THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 715: He Can Be Replaced If He Dies

Yan Ruzhuang felt a chill in her heart from Xie Qiao's words. It was as if a cold gleam was shining on her back. She could not sit still.

"The Emperor is the Emperor, and the subject is the subject. The subject has the responsibility of assisting, but if this assistance reaches the point of being aggressive, it will become superfluous to the Emperor. If the matter decided by the Emperor really hinders the people and causes harm to the world, such loyalty can be immortalized in history. However, the Crown Prince doesn't seem to be a troublemaker."

"Master Mo is right, but my father is always clinging to the Crown Prince's illness. I have tried to persuade him many times, but it has been useless..." Yan Ruzhuang was also helpless.

"It's indeed not appropriate for the Crown Prince to have an illness." Xie Qiao nodded. "But after ascending the throne, if it really affects the politics of the court or if he doesn't live long, he can be replaced if he dies.

"The Crown Prince is so smart. If he gives birth to a son, the next generation should not be too bad. If he doesn't have a child, then he can consider other princes. Is there a problem?" Xie Qiao said with a calm expression.

Yan Ruzhuang smiled helplessly.

Replacing the Emperor…

How could it be simple?

However, what Master Mo said seemed to make sense.

Whether it was suitable or not, he had not even ascended the throne yet. Who knew?

However, Yan Ruzhuang was prepared to tell her father more in the future. She did not want to be a nuisance anymore. At the very least, they will not listen to the instigations that the Meng family often sent over.

Not long after, they arrived at the Yan Residence.

Xie Qiao got off the carriage and walked in with a bamboo basket on her back.

She thought that the Yan family should not have any major problems, so she did not bring Da Xiong over. She should be able to solve it on her own.

However, the moment she entered the Yan Residence, Xie Qiao frowned and pointed in a direction. "Is that the courtyard where your mother lives?"

Yan Ruzhuang nodded solemnly. "Yes, that is the direction of the main courtyard."

She was not surprised. The location of the main courtyard of each family was definitely the best. Even an ordinary person would be able to tell.

Xie Qiao had arrived. Imperial Censor Yan, who was on leave at home, could only brace himself and come over to take a look.

To be honest, he had never seen Witch Mo before.

At this moment, he sneakily hid and stretched out his head to take a look.

"Bring me to the main courtyard directly. This penniless master looks at the location of the main courtyard and feels an evil energy faintly. It seems to be somewhat unclean. Perhaps your mother's health is indeed related to this evil energy," Xie Qiao said.

Imperial Censor Yan, who was hiding, could not help but have his lips twitched.

Look at this. Just from hearing these words, it was obvious that she was a liar.

Everyone in this world had the same eyes and eyebrows. How could she tell at a glance that there was evil energy or not?

Moreover... he lived in this main courtyard every day. He did not smell or see any strange and filthy things!

She had been swindling, and she had actually come to him now!

Asking him to give her money? Not to mention one tael of silver, he would not even give her a single cash!

Master Yan scoffed, but he still wanted to see what Witch Mo was up to.

After some thought, he came over and asked for a set of clothes. After a while, he changed into the appearance of a steward and followed behind the steward to the main courtyard.

When Yan Ruzhuang saw her father, she was about to speak, but Master Yan glared at her.

She stomped her feet angrily.

Xie Qiao did not notice that. She looked around the main courtyard.

The banana leaves by the wall were rustling in the wind.

A small ghoul flew past.

Xie Qiao thought for a moment and asked, "Before your mother fell ill, did anyone die in this courtyard? Was there any accident or death?"