

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 926

Qiao Mu's figure instantly vanished into the night.

She flitted out of the Qiao Residence, heading straight for the royal palace's interior.

An amusing show had also taken place in Chonghua Palace that night.

In the past, Zheng Ru was a favored consort, always putting on a high and mighty air wherever she went.

Now that she had fallen into dire straits, there were plenty of people who were rushing over to step on her.

Noble Consort Lin, also the third prince Mo Teng's mother who was always at odds with her, specially gave Chonghua Palace's senior manager a reminder.

The senior manager immediately took the hint.

In the first hour after Zheng Ru moved into Chonghua Palace, the "old consorts" in the Cold Palace taught her a ruthless lesson with their fists and feet before throwing her into the most remote woodshed on the west side.

They even euphemistically called it giving this has-been noble consort the optimal treatment of living by herself in this woodshed.

Everyone else lived in the same court, without this preferential treatment for the has-been noble consort! Even though it was small, it was still her own private area after all, right?

Even so, how could Zheng Ru withstand this beating after having been so pampered and spoiled?

That night, she contracted a high fever after being seized by an outburst of anger, causing Nanny Su to be so anxious that blisters broke out on her mouth.

In addition, a vicious old nanny had beaten her again just now to the point that her lips had cracked and her entire face was badly swollen. She and Zheng Ru both needed a doctor and medicine.

However, she had been mercilessly derided again by Chonghua Palace's manager after going there to beg for medicine in the middle of the night.

Her original words were: 'What do you think you people are? Still that Her Highness the Noble Consort of Sophora Flower Palace? Do your lowly statuses deserve for me to go to the Royal Physician Building and request for a doctor in the middle of the night? Don't be kidding me! Hurry and scam back to where you came from, or else you won't be getting off without a good beating.'

When Nanny Su recalled those old consorts' vicious methods, she promptly dared not make a fuss anymore. She quickly drew a bucket of water back to the woodshed, planning to apply a cold compress to help Zheng Ru lower her body temperature.

Who knew that upon pushing open the door to the woodshed, she would see Consort Zheng painfully flipping onto the floor, clutching her belly as she rolled back and forth. Nanny Su dropped the bucket of water in her alarm, and she strode over to help Zheng Ru up, repeatedly asking, "Xiao Ru, Xiao Ru, how are you? Xiao Ru."

"Nanny, it hurts so much, Nanny, so painful, so painful." Zheng Ru clutched Nanny Su's hand. It was so painful that she had teared up and her face had turned ghastly pale.

"Xiao Ru." Nanny Su stared at Zheng Ru's face in shock as the skin on Zheng Ru's chin, as if scorched by fire, creased up and simultaneously produced a ring of blisters around it.

Zheng Ru simply didn't realize what had happened to her face. She only felt like seas and rivers were overturning in her stomach, as if almost wanting to burn her death. It was so painful that her body was drenched in cold sweat.

After slinking over stealthily, Qiao Mu just so happened to witness Zheng Ru's tragic state.

Wow, it really was such a coincidence that the beautifying pill's effects were finally taking effect. As she had mused, the addition of that heat poison nether posy was totally incomparable to the six yang poisonous flower's intense effects.

If she had procured the six yang poisonous flower earlier back then and added it to this beautifying pill, it wouldn't have required her to wait for more than half a month for it to flare up.

Qiao Mu had not the slightest bit of sympathy in her heart.

If it weren't for this Zheng Ru who concocted such an evil scheme to frame her earlier that day, how would she have used this opportunity to throw her in this Cold Palace?

What was this called?

This was called shooting yourself in the foot, with only yourself to blame.

Qiao Mu quietly stood outside the window as she chillingly watched the yelping pair of master and servant inside.