

THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 222: As if God Was Helping

What Xie Pinggang brought up was indeed important. Xie Pinghuai was a boy, and even if he did not become a disciple in the future, his eldest brother and father could manage him.

Unfortunately, that would not work with Xie Xi. There was no qualified teacher at home that suited her.

Xie Qiao looked at Xie Niushan and said in all seriousness, "Father, where did you find Ms. Lin back then? Does she have any family members at home?"

Xie Pinggang slapped his thigh when he heard that, as he understood immediately. "That's right. I remember Second Mother mentioned that she had family members off the mountain stronghold when she married into our family. We forgot about them since we arrived in the Imperial City. I'll get people to investigate later."

Although Ms. Lu had not given birth to any children for his father, they took care of the Lu family.

It did not make sense to neglect the Lin family, right?

Xie Pinggang changed his tone and asked, "But the Lin family isn't very educated. Do they know this stuff?"

"There are academies all over the Imperial City. Do you think we can't find a proper female teacher? What we lack at home isn't someone who can teach Xi'er but a sensible homemaker. Let's ask around. If there's a sensible senior from the Lin family who is willing to live with us, bring her here. By then, we will get her to teach Xi'er," Xie Qiao added. She was energetic today, and her speaking speed was slightly faster now.

“Is Ms. Lu that bad?” Xie Niushan mumbled.

Xie Pinggang and Xie Qiao looked at him as soon as he said that.

Xie Qiao chuckled and raised her brows. She turned her head to her father and showed a disgusted face.

Xie Pinggang was worse. “You must’ve been blinded to have found such a wife back then, Father. Apart from her face, what’s good about her?”

Xie Niushan could not argue with them.

His son and daughter were suppressing him.

Now that Xie Qiao had already said everything that she should say, she got them to leave soon.

After the father and son left, Xie Qiao went to the back kitchen and made the simplest snack. She got Chun Er to send it to Xie Pinghuai and Xie Xi.

Xie Pinghuai thought Xie Qiao had said that out of politeness, never had he thought he would really receive a snack from her.

He was grateful and raised Xie Qiao’s ranking in his heart.

In this house, his eldest sister was taken seriously when she spoke. Not only that, but she always stuck to her words, unlike his mother, who would always lie to him. His eldest brother and brother were completely unreliable. They were always coaxing him and hitting him.

They were not like his eldest sister. Although she was cruel with words sometimes, she would not hit him. She even made him food, and she was pretty!

Xie Pinghuai was happy. His spirit was lifted now as he copied books.

That was right—he was copying books!

A thick stack of books, the homework that Teacher Xiao had ordered him to finish.

Xie Pinghuai could not wrap his head around why Teacher Xiao was bullying him. He was punishing him despite the fact that he did not want to take him as his disciple!

When he looked as scary as his eldest brother in the future, he would definitely find the opportunity to beat up Teacher Xiao to vent his anger!

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At the same time, Xiao Yurong sneezed.

He then adjusted his sitting posture and flattened the paper before him. He was going to write a song in memory of his ancestors.

His thoughts were flying. He could not calm down no matter what.

All of a sudden, he recalled what happened at the Fortune Pavilion the other day. He stopped what he was doing and brought the Academic Excellence Talisman that he had bought immediately. He struggled as he looked at it, and he hung it on his neck in all seriousness.

He exhaled.

Not knowing why he was calmer now that he exhaled, ideas were flowing as he looked at the paper.

He started writing as if God was helping.

He was talented, to begin with. He was writing as if a strong wind was blowing and a waterfall was splashing as words poured on the paper.

Without him realizing it, he wrote a long passage with thousands of words!