

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 255

The next day, a copy of the evidence and details of the Minister of Works' youngest brother taking advantage of his position and embezzling funds were handed to each of the censors.

The censors led by Censor Zhao all bristled in anger and sent a flurry of remonstrations to the crown prince.

The Minister of Works was caught unprepared by this matter and was buried head deep in his own troubles, so he naturally did not have any more energy to stir trouble with the crown prince.

On the other hand, the crown prince was sitting in the study and silently listening to Huifeng's report.

"Vassal King of An'nan personally led the group to escort the commandery princess out of the city today, claiming that they were going to find the Ghost Doctor of the Ghost Sect and try their best to save the commandery princess' face," Huifeng calmly said. "However, the royal physicians said that the commandery princess' eye can't be repaired even if they saved her appearance."

The crown prince nodded, uninterested in hearing more about Hui'an's matter.

"The hidden guards of the Vassal King of An'nan's Estate who were sent to investigate the cause behind Nian Kui's self-detonation were all dealt with by the Hidden Pavilion, so the Vassal King of An'nan probably understood Your Highness' intent since he didn't send any more scouts later."

The crown prince snorted. "Tactful of him."

If they dared to hold any motives toward his little one again, he did not mind giving the king's sworn brother a lift to his demise.

"Your Highness, the food transported by the soldiers of the South Battalion arrived this morning."

“Very good. Have Song Yuan of the Ministry of Revenue settle this batch of supplies.” The crown prince stood up and walked outside as he coldly asked, “How is the king doing at Mt. Hong recently?”

Huifeng lowered his head as his lips twitched. ‘The king isn’t doing that well! It would be strange if the king could have a delightful time when Your Highness is causing trouble for the king in every way possible!’

“Twelfth Prince! Twelfth Prince, be careful! His Highness the Crown Prince is discussing politics in the southern study! Your Highness can’t charge in so rashly!” The wet nurse’s anxious voice could be heard from far away.

“Eldest Brother, Eldest Brother!” A tiny, round, purple-and-red figure strenuously stepped over the high door sill of the study and rolled to his brother’s feet in a tumble. He hugged his brother’s thigh and started wailing, “Eldest Brother, Eldest Brother! Grand Tutor Li hit my study companion, Song Xiaotie! Eldest Brother, you must seek justice for me! Hit him for me! Hit him!”

Huifeng: “...”

The crown prince speechlessly looked at his young brother who was bawling at his feet before looking up at the pale-faced, middle-aged man in cyan robes who bowed in greeting.

“This official greets Your Highness the Crown Prince.”

“Please rise, Grand Tutor.” The crown prince pressed his temples, feeling a headache rising. He picked up a certain brat, who was tightly hugging his thigh and unwilling to release him, and propped the brat on his leg. He exasperatedly looked at the poised and gentlemanly grand tutor in his cyan robes. “Grand Tutor, what happened?”

Without waiting for Grand Tutor Li to answer, the five-year-old brat, Mo Yu, took the initiative to cry thief and tattled, “Eldest Brother, it’s him! He hit my study companion, Song Xiaotie! He’s unreasonable! I don’t want to study! No more studying!”

Huifeng: ‘...His Young Highness is challenging his brother’s patience!’

“Grand Tutor Li is the most knowledgeable person in the Royal College and even taught me, your brother!” The crown prince brusquely lifted the child and was both annoyed and amused as he looked at the child whose face was flushed from crying. “What did you do that caused Sir Grand Tutor to punish you and dragged down the Minister of Revenue’s third son?”

“Your Highness the Crown Prince, it’s Xiaotie’s fault. Xiaotie wanted to have fun and led His Twelfth Highness to skip our lessons...” the seven-year-old Song Xiaotie guiltily cast his head down.

Mo Yu immediately jumped up and swayed his head with a hand clutching it. “Eldest Brother, Yu’er’s head really hurts from studying every day! Can Yu’er not study anymore?”

The crown prince gently smiled at Mo Yu. “Today, your head won’t be the only thing hurting, your hand and bum will hurt even more! Bring me a ferule!”

Xiao’xi’zi covered his mouth. “...”