

# THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 173: Begone

Xie Qiao had been trained for years to have a good temper. Although she was angry, she would not show it on her face.

Soon, Master Lu came and was shocked by the scene. Subsequently, he walked over with a grim expression. "What are you guys doing?!"

"Master, Xie Qiao forged the painting that she gifted to the academy. She used Master Yun Wei's name fraudulently. We're in disdain to be her peers!" The person sounded righteous.

Xie Qiao suddenly asked, "Master, should intentional accusation and humiliation be punished?"

Master Lu looked at those people from the Peony Courtyard. He was irritated. When he heard what Xie Qiao said, he answered instinctively, "Of course."

Xie Qiao nodded in satisfaction upon hearing that.

"They think that I committed forgery. It's futile for me to explain. I'd like Master to get the dean and bring my gift along. Be my witness. If it's proven that my gift isn't forged..." Xie Qiao paused and continued slowly. "Please claim my innocence, Master."

Xie Qiao caught her breath after she was done speaking.

"Sure," Master Lu responded immediately.

He had heard the rumor too and thought it was outrageous.

What did those students think teachers like him were? How could they agree to let Xie Qiao into the academy with a forged painting because of Xie Pinggang?

Moreover, regarding the incident about Xie Pinggang beating up the teacher...

The academy had fired him. Back then, they had explained to the public that the teacher had been rude and offended Master Xie, which triggered Xie Pinggang to hit him. Unfortunately, everyone was shocked by Xie Niushan's bandit identity. Therefore, they did not pay attention to the truth.

Master Lu invited the dean over himself.

Xie Qiao remained sitting there. Those who came to stir troubles surrounded her as if worried that she would run away.

The air was stuffy, so Xie Qiao pulled a feather fan out of her clothed bag and fanned herself slowly. The Dharmic bell on her wrist was ringing. It had the effect of rejuvenating one's spirit.

It was nice, and she felt much better now.

Xie Qiao's relaxed attitude confused the people around her.

Could it be that... they had really misunderstood her?

Xie Qiao looked at them and said, "Since you guys are here, it's too late for you to leave now. I've got a pretty good memory. I've engraved everyone's faces in my head now. I'll never forget."

Someone could not help but snicker. "Are you trying to scare us?"

There were so many people. How could she remember everyone?

How could that be possible?

Xie Qiao possessed a skill, allowing her to remember people's faces. Those who were good-looking were attractive. She could not forget them even if she wanted to, including those who were ugly. Meanwhile, those who looked mediocre...

Some had lips like a bow, some had big, skinny noses, while others had dark spots on their faces. Nonetheless, she could always see the uniqueness of each person.

Naturally, she remembered them.

Pei Wanyue was initially very confident. However, she fell into a daze as time went by.

Was Xie Qiao really not worried?

She had never seen the slightest hint of panic on Xie Qiao's face before.

'Could it be that she really thinks no one will find out that the painting is forged?

'Or maybe, it isn't forged?

'Impossible! If that's true, how is it possible that Xie Qiao didn't argue that it was authentic back then? Master Yun Wei's masterpiece is something precious. If it's authentic, she should want everyone in the world to know!

'What did Xie Qiao do? She snatched it back and put it away as soon as it was shown. She was unwilling to show it to people.'

Pei Wanyue was confident again as she thought about it.

Due to this incident, she had made many friends. Therefore, her life would improve as soon as Xie Qiao left the academy.

It would be best if... the other two children from the Xie family were expelled as well.

By then, she could shake off the reputation of being a bandit family's relative—that would no longer affect her.