

# THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 895: Bad Omen

Jiang Jinlu nodded in satisfaction, then he turned his head to look at Xie Qiao.

He saw that the Crown Prince was also looking at her very gently. He did not know what the two of them were talking about, his brows furrowed again.

His Highness would be the Emperor in the future. If even the Emperor believed in this thing, would he not want to live forever in the future? Since ancient times, emperors who believed in Taoist masters would refine immortal pills to harm the common people.

It was probably a bad omen!

Although he thought so, Jiang Jinlu could not rush forward to cover his senior sister's mouth and ask her to stop preaching in the future.

However, he still had to continue to persuade her.

The road ahead was long. He still had many things to do before becoming an official!

The banquet ended quickly. Xie Qiao and the others sent their teacher back first before returning to their own guest rooms to rest.

It had to be said that the Meng family's hospitality was indeed excellent. They even specially sent a maid servant to serve them. The guest rooms were also arranged considerately. They even knew that they

were people who loved books so they prepared many books. There were indeed books that Xie Qiao was very interested in.

However, Xie Qiao still thought something was not right.

“Are all Old Master Shisan’s children and grandchildren home?” Previously, she had asked her fifth junior brother this question, but that guy did not answer her question. At this moment, Xie Qiao said to the maid servant sent by the Meng family beside her.

The maid servant was very obedient. “To answer Sage Mo’s question, our First Young Master’s legs are not good, and he does not like to go out. Young Master has an occasional cold, and he’s afraid of bumping into people when he goes out to meet guests. So these few days, he has been cultivating in another residence.”

“Is it just a cold?” Xie Qiao asked.

The maid servant was ignorant and did not understand Xie Qiao’s words. “Yes, Sage.”

“What kind of temperaments do your Old Master and Young Master have?” Xie Qiao could not help but ask again.

“First Young Master has a gentle personality and treats the servants very well. It’s just that his legs are not good now, so he stays in the house all day and doesn’t talk much,” the maid servant explained carefully, “Second Young Master is born with good looks. The young talent is the Old Master’s pride. A few years ago, this servant was fated to serve Young Master in his courtyard. At that time, I was still young. From afar, I saw Young Master staring at his books all day and forgetting to eat and sleep... Old Master once said that with Young Master’s diligence, even if he had to spend all of his family’s wealth, he would send him to the imperial examinations.”

Xie Qiao listened, but she was even more confused.

Since he wanted his grandson to go to the imperial examination, why... did he want his adopted son, a four or five-year-old child, to become the disciple of a great scholar instead of sending his own grandson to her teacher?

“Is your Young Master really talented?” Did they know that he was actually a fool and knew that her teacher would not accept him?

The maid servant nodded, her eyes lit up. “Of course. Young Master was enlightened when he was three years old. When he was seven, he wrote an article that made the most famous gentlemen in Mengjiabao praise him greatly. When he was 15, the articles and words Young Master wrote were copied and printed by all the major bookstores. They were even sold by the merchants in Mengjiabao to other places...”

“Other places? What’s your young master’s name?” Xie Qiao asked curiously.

When she was at the Water Moon Temple, she had seen many merchants and heard of Mengjiabao.

“Young Master’s name is Meng Yin,” the maid servant said very respectfully.

“Meng Yin... Meng Yin...” Xie Qiao muttered twice and thought carefully. She had indeed recalled the name of such a person from her memory.

She remembered that... it had been at least eight or nine years...

At that time, she had obtained a book of poems. The poems in it were well written. Just by looking at the words and sentences, one could tell that the author must be very young. She even asked people about it.

At that time, when she heard that he was a teenager, she even wrote a letter to her teacher to praise him. She thought this person was great. His words were gentle and reserved. If her teacher liked him, he could take him as his disciple. She would then have another junior brother..