

THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 405: Ceremony

They were enemies of the same profession, Xie Qiao understood that.

Especially when it came to this Taoist ceremony. If they were in a disagreement, it was easy for big issues to arise.

However, if the prince really had to choose, she would probably be the one to be chased out.

Xie Qiao did not panic. She was not in a hurry and smiled, "Since that's the case, seniors will go first. If you guys can cure him, I will naturally be overjoyed. If anything happens... I will come again to take a look."

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As she spoke, Xie Qiao left.

However, before she left, Xie Qiao called over the steward who was looking for her. She took out a talisman and said, "I'm afraid these two will not be able to do it. Try to pay more attention to the Young Master's condition. If you feel that something is wrong, take out this talisman and stick it on his body."

The steward was a little confused, "You're leaving just like that?"

"The ceremony is not something that can be done in a short period of time. Don't tell me that I have to sit here and wait? I'm going to rest in the inn outside. If you need anything, just look for me," Xie Qiao smiled faintly. With that, she carried her big rooster and left.

The ceremony was to burn incense and worship the gods.

The thing in this young master's room was very powerful. Although the Taoist master could not see it, he could feel it. If they were to really do it, they would probably have to fight for two or four hours.

In addition to the troublesome matters that had to be prepared before and after, if Xie Qiao stayed here, it would only exhaust her mind.

Moreover, this Prince Ning Bei did not value her very much. If she waited there, what would she do if she fainted from exhaustion?

Why not go to the inn near the courtyard and order some good food to fill her stomach? Only then would she have the energy to work.

When the steward heard that she was going to the inn nearby, he heaved a sigh of relief, "Please don't go too far, then"

He did not believe in the other two masters.

Master Mo's Fortune Talisman was very powerful!

As she had received the deposit, Xie Qiao only went to the inn to wait.

At that moment, after the two masters were ready, they began to perform the ritual.

The monk held the wooden fish in his hand and sat cross-legged, muttering scriptures. Beside him, the Taoist master held the peach wood sword in his hand, and as if there was a fire under his feet, he began to dance and wield the sword.

It happened in the young master's courtyard.

All the windows were opened, and as soon as the ritual began, everyone felt that the surroundings seemed to be gloomy.

The initially calm weather seemed to be surging at that moment. A wind blew. It swept up the fallen leaves and blew the incense and candles on the corners. It looked a little creepy.

However, the stranger the atmosphere was, the greater the hope in the hearts of Prince Ning Bei and his wife.

They watched as the Taoist master spat fire from his mouth. The fire was driven by the peach wood sword. It looked very strange.

The Taoist master kept chanting incantations. Even Prince Ning Bei could not understand it. He could only vaguely hear the master saying 'go' a few times. However, every time a strange wind blew over, the fire was extinguished.

The old Taoist master's speed became faster and faster, and his voice became heavier and heavier. The bells in his hands jingled like a life-threatening charm, making people nervous.

With a thud, a gust of strong wind blew over, and the table with the things on it was directly overturned!

The old Taoist master was also knocked to the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood!

“Oh no, oh no! Y-Young Master can’t breathe!” The maidservant who was guarding inside quickly shouted.

As soon as she said that, Prince Ning Bei’s face turned pale and he quickly rushed over. The steward who had been secretly observing also entered the room sneakily.

The husband and wife looked and saw their son groaning and moaning in pain on the bed, tossing and turning. Beads of sweat were dripping on his pale face, and his dry and cracked lips were panting heavily. Every breath was extremely difficult!

How could this be?!