THE PRINCESS CONSORT HAS A LETHAL DESTINY

Chapter 456: Beating You up by Accident
Not long after, Master Lu came over with some people.
Xie Qiao saw a face full of silver light at the entrance. The mask gave her a fright, and there were many young girls at the bottom who showed a shy expression.
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It had to be said that there was a sense of heroism on his body when this man wore a mask.
"The previous master of calligraphy and painting has gone to the men's academy. This is the new Master
Zhao, and he will be teaching everyone in the future. Today, Master Zhao will first give everyone homework to understand your abilities and standards," said Master Lu .
Zhao Xuzhi saw Xie Qiao at a glance.
Before he came, he had already asked someone to draw a portrait. He knew that Xie Qiao was very beautiful.
However, he did not expect that the real person was even more beautiful than the portrait.
After Master Lu finished speaking, he left. Once he left, Zhao Xuzhi looked at everyone and said with a deep smile in his voice, "This is my first time teaching at the academy. If I don't do many things well,
please forgive me, ladies."

The young ladies were quite shy.

Zhao Xuzhi was the one who did not look like a teacher the most. When other teachers showed, no matter how old they were, whether they were male or female, they would all look like an old stubborn man. However, Master Zhao was really different. He was much gentler. "It's not good to assign too much for the first class, so..." Zhao Xuzhi looked at them, "Let's use one of the girls as the topic to write a poem or a painting. As for this candidate..." Zhao Xuzhi lowered his head and looked at the list of students in his hand as if he was calling out the name unintentionally, "Who is Young Lady Xie Qiao? Let's use this girl as the topic." Xie Qiao's face was full of doubt and her brows furrowed slightly. The others were also stunned. It was not that there were no girls who wrote poems or paint, but the gentlemen from earlier had mostly used the women from legends or famous people as examples. Using their classmate as the topic? For some reason, they thought it was a little strange.

Moreover, Master Zhao was a man, and he was still young. It was indeed inappropriate for him to arrange such a task.

However, when they thought about what Zhao Xuzhi said earlier, they thought they were overthinking.

It was Zhao Xuzhi's first time being a teacher, so it was normal for him to not understand some things.
"A woman's reputation is important. I think that although you are a teacher, you are also a man. It is inappropriate to use that as a topic," the Crown Prince suddenly said as he stood outside the door.
Zhao Xuanjing looked at Zhao Xuzhi grimly.
It seemed that the beating in the morning was too light.
It had only been half a day, but he was still alive and kicking. He even came to the academy.
"Your Highness is wise. I don't want to be judged by others," Xie Qiao stood up and bowed to thank him
Zhao Xuzhi panicked when he heard the Crown Prince's voice. Then, he turned around stiffly and looked at the Crown Prince's bearing. A malicious expression flashed under the mask.
It was the Crown Prince again.
It was as if he was haunting him today. It was really annoying!
"Why is Your Highness Here?" Zhao Xuzhi asked.
"Oh, I had nothing to do, so I just wandered around. I heard that you came to be a teacher, and I accidentally beat you up today. I was afraid that you would leave a scar on your face, so I brought you some ointment." As he spoke, Zhao Xuanjing took out a small porcelain bottle.

When everyone heard that, they came to a realization.
No wonder Zhao Xuzhi was wearing a mask!
All of a sudden, the mystery disappeared and was replaced by curiosity about Zhao Xuzhi's beating.
What was the reason for the Crown Prince to beat him?
"Your Highness!" Zhao Xuzhi could not take it anymore, "Your Highness, I'm the teacher and I'm assigning the girls their homework. If there's anything, we can talk about it later, alright?!"
It was the academy. As a teacher, he could at least make some requests.