

THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 1042 Commentary on Her Painting

Xiao Yurong's teacher doted on his eldest senior sister and prepared the best gifts for her. When he first returned to the capital, he took stock of the items. He saw a few brocade satin that his teacher bought when he was traveling. They were extremely gorgeous and unique. Although they were pretty, they were not suitable for his senior sister.

However, what his teacher said at that time was that these items were not bad to be his eldest senior sister's dowry...

He was almost certain that he did not hear wrongly.

Later on, he asked his teacher in confusion, but his teacher refused to admit that he had said that...

Strange! Very strange!

His teacher's relieved and amused expression was even more strange!

They had a secret...

Xiao Yurong's heart was beating fast as he tried to think of the key points. At this time, the students outside were also getting restless. They were even more curious about the eldest disciple, Mo Chusheng.

Someone else immediately stood up and wanted to compete with Xie Qiao in calligraphy and painting

Of course, not everyone was qualified to compete with Xie Qiao. The one who had just competed with her was a young teacher from the Gulan Academy. Meanwhile, the one who had showed up now was also quite famous in the capital. He looked to be around 40 years old.

Xie Qiao agreed to the competition.

However, she had limited energy, so she made it clear to the public that this would be the last competition. If there were other people who were eager to learn, they could participate together.

Painting with the lake scenery in front of her.

Xie Qiao was still a little nervous. She was worried that the people here had good judgment and could see the similarities between her and Yun Wei's painting.

After all, the style of this painting was really difficult to change completely. Even if she changed her hands, the style would still make its way into the painting, making people suspicious.

Fortunately...

With her identity as Mo Chusheng, she was not too young. Even if someone found out that she was the same person as Yun Wei, the price of this painting should not be too different...

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Xie Qiao was also helpless. If it were any other time, she would have restrained herself. However, her teacher was here and her skills had not been tested for many years. She really did not want her teacher to lose face.

She sighed. When others looked at her, it was as if she was put in a difficult position.

Xie Qiao looked at the lake scenery. She thought for a while and started painting.

Xie Pinghuai was quite well-behaved. He actually took the initiative to help Xie Qiao grind the ink. He had been working as an ink-grinding helper by Xiao Yurong's side for a long time. His ability to grind ink was quite

good.

He could move freely in the distance.

Zhao Xuanjing could not help but relax when he saw Xie Qiao painting.

She had such charm that made people calm and at ease.

Xie Qiao was painting realistically. Since they wanted the lake scenery, she would paint the lake scenery. She drew flowers with her brush and finished it quickly.

After she finished, she waited for another 15 minutes before displaying the flowers and comparing them with each other. It had to be said that those who dared to show off their skills in the Octagon Garden were all great. Just by looking at the paintings, some of them were majestic, some of them were exquisite, and some of them were very fascinating.

However, almost everyone first looked at Xie Qiao's painting.

Everyone was curious about her ability, and they wanted to know the difference between themselves and Li Shiyan's disciple.

However, when they looked at it, they were shocked.

This painting... At first glance, it looked ordinary. There was nothing exaggerated about the scenery and everything was plain. However, when they took a closer look, they felt that the composition was very exquisite. Not a single flaw could be found in every detail!

On the other side of the lake, there was an old man who sighed and swept the leaves. The old man bent down and his worried expression could be seen clearly. Not far away from the old man, the wind was blowing rapidly, causing the fallen leaves to flutter. One could not help but feel a little sorry for the old man.