

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 892

"The crown prince consort is here!"

The king, Mo Lei, who was pacing back and forth in front of the main hall, promptly became invigorated, and he assumed a mighty air as he turned around with a frosty look.

"Qiao Mu greets the king." Qiao Mu walked into the spacious main hall by herself before performing a perfect curtsy in the king's direction.

Mo Lei put on a frown, and with a sharp gaze, he stared fixedly at the young girl before him. He then suddenly questioned, "Crown Prince Consort, do you know why We summoned you so urgently?"

Looking up, Qiao Mu returned the king's gaze in a neither obsequious nor supercilious manner. She just stood there silently without saying a word, merely waiting for the king to continue speaking.

Mo Lei was simply filled with anger!

Sure enough, his old wife wasn't wrong in her harping. Facing such an expressionless stoic face, his mood started turning terrible for some reason.

"Do you know, it was the crown prince who implored Us back then by kneeling for three days and three nights, refusing to rise, that he was finally able to obtain for you the position of the crown prince consort. Otherwise, with your identity, it was absolutely impossible for you to become the crown prince consort."

Qiao Mu promptly cast the old king a glance. "What kind of bull are you spouting? Can Mo Lian do something so cowardly? It should be that he had brought with him a written-up royal betrothal edict and had you directly stamp your seal on it?"

The old king was hopping mad. "You're speaking nonsense!"

Yet he was already exploding in anger on the inside! Sure enough, this son was a gremlin, actually telling his wife everything! It simply made him lose face in front of his daughter-in-law!

"Don't tell me that's not the case." Darling Qiao was angry, so she spoke her mind. "That night, he told me himself that since I was already grown up, we had to settle our engagement before my coming-of-age hairpin ceremony! Getting married wasn't scary, since it was merely going through a formality. And after that, we would be husband and wife!"

At this, the old king's eyes bulged in shock.

His son hoodwinked this little lady like this?

And going through a formality? Getting married was just going through a formality, ha ha...

"And then he entered the palace that night to get a royal betrothal edict from you!" Darling Qiao got more indignant the more she spoke, and she glared at the king as she rebuked, "You big liar! You even said that he knelt for three days and three nights, refusing to get up! The royal edict got issued less than two hours after he entered the palace! You don't even remember the things that you did yourself?"

The old king indeed had forgotten! But it truly was quite embarrassing for his daughter-in-law to expose the bare truth like this.

And what did he hear? What big liar??

He was the king! Simply outrageous.

“We summoned you here today in order to tell you!” The old king flung his sleeves and bellowed furiously, “You didn’t get your identity as the crown prince consort easily, so you need to cherish it well! Yet look at the matters you have stirred up recently.”

“They have even sullied the crown prince’s reputation!”

While standing behind the king, Gong Chang’an very cautiously tugged at the king’s hem, hinting for him to look at the crown prince consort’s long face.

“Although the local customs of our Sikong Planet make our people rather dauntless!”

“However, as the crown prince consort, you must conduct yourself with virtue and scrupulously abide by a woman’s duty. You must not readily attack others again because of trivial matters. Today, you went too far, even storming your main family. You inconvenience the crown prince to personally resolve these troubles for you every single time!”

“Crown Prince Consort, We are solemnly warning you that if you continue to besmirch the crown prince’s reputation, then the next time, We will definitely...”

Slap!! All of a sudden, a blue immobilization talisman stuck to the king’s forehead, instantly causing a certain person’s gesticulating hand to freeze in mid-air.

The king had on a petrified face!