

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 825

Queen Zhao instantly became enraged. Noble Consort Zheng was simply rubbing her nose into it.

Previously, her son had come to tell her this, that this stoic face wasn't going to enter the palace on New Year's Eve. She was only going to enter the palace on New Year's Day to give her wishes to the king and queen, as well as participate in the New Year's feast.

According to the convention of previous years, all the prince consorts, princesses, commandery princesses, noble ladies, and noble misses, had to enter the palace and join the New Year's Eve activity as a formality, yet her own daughter-in-law said that she wasn't coming, just like that. When all was said and done, this made her lose some face.

She had only felt better after Huaxuan consoled her again early this morning, yet Consort Zheng, this b\*tch, stabbed Her Majesty the Queen's angsty heart with one sentence!

Noble Consort Zheng chuckled while covering her lips. "This noble consort has heard that the eldest prince consort had personally paid a visit to invite the crown prince consort to her plum blossom banquet but was barred outside the door."

Subsequently, everyone's gazes shifted to the eldest prince consort Shu Quan, who was sitting in the first seat in the second row on the left.

Shu Quan stood up naturally without restraint, performing a curtsy towards the queen before doing the same for the noble consort. With the bearing of a miss from a prominent family, she said evenly, "It was Quan'er who was rude and impetuous. Quan'er did not get barred outside the door. The Marchioness of Jiayuan personally welcomed Quan'er, relaying that the crown prince consort has felt unwell ever since returning to the capital."

Queen Zhao's expression eased up slightly, and she said with a nod, "This queen has also heard. This queen still hasn't congratulated Consort Cheng for picking a new daughter-in-law."

A middle-aged consort sitting below Noble Consort Zheng also said with a smile, "It's all thanks to Your Majesty's magnificent grace. The estate plans to welcome Li Xiu'e after the New Year Festival."

Queen Zhao's expression was indescribable.

Consort Cheng's Mo Jiao married one pretty concubine after another, yet why did her own outstanding son seem as if he were bewitched by the little stoic? In his eyes, there was no one other than that little stoic.

"The queen dowager probably can't make it back for this New Year's Festival. She's still recuperating at Ziyu Mountain Villa." Queen Zhao said with a smile, "Tomorrow's noon banquet will be held in this queen's Brilliant Sun Hall."

Early tomorrow morning, the king would summon all the civil and military officials to hold a grand ceremony, after which would be the New Year's feast. At that time, there would be another round of bestowals and gifts.

Seeing that the queen diverted the conversation, refusing to keep discussing that unruly crown prince consort with her, she involuntarily harrumphed and thought: I don't believe you, née Zhao, are that fond of that stoic face daughter-in-law!

Queen Zhao's momentary change in expression just now could already very much demonstrate a problem.

Since née Zhao was nursing a grievance toward that little stoic, then she naturally had to make good use of this. Noble Consort Zheng curved her lips. Whenever she thought about how she previously got trounced by the little stoic, she would feel resentful, unable to rest or eat in peace.

The crowd of noble ladies and young misses below were already animatedly starting to discuss the clothes and makeup they ought to wear to tomorrow's New Year's feast.

Meanwhile, even though Queen Zhao found herself in the most distinguished seat in the main hall, her heart felt exceptionally lonely. She felt as if there were a layer of gauze separating her from those madams and misses' continuously chattering voices. They were seemingly indistinct to her ears.

On the other hand, the entire Qiao Family was greatly rejoicing in their estate.

Everyone had crowded inside the spacious sitting room. The adults were busy wrapping dumplings, while the children were fooling around while kneading the flour.

The Qiao Family had given all the servants a vacation, letting them return home for their family reunions. They could return tomorrow noon.

The remaining few servants without families had all been called over to help as assistants.

The loyal old servants, Chang Zai, Old Bai, and Mother Xu, had long been familiar with the way their masters celebrated the new year.