

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 861

It was evident that the king was unaware of this situation. After being taken aback by these words, he said with a smile, "Marquis of Jiayuan, We have never heard you mention that your main family is the capital's Qiao Family."

Qiao Zhongbang stood up with a hint of anger restrained between his brows.

Unfortunately, before he could speak, Qiao Dongbo cut him off. "That is correct. We both belong to the same clan. Previously, it was because of the servants' incompetence that caused the marquis to have a misunderstanding toward the main family."

"In reality, the Qiao Clan's main family very much welcomes the marquis's family's return. With the crown prince consort's cultivation and abilities, she doesn't even need to go through the clan competition and can directly enter the clan's martial hall for study. After the Lantern Festival, we hope that the crown prince consort can represent our Qiao Clan for the competition." A smile blossomed like a chrysanthemum on Qiao Dongbo's face, with the wrinkles all over it trembling.

Qiao Zhongbang sneered before turning to cup his hands toward the king. "Reporting to the king. This official was merely a farmer in the past and has broken off relations with the Qiao Clan's main family for more than ten plus years. It is unavoidable that Family Head Qiao's action of bringing up an old case rather seems like claiming kinship to gain favor."

Qiao Dongbo's eyelid twitched, and he couldn't resist bellowing, "How can blood and family ties be broken off so easily? One day as a Qiao Clan member, one lifetime as the Qiao Clan's seed!"

"Shameless old bastard." Duan Yue snorted.

People who weren't blind could clearly see that this black-hearted patriarch from the Qiao Clan only wanted to make Qiaoqiao return to the clan after witnessing her shocking talent. Participate in the competition?

He had enough cheek to actually dare say such a thing!

On the other hand, Qiao Mu looked on coldly without uttering a word. She merely held her small soup bowl in her hands and drank the meat soup one spoonful after another.

Qiao Zhongbang vigorously flung his sleeves. "Family Head Qiao! Please conduct yourself with dignity."

Qiao Dongbo was so livid that his face had turned green, and he bounced up with a bellow. "Eldest Nephew, you're being selfish like this!"

While sitting up above the audience hall, Queen Zhao stared coldly with taut lips at the people from the Qiao Estate, and a faint trace of disgust crept up from the bottom of her heart.

Qiao Dongbo's eldest son, Qiao Zhongde, then remarked with a scoff, "Dad, what is there to say with these people who have forgotten their origins? After all, he is someone who is able to harden his heart and toss his old mother into a rundown temple to suffer the wind and get drenched in the rain."

Wei Ziqin's heart sank with a thump.

All the officials third-rank and above had congregated today, and the eight great patrician families were also present. If this black-hearted Qiao Dongbo successfully labeled them as "people who forgot their origins," then she couldn't imagine what rumors about her husband would be spreading around the capital by tomorrow!

Sure enough, the moment Qiao Zhongde spoke this, everyone in the audience hall gasped, and they all looked at Qiao Zhongbang with peculiar gazes.

After all, even the king would constantly have the words "filial piety" on his lips nowadays. The whole kingdom, from the leadership to the rank and file, all advocated filial piety. What fealty could be

expected if a person couldn't even perform the most essential filial piety? If he were to walk out on the streets, people would be pointing fingers at him in condemnation.

Mo Lian set down the cup in his hand, and his phoenix eyes coldly swept over Qiao Zhongde. "If you are speaking about Elderly Lady Qiao, then what a coincidence! We can bear witness that it was Elderly Lady Qiao who kicked up a fuss, insisting on leaving the marquis's estate with her youngest son and youngest daughter-in-law no matter what. Is there a problem with this? Also, what is this about a rundown temple?"

Qiao Zhongde's entire body involuntarily tensed when Mo Lian's icy gaze swept over him.

There was a trace of horrifying deterrence in the eyes of the man before him, as if merely an arctic gaze was enough to put him to death by a thousand cuts.