

THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 984: Respect for Her Idol

When Xie Qiao heard Baili Ji's words, her heart trembled and she almost went out of her mind.

"Masterpieces passed down through generations?" She was a little uneasy. "If I have good things like that, I naturally have to keep them for future generations... Wouldn't they be gone if I burn them?"

"Sigh, that's true... Then can you copy them for me...? My entire family is filled with scholars. All these years, I was afraid that I would forget my abilities, so I always recruited some little ghouls to teach them so that they would be able to remember firmly," Baili Ji added.

Xie Qiao was silent for a moment. "When I have time, I will spend money to hire people to copy them. After finding your descendants, I will burn them for you."

Once he reached the bottom, he definitely would not be able to reincarnate immediately. He could pass time by reading a book.

"Thank you very much." Baili Ji looked quite amiable. "I heard from the shopkeeper downstairs today that you are not only a Taoist master, but also a disciple of the great scholar Li Shiyang? That's amazing. I have heard of this Li Shiyang before. He's a very capable person."

"although my teacher is powerful, he respects and admires you very much, Senior." Xie Qiao was telling the truth.

This Baili Ji could be considered the most powerful person in the Baili family.

He was the first creator of the world map and the leader of the Baili family.

How could he be ordinary?

“We can be considered fated. Since you are the disciple of the great scholar, then I think your abilities are not bad. Paint something and let me have a look. Baili Ji requested without any courtesy.

Xie Qiao glanced at him, but in the end, she obediently followed his instructions.

In fact, she was a little tired.

Later, she still had to prepare for the soul summoning. After running for another day, she felt a little dizzy.

However, the person in front of her was Baili Ji.

She had been reading since she was young, and she had heard a lot about the Baili family. Her teacher had also shown her the Baili family's posthumous works. Those were indeed works that people looked up to, and she liked them very much.

So even if Baili Ji did not give her anything, she would still help.

This could also be considered... respect for her idol.

“My health is lacking. I've been tired all day, so I'm afraid that I won't be very steady when I paint.” Before Xie Qiao put down her brush, she said something first.

Baili Ji nodded. "No problem, I'll take a look first."

If this Master Mo in front of her really had the ability, even if she lay down on the bed, closed her eyes, and painted like an earthworm looking for its mother, he would be able to tell whether this person had the ability or not.

Xie Qiao thought for a moment and painted an orchid.

Although the orchid was simple, it tested one's ability to control the brush.

After she started painting, Baili Ji was shocked.

He thought that this master would not be proficient in this, but he did not expect her to paint so smoothly, and her strokes were exquisite. Her strokes were as carefree as moving clouds, and it was very comfortable to look at!

She was a good seedling!

"Your ability is really not bad. Even those b*stards in my family might not be able to compare to you..."
Baili Ji was jealous.

He was initially quite proud, but now that he saw this simple painting, he felt that he had died for too long, and the world had changed?

Even a Taoist master could paint like this?

Xie Qiao even mentioned a poem at the side.

Baili Ji became even more silent after reading it.

“Your technique is amazing, and your brush strokes are steady. It’s just that I can see that you’re still a little out of breath. Perhaps it’s because you’re tired, but I can’t blame you. If there’s a flaw... your ink mixing ability isn’t very good, and the ink isn’t even enough. Also, this brush and ink make a lot of

difference. You need to buy some good brush, ink, paper, and inkstone. You should also have a maid who is proficient in grinding ink beside you. In short, compared to this old man, your brush strokes are a little immature, but with your age, it’s good enough.”

Baili Ji was not stingy with his praise.

“This painting of yours should be able to sell for a lot of money. Why are you still so poor?” Baili Ji could not help but ask again.

It was true that the brush, ink, paper, and inkstone that Master Mo had were not good enough. It was not like those rich calligraphy masters and artists who were picky about everything for the best. Only then could they be worthy of their own calligraphy and paintings..