if it was because he was investigating that Ding Tingding in secret.

Nevertheless, after she finished putting away her ebony tablets, Qiao Mu was in a rather excellent mood, so she turned to tell Shaoyao, "Shaoyao, we'll be having extra dishes tonight!"

However, Shaoyao didn't show much of a reaction even after hearing that they would be having extra dishes. She instead had a sour expression on her face as she continued looking at Qiao Mu in worry.

"What's wrong. You're not even happy when we're having extra dishes." Qiao Mu went up to grasp her small hand, comforting, "Let's go, let's go. Come with me to the kitchen to see what dishes we should add. Do you want to drink chicken soup?"

"Miss, how can you not be a bit worried at all!" As it turned out, Miss was completely muddled and ignorant when she received the news several days ago, unaware that Ding Tingding's target this time was her!

No wonder she spent these past days rather carefree and without worries...

"What should I worry about." Qiao Mu clicked her tongue derisively. "If he dares come, I'll just take this chance to butcher him, and then wouldn't everything be just peachy."

Shaoyao spun her head around, and when she observed that her miss's expression was particularly serious, not like she was joking, she couldn't resist chortling in laughter. "Yeah, that's right. My miss is so amazing, so how could she let that punk have his way."

"Come!" Qiao Mu pointed in the direction of the kitchen before dragging Shaoyao with her in a run. "Shaoyao, how about having Mo Lian withdraw some manpower. I heard that when my dad went out for a stroll yesterday, he almost couldn't get back inside when he returned home."

Even so, Shaoyao hastily shook her head. "It's better if you didn't. Tomorrow is the Lantern Festival, and that Ding Tingding said that he would take Miss away between 9 to 11 o'clock in the evening. Who knows if he will be resorting to trickery and secretly move up the time. It'll really be impossible to guard against it then."

Taking me away? Darling Qiao rolled her eyes. That made it sound as if she were an item.

She was a big living person, after all. He said that he was going to take her away, but would she just foolishly leave with him? It's not like she was sick in the head!

"Alright, alright, don't worry anymore. We'll worry about tomorrow's matters tomorrow. Let's eat a good meal tonight first..."

Once Shaoyao recalled the chicken soup that Miss had mentioned, she couldn't resist smacking her lips as she grinned like a Cheshire cat.

The next morning.

Mo Lian personally came to the Marquis of Jiayuan's Estate to escort his Father-in-Law's family into the palace.

The palace was hosting a Lantern Festival feast at noon, and the attendees were the people they had seen at the New Year's feast that day, the families of high officials third-rank and above.

The feast would end at around 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and at that time, everyone could leave the palace and engage in their own activities.

The Luo Family Troupe would sing traditional opera in the palace for the entire day. Hence, the madams and misses who were interested had arrived at Clearwater Fine Park bright and early to listen to the opera.

At night, the entire Mo Kingdom capital would be celebrating, and there was also going to be a grand lantern fair ceremony, so the noble madams and misses were all planning to go join in on the fun.

After the carriage entered the palace without any hitch, the old king had summoned Mo Lian to the study.

Nevertheless, he repeatedly exhorted her to be safe and take care of herself before leaving in a hurry.

"Miss, there'll be a lot of miscellaneous people around today, so you really have to be on guard." As if faced with a formidable foe, Shaoyao was vigilant as she intermittently inspected the people that were walking past them.

Chapter 912: As You Wish

"That Ding Tingding said that he would be coming at 9 o'clock in the evening. According to Shaoyao's calculations, that's the time when you are headed for the Lantern Festival's lantern fair. How about cancelling the lantern fair festivities," Shaoyao hastily suggested.

"No. That guy isn't qualified enough for me to change my itinerary." Qiao Mu curved her small mouth with a harrumph.

"Sister, what are you both talking about." On the side, Qiao Lin had closed in and asked quietly with clever eyes.

"It's nothing," Qiao Mu responded as she reached out to stroke her younger sister's head.

Qiao Lin also clung to her arm. "Sister, it's still early now, so let's go over there to sit for a while."

The moment Qiao Mu moved, Shaoyao followed behind her closely as the two sisters walked over to the side.

However, Wei Ziqin still sensed that something was odd. "Shaoyao, is something happening these few days? I also felt that Xiao Mo's expression was a bit off when he looked at our Qiaoqiao today. He looked quite nervous."

How would Shaoyao dare say anything more to Wei Ziqin? She hurriedly shook her head. "No, there isn't. Madam, you don't need to worry. With His Highness's great capabilities, you can rest assured. He won't let anything happen to Miss."

Afterward, the mother and daughter trio walked toward a waterside pavilion in Clearwater Fine Park.

It was only when they got near that they saw another party walking alongside the waterside pavilion from the twisting and turning white jade corridor on the other side.

The person in the lead was a young lady who had put on high airs.

Wei Ziqin recognized her with a glance. After all, this young lady was the Zheng Family's third miss, Her Highness Consort Zheng's biological niece.

And the two people trailing behind her were also familiar faces.

They were the third miss Xu Mingzhu and fourth miss Xu Mingxin from the Marquis of Placation's Estate.

Wei Ziqin paused her footsteps, hesitating over whether they should walk over to greet them. When she looked at her two daughters, however, she discovered that they had already calmly walked over while holding hands.

Now, whenever she saw that they had to attend a banquet, her head would hurt. If meeting less people could lessen the amount of trouble, then Wei Ziqin would only be too glad to avoid these banquets and stay at home.

The two parties finally met up in the center of the jade pavilion.

"Crown Prince Consort." Third Miss Zheng wasn't a fool, and she curtsied with a nod upon seeing Qiao Mu.

Xu Mingzhu gritted her teeth and clenched her handkerchief as she, together with her fourth sister Xu Mingxin, curtsied toward Qiao Mu, even though she was cursing at Qiao Mu on the inside.

She had suffered serious injuries from their encounter at Spring Dawn Theater. If it were not for the fact that her family took out a pill to heal her injuries, it would have been impossible for her to leave her bed in just a mere few days.

At present, Xu Mingzhu hated Qiao Mu so much that she was gnashing her teeth with anger. However, she had learned her lesson from being impulsive last time, so this time, she just stifled her anger and stood to the side, gazing coldly at Qiao Mu without uttering a word.

Third Miss Zheng smiled at Qiao Mu and suggested, "The scenery from this jade pavilion is beautiful and refined. If the crown prince consort doesn't mind, how about sitting down and having a drink together?"

Qiao Mu gazed at her deeply before shaking her head and replying, "No need."

As soon as she said this, she pulled her younger sister's hand and turned around to leave, while Third Miss Zheng bit her lip quite aggrievedly behind her.

Wei Ziqin was also unsettled on the inside. Seeing that her daughter didn't plan to entangle with these young ladies, she involuntarily breathed a sigh of relief. She then nodded repeatedly as she followed her daughters outside the pavilion.

Yet before Qiao Mu could walk too far after turning around, a maidservant bumped into her head-on, and her clean skirt was immediately stained with some tea dregs, which made it look very unelegant.

Qiao Mu gazed at that maidservant icily. "You did it on purpose."

That maidservant trembled in fright, and her knees gave in as she kowtowed repeatedly to beg for mercy. "Crown Prince Consort, please spare this servant's life, please spare this servant's life."

"Very good." A cold sneer tugged at Qiao Mu's lips. "I will fulfill your wish."

Chapter 913: The Crown Prince Consort's Reward

Was there someone like you who runs straight into someone else on such a broad path?

This was the palace. If this maidservant really were so careless, how could she still be alive?

Such a blind person would have long died from the royal concubines' shenanigans.

*It was obvious that the maidservant was just d*mn pretending, yet she was still attempting to deceive her?*

Qiao Lin was also frowning in displeasure.

With Qiao Lin's intelligence, even she could perceive that there was something very fishy about this matter, not to mention her astute and keen sister.

The junior royal maid had paled in fright, and she continuously peeked at Qiao Mu's expression.

When she heard Qiao Mu calling her out, she had collapsed limply to the floor.

Beside her, Third Miss Zheng's complexion had also paled.

She didn't expect that the crown prince consort would be so merciless, punishing that royal maid for real without a second word. It was simply terrifying how she didn't adhere to the systematic way of doing things.

Lightning and another person suddenly appeared, giving the noble ladies a bad scare.

When she heard the royal maid's tragic screams from afar after watching those two hidden guards dragging her away, Third Miss Zheng's small face turned ghastly pale.

After smoothing out the stains on her skirt, Qiao Mu gazed coldly at Third Miss Zheng. "Didn't you say that you wanted to treat me to tea?"

As she nervously clenched the corner of her skirt, Third Miss Zheng nodded and responded with fear and trepidation, "Yes, that is so. S-Someone, prepare the tea."

Soon, the tea had been prepared anew.

At this moment, Xu Mingzhu also felt apprehensive. She felt that nothing good would come out of the crown prince consort's sudden acceptance. After all, she had clearly rejected the invitation earlier.

When Qiao Mu sat down before them, her austere gaze made it so that the young ladies were afraid to sit. They didn't dare take a deep breath and just stood respectfully before her.

She leisurely lifted up the teacup and took a whiff before commenting faintly, "Superior-quality snow sprout tea. It seems that it is indeed heartfelt."

"It's good that the crown prince consort likes it." While heaving a slight sigh of relief, Third Miss Zheng curtised in salute.

"Come over." Yet suddenly, Qiao Mu raised her head and beckoned to Third Miss Zheng. "This cup of tea, I am rewarding you."

Instantly, Third Miss Zheng began trembling all over in fright, retreating a good few steps instead of advancing forward.

Qiao Mu merely gazed at her coldly. "It's obvious from your look of guilt and dread that you did something that weighs on your conscience. You spiked this cup of tea?"

Third Miss Zheng immediately shook her head in a panic. "No, no. How would this humble girl dare to conspire against the crown prince consort in broad daylight and under everyone's gazes?"

Qiao Mu nodded in understanding. "Then it's that you are worried that I have done something to this tea."

"What if I insist on making you drink it right now?" Qiao Mu's icy gaze stared deeply at the Third Miss Zheng, whose head was drenched in cold sweat.

After Qiao Mu lifted her chin faintly, Shaoyao immediately walked out from behind her and took the teacup from her hand. She strode forward vigorously and brusquely gripped Third Miss Zheng by the cheek, pressing her entire back backwards to the point where even the latter's waist also bent downwards.

"Don't be so ungrateful when the crown prince consort has rewarded you!" Shaoyao berated before directly pouring the cup of rather scalding tea into Third Miss Zheng's mouth.

"Mfmphfm." Third Miss Zheng, whose cheek was hurting terribly from Shaoyao's grip, continued to resist in horror, causing the tea to splash all over her face. Nevertheless, more than half of the tea in the cup had been forced down her throat.

Crack! The teacup rolled to the floor and broke into pieces.

Third Miss Zheng staggered and limply sat down on her butt, with tea trickling out the corner of her mouth. She cut a very sorry figure as she doubled over and kept gagging, as if trying to vomit out the tea that had gone into her stomach.

Chapter 914: Qiao Mu as the Scapegoat

The moment Xu Mingxin saw Qiao Mu losing her temper, she immediately knelt down, not daring to utter a word.

She was merely an insignificant daughter of a concubine, so it would be quite good if she could get out of this blameless. However, she dreaded that she would be implicated again by her idiotic sister.

On the other hand, Xu Mingzhu backed far away, skirting to the side with an extremely unsightly expression. How would she still dare to come forward and speak up for Third Miss Zheng?

“Little Master, that royal maid has confessed.” As Lightning strode to Qiao Mu’s side, his words caused Third Miss Zheng’s expression to change drastically.

Qiao Mu nodded at him.

Soon, a royal maid, with not a discernible wound yet ghastly pale beyond compare, was dragged over like a dead dog.

“Speak.” Qiao Mu gazed icily at that royal maid. “Are you from Sophora Flower Palace?”

That junior royal maid nodded while trembling with fear and trepidation, yet when Third Miss Zheng witnessed this, she couldn’t resist yelling, “Insolent! This young miss has never seen you in Sophora Flower Palace before! Don’t randomly claim relations in order to incriminate others.”

The junior royal maid glanced tearfully at Third Miss Zheng before wailing uncontrollably, “Miss, this servant truly couldn’t endure it anymore!”

Just now, those hidden guards made her, a normal woman, suffer the pain of having her tendons separated and her bones displaced. How could she endure it? It was simply more unbearable than death.

Third Miss Zheng plopped down on the ground in her discomposd state, yet she glared ruthlessly at the royal maid with her lips pulled into a line. That gaze seemed to say: ‘You think that after confessing to the crown prince consort, Her Highness the Noble Consort Zheng will let you have a good ending?’

The junior royal maid was trembling so much that her entire body swayed.

Qiao Mu glanced at Third Miss Zheng apathetically before turning to look at the royal maid again. “How about letting me take a guess, what Courtesan Zheng wants to do again this time in her idleness?”

“If I were to fall for your scheme, in order to atone for your mistake, I would definitely have to follow you... to go change my clothes, am I right?” Qiao Mu’s frigid gaze, which was as incisive as a knife, settled on the junior royal maid.

“Let me think, where do you want to lead me to?” While speaking, Qiao Mu slowly stood up and moved toward the royal maid step by step. “You want to lead me to Courtesan Zheng’s, right. To do what?”

“Courtesan Zheng must have arranged a large-scale miscarriage drama, and is waiting for my arrival!” Qiao Mu curved her eyes as she gazed mockingly at that royal maid.

The junior royal maid’s eyes bulged in terror.

She, she didn’t say anything yet? Yet the crown prince consort had already guessed the gist of it.

It was very simple. After Qiao Mu saw through the fact that Courtesan Zheng had faked her pregnancy during the New Year’s feast, the latter would definitely not allow Qiao Mu to keep this bargaining chip.

She would seize an opportunity to... have a miscarriage.

Of course, if the crown prince consort could be implicated during this miscarriage process, that would be even better.

That’s why, Courtesan Zheng’s thoughts were very easy to deduce. Qiao Mu had basically hit the nail on the head.

Inside the palace, Qiao Mu was originally vigilant at all times, always being suspicious of everything, so how would that Consort Zheng be able to plot against her successfully?

“You b*tch.” Third Miss Zheng struggled to get up, threatening to shove that royal maid to the ground.

She thought that it was because the royal maid had leaked out the secret that things ended up like this.

“Tie her up,” Qiao Mu was uncourteous as she berated.

Shaoyao immediately pulled out a thick rope, tugging on the ends with her hands, before directly walking over to Third Miss Zheng.

“The king is here!”

“Kneel!”

The old king of the Mo Kingdom rushed over furiously, and when he glimpsed the situation inside the jade pavilion, he automatically hollered, “Crown Prince Consort!”

Chapter 915: So This Was What They Had Waiting for Her

Qiao Mu coldly turned her head around, shooting her gaze at the king who was furiously charging over.

The king was also followed by a Daoist priest around 40 years old who possessed a lucid temperament. Dressed in a cyan robe, it seemed as if the demeanor of a transcendent being was lingering about him.

While wiping his head of sweat, Gong Chang’an trailed behind them subserviently with quick steps. In addition to the king, the crown prince, as well as their retinue of civil and military officials, also strode over rapidly.

“Qiao Mu greets the king.” After curtsying with a lukewarm expression, Qiao Mu naturally wasn’t going to make herself suffer, so she promptly stood up straight again before the king could even say anything.

“You!” The king was enraged, but before he could speak further, the crown prince had already flitted to the crown prince consort with a flash.

This disgraceful punk! The king opened his mouth, intending to scold his son, but then he looked up and saw Queen Zhao, too, walking over with many royal concubines and noble ladies in tow.

After giving a curtsy, Queen Zhao spoke impassively, "This wife heard that Noble Consort Zheng had just had a miscarriage in Sophora Flower Palace. That truly is too unfortunate. This wife had seen that Sister Noble Consort was quite well during the New Year's feast a while back, so it is quite odd that it happened so suddenly."

Like an ignited firecracker, the king instantly exploded.

When he received the news earlier, he couldn't keep his cool anymore. How could he not be furious when this child that he acquired at an advanced age just disappeared like that?

If it were not because he lost his reason from fury, he wouldn't have directly run over frenziedly with all his civil and military officials to settle scores with the crown prince consort!

Seeing that his son had made clear his position and stood on his wife's side in front of everyone, the king found himself in a dilemma.

"Priest Dayu, please speak." The king spoke coldly with a frown.

Subsequently, that Daoist priest with the demeanor of a transcendent being walked up. After sweeping a weird glance at Qiao Mu, he then recounted lightly, "This poor Daoist foresees a cruel energy from the southwest shooting straight to the highest heavens. This evil energy will transform into a blade and cut towards the Sophora Flower Palace's direction. This poor Daoist had just reminded the king that this evil energy may be unfavorable to His Majesty's unborn child..."

Priest Dayu shook his head and sighed. "This poor Daoist couldn't have imagined that he would receive the news of Her Highness's miscarriage so soon."

Mo Lian scoffed. "This Daoist priest, in that case, you are a person who can foresee one's destiny. Then how about telling Us Our fortune this month? If your predictions are even the slightest bit off, We will take your wretched life."

"Crown Prince!" The king instantly bellowed. He hadn't expected that the crown prince would be so disrespectful to Priest Dayu in front of all the officials.

Even though Priest Dayu had only entered the palace for less than 10 days, all of his divinations had been on the mark, and he had even provided the king with a pill that could alleviate his stress. The king only felt that that pill was even more effective than the body-strengthening pill that the Qin Estate's patriarch had provided. After consuming it, he indeed felt more spirited and was energetic in everything he did.

Hence, the king was a bit displeased when the crown prince treated Priest Dayu like this.

Yet Crown Prince Mo simply didn't leave that Daoist priest with any dignity. "Withdraw! Whatever cruel energy and evil energy are all nonexistent. If you dare disrespect Our crown prince consort, We can guarantee that even the king won't be able to save your life."

"Crown Prince!" The king truly was a bit furious this time.

Wasn't his son, this wife-protecting devil, going a bit too far? He actually made his old father lose face in front of all the civil and military officials. The king felt as if he could die from his anger.

Queen Zhao quickly went up to tug on her son's sleeve, mediating, "Crown Prince, how can you speak to your Royal Father like this."

Chapter 916: Showing the Truth

"Don't you find it the most ridiculous thing in the world that you all aggressively ran over to look for Our crown prince consort after Courtesan Zheng miscarried?"

"Your Highness, this is a cruel person. She is not suited to be the crown prince consort of a kingdom." Priest Dayu advised the crown prince earnestly with a candid look.

"What did you say, you freaking Daoist priest?" Qiao Lin shouted. All her hackles had raised, just like a little lioness that was about to go berserk.

Meanwhile, Crown Prince Mo even slapped toward the Daoist priest's cheek without mercy.

Yet the Daoist priest's body dodged and evaded, escaping from the wind that the crown prince had whipped up with his palm. He stood firmly before Qiao Mu again, as swift as an afterimage.

Qiao Mu could clearly see a hint of ridicule flashing past Priest Dayu's eyes, seemingly mocking her for biting off more than she could chew. It was as if he was thinking: *A person with ordinary roots was deluding that she could soar into the heavens and turn into a phoenix by claiming the position of crown prince consort?*

But why?

She had only met this person for the first time today, yet she could very clearly sense an intense animosity from him.

Mo Lian's anger built up in his eyes, and he abruptly slashed a circle with his left hand, preparing to release a fire attack.

However, because Qiao Mu suddenly grasped his hand with her own small and soft one, the stormy rage in his heart calmed down in the blink of an eye due to her kitten-like paw. The dark clouds parted, and it was suddenly warm and sunny in his heart again.

Everyone present, as long as they weren't blind, could discern this change, and they couldn't help but silently exclaim at the crown prince consort's capabilities.

Their capricious crown prince had ended up falling for the crown prince consort like this.

"You freaking Daoist priest, are you implying that Courtesan Zheng's miscarriage this time is because my cruel energy had harmed her?"

"Sister!!" Qiao Lin was greatly agitated. *How could Sister spell out these taboo words? If people were to groundlessly charge her along the lines of being "the bane of others' existence," what was she to do.*

"However, as luck would have it, I just happen to know the true reason for Courtesan Zheng's 'miscarriage.'"

Qiao Mu then shifted her sleeve, causing Priest Dayu, who had been paying attention to her the whole time, to reflexively take a step back.

Two dictum talismans were floating before her before they directly flew to Third Miss Zheng and the junior royal maid's bodies as two streaks of light.

"What are you doing?" When the king saw the two talismans, his eyes involuntarily bulged, and he cast his son a displeased gaze.

He had already said not to buy those random talismans for the crown prince consort to play with!

"You all know Third Miss Zheng, right. Why don't we have her personally divulge what exactly Courtesan Zheng wants to do to me?"

"Crown Prince Consort! What did you do to my daughter." For some reason, State Uncle Zheng felt guilty and alarmed, so he quickly stepped out from the crowd to reprimand this.

Qiao Mu gave him a cold glance before turning around to interrogate, "Third Miss, tell everyone what your Aunt had instructed you to do."

Third Miss Zheng then started systematically retelling in full detail what Noble Consort Zheng had instructed her to do.

Third Miss Zheng spoke of how Courtesan Zheng had dispatched the junior royal maid over to act in concert with her to scheme against the crown prince consort, planning to lead the crown prince consort over to where Her Highness the Noble Consort would have her miscarriage.

All the civil and military officials looked at each other in dismay, not knowing whether they should immediately disappear so as to let the king handle these family matters.

On the other hand, the king's expression was very ugly.

Chapter 917: You Are Merely a Joke

"Shut up! You unfilial daughter, what nonsense are you spouting." With a darkened face, Zheng Cao walked over with large strides and struck his daughter's face with his palm.

Third Miss Zheng fell down to the ground from this strike, yet she still repeated again and again nonstop how her aunt had plotted to frame the crown prince consort.

Zheng Cao immediately turned around and knelt down before the king, exclaiming sorrowfully, "My king, it's that talisman, there's something wrong with that talisman! That talisman made my daughter delirious, without the sanity of a human or a ghost. She is completely spouting nonsense right now."

"What an ignorant and ill-informed person." Qiao Mu coldly spoke, "You've never heard of a dictum talisman? It will only make people tell the truth. If Sir Zheng doesn't believe me, I still have another here, which you can use to test its authenticity."

Zheng Cao stepped back in fright. He certainly didn't want to use that dictum talisman. After all, if he happened to shoot off his mouth and say disrespectful things about the king, then wouldn't all his boot-licking in the past go down the drain?

“W-Wicked talisman!” At this moment, Zheng Cao could only insist that the crown prince consort had used a wicked talisman. He scrambled to the king’s feet and wept while speaking, “Her Highness the Noble Consort wouldn’t do that, so will the king please render fair judgement.”

“Your Majesty, do you still not understand?” Qiao Mu’s chilling voice continued to ring out.

The moment all the civil and military officials came into contact with the young lady’s dark and chilly eyes, they all involuntarily felt their bodies shivering.

“In order to frame me, she didn’t scruple to plot against me using the child in her own belly as the cost. Your Majesty, are you unable to discern such a simple truth?” Qiao Mu pressed forward, while the old king unwittingly retreated backwards.

The young lady’s eyes were engraved with an abyssal vortex and a chilling aloofness. Practically no one was able to keep staring at her, left with no choice but to avoid her gaze.

“Why is Courtesan Zheng so certain that as long as I am led over, her child will definitely suffer from a miscarriage? And that I would definitely bear the brunt of this fabricated charge?”

While looking at his daughter-in-law in disbelief, the old king clenched his fists as his body turned cold.

“Because she had already calculated the time way beforehand, with no scruples to use her pregnancy to frame me! Because, she, personally killed the little prince in order to push me into desperate straits.”

“Impossible!!” The king roared while trembling.

“Your Majesty, you actually already have the answer in your heart, don’t you.” After coldly saying this, Qiao Mu then returned to the crown prince’s side without speaking anymore.

Meanwhile, Priest Dayu looked at her sullenly from the side with an abnormal gleam in his eyes.

This gaze made Qiao Mu uncomfortable all over, and she suddenly commanded, “Qingluan, kill him for me.”

Everyone’s hearts suddenly leapt because of that girl’s sudden but decisive order.

There was one point that Priest Dayu was correct about.

Sure enough, the crown prince consort was cruel and emanated an indescribable evil energy.

“Shriek.” Appearing out of nowhere, the large cyan bird descended over everyone’s heads and abruptly brandished a wave of icy wind and snowy rain at Priest Dayu.

“The heavenly bird Qingluan!” Priest Dayu lost his composure, as if simply not expecting that this crown prince consort would attack him inside the royal palace just because she didn’t like what she heard.

He totally didn’t understand Darling Qiao’s temper.

She wouldn’t let Priest Dayu off for wanting to kill her earlier.

Whoosh! An ice pillar shot straight for Priest Dayu’s chest.

Chapter 918: Violent Rage

Qiao Mu continued with the harassment by coordinating seamlessly with Qingluan, using her blazing ferule to strike Priest Dayu's shoulder blade with the force of a thunderbolt.

In order to dodge the ice pillar attacking his chest, Priest Dayu simply couldn't dodge the hit to his shoulder blade.

She originally thought that she would be able to bust up the old Daoist's shoulder blade with this hit, yet she didn't expect that her overpowering force would end up punching cotton, unable to hurt Priest Dayu in the slightest.

Qiao Mu's heart instantly sank with a thump.

*Sh*t, this person's cultivation was unfathomable.* His cultivation should be much higher than hers.

That Daoist priest even smiled at her bizarrely. All of a sudden, a giant bestial claw popped out of her chest like a third hand, abruptly pummeling towards Qiao Mu's chest.

If she were to get struck, then she would end up half-crippled if not dead.

Qingluan's figure twisted in mid-air, unexpectedly tucking in its wings and taking on a human form. He held a long sword made of ice in his hand, fiercely slicing it towards the old Daoist's neck as swiftly as a clap of thunder.

If this wicked Daoist priest wilfully carried through with wounding Qiao Mu, then his head was also certainly bound to get decapitated by Qingluan's ice sword.

The old Daoist didn't dare to be reckless, so he evaded Qingluan's swift and fierce thrust by planting both feet firmly on the ground and tilting his body diagonally.

Yet at the same time, a purple blaze charged with skyrocketing fury bore down menacingly. After transforming into a roaring and surging fire dragon in mid-air, it abruptly pierced through the old Daoist's back with a tyrannical dragon strike, pummeling him face down onto the ground with a boom.

The surroundings were absolutely silent. All the officials were trembling with fear, practically unable to face the crown prince's fury straight on.

The old king had also clammed up at this time.

It was as if someone had flicked the crown prince's reverse dragon's scale[1]. Unable to curb his violent rage, he instantly congealed a long and slender jet-black sword in his hand after that fire dragon strike.

A mere horizontal sweep instantly mowed down all the grass and flowers on the ground, directly churning up the dust from its terrifying oscillating force. A series of afterimages followed the slender Raven Moon sword, making it seem as if tens of millions of swords were spinning in front of everyone.

In an instant, it had already arrived before the old Daoist, about to cut his life short on the spot.

Boom! After hearing this huge sound, a dense smoke enveloped everyone within. While coughing nonstop, they vigorously swept away the billowing smoke before them.

Meanwhile, several dozen Hidden Night Pavilion members appeared behind the crown prince.

“Search the entire city, and kill without mercy,” the crown prince spat out apathetically.

“Yes.” Countless shadows dispersed and scattered.

Still fuming with anger, the crown prince grasped Qiao Mu’s small hand, pulling her out of Clearwater Fine Park with large strides.

Including the king and Queen Zhao, the entire crowd was noiseless and silent, seemingly at a loss for words.

Yet the crown prince suddenly halted and turned back to gaze at them coldly. “You all best not challenge my bottom line again! Otherwise, I will shake this heaven! And destroy this earth!! If you dare try to harm my woman again!! I’ll make you regret ever having walked upon this earth!”

Absolute silence descended...

“Royal Father!” The crown prince gazed icily at his father with an intense hatred smoldering in his phoenix eyes. “If you can’t bear to sentence that vixen to death. Then let this son do it for you!”

By now, Zheng Cao had collapsed limply to the floor, trembling as he watched the crown prince leaving in a rage.

The old king was also shocked and unable to utter a word. When he met his daughter-in-law’s glance back at him, his entire body shook involuntarily.

‘Your Majesty, Courtesan Zheng killed your youngest son! Even so, you can forgive her?’

Chapter 919: True Love

Without turning his head back, Mo Lian pulled Qiao Mu out of the palace while grasping her small hand, and he threw whatever Lantern Festival feast and whatever civil and military officials all out of his mind.

By now, the streets had already gotten lively, and the number of people was starting to slowly increase.

The pair shuttled through the crowd, miraculously daunting everyone from getting close, and they all parted to the sides in unison to make way.

“Mo Lian.” Puffing up her small cheeks, Qiao Mu yanked at him with her tightly grasped palm as she daintily called, “Mo Lian.”

However, while holding her hand, Mo Lian made a detour into an out-of-the-way alley and finally stopped beneath a meandering stone arch bridge.

A three-meter-tall stone pagoda stood next to the arch bridge, with several green shrubs planted beside it. Since it was the winter season, all their leaves had fallen off their branches.

He merely stood there with a tall and aloof back silhouette. Qiao Mu couldn’t bear it anymore and yanked on his sleeve again. “Lian!”

Suddenly turning around, Mo Lian pulled her into his embrace and pressed her tightly against his chest with one hand, while he gently stroked her black hair with the other.

While pursing his lips faintly, the man hung his head. It was only after a good while that he apologized, "Sorry, I've made you suffer again."

"In the future, we won't enter the palace and deal with all that nonsense. I won't let you encounter this kind of matter again, okay?" He nuzzled the top of her small head with his chin as he said this with displeasure.

"Look at you, I didn't even get that angry, so why be this furious?" As Qiao Mu raised her hand to tug at a lock of his hair, she gently placated, "It's not like you didn't know that your father is a dotard, so what's the point of getting angry with him."

"Besides, your attitude towards your parents earlier was very bad. Don't be like this next time," Qiao Mu reprimanded gently.

"I'm angry at them because they don't treat you well." Mo Lian nuzzled the top of her head in irritation.

Because you are my darling, so I hope that the entire world will treat you as a darling...

Mo Lian's thoughts were too easy to comprehend.

At this, Qiao Mu's gaze quivered, and then she snuggled into his embrace. "But, your mother originally had misgivings towards me. If you act like this, they'll probably dislike me even more."

"You don't have to bother about Courtesan Zheng's matters anymore." A cold glint flickered within Qiao Mu's eyes. "Since she dared to scheme against me, I definitely won't let her meet a good end."

"I'll have her be dealt with." *Even if it'll make Royal Father unhappy, so what.*

This time around, Mo Lian had steeled his heart in wanting her to die. This woman had crossed his bottom line, actually concocting such a malicious scheme to harm his Qiaoqiao.

The plot failed because his Qiaoqiao was quick-witted, and not because that b*tch had become merciful.

"Courtesan Zheng's favor with the king has never once diminished all these years. She is indeed your father's true love," commented Qiao Mu as she hugged his waist. When she looked up and saw his melancholic expression, she raised her hand to caress his forehead.

"True love." Mo Lian scoffed, and a cold gleam burst forth from his eyes. "I will have her lose everything! And bar her from being interred in the royal tomb even in death!"

If he didn't grind this person's bones into scattering dust, then he wouldn't be able to dispel the hatred in his heart.

"Lian..." Qiao Mu wanted to console him further, but he followed by hugging her tightly.

"No one can bully you," he whispered into her ear in a low voice.

After a moment of contemplation, she decided to let it be. *Don't be fooled by how this guy normally liked to ask you with a honeyed 'okay?' just as if he was asking for your opinion.* In actuality, he had long made a decision in his heart.

In any case, it'd be fine as long as she made a move before he did.

Besides, she just so happened to have newly learned a rather interesting talisman, so she was looking to try it on someone!

Chapter 920: Luckless

While Courtesan Zheng was being dragged out of Sophora Flower Palace and into the Cold Palace, the cut on her leg was still bleeding continuously.

Nanny Su wiped her tears and aggressively pulled at the other elderly nannies, but how was she a match for those robust nannies, who in turn silenced her with several slaps.

“Per the king’s orders, Noble Consort Zheng is evil-minded and without morals. In order to frame the crown prince consort, she wantonly murdered royal progeny. No one can be her equal in the malevolence and danger in her heart. From today on, she will be demoted to Palace Maid and relocated to Chonghua Palace. Without royal decree, she is prohibited from stepping out of Chonghua Palace for life.”

Zheng Ru collapsed to the floor. Upon seeing this, Nanny Su hastily ran over to help her up with all her might.

Gong Chang’an involuntarily sighed as he looked at the tragic pair of master and servant, but he still declared while rolling up the royal decree, “Zheng Ru, the king is very disappointed in you. You actually harmed your flesh and blood with your own hands just to frame the crown prince consort, even spurring a serious conflict between the king and crown prince. The truth of this matter has already been ascertained. From today on, you can set your mind at rest and reflect upon yourself inside this Chonghua Palace. We’re leaving!”

Afterwards, Gong Chang’an turned around, leading four to five elderly nannies, as well as several junior eunuchs, outside Chonghua Palace.

“Eunuch Gong, Eunuch Gong!!” Lifting her skirt to kneel down, Nanny Su frantically shuffled forward on her knees while bitterly wailing, “Eunuch Gong, please put in a good word in front of the king. Our Highness has been wrongly accused, Eunuch Gong. She absolutely did not harm royal progeny!”

The crown prince consort’s motive was simply execrable!

She evidently knew that Her Highness wasn’t pregnant at all, yet she told the king that Her Highness the Noble Consort had personally harmed royal progeny.

What kind of terrifying woman was she!

Gong Chang’an abruptly halted and looked back, a chill flickering past his eyes. “Capture her.”

“Slap her mouth!”

Two nefarious elderly nannies immediately pounced over, each clamping down on one of Nanny Su’s arms.

Slap, slap, slap!

“You better remember this clearly. From today on, there is no ‘Her Highness.’ You are an elderly nanny, while she, is merely an unfavored old palace maid!”

“Let’s go!” Gong Chang’an waved his hand, leading everyone out of this Cold Palace.

While he walked out, he couldn’t help but looking back at the person inside and inwardly warning himself: *You must not be as foolish as the woman inside.*

It was simply too ridiculous how she herself ended up inside the Cold Palace after stirring up so much trouble.

On the way back to the Central Palace, Queen Zhao kept mum for a long time before turning to look at Elderly Nanny Huaxuan, who was slowly walking alongside the royal carriage.

“Do you think that the crown prince consort truly doesn’t know that Zheng Ru had faked her pregnancy?”

Raising her head slightly, Huaxuan turned to curtsy to Queen Zhao. “In reality, Your Majesty already knows the answer, is that not so?”

Queen Zhao only felt a chill in her heart.

This time, Courtesan Zheng had truly gone for wool and come back shorn. She had originally planned to coordinate together with Priest Dayu to frame the crown prince consort for this miscarriage.

Yet who would’ve known that she received the infamy of “murdering her own son in order to frame the crown prince consort” instead.

Courtesan Zheng shouldn’t dream of getting out of Chonghua Palace in this lifetime.

“Your Majesty, you should be very clear after witnessing these incidents. Do not easily offend this small porcupine. Once she starts spiking people with her quills, it will be fatal.”

Queen Zhao felt that she probably had to scrutinize this crown prince consort anew.

When the royal carriage passed by Chonghua Palace, Queen Zhao looked back for a glance...