

THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 32: Can't Handle It

Zhao Xuanjing's eyes gleamed.

If they were to use that place to hide, no one would ever think of searching there.

"You have my thanks, Miss." Zhao Xuanjing was frank. "I remember you telling me earlier that I should pay my respects to the corpse by throwing a cup of soil on his grave. Then I shall wait till the ceremony for the corpse is over. After that, we shall begin our search."

"Alright." Xie Qiao nodded. "Then you should buy some funeral offerings. He'll like that."

Who does not like money? The living loves fortune, so do the dead!

Zhao Xuanjing's eyes twitched. "He?"

"Unless you... can sense ghouls?" Zhao Xuanjing suddenly felt a chill run up his back.

"Why are you trying to freak people out... I am... afraid... I can't... cough, cough." Xie Qiao frowned.

The men around Zhao Xuanjing let out a sigh in relief.

That meant she could see nothing.

But precisely at that moment, Xie Qiao tilted her head and shot a glance to a corner with no one in it. That gaze did not seem vacant.

The group froze up. Cold air whooshed up around them.

“Remind me when we are leaving.” Xie Qiao called out. Then, she stood up and took her leave.

Zhao Xuanjing face was muddled with concern. But his face was calm as he stood tall and dignified as ever.

Imperial Bodyguard Zhou could not bear it any longer. His eyelid was twitching in warning. “Young Master.”

“A good anvil does not fear the hammer.”

“There’s nothing to fear if you have done no wrong.”

Zhao Xuanjing was calm as he left with those two phrases.

Imperial Bodyguard Zhou promptly nodded. “You are right, master. I have overstepped my bounds.”

The young master really was worthy of his title. Intangible things do not matter to him. Even if there were really ghosts, the young master would still stand his ground. He would always be there. He would most definitely never stoop down to these brats’ level and fidget around.

Before the sun rose up the next day, Xie Qiao headed out.

When they reached that auspicious location, Xie Qiao prepared the offerings. Then she started to mumble.

The burial ceremony did not need to be too complicated. Xie Qiao needed to pray in five directions and request for the deities to clear the path for them as to not offend the higher powers. She prayed that he was bathed in glory after death and that his family prospered and that evil remained far from them and fortune found them. After the prayers and the digging of the ground, they let the coffin down into the ground with no problems or other dangers.

Actually, there were many rules regarding burials.

Xie Qiao had removed many steps from the ritual.

After praying in five directions, she simply set the direction on the compass. Then she dug up soil, covered up the coffin, nailed it shut, and set it down

Each step had an accompanying rhyme of its own. Xie Qiao was in charge of chanting them out.

Zhao Xuanjing and the rest only felt that Xie Qiao was mumbling nonsense.

However, what they did not see was the ghoul next to them seemingly enjoying this. The air around his form had also cleared up a bit unlike the dark gloom from before.

“Young Master, Ms. Xie’s health seems to be in good health? Take a look at her face, it’s fair and rosy.” Imperial Bodyguard Zhou could not help but grumble.

Zhao Xuanjing cocked his eyebrow.

She looked good, but she could collapse at any given moment.

“Except you, everyone has to shovel some soil on the burial.” Xie Qiao squinted at Zhao Xuanjing.

“Why am I exempted?” Zhao Xuanjing asked.

“Your status is not suitable.” Xie Qiao said, “He can’t handle it if you did. ”

Zhao Xuanjing immediately stopped talking.

Now he was wondering if the girl had figured out his identity.

But if she did know, her attitude was a bit too relaxed. Though she was respectful, it carried no sincerity. It did not seem like she treated him any differently.

With little hassle, they finished the ceremony.

Finally, Zhao Xuanjing and his company were ready to leave. They seemed to leave with some reluctance.

“Ms. Xie, do you have anything to say?” Zhao Xuanjing asked.

If only this maiden could follow him on his journey.

“Nothing. There really is nothing else left. No lies this time.” Xie Qiao shook her head.