

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 786

Get out of here!

The king kicked Eldest Prince Mo Jiao into tumbling on the ground.

The tear stains on his face had yet to dry, and he looked up dazedly at his old man in confusion.

The old king picked up a ruler in passing and slapped it at Mo Jiao's back. "You think your father doesn't know what cunning plot you're scheming? You think your father, I, am a dotard?"

The eldest prince was stupefied!

He had come over to make a timely stance and demonstrate his fine moral character of loving and protecting his younger brother, yet his old man still berated him for that? If this wasn't called being a dotard, then what was?

"Royal Father, Royal Father!"

Yet the old king still gave Mo Jiao's back two sound slaps with the ruler. "You calculated this exact moment to come here and make a show of your obedience! You want to say that you weren't the one who found people to surreptitiously release those prisoners from the Ministry of Justice's prison?"

Mo Jiao: ... What did I do?

"Don't think that your Royal Father has become a dotard! How could We possibly not know those tiny ulterior motives of yours? What do you want to lead soldiers to Beilan City for? Are you rescuing your royal brother or going there to harm him??"

The Minister of Justice, Mao Kangfu, hastily crawled forward, reaching out to block the ruler that the old king was brandishing. "My king, my king, this incident is unrelated to the eldest prince! This official's identity pendant was probably stolen by the recently notorious thief Ding Tingding."

"What?" The old king turned around while holding the ruler and stared incisively at Mao Kangfu. "Why didn't you say this earlier?"

Mao Kangfu was unable to respond.

Indeed, he had originally wanted to cover this incident up. After all, how glorious was it to tell others about it?

Ding Tingding had left him a message stating that he would steal his identity pendant within 24 hours.

He had already put up a 360-degree defense without any blind spots, so how would he have expected that his identity pendant would actually disappear without a trace when it was time!

Wuwuwu. He indeed didn't want to tell the king that Ding Tingding was the one who had stolen his identity pendant. However, seeing that the king was berating the eldest prince, it would drive a wedge in this father-and-son relationship if he were to continue concealing this incident.

"Royal Father!" Once the eldest prince heard this, he immediately wept so much that he had tears and snot running down his face. "This son truly is innocent! This son is of course leading soldiers to Beilan City to rescue Sixth Brother. This son can swear to the heavens that my words are by no means false!"

Was he stupid? Even if he wanted to find a chance to exterminate the crown prince, it wasn't possible for him to kill the crown prince while leading troops under Royal Father's nose?

He said that he wasn't a dotard! This was f*cking what being a dotard meant!

The eldest prince criticized the old king incessantly on the inside. The old king had lashed him so hard with the ruler that there were traces of blood, and he couldn't stop hissing from anger and pain.

This d*mned old fellow! They were both his sons, yet it really was a world of difference how he, who was the son of a consort, was treated. Even when they were young, this old father looked after the crown prince with the utmost care and was so unconditionally biased towards him. His heart was so partial that it had veered off course to the Northwestern Desert!

It was only then that the old king coughed awkwardly, aware that he had wrongly blamed Mo Jiao. He tossed the ruler to the floor and hollered frustratedly at Gong Chang'an, who was beside him. "Why haven't you gone to summon a physician from the Royal Physician Building to come tend to the eldest prince's injuries!"

"Mo Jiao, Royal Father knows what you're thinking." The old king said coldly with a frown, "We can tell you that the things you all are pining for, the crown prince doesn't care about at all. This is the most essential difference between him and all of you."

Mao Kangfu's cold sweat was gushing down.

He didn't expect that the old king would actually admonish his eldest son in front of him today.

Could you father and son have your daily spat behind closed doors! What was he, an official, to do upon hearing this?