

THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 831: Half-immortal Performed Palmistry

Feng Yingying could not help but laugh. She thought Xie Qiao's serious face was really cute.

Xie Qiao turned her head away and raised her head slightly. "I'm a half-immortal. When I encounter such an injustice, I naturally have to do something about it. I'll kill everyone and make those spirits piss their pants."

"Sister Xie, you read a lot, right?" Feng Yingying covered her mouth and laughed nonstop. At this moment, she was not scared at all.

Xie Qiao was very serious. "You don't believe me?"

"I do." Feng Yingying was polite. "But we're trapped."

Therefore, as a Taoist, it was normal for them to feel filthy things, but to kill everywhere they go... Sister Xie, as a layman's disciple, that was probably... wishful thinking.

Xie Qiao felt that she had been insulted.

"It's normal to be trapped. After the sun sets, dark energy flourishes and Yang energy declines. I was chasing after the ghoul just now and accidentally entered this place..."

"Yes." Feng Yingying nodded. "I understand, Sister Xie. Sister Yu and I are with you. Don't be afraid."

Xie Qiao's eyes widened.

Afraid?! She would be afraid?! That was impossible!

She was not angry! It was normal for a young lady to be ignorant and not know how powerful she was.

However...

Feng Yingying's eyes were too clear, so Xie Qiao felt that she was rubbing against her pride.

They could say whatever they want about her. However, to say that she was incapable... That would not do.

Xie Qiao sat cross-legged and waved at Feng Yingying. "I, the half-immortal, will read your palm. How about that?"

"Half-immortal? Sister Xie, when did you learn to act like a fraud?" Feng Yingying's eyes lit up. "Sister, you read my palm, and I'll read yours. I tell people's fortune accurately!"

Xie Qiao's mouth twitched as she stared at her.

"You want to tell my fortune?" She was the first person who dared to say that in her life.

"Yes. Anyway, it's just for fun..." as she said that, she saw that Xie Qiao's initially calm face seemed to be on the verge of collapse. She was somewhat puzzled, so she said, "Why don't... I do it first?"

She held Xie Qiao's hand.

Her finger tapped Xie Qiao's hand. "Your hands are pretty, so you definitely haven't done much heavy work since you were young. There are calluses here... It seems like... they came from writing, right? And here, my mother said that those with strong hands are blessed, so Sister Xie, your life must be pretty good. Oh right, here, your palm is red and tender. Sister, you definitely won't die young. Don't worry!"

Xie Qiao slowly withdrew her hand.

Her gaze drifted away as she looked at her bamboo basket.

There were two divination banners in there.

It was her livelihood.

"That's true, but it's not detailed enough." Xie Qiao said in a muffled voice, "When reading palm, how can you only read these? Of course, this is indeed a must, but... you have to combine it with other things..."

Xie Qiao stopped halfway and did not bother to speak again.

Usually, people who did not have any problems in other areas would just look at the appearance of the palm.

For instance, Feng Yingying.

She was born with good bones and looked good. She had a full forehead and features. She had a high spirit and was great in every aspect. Therefore, her fate, needless to say, was also good. It must be the harmonious relationship between her parents. Even if her family was not very rich, since she was young, she had enough food to eat.

Palm reading and physiognomy were initially related to the environment and state of mind.

Feng Yingying's hand was soft, tender, warm, and beautiful like a spring bamboo shoot. The four sides of the palm were plump. Her life would be abundant, rich, and noble. It was inevitable.

No matter how many good words there were, in the end, they could only be reduced to one word—
Amazing!

Therefore, no matter how much one said, it would make people think that there was nothing useful in these words.

In this world, besides wanting to hear good words, people who went to fortune-tellers would actually... care more about the bad things.

"Sister Xie, trust me. I'm good at this." Feng Yingying shook her hand. "Look at my complexion. I must be capable of holding the wealth I have.. Don't you think so?"