

# THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 585: Following Orders

Zhao Xuanjing smiled. His smile was cold and distant, making people nervous.

“Pang Xiyuan doesn’t care about anything. Among the concubines at home, some of them were other men’s wives, and some were singers who had traveled thousands of kilometers to be with him. The title of concubine means nothing to him. It doesn’t make sense that a woman who gave birth to his child is just a maidservant, right?”

Xie Qiao realized that suddenly.

It made sense.

That Pang Xiyuan was lascivious and had to boast that he was affectionate. How could such a person sleep with another woman and give birth to a child without caring anything about it?

It did not make sense.

So, what the Crown Prince meant was, could it be that Young Lady Pang’s biological mother was someone else?

However, what did Young Lady Pang’s biological mother have to do with this case?

Could it be that the Crown Prince thought the reason why Pang Xiyuan knew the murderer but did not investigate further was because he had a close relationship with the woman who once slept with Nie Fei?

Thinking of that, although it sounded a little coincidental, Xie Qiao could not help but thought it made sense.

When the old man heard what the Crown Prince said, his expression had already changed.

Shock and anxiousness could not be suppressed on that sunken face.

“Tell me, what’s happened? Who is this Young Lady Pang’s birth mother?” Zhao Xuanjing asked the old man.

The old man’s legs trembled. “I-I don’t know...”

“You don’t know?” Zhao Xuanjing sneered. “You were the one who knew about the incident of people being buried alive. According to the law, I can have you arrested and punished right away. However, seeing that you’re not young anymore and are loyal, I’ll let you go.

“Now, if you’re still don’t speak honestly...” Zhao Xuanjing’s eyes were calm and deep. “There are a hundred kinds of punishments at the criminal division that can make you beg for death.”

Xie Qiao lowered her head.

Sigh, this man was quite adorable when he was angry.

Who would not like such a handsome man?

Xie Qiao grinned slightly. She remembered that she had Mo Chusheng’s face at the moment. She suddenly thought it was a pity.

Xie Qiao was still the prettiest.

She held her head with her hands. She was too embarrassed to keep staring at Zhao Xuanjing, so she looked at the old man.

Then, she was a little surprised. "Eh? You don't look like you have no children..."

Although she had looked at the old man before, she did not look at him carefully. She just glanced at him.

After all, this old man was already so old. He might be living a lonely life. If she looked at him too much, she might even feel sympathy for him. She would be the one who would feel uncomfortable.

Therefore, she hardly stared at others.

Unless one was like the Crown Prince, who would make her comfortable no matter how she looked at him...

Zhao Xuanjing was also surprised. "Really?"

"His nose bridge is straight, his ears are thick, so are his eyebrows. His philtrum is straight and deep. He must have a son," Xie Qiao said firmly.

The old man trembled even more at that moment, and even cold sweat broke out.

"You're so loyal to Young Lady Pang, I'm afraid... someone is secretly asking you to do it?" Zhao Xuanjing's gaze was deep and dark. "Since you're a slave, the official slave registry will have a record of

your origin and where you've worked before. Now, even if you don't take the initiative to tell me, your identity will be exposed."

When the old man heard that, he completely collapsed, and his entire body went limp.

"T-This old man indeed has a son. A-All these years, I was just taking orders to take care of the Young Lady..."

Xie Qiao heaved a sigh of relief.

There would be more clues since this person was willing to talk.

They were close to solving the fire murder case.

However, for some reason, she could not help but feel nervous, as if she was worried that Zhao Xuanjing would not be able to solve the case.

She was worrying for nothing.