

THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 140: Chase You Out of the Sect

Zhao Xuanjing could not get used to Xiao Yurong admitting to what he had said in silence.

“Master said Senior Sister Mo is different from ordinary people. She’s been weak since young, but she’s tough. She has never bowed to anyone. She didn’t come from a wealthy family, but she’s living a relaxed life. She has outstanding talent and learns fast no matter what it is. I’ve never met such a genius until now. I thought it’s a shame.”

Zhao Xuanjing’s eyelids twitched.

“I think you should get yourself a wife soon.” Zhao Xuanjing looked at him with an underlying meaning. He had pity on his face.

“What do you mean? Can it be that Senior Sister is dying? Didn’t Master say that she’s still thriving?” Xiao Yurong panicked immediately.

He held Zhao Xuanjing’s wrist in a panic.

Zhao Xuanjing frowned and glanced at his wrist. He then moved his hand aside in annoyance. “If you’re suitable for her, Master would’ve matched the both of you in the beginning. Why would there be no news after so many years? Since Master said nothing and even stopped us from meeting each other, you should just give up.”

Their Master doted on Mo Chusheng.

In the early years that he had been teaching them, he would mention Mo Chusheng with every chance he got.

However, whenever Xiao Yurong suggested meeting Eldest Senior Sister in the Imperial City, their Master's expression would change.

Clearly, Xiao Yurong was not the suitable man for Mo Chusheng in their Master's mind.

And that peach wood sword...

Zhao Xuanjing recalled the surprise he felt when he had received the gift. He had thought it was unbelievable.

The craftsmanship was mediocre, and it was even prickly sometimes. The words engraved on it did not flow. It was like a toy that a kid had made.

He had been suspecting that it was a mistake that they had received that gift.

Perhaps Senior Sister Mo had married, and her children made the peach wood swords, so she gave them as gifts to share the joy?

How would Xiao Yurong give up so easily?

"I want to hear Senior Sister Mo say that herself." Xiao Yurong was still stubborn. "Moreover, I've always wanted to be like Master—to teach and travel. Don't worry. If Senior Sister Mo doesn't like me, I won't insist."

Zhao Xuanjing scoffed and smiled. He had never worried about it.

Xiao Yurong frowned and began to nag. "On the other hand, you, the Crown Prince, should get yourself a Princess Consort soon. You've been putting that off for years, and the Emperor allows that. If you want to maintain your position, shouldn't you work harder on passing the legacy?"

Zhao Xuanjing leaned back, his face betraying a nonchalant expression.

"There's no hurry," said Zhao Xuanjing.

Xiao Yurong glanced at the Crown Prince's arm by instinct.

Zhao Xuanjing was especially sensitive to such judgemental stares.

Nonetheless, he did not bother to argue about it. At that moment, he knew that Xiao Yurong had no ill intentions. However, he had lost interest significantly. He put the chess pieces back to the box, and his slender body stood up.

At that moment, the atmosphere became rather suppressive.

Xiao Yurong was alarmed.

If the Crown Prince's arm was not crippled, would there be one more Emperor that would be remembered for an eternity in this world?

He recalled the time when the Crown Prince had joined the sect at the age of 11. He was talented, and nobody could compare with him. His words were wise, and he was well-versed in everything, including horseback archery. Even their Master had said that apart from Mo Chusheng, he liked the Crown Prince the most in the world.

Unfortunately, the heavens were jealous of geniuses.

As Xiao Yurong thought to himself, he sensed that His Highness seemed to have glanced at him.

He felt a chill all of a sudden. "I'm thinking about my Senior Sister Mo..."

He gave himself away by concealing the truth.

"Don't forget that she's my Senior Sister too. You should stop thinking about her, Senior Brother Xiao. Otherwise, Master will have to write a letter from far away to get me to help him to chase you out of the sect."