

# THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

## Chapter 403: Evil Encounter

Xie Qiao was stunned by the steward's words. She said helplessly, "You mean... your master didn't ask me to come?"

"Master doesn't care about these things. It's all done by our subordinates," the steward smiled embarrassedly, "But I believe in you, Master! I've bought the talismans from your shop. I had the luck in fortune because of that!"

Xie Qiao chuckled dryly.

At that moment, the Taoist master next to her glanced at her.

That glance was lofty and arrogant, as if Xie Qiao was a swindler who came to scam.

It was true that one must judge a Taoist master by her appearance and age. She had disguised into Mo Chusheng, who was forty years old, but she only painted her face and hands. Her hair was jet-black, which made her look young.

Moreover, Mo Chusheng's appearance could be considered ordinary. Although she also had the charisma of an unworldly expert, she was young and was a Taoist master, she did not look as intimidating as the Taoist master beside her.

However, Xie Qiao did not think too much about it.

Since she had already taken the deposit, she had to put in more effort this time.

Xie Qiao lowered her head and looked at Da Xiong. She simply saw that it was in her arms, which could boost her courage.

Not long after, they arrived at the main hall. Xie Qiao saw an old couple, who were about 60 years old.

The two of them were dressed unusually.

They glanced at Xie Qiao and the other two people for a few times before finally passing by Xie Qiao. Their gazes landed on the other two people and said, "We have invited the masters here mainly for my youngest son. May I know your names?"

"This monk's Dharma name is Pu Chen," the monk looked unfathomable.

"This Taoist master is Yuan Changzi," the Taoist master sized up the person in front of him and said in a well-mannered manner.

"Mo Chusheng," Xie Qiao gave a simple name.

She raised her head and glanced at the person in front of her. She could tell that this person had a great appearance.

He had river eyes and a mouth of the sea. He ate and drank good food. This person had a wide and long earth pavilion. He had the appearance of a king and a noble. Between his brows, there was a bit of the heroic charisma of a northerner, but it was not too obvious... Xie Qiao already had an idea about this person.

This person must be Prince Ning Bei, the cousin of the current Emperor.

Prince Ning Bei had been in the northern fiefdom for a long time and returned to the capital before the New Year.

He was famous for being infatuated. It was said that he and the princess were very close. After marrying the princess, he did not take in any concubines for many years until he was 40 and had no children. Only then did he take in a few concubines to carry on the family line.

After giving birth to the eldest son of the concubine, all the other concubines left. Only the mother of the eldest son became the side concubine.

It was said that when the princess was 50, she gave birth to the youngest son at the old age.

This son was Prince Ning Bei's favorite, and he had always doted on him.

The king had previously been in the fiefdom. When he returned to the capital this time, the youngest son had been sick. The king had invited all the doctors in the capital, but he remained sick. Some people said that the king's mansion had begun to prepare for the funeral of the youngest son.

They guessed that this time, they had gotten them here for the young heir?

Xie Qiao guessed it secretly, but she did not ask directly.

Prince Ning Bei sat there with a heavy expression. He said, "My child has been sick for several months and has not recovered. Today, I invited all the masters to come over and take a look. Did he encounter some kind of evil?"

If that was the case, then it was not feng shui they would be looking at, but a person.

The husband and wife did not waste any time and directly brought the three of them to the room.

The old princess was initially dignified. After seeing her child, her eyes revealed a tired and distressed expression. She sat in front of the bed and stroked her son's hair.

To have a son at the age of 50, she naturally doted on him.

When Xie Qiao entered the room, a strong medicinal smell assailed her nostrils.

Other than the smell of medicine, there was also a sense of disharmony.

"Has the young master always lived in this room?" Asked Yuan Changzi.

"That's right. Earlier on, we lived in the northern lands. On the way back, this child of mine felt a little uncomfortable. I treated him as if he had typhoid fever, but for some reason, his body became worse and worse. Before the new year, he could still get out of bed and walk a little. Now... he can only lie on the bed and drink a few mouthfuls of liquid food."