

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 311

A sharp glint flitted through Queen Zhao's eyes, and she called, "Seize this rowdy wretched servant outside and flog him to death!"

"Yes." Senior Royal Maid Hexiang immediately bowed and led a group of burly women toward him.

They converged on him from both sides and easily grabbed a hold of the thin eunuch. Then they started walking outside the garden.

Xiao'en'zi's teeth chattered in fear, and he kept screaming, "T-this servant came here on Noble Consort Zheng's order, Your Majesty! This servant came here on Noble Consort Zheng—"

"Slap his mouth!" Queen Zhao angrily shouted, interrupting Xiao'en'zi's words, and heavily slapped the table.

A stern-faced servant carrying a ferule instantly walked out from behind Hexiang, and howls of pain quickly escaped the captured Xiao'en'zi's mouth.

"THE KING IS HERE!!!"

"Her Highness Noble Consort Zheng is here!"

"Your Majesty, Your Majesty! Save me, Your Highness, save me, Your Highness! Xiao'en'zi only came here on Your Highness' order to request for medicine! Who knew Her Majesty the Queen would start beating me up without distinguishing between right and wrong!" Xiao'en'zi yelled as he kept struggling in the two women's grasp.

Both of his cheeks were inflamed and mutilated from the ferule at this point, and blood kept dripping from the corner of his mouth.

“What are you doing, Queen?” The King of the Mo Kingdom, Mo Lei, asked as he walked over with Noble Consort Zheng, whose belly was round with a child.

The King was wearing a homely brocade robe. He was about 50 years old, but his eyes looked empty and his face carried his age and fatigue quite obviously.

As for the Noble Consort Zheng next to the King, she was in her 20s—as young and beautiful as a blooming flower.

Currently, Noble Consort Zheng was seductively pressed against the King’s side and holding his arm with one arm as she gently supported her protruding stomach with her other hand. She sent a provocative look to Queen Zhao before saying, “My king, hurry and make Sister Queen stop!”

Noble Consort Zheng rubbed against the King’s arm and daintily exclaimed, “Xiao’en’zi is about to be killed by Sister.”

“Your Majesty, a kingdom has its laws and a clan has its rules. Consort Zheng allowed her servant to trespass the Central Palace, so this servant’s crime deserves to be punished by death! As for Consort Zheng, this Empress will take into consideration of her pregnancy and how she is carrying a noble son for Your Majesty, and this Empress will spare her this time.”

Noble Consort Zheng’s nose was almost distorted from her rage, and she harshly glared at the Queen.

A second later, she turned around and leaned on the King like a cute and helpless-looking bird. She feebly cried with fake sobs, “Your Majesty, Sister is too tyrannical! Hurry and talk to her.”

Mo Lei looked a bit embarrassed, “Um, My Queen, don’t get angry at Noble Consort. Noble Consort is still young, so be the bigger person. Servants...”

Fury boiled in Queen Zhao's chest, and she nearly fainted from her rage.

How many times had the King bemoaned about her age?! Not a single woman could tolerate words like that!

\*Swish!\* An arrow suddenly pierced Xiao'en'zi's throat. The junior eunuch could not hide his gloating expression before he astonishingly discovered the thick blood dripping from his throat, and he heavily fell backward.

A team of royal guards nervously surrounded them, and the captain, He Tian, held his bow with one hand and waved his arm as he solemnly called, "Protect the King! Be careful about the zombie attacking you!"

The King's hand around Noble Consort Zheng involuntarily shuddered, and Noble Consort Zheng was covering her mouth in shock, an exclamation breaking loose from her lips.

By now, the King's heart would start trembling as soon as he heard the word "zombie."

"HIS HIGHNESS THE CROWN PRINCE IS HERE!"

Following the announcement, a slender and fair figure dressed in pearl white strode toward the Brocade Pavilion.