

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 845

Noble Consort Zheng's expression turned unusually unsightly in a jiffy.

Upon seeing this, Queen Zhao felt much more at ease, and she even secretly praised Noble Lady Ying for knowing how to get things done.

Yet on the surface, she maintained the stance of the main mother as she inquired in deep worry, "My pitiful Little Fifteenth, how is she right now?"

"In answer to Her Majesty's question, the fifteenth princess has been examined by the physician, so her condition has stabilized. However, the physician has also said that the fifteenth princess's illness requires someone to attentively take care of her by her side." While speaking, she still knelt there submissively without moving, assuming an obedient attitude of allowing the queen to punish her as she pleased.

Queen Zhao smiled while remaining calm and collected, "Noble Lady Ying, you can rise. You've saved Little Fifteenth's life, so it's nothing much to have arrived a bit late. You've done very well. Someone, come give her a reward."

Noble Consort Zheng's expression turned particularly unsightly at once, and her pointy nails practically pierced into her palms. In her mind, she lambasted that d\*mned wet nurse a thousand times as malevolent thoughts surged forth.

"Thank you, Your Majesty the Queen." Noble Lady Ying smiled bashfully, and she accepted the queen's reward from the tray before bowing and retreating to her seat, mindful of her place.

Qiao Mu shot a glance at her, whose seat was quite far away from her own, with many commandery princesses and princesses between them.

It was also at this moment that Wu Hongmo escaped her embarrassed situation and stealthily slunk back to her seat, omitting any mention of pleading for Wu Xiaosu again.

Since she wasn't bringing it up, Qiao Mu didn't feel like dealing with her either.

She only heard Queen Zhao using this incident as a pretext to reprimand Noble Consort Zheng. "Sister Zheng, don't you know to watch over Little Fifteenth more closely since her body is frail? If the wet nurse didn't carry Little Fifteenth outside, coincidentally finding Noble Lady Ying to plea for help, tell me, how would things end up?"

Noble Consort Zheng couldn't help but be indignant. On the inside, she had ground her pearly teeth to bits, but on the surface, she had no choice but to stiffly pivot her neck and express her thanks to Noble Lady Ying from a good many short tables away.

Noble Lady Ying shook her head. "It is not worthy of Your Highness's thanks. This concubine only saw that the princess was a bit pitiful, wrapped with only a thin blanket in such cold weather. Since Your Highness is now pregnant and is afraid of getting tainted by the princess's ill vital energy, it is not without fault that Your Highness placed the princess in the side chamber to recuperate. However, some of the princess's daily necessities should not go neglected."

"What?" Queen Zhao was greatly alarmed upon hearing this. "Little Fifteenth has only turned three years old, yet Noble Consort Zheng, you tossed her into the side chamber to recuperate? Even neglecting her to this extent!"

Subsequently, Noble Consort Zheng's eyelid jerked continuously, and she frantically stood up, almost overturning the drinks next to her. "T-That is not so, Your Highness."

"Outrageous!" Queen Zhao seized this opportunity to give Noble Consort Zheng a dressing-down.

The entire Brilliant Sun Hall had gone silent again. Everyone only freaking felt that this New Year's feast today was simply a challenge to their own hearts!

Noble Consort Zheng, the Vassal King Consort of An'nan, the Crown Prince Consort, Her Majesty the Queen—these females of high status were enacting a continuously-revolving full-scale traditional opera. Those noble ladies and madams with mandates didn't even know whether they should continue sitting there, or quickly withdraw so that Her Majesty the Queen could deal with this family affair...

"You really are heartless enough!" Queen Zhao forcefully pounded the table and hollered, "No wonder no one paid any attention when the wet nurse was going everywhere to plead for a doctor, it turned out that it was you! You neglected Little Fifteenth!"

"That is not so, Your Majesty the Queen."

"My pitiful Little Fifteenth." Queen Zhao's eyes were suffused with a cold light. "Hurry and carry this queen's pitiful daughter over so that I can take a careful look!"

At this, the flames in Noble Consort Zheng's heart leaped a meter high, yet her blood abruptly ran cold for no reason.