

## **Royal Marriage 61**

### Chapter 61: Going to the Princess Consort

He didn't care at all if it would embarrass her.

Jiang Ning was tired after a long day and didn't want to wait any longer, so she asked Huang Ying and the others not to wait and go to sleep.

But they insisted on waiting.

If the groom doesn't show up on the wedding night, it would become a laughingstock.

What can she expect in the future?

Unexpectedly, someone finally came.

But it wasn't the Prince of Yu, but a young dwarf.

He peeked in hesitantly.

Jiang Ning looked up and laughed, beckoning, "Xiaoqian, come here."

It was the emperor's eldest grandson, Li Tingqian.

Li Tingqian immediately ran to her and grinned, "Little Aunt!"

Jiang Ning sat up and tapped him on the forehead, "Why do you always call me Little Aunt? I'm not your Little Aunt."

Li Tingqian rubbed his head, "I know now that you're not my Little Aunt. But soon you'll be my Little Aunt."

Jiang Ning laughed, "That day when you fell into the water, did everything turn out alright later?"

"I'm fine, I'm perfectly fine." Li Tingqian sat at the edge of the bed, "Little Aunt, you're my savior. But my Emperor Grandfather wouldn't let me visit you, I missed you so much."

"In the future, you can come visit me often."

"Sure!" Li Tingqian nodded.

"Why haven't you returned to the palace so late?" Jiang Ning asked.

"I was just about to return, but I wanted to see Little Aunt before leaving." Li Tingqian took out an oil-paper wrapped package from his bosom, "I heard that on the wedding day, the bride cannot eat anything. Little Aunt, are you hungry? This is the roast chicken I brought specially for you, have a bite."

Upon unwrapping the oil-paper package, it indeed contained half a roast chicken.

Although Jiang Ning's morning sickness had lessened, she still couldn't eat such greasy food. She laughed, "Xiaoqian is so thoughtful. Put it here, I'll eat it when I'm hungry. Tell me, did your Fifth Imperial Uncle get drunk?"

Li Tingqian put the roast chicken on the table, shook his head, and said, "Fifth Imperial Uncle did drink, but he can hold his liquor well, so he wouldn't be drunk."

Jiang Ning laughed, "He's not drunk, then it seems he won't come."

"Fifth Imperial Uncle isn't coming?" Li Tingqian frowned, "This is not acceptable. Little Aunt, don't worry, I'll call for Fifth Imperial Uncle to come!"

He ran out in a hurry.

Prince of Yu was changing his clothes in his room and glanced at him when he heard, "How old are you to meddle in this? Guards, send the emperor's eldest grandson back to the palace."

"Fifth Imperial Uncle, if you treat Little Aunt badly, I will go back and tell my Emperor Grandfather!" Li Tingqian stood akimbo, chin raised, "Emperor Grandfather loves Little Aunt very much!"

"Really?"

"Of course. In the past few months, Emperor Grandfather has visited Little Aunt every day to have a meal and gave her many good things. If you dare treat Little Aunt badly, Emperor Grandfather won't spare you."

The Prince of Yu raised his eyebrows slightly.

Had Father Emperor known that woman long ago?

And visited her every day for meals?

He pondered thoughtfully.

"Your Highness, are you still going to Miss Li's room? Miss Li is eagerly waiting for you. Madam Zhao and Maid Fang have also come to inquire."

Prince of Yu picked up his fan, "Go to the Princess Consort's."

Li Tingqian snorted, "What a bunch of palace maids and mistresses. In a while, I'll tell Little Aunt to drive them all out!"

Prince of Yu said, "You brat, why are you still here? Get back to the palace!"

"I have to see you go to Little Aunt's place, otherwise, I'll go back and tell Emperor Grandfather!"

In the end, Prince of Yu went to the Main Court.

Jiang Ning was drowsy, but when she heard he had arrived, she became fully alert.

Huang Ying and Chunlai greeted him with a smile, "Princess Consort has been waiting for Your Highness."

Prince of Yu glanced towards the bed.

Under the red candlelight, the young girl's cheeks flushed, her smile sweet and her voice soft, "Your Highness has arrived.."

Chapter 62: Maintain Your Dignity

As she sat so gracefully by the bed, her charming smile was enough to make one forget about her crippled leg.

Prince of Yu grunted and walked to the bedside, indifferently saying, "Before I even got here, you'd already taken off your clothes and tore off your head-cover."

Worried that this would displease Prince of Yu, Chunlai hurriedly defended her mistress, "Your Highness, it's not the fault of the Princess Consort. She was suffering from the heat in the palace..."

“No matter,” Prince of Yu responded coldly. “I don’t care anyway.”

Chunlai and Huang Ying exchanged glances, both seeing a trace of worry in each other’s eyes.

It seemed that Prince of Yu was not very satisfied with his Princess Consort.

Chunlai knew Jiang Ning’s temperament better, knowing that despite her carefree appearance, she actually had a bad temper. She was the type of person who would treat others with respect if they showed her an inch of respect as well.

On their wedding night, not only did Prince of Yu leave her alone in the palace, but he also arrived late and spoke disrespectfully as soon as he showed up.

Chunlai was genuinely concerned that her mistress would lose her temper on the spot.

But —

Not only did she not get angry, Jiang Ning’s smile became even more charming and enchanting.

“Huang Ying, Chunlai, you two go rest.” She waved her hand and patted the spot next to her, “Your Highness, it’s tiresome to stand. Come and sit down to talk.”

Chunlai was somewhat worried, but Huang Ying glanced at her and the two slipped out and didn’t go far. Instead, they crept up to the door to eavesdrop on the conversation inside.

Prince of Yu remained unmoved by the tenderly inviting girl.

“I heard that you fainted from heatstroke today. It doesn’t seem that way at all, and you even had the energy to send Xiaoqian to find me.”

“Xiaoqian was just grateful for my help in saving his life, he took the initiative.” Jiang Ning said amiably, not angered at all, “If Xiaoqian hadn’t come, would Your Highness not have come tonight?”

“I planned to go to Miss Li’s room.”

“Miss Li?” Jiang Ning smiled, “She couldn’t even earn the title of Palace Maid, it seems that Your Highness doesn’t hold her in high regard.”

In the Great Sheng Dynasty, a prince could have one Main Consort, two Consorts, and ten Palace Maids, all of whom held official ranks and status.

Consorts were of the fifth rank, and Palace Maids of the sixth.

They were recognized concubines in the household.

As for the so-called “Miss”, she was just an ordinary girl who served in the bedchamber, her status hardly higher than that of a servant girl. They were mostly nameless and without any status.

Before coming here, Jiang Ning had heard that Prince of Yu had two Palace Maids surnamed Zhao and Fang, both bestowed by the Empress. As for the Miss Li, she had never heard of her.

Perhaps because of her low status, no one paid attention to her?

But, if Prince of Yu truly favored her, he should have given her a proper title. Why was he still calling her “Miss”?

Jiang Ning knew perfectly well what Prince of Yu had said.

He mentioned Miss Li not out of any actual regard for her, but merely to irk Jiang Ning.

On their wedding night, he would rather go to a nameless girl's room than to his Main Consort's chambers.

This clearly showed how much he despised her and didn't take her seriously.

After this, what foothold would she, the Princess Consort, have in the family?

Prince of Yu stood still, offering neither motion nor rebuttal to her words.

His expression and gaze maintained a state of indifference and rejection.

Jiang Ning smiled, "I still don't know Your Highness's full name."

"Li Hongyuan."

"I am Jiang Ning."

"I know," Prince of Yu replied coldly, "Tonight is our wedding night. I will stay here until tomorrow morning for the sake of maintaining your dignity.."

Chapter 63: Well then, sleep.

Jiang Ning pointed at the handkerchief on the bed: "What about that?"

It was to be shown to the Empress and the Noble Consort in the palace the next day.

Prince of Yu nonchalantly suggested: "There are elder matrons and maids with you, they surely can think of some method. Use chicken blood, dog blood, any kind of blood. I don't care."

“Good idea. Let’s, sleep then.”

Jiang Ning bent down to take off her shoes and carefully moved onto the bed to lie down.

The red candle flickered in the room, filled with a faint scent, but it was a bit hot.

Prince of Yu said in a cold voice: “Where do you expect this prince to sleep?”

“On the floor, on the table, anywhere. I don’t mind.”

” ” Prince of Yu squinted his eyes slightly.

This woman, seemingly gentle and weak, never gives in an inch.

If it were his usual temper...

This woman will sooner or later die inexplicably.

He took a deep breath, sat next to the table, picked up a tea cup, poured himself a cup of tea, and held it to his mouth for a sip, only to find out that it was wine.

Was the teapot filled with wine?

He lowered his head to take another look, slightly frowning, and turned to call someone for tea—

With a “hoo” sound,

Jiang Ning had extinguished the only lantern by the bed.

The room immediately plunged into darkness, only the faint moonlight that seeped through the window allowed the vague view of shadows in the room.

Li Hongyuan said coldly: "Light the lamp!"

"I can't sleep with the light on."

"You are on the bed and this prince is on the floor, yet you have the face to say such words."

"I can't help it, after all, I am a weak and feeble lady." Jiang Ning turned to look at him, "Your Highness, if you can't sleep, why don't I keep you company with a drink? On our wedding night, we didn't even have our bridal wine."

Li Hongyuan ignored her, he lit the dragon and phoenix candles on the table.

Jiang Ning got out of the bed, limped to the foot of the bed, poured him a cup of wine, and said with a smile: "Your Highness, I know you don't like me, because you had no choice but to marry me, and you are even disgusted by me. As for me, I don't want to displease you. After tonight, we can each lead our own lives. It's best if we can pretend the other doesn't exist, shall we?"

Li Hongyuan responded indifferently: "At least you are self-aware."

"I definitely am." Jiang Ning replied with a smile, "Actually, Your Highness, there's no need to resent me. I'm just an ignorant little girl. I didn't choose to be crippled. Who have I bothered or provoked? Regardless, this is the most important day of my life. This is the only time I will be married in my life. This cup of wine, is for Your Highness."

Li Hongyuan glanced at her, didn't take her cup of wine, poured himself a cup, and drank it all in one gulp.

In the front yard earlier, he was already coaxed into drinking quite a lot by his brothers. Fortunately, he always had a good tolerance for alcohol and was still sober.

But, no matter how much of a heavy drinker one is, there's always a limit.

It's not really true that one would never get drunk.

Jiang Ning appeared harmless, and after several cups of wine, coupled with the fatigue of a busy day, Li Hongyuan began to feel slightly tipsy.

Seeing him slumped on the table, motionless, Jiang Ning prodded his arm: "Li Hongyuan?"

No response.

It seemed that Knockout Drug she had dabbed on the cup was starting to take effect.

"This two-faced little rascal. Do you think I won't dare to hit you just because you're good looking?" Jiang Ning rolled her sleeves up, aiming for his face, and slapped him hard, "You plan to use me and then ditch me in the palace, not caring whether I live or die? I'll make you wear a cuckold's hat for a lifetime, raising somebody else's sons!"

By hook or by crook, she strenuously managed to move him onto the bed after much effort.

She was panting heavily and covered in sweat from the effort.

After a good rest, once she had regained her strength, she began to undress him..

Chapter 64: The King Rewards You Once

Li Hongyuan had already changed out of his wedding attire and was now donning a narrow-waist, arrow-sleeved robe.

This was Jiang Ning's first encounter with such attire; her movements were not particularly adept, but Li Hongyuan was currently out cold, oblivious to whatsoever she was doing to him.

She stripped the robe off him, discarding it onto the floor, removed his undershirt, and yanked off the crown from his head.

Finally, all that remained was his innermost garment.

Jiang Ning proceeded without pause, removing his upper garment as well.

His physique was... quite desirable, indeed.

Broad shoulders, and particularly his waistline...

Such a shame that he's an awful person. No matter how pleasing the package, it wouldn't attract her.

Jiang Ning's gaze landed on his trousers, and for the first time, she found herself in a quandary.

Should I take them off?

If she took them off, wouldn't she be searing her own eyes?

If she didn't, it'd scarcely be believable.

They couldn't possibly have consummated the marriage fully clothed as portrayed on TV, right?

After briefly pondering for around three seconds, Jiang Ning snuffed out the candlelight, then gingerly pinched his trousers between two fingers, pulling them off before throwing the blanket over his body.

The final step left her hesitating for quite a while. Gathering her courage, she bit her finger and dabbed a bit of blood on the bridal handkerchief.

Primarily, she was afraid of the pain.

Having busied herself with all this, she slipped a thin blanket over her body and cautiously crawled onto the bed, removing her outer clothes, leaving her torso clad in just a bodice. Wrapping herself in the blanket, the bareness of her shoulders peeked out as she leaned against the wall to sleep.

Spent and weary from the day's shenanigans, Jiang Ning no longer had the energy for much thought and promptly fell asleep once she closed her eyes.

By the time she woke up, the sky had already begun to brighten.

Li Hongyuan was still sound asleep, the blanket had slipped off, leaving just a corner barely covering the region below his waist.

The rest of him was completely exposed.

Noticing the blanket's trend of slipping off and in order to prevent herself from getting a visual shock, Jiang Ning hastily reached out to catch the corner of the blanket, intending to cover him completely.

However, just at that moment—

Li Hongyuan woke up.

He opened his eyes, locking gazes with Jiang Ning.

Jiang Ning froze in her tracks.

In her current state, her appearance was not exactly elegant.

Only a mere bodice covered her upper body as she clung onto his blanket.

Li Hongyuan's gaze glanced downwards, taking in his own state. His eyes suddenly turned cold, and he harshly grabbed her wrist, flinging her off.

Jiang Ning stumbled back onto the bed with a gasp, her back slamming into the wall, the pain searing.

"What's got into you?" Jiang Ning frowned.

"It's you who's gone crazy," Li Hongyuan retorted as he threw off the blanket and stood up.

Jiang Ning quickly turned her face away.

He was stark naked.

His clothes were tossed haphazardly on the floor.

Within her sight, a shocking streak of red on the bridal handkerchief.

Narrowing his eyes, he stooped down to pick up his clothes and got dressed unhurriedly.

Once he adorned his clothes, he turned to face Jiang Ning, speaking coldly, "So, this was your entire ulterior motive behind urging me to drink so fervently last night? If you desired this so much, you should've mentioned it earlier. I would've granted you once."

Jiang Ning pulled up her blanket, "The one who acted inappropriately due to drunkenness wasn't me."

“Feigning innocence, are you? As the daughter of Prime Minister Jiang, your tactics are impressive. Though I don’t favor you, you at least have a pretty face. If I close my eyes, you’re barely manageable. As far as I’m concerned, one more or one less of you makes no difference to me.”

Having said that, he wore a cold expression, turned on his heel and left.

Huang Ying and Chunlai entered to serve and upon seeing the disheveled state of the bed, they stifled their laughter.

Especially when they saw the bridal handkerchief, Chunlai could barely keep her grin from reaching her ears. She carefully folded and stored the handkerchief, intending to send it to the palace later.

Jiang Ning lay down lazily, “I’ll sleep a little more.”

“Miss, it’s been an arduous day, and it’s still early. Do get some more rest.” Chunlai quickly began tidying up the bed.

Just as Jiang Ning was about to fall back asleep, a female servant arrived with a bowl of medicinal broth..

#### Chapter 65: Avoiding the Conception Soup

This stewardess was a useful person in the former courtyard and had some authority in the Mansion of Prince Yu.

Huang Ying had a good memory and remembered her after seeing her once. She quickly went forward to greet her, smiling amiably, “Are you Mother Qian from the former courtyard? It’s hard for you to come so early. If there’s anything, just send someone to pass a message.”

Huang Ying wasn’t deliberately trying to curry favor, but rather she understood the art of survival.

Although they were the Main Consort of the Mansion, they had just arrived. The saying goes that strong dragons don't suppress the local snakes, and it is better to be on good terms with the bigger devils than face the endless troubles of the little ones.

It's not necessary to offend these people.

Huang Ying had been in the palace for so many years, and she was still quite adept at dealing with such matters.

Facing a smiling face, Mother Qian couldn't put on a straight face either and said half-jokingly, "We are servants; it is natural for us to serve our Master. Where dare we complain about being tired? Has the Princess Consort woke up?"

"Yes, she's getting dressed."

"That's just right. Please ask the Princess Consort to drink this medicine first."

"Medicine?" Huang Ying took it, somewhat at a loss, then looked back and asked Chunlai, "Is the Princess Consort feeling unwell?"

Chunlai knew that Jiang Ning had been feeling unwell all this time, having trouble eating and sleeping.

But she had gotten much better lately.

Her appetite had improved a lot, and she didn't feel nauseous anymore.

She shook her head, "The Princess Consort is doing pretty well."

Huang Ying smiled, "Did Mother Qian make a mistake? Our Princess Consort is fine, she doesn't need any medicine."

“Oh, this is a fertility-avoiding soup.” Mother Qian said indifferently.

There was not even a hint of wanting to please the new Princess Consort.

No wonder the old woman had such an attitude, she didn’t even kowtow to the new Princess Consort.

So that was the reason.

But why should the Princess Consort drink the fertility-avoiding soup?

As a legitimate wife, who has been carried back to the mansion on a grand sedan chair, she had the right to sit on an equal footing with the Prince, manage all the people in the backyard, and bear children.

It was their first day of marriage, and even if there was no deep affection, they should at least be treated with respect.

And now they send her a bowl of fertility-avoiding soup?

This was too much.

Even Huang Ying felt that she couldn’t bear it, so her tone also changed for the worse, “Mother Qian, you’re an old person in the mansion, and I shouldn’t be saying this. But you should understand some rules. Who on their wedding day would send such a thing?”

Mother Qian calmly said, “We are just servants, following our Master’s orders. This is what His Highness asked the servant to bring, and this is what the servant brought. This is not a bad thing, it’s just that His Highness temporarily doesn’t want the Princess Consort to become pregnant. Princess Consort, it’s better to drink it.”

She seemed determined to watch Jiang Ning drink it all up.

Seeing this, Chunlai was furious and wanted to grab the bowl and splash it on her face.

Jiang Ning, who had already dressed, came out pushing her wheelchair, glanced at the medicine, and asked with a smile, "Is this the fertility-avoiding soup your Prince asked you to bring?"

"Yes."

"What if I don't drink it?"

"Oh, if the Princess Consort doesn't drink it, the servant wouldn't dare to force her. But the Princess Consort should show some sympathy for us servants. After all, this is our Prince's order."

"You're using your Prince to pressure me?" Jiang Ning shook her head, "I won't drink it."

This was a fertility-avoiding soup and, even though she didn't know how it worked, it certainly wouldn't be good for the child in her belly.

If she took the medicine and lost the child, how could she make Li Hongyuan wear a cuckold's hat and raise someone else's son?

Before getting married, she was determined to abort the child.

But now that she was married and had already passed three months, she didn't want to do it anymore.

This damned Prince of Yu was indeed as she had expected: extremely selfish and self-centered.

He had the audacity to send an old woman to bring her a fertility-avoiding soup to make her drink it under his supervision.

What did that mean?

After all, she was the Main Consort of this mansion, not some random creature that could be easily castrated!

## Chapter 66 – Drank

Jiang Ning didn't want to deal with Mother Qian, but she also didn't want to have a conflict with the stewardess of the front yard on her first day here.

At this moment, Miaomiao walked over gracefully.

It seemed to be hungry, looking around for its cat bowl.

Jiang Ning smiled and said, "Miaomiao, go check the table for your bowl."

Miaomiao was very obedient and instantly jumped onto the table, knocking over the medicine bowl with one paw.

Mother Qian exclaimed and frowned, "What an unruly cat, running around here. I'll have someone catch it, break its legs, and throw it out!"

Jiang Ning's brow raised slightly.

Huang Ying noticed and sneered at Mother Qian, "You're so intimidating. Break its legs and throw it out? Even a big dog needs to mind its owner. This cat was brought by the Princess Consort, who dares to touch it?"

Mother Qian hurriedly slapped her cheek, "Look at my big mouth. I misspoke for a moment. Please don't take it to heart, Your Highness. It's alright that the medicine spilled. I'll bring you another bowl."

Jiang Ning waved for Miaomiao to jump onto her lap, softly stroking its fur, and said indifferently, "I don't have much appetite today. I don't want to drink the medicine."

"But this is the Prince's order." NoveLBjn: Your Escape into Infinite Tales.

"I am the Princess Consort." Jiang Ning calmly looked at her.

Mother Qian grudgingly replied, "In that case, I'll report back to the Prince."

After she left, Chunlai angrily cursed, "This old thing relies on her seniority and didn't even bow to our Princess Consort. She really sees herself as the Master! It's infuriating!"

Huang Ying said lightly, "There's no point in getting angry. These people just go with the flow. On the Princess Consort's first day, the Prince rewarded her with the conception-avoidance soup. It's clear that the Prince is not fond of our Princess Consort. If so, they naturally won't try to please her. After all, in their hearts, the real Master of this mansion is the Prince alone. Everyone else depends on his favor to live."

Jiang Ning smiled, "Sister Huang Ying, you've grown insightful after spending years in the palace."

Huang Ying chuckled, "Your Highness, the truth is, don't take it to heart. Otherwise, you'll have many days ahead of you full of anger. It's not worth it. In the Prince's Mansion, it's most crucial to let things go."

"I know."

Yesterday, on the day of the Princess Consort's official entrance, that unworthy Miss Li even dared to send someone to invite Prince Yu over. This is pure disrespect to the Princess Consort.

It was even more outrageous, considering she wasn't even a palace maid yet.

But let alone others,

Jiang Ning didn't care about such trivial matters and certainly wouldn't get jealous or angry over them.

After all, she didn't like Li Hongyuan.

And she didn't plan to like him either.

But life has to go on.

She tidied up, had dinner as her priority.

While eating, Prince Yu arrived.

He was followed by Mother Qian, who was holding the medicine.

Huang Ying and the other maids' expressions weren't too good. They looked somewhat nervous.

"Put the bowl down and leave." Li Hongyuan said coldly.

Only two people remained in the room.

"Drink it." He looked at her coldly.

"No."

"No one in this mansion has ever defied my orders."

“Well, I might be the first then.” Jiang Ning replied unhurriedly, “Your Highness, you do indeed have absolute authority in this mansion, but don’t forget the purpose of marrying me. Hurting me would probably not benefit you.”

He married her solely to show the Emperor and plan for his future.

This was well understood by both of them.

Li Hongyuan said coldly, “You schemed against me, and I will not hold it against you. But I won’t allow you to bear my child..”

Chapter 67: He’s So Bad!

“How ridiculous, it’s my body and I decide whether to have a child or not. No one can force me.”

“When you were plotting against me, why didn’t you mention this grand principle?” Li Hongyuan looked cold, “I don’t like to use force on women, so don’t push me.”

He picked up the bowl and held it in front of her.

Jiang Ning retreated in her wheelchair: “I won’t drink it.”

Li Hongyuan held the wheelchair and said coldly: “Don’t disgrace yourself.”

Jiang Ning looked up at him, feeling oppressed and humiliated for the first time in her life.

In his eyes, she was just an object.

To be used and taken home, to be dealt with as he pleased.

“Drink it.” He brought the bowl to her lips.

Jiang Ning dodged: “I can’t drink it.”

“You really want to have my child?” Li Hongyuan revealed a mocking smile, “If you behave, maybe I will give you a child in the future. But not this time. Because, I don’t like to be manipulated by anyone.”

Jiang Ning snapped: “Who cares about having your child, in fact, I—”

She paused.

If she revealed the truth in anger, she would face ridicule, and the child in her belly would have no place to go.

Li Hongyuan stared at her coldly: “In fact, what?”

Jiang Ning said: “I am a cripple and have a bad temper. If you push me any further, no one will have a good time. If you dare touch me, I will have Xiaoqian tell your Emperor Father.”

Li Hongyuan said calmly: “Don’t worry, I promised my Emperor Father that I will take good care of you, and I won’t touch a finger on you. But I didn’t promise not to touch the people around you. Someone, take Chunlai out.”

Two old women immediately grabbed Chunlai and dragged her out.

Chunlai was panic-stricken.

Jiang Ning’s face changed slightly: “What are you doing?”

Li Hongyuan said indifferently: "There are many ways to punish servants in this residence. Don't worry, you won't have to see the bloody scene."

"You—"

Jiang Ning was truly angry this time.

She had always thought that Prince of Yu, as a prince and the son of the Imperial Concubine, would naturally be a bit cold and selfish due to his noble status.

After all, he had such a distinguished background.

As a modern person, she could see things from a higher perspective and wouldn't bother with these ancient people.

But he was so wicked!

Unbelievable.

She had never hated anyone so much before.

Even Jiang Yuan, who targeted her constantly, didn't bother her much, as she saw Jiang Yuan as a spoiled young lady.

At this moment, Jiang Ning's hatred for Li Hongyuan had reached its peak. After giving him a cold glance, she said, "Give me the bowl."

Mother Qian immediately handed it over.

Jiang Ning took it and drank it all at once.

Maybe it was because she drank too fast, or because she was angry, or because the medicine was too bitter.

As soon as she swallowed it, she felt her stomach churn and vomited it all out while bending over.

Chunlai cried out in worry.

“Princess Consort!” Huang Ying rushed over and patted her back anxiously, “Princess Consort, are you alright?”

Jiang Ning sat in her wheelchair, coughing violently, her face flushed, and looking rather embarrassed.

Mother Qian asked: “She vomited it all out. Your Highness, do you want to serve another bowl?”

Li Hongyuan glanced at her and frowned: “...Forget it..’

Chapter 68: The Princess Consort is not Favored

After saying, “Take care of yourselves,” Li Hongyuan left with a flick of his sleeves.

The old woman then let go of Chunlai.

Chunlai rushes to Jiang Ning and sobs uncontrollably.

After Jiang Ning finished coughing, she rubs her forehead wearily and says, “Don’t cry, it’s giving me a headache.”

“Princess Consort, are you alright?” Chunlai asks between sobs, wiping her tears.

"I'm fine. Help me lie down for a while."

The two of them help her up from the wheelchair and lay her down on the bed.

Huang Ying brings water for her to sip on.

"Princess Consort, should I seek a doctor to examine you?"

"No need, I did not ingest anything, I threw it all up." Jiang Ning turns her body to face the interior of the bed and closes her eyes, "Both of you may leave, I will take a nap."

"I will be outside, call me if you need me." Huang Ying lowers the curtains around the bed and leads Chunlai out.

Xiachu and Dongxie were outside waiting, they hurriedly interrogate them, clearly enraged.

Dongxie sighs, "Our Princess Consort has just arrived, and there's already so much trouble. I'm afraid that life in this mansion will be difficult from here on."

Chunlai wipes her tears, "They say that the Prince of Yu is handsome, leading one to think he must also have a good temperament. Who knew that he could be this... We hail from the Prime Minister's family, and our girl takes after such beauty. She's being oppressed just because her legs are not well. If we had known, we wouldn't have joined the selection process. The Prime Minister and Madam love our Princess so dearly that it would greatly sadden them to learn of her plight."

But Huang Ying was the most calm among them, "What's the use of saying all these things now? We are already here, we should think about how to handle the situation. It is very hot today, and the Princess Consort has woken up in a sweat. First, we need to get some refrigeration."

This was indeed the most pressing matter at hand.

First, they had to ensure they could live comfortably before thinking about anything else.

"I'll go ask the housekeeper for it," Dongxie says.

She leaves but soon returns, empty-handed and despondent.

"Where's the ice?" Huang Ying asks.

"The housekeeper said there's no more ice today. We need to be early if we want any next time."

"It's the very beginning of the day and there's no ice left?" Dongxie fumes, "This is a royal mansion after all, isn't it inferior to the Prime Minister's Mansion? Back there, we could always get ice at any time, even in the middle of the night. This must be outright bullying!"

"They are all a bunch of snobs, belittling us because the Princess Consort is not favoured." Huang Ying asks her, "Who's in charge of household affairs now?"

"Currently, the household affairs are being temporarily managed by Madam Zhao and Maid Fang."

It suddenly occurs to Chunlai, "Isn't it time that they should be coming to kowtow and pay respects to the Princess Consort?"

By tradition, upon the mistress's arrival, the palace maids and other wives must come to kowtow and pay respects.

After all, the main wife is the master, and the concubines are servants.

They are supposed to serve the mistress.

But it was already morning, and they hadn't caught sight of any of them.

Chunlai cries in frustration, “The Prince caused such a commotion, embarrassing us in front of the entire mansion. Isn’t he deliberately making the Princess Consort look bad and leaving her with no way out?”

The maids were filled with anger, and concern.

They were unsure about how they would endure the days to come.

Huang Ying, the eldest of the bunch, and thus the most experienced and level-headed among them, advised, “Calm down, everyone, the Princess Consort must make the decisions in this matter. We are her servants and we cannot make decisions without her consent. It might cause her trouble.”

Jiang Ning takes a long nap, waking up due to hunger.

After barely eating breakfast and going through all that, the room was stuffy and warm.

She sits up, drenched in sweat, instinctively touching her belly.

Now, she could already feel the faint movements of the baby inside her, like a small fish swimming in the water, gentle and subtle..

Chapter 69: Betrothal gifts and dowry, it’s all about money

Jiang Ning had always been very annoyed with this child.

After all, she was not the original host and did not know how this child came about or who conceived it.

She felt it was a burden and wanted to get rid of the child.

But when she felt the gentle nudges from the child, her heart softened a little.

After all, it was just an innocent baby.

Now connected by blood with her, relying on her for survival.

Thinking of the birth control soup she drank, Jiang Ning couldn't help but worry a little.

Although most of it had been vomited out, it was hard to tell if any had been swallowed.

Would it affect the child?

After feeling carefully for a moment, other than being hungry and hot, there was no uncomfortable feeling.

The occasional light fetal movement in her stomach also didn't cause any discomfort.

Jiang Ning sat quietly for a while until Huang Ying came over.

"The Princess Consort is awake." She lifted the tent, "How is the Princess Consort feeling now?"

Jiang Ning smiled: "Nothing much. It's just... so hot."

Huang Ying bitterly smiled: "Dongxie went to get ice, but there's none left."

"They just don't want to give it, right?"

"It is Madam Zhao and the others who are in charge of the supplies in the harem now."

“What do they count for? They’re just looking at Prince of Yu’s eyes. If the Prince shows that he doesn’t like me, they naturally imitate his behavior.” Jiang Ning helped her stand up.

Huang Ying said, “In principle, when the Princess Consort enters the door, the supplies of the Prince’s Mansion should be handed over to the Princess Consort. But...”

“But the Prince of Yu has no such intention at all.”

“Princess Consort...”

“Look at you, so worried.” Jiang Ning took a few steps, felt her body loosening up a bit, then sat down and smiled, “Can’t we live without relying on them? When we came, what did we bring?”

“We brought... betrothal gifts, and... dowry?”

“Isn’t it all money?”

“...Yes, it is.”

“With so much money, what can’t be bought for food, clothing, and expenses?” Jiang Ning smiled, “You have to go and ask them humbly, look at their faces. Why bother?”

Huang Ying looked at her and smiled with some relief: “This servant was afraid that the Princess Consort would be depressed.”

“Don’t live so hard.” Jiang Ning pushed the wheelchair, “Where are the betrothal gifts and dowry? Let’s go and take a look.”

So, the master and servant went to the storeroom. Many things had not been properly sorted, but there were invoices.

There were invoices for both the betrothal gifts and the dowry, and the long list was clear and transparent.

Ancient paintings and calligraphy were just passable, as they were collectibles and she didn't want to touch them unless she had no choice. There were also many property deeds, and plenty of gold, silver, and jewelry.

Jiang Ning asked Huang Ying to pick out all the gold and silver and fill a small chest with them.

"Just this money is enough for us to eat and drink for a long time."

Jiang Ning was very happy and took out five silver ingots, giving them to Huang Ying and the other five palace maids, saying: "This is this month's spending for you. Also, in the future, Huang Ying will be in charge of the accounts. Keep the keys and if anything is lacking, use the money to buy it, choose the best."

Each ingot was five taels of silver.

When Chunlai and the others were with the Jiang Family, they only received two taels of silver each month. This was a considerable increase.

They were all a bit apprehensive.

Jiang Ning said: "I'm not a miser, and money has value when it's spent. You all need to be paid well to stay loyal."

They didn't understand what she meant by wages and job-hopping.

Huang Ying, however, understood a little and smiled, "Princess Consort, their contracts are all in the Prince's Mansion, and their families are also there. They are the most loyal to the Princess Consort. You can rest assured.."

Chapter 70: Palace Maid

A few Chunlai servants knelt down immediately and kowtowed: "We will serve Princess Consort wholeheartedly in this life, without any double-mindedness."

Jiang Ning laughed: "Get up, all of you. It's justified to make money by working. I'm feeling very hot now, go get some ice cubes and some food, I want to eat fruit. Chilled watermelon, chilled duck pear."

Huang Ying laughed: "I'll ask Xiaoman to go buy some."

"Who is Xiaoman?"

"Doesn't Princess Consort know? Besides us, the Prime Minister also brought Jiang Fu and his wife Sister Fu and their son Jiang Xiaoman for you. They all have served the Jiang family for generations."

So the entire family came along as dowry?

Well, the maids only manage the house, so someone has to deal with the outside stuff.

Jiang Ning nodded: "Then give them some money too. This house is even stingy with us, not to mention giving them a monthly allowance. They need money for food and drink, don't let them suffer."

"Yes, I've got it."

Huang Ying left with a smile.

With money, things are easy to handle.

Jiang Xiaoman got the money and immediately bought a cartload of stuff.

There was an ice basin in the room, which cooled the air right away.

Over a dozen kinds of fruits, all cut up, were chilled on ice.

In the cool room, Jiang Ning sat in a lounge chair, reading a book, while Chunlai's soft little hand massaged her shoulder. Dongxie used a fork to bring the cool, silky fruit to her mouth. She could eat by just opening her mouth.

The other maids either did needlework or gossiped.

Who cared about the prince's house anymore?

Just as they were having fun, a little maid ran to the door and announced, "Informing Princess Consort, Madam Zhao, Maid Fang and the rest have come."

"Let them in."

"Yes."

The sound of jingling jade bracelets and girlish laughter filled the room.

Two young women in luxurious clothes, fanning themselves, followed by a group of maids and old women, swarmed in.

They all knew that she had asked for ice early in the morning and came back empty-handed.

The news had spread throughout the house.

They had thought that the room would be unbearably hot and stuffy, but instead, they were met with a refreshing coolness.

They had thought that the crippled Princess Consort would be downcast and-clouded.

But who knew –

She was wearing a light silk satin skirt, her slender arms and half-bare feet exposed, sitting barefoot on the lounge chair, leisurely reading a storybook. The little maids attended her, feeding her fruit.

She had no heavy jeweled headpieces on her head, her long hair simply braided and casually draped over her shoulder.

It had not been slicked back with osmanthus oil either.

Her loose hair playfully ran wild.

Relaxed, at ease, and comfortable.

The scene was so different from their imagination that the group of people crowding at the door forgot to react.

Huang Ying stood up and said, "Our Princess Consort prefers peace and quiet. It's enough for the two maids to come. Everyone else, leave."

Madam Zhao laughed, "We were just unaware of these rules. You all heard the girl's words, why don't you all just go wait outside?"

After the shock, the servants hurriedly left.

Maid Fang came forward, bowed her knees, and said softly, "Greetings to the Princess Consort."

Jiang Ning lifted her gaze from the storybook and glanced at them: "What are you here for?"

"We have come to pay respects to the Princess Consort."

"Oh, I thought you were here to kowtow."

Maid Fang glanced at Madam Zhao.

By customary rules, they should have come to kowtow and greet their mistress when she entered the main house.

However, the Prince didn't value her and didn't even give her the housekeeper's authority.

She was only a nominal Princess Consort.

How could the two maids who held the authority of the housekeeper be willing to kowtow to her?