

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 621

“We are killing you, this witch, who is ruining the kingdom and causing suffering to the people in order to police villainy and punish evil! So as to keep to the correct path!” Like lightning, the sword in Mo Lian’s hand had already arrived at Noble Consort Zheng’s head.

Noble Consort Zheng shrieked and squeezed into the old king’s embrace with all her might. Feeling a chill, she reached behind her head before discovering that the sword energy had chopped off a part of her fine black hair.

Nearly about to faint, Noble Consort Zheng hugged the old king with a death grip as she shrieked while bawling her eyes out, “My king, my king, save me, my king!!”

King Mo quickly hugged his beloved consort and frantically waved a hand back and forth as he repeatedly shouted, “My royal son!! My royal son, my royal son—”

Mo Lian glared coldly with a sullen face at his old father who was blocking his way. “You step aside.”

Everyone: “...”

Crown Prince the Great, your tone of voice doesn’t seem right!

“My royal son!” The old king hastily pushed his beloved consort behind himself and tried to smooth things over. “Put your sword away, put it away, put your sword away!”

“Put it away and then speak, okay, my royal son.” The old king retreated several steps backwards in succession while guarding Noble Consort Zheng. Immediately afterwards, though, he felt that he was being a bit cowardly by acting like this in front of his son and daughter-in-law. He quickly thrust out his chest and chided, “Preposterous! Crown Prince, how could you draw your sword at your concubine mother so readily? It really is too...”

“Anyways, immediately put your sword away! Quickly!” Seeing that Mo Lian remained unmoved, the old king couldn’t stay composed any longer and quickly ran forwards.

Seeing his feeble-minded royal father charge straight at the tip of his sword, Mo Lian could only put away his sword with an inexplicable expression.

“My royal son! That’s right, everyone can talk things out. We’re all one family, so there isn’t anything that can’t be said.” The king released a sigh of relief before turning to face the crown prince consort, who wore a bone-chilling expression and had not a hint of warmth.

“Cough.” The king was momentarily at a loss for words when he saw that small stoic face.

It was only after organizing his thoughts with difficulty that he said in a low voice, “Crown Prince Consort, as you’ve seen, Handsome Fairness Huang has already pleaded guilty and has died for it. She admitted that she sent people to kidnap your mother and sister in addition to slandering the noble consort. Since this incident is unrelated to my beloved consort, let’s drop this matter.”

Qiao Mu merely swept a cold gaze at the king before turning around, walking outside without saying a word.

The king’s heart jolted slightly. He only felt that his daughter-in-law’s despising look simply made him feel incomparably crushed.

“Shriek!!” Qingluan, who dived down from the sky, raised all of the royal guard’s hackles in the blink of an eye, putting them on high alert.

“Pulverize this vile place for me!” Qiao Mu bellowed angrily.

At her order, Qingluan abruptly spat out a mouthful of icy frost at Noble Consort Zheng's bedchamber, and a storm of hailstones pelted it at once in a downpour.

The entire roof was riddled into a sieve by this terrifying burst of icy winds and frosty rain.

As bits of rubble from within each hole in the roof fell down into the interior, the king and noble consort quickly rushed out of the bedchamber while being escorted by the royal guard.

Immediately, they saw the crown prince consort leap up onto Qingluan's back, looking down at them from high above. She spoke in a never-before freezing tone of voice, "Courtesan Zheng! Today, I will let you off for the time being on the crown prince's account! If you offend me again, even if you are the Heavenly King or from the Six Prefectures and Three Provinces, I will have your entire family die without a burial place! Just like this palace!"

"Boom!!" As soon as Qiao Mu finished speaking, Noble Consort Zheng flusteredly looked behind her with bulging eyeballs and witnessed Sophora Flower Palace's previously intact main bedchamber completely disintegrating into rubble within a split second.

On the other hand, the old king clutched at his chest in continual terror.