

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 847

“Three acupuncture treatments will alleviate it initially. Nine acupuncture treatments will be able to completely cure it once and for all.” As Qiao Mu spoke, she was already rapidly administering acupuncture on Little Fifteenth.

“Severe malnutrition.” Qiao Mu coldly shot a glance at Noble Consort Zheng before snickering, “I had never imagined that the child of the great Noble Consort Zheng would also suffer from hunger.”

“Audacious Noble Consort Zheng.” Queen Zhao berated, “How are you taking care of the fifteenth princess!”

Noble Consort Zheng anxiously explained, “This noble consort has always properly looked after Little Fifteenth. What do you mean, Your Majesty the Queen, Little Fifteenth was born from my womb...”

Qiao Mu didn't listen any further, nor was she interested in watching the rest of this drama. While carrying the child, she stood up and walked towards the exit of Brilliant Sun Hall.

When she passed by the kneeling wet nurse, she coldly gazed at her before sneering, “Selling out your master for glory. Take a guess, will your master let you off?”

The wet nurse looked up at her in shock, and then her entire body started shaking uncontrollably.

“Crown Prince Consort, Crown Prince Consort.” Several royal maids came running after her, softly reminding, “The official noon banquet hasn't started yet.”

Did the crown prince consort not see that there were already dark clouds looming over Her Majesty the Queen who was seated in the chief seat?

Or was it that the crown prince consort had seen it, yet pretended to not have? She was looking down on Her Majesty the Queen too much, right.

“I’m full.” Qiao Mu’s icy gaze swept across the several royal maids, scaring them into abruptly withdrawing their hands, not daring to stop her anymore.

She had never been a person that made herself suffer. Since this Brilliant Sun Hall was so depressing that it made her want to go out to take a breath of fresh air, why did she have to force herself to continue sitting there?

“This subject will go check on the crown prince consort.” Wei Ziqin was worried about her daughter, so she got up with Qiao Lin. After curtsying towards the sullen queen sitting in the chief seat, she then pulled along her daughter and strode outside by taking two steps in place of two.

“Ha, how can someone that comes from a small household be presentable. She doesn’t know a bit of etiquette at all.” The female who spoke was twenty-five years old. She was dressed in a garnet red jacket with overlapping lapels, which was embroidered with flower clusters in a two-tone jade-green and earthy-brown color scheme. The hairpin she was wearing was a rose gem set in gold wiring, grandiosely flaunting her wealth and status. Her face looked quite gorgeous, but her brows gave her a very harsh look.

This was precisely the Mo Kingdom’s one and only fourth princess Mo Shuang. She had been married, but she kicked up a row to divorce with her now ex-husband, forcing the pitiful him to death. At present, she was keeping gigolos even though she was supposedly living in widowhood.

Although Queen Zhao was angry at the little stoic, she was even more infuriated upon seeing this fourth princess, and she glared ferociously at Consort Liu. “Why did you bring her too.”

Consort Liu was precisely the fourth princess’s birth mother, and she protested aggrievedly, “Your Majesty the Queen, today is the first day of the new year, according to the rules...”

“Alright, alright.” The queen wasn’t patient enough to listen to Consort Liu’s rebuttal, and she declared while gazing coldly at Noble Consort Zheng, “This matter, I will report to His Majesty in detail. Since you are unable to take care of the fifteenth princess, then this queen will make a decision for you.”

“What do you want to do?” Noble Consort Zheng shouted in alarm.

On the other hand, when Wei Ziqin chased outside with her younger daughter in tow, she happened to see her eldest daughter carrying a small child and standing beneath the veranda to wait for them.

Seeing that her mother and sister followed her out, Qiao Mu’s icy gaze eased up slightly, and she nodded at them while comforting, “I’m fine, Mom. You don’t need to worry.”

“You child.” Wei Ziqin sighed, and then she pulled Qiao Lin along as she walked up to and hugged her eldest daughter. “But you’re unhappy on the inside.”