

Lucky Bride 551

551 Whether I Live Or Die, I Don't Want To Be Taken Advantage Of

When Madam Huang woke up, Huang Ranshi was feeding Huang Mengqing medicine. Seeing that Huang Mengqing was fine, Madam Huang was overjoyed. "How wonderful! God blessed us."

Hu Qiushui sneered. It was not a blessing from the god. It was Huang Ranshi who took someone's life to extend his son's life.

Madam Huang asked him. "Husband, what medicine did you feed Mengqing? Why is it so effective?"

Huang Ranshi said gently, "This is the magical herb I accidentally found. It can revive the dead. Our son is not destined to die."

Madam Huang hugged Huang Mengqing. The joy of regaining her almost dead son was ineffable. She only wanted to hug him tighter and silently feel this joy.

After being plagued by the flood dragon's resentment, Hu Qiushui's cultivation stagnated. A few days later, she sensed that her lightning tribulation was about to come.

The lightning tribulation that descended from the heavens was not a tribulation for her at all. Instead, it was a punishment.

She was indignant. She hated Huang Ranshi to the core, but she could not hurt him because the hundred-year agreement was not up yet.

Hu Qiushui only had one daughter and she loved her dearly. She thought that after the agreement was up, she would go into the mountains to wait for the heavenly tribulation in peace.

But she had miscalculated.

The flood in Jiangzhou was catastrophic, and the people were displaced. Finally, the palace sent people over.

Hu Qiushui really hoped that this flood disaster could be fixed and the innocent people could be spared the disaster.

Huang Ranshi tried to think of a way to help her. Hu Qiushui was suspicious. Huang Ranshi brought her to see Xia Qiluo. He seemed to really want to help her.

But in the end, he was planning another scheme.

Huang Ranshi was not helping her, but it was all for himself.

What he wanted was to completely possess her.

Liu Sanniang retracted her hand. Hu Qiushui looked at Liu Sanniang calmly. "Miss Liu, do you really have a way? Huang Ranshi can even take the life of a thousand-year-old demon. How confident are you?"

Liu Sanniang looked at Hu Qiushui. "He's very powerful. I need an opportunity to defeat him. and you have the opportunity."

Hu Qiushui looked at Liu Sanniang suspiciously. "What if I don't have the opportunity?"

Liu Sanniang smiled. "There's no such thing as inexhaustible power in this world. Everyone is the same."

Hu Qiushui looked away. "Are you saying that Huang Ranshi is relying on his incense to borrow power?"

Huang Ranshi did not have much ability, but the strange thing about him was that as long as he wanted to, he seemed to be able to do whatever he wished. This was terrifying, but was there a restriction to such power?

Even if there was a restriction, where was it?

Liu Sanniang nodded. There must be something wrong with the incense.

Huang Ranshi was probably one of the children of the Xuanzhen Sect back then.

Liu Sanniang could not imagine how powerful the black figure was. He was not a god, but he already had the power of a god.

He asked them to make wishes, and he gave them great power.

After experiencing the panic of being trapped for more than a thousand days, they all knew how important power was. Humans were insignificant. Only gods above all living beings could escape from all mortal suffering.

Everyone cultivated the Dao differently, but their end goal was the same, which was to become a god.

However, if one was wrong from the first step, then what followed would only be wrong.

Hu Qiushui felt that the aura on Liu Sanniang's body had suddenly changed. It was an indescribable feeling. She could see the sympathy for the people of the world in Liu Sanniang's eyes. It was as if it was her responsibility to alleviate the people from their suffering.

Hu Qiushui's voice softened. "I'm willing to cooperate with you with all my might, not for anyone else, but for myself. I don't want my thousand-year cultivation to be taken away by the villain. I think it's the same for the flood dragon."

They had cultivated for nearly a thousand years and suffered several lightning tribulations. Every time, they struggled to survive. After enduring so many years, what right did others have to reap the benefits of their hard work?

This was the reason why the resentment of the flood dragon did not dissipate even after its death.

Flood disaster was the wrath of the flood dragon.

Liu Sanniang nodded. "It will not be long before the right time comes."

Hu Qiushui recalled the date Liu Sanniang had mentioned. It was already mid-October and there were only a few days left.

Hu Yu leaned against Hu Qiushui, her eyes filled with attachment. Even though she had already grown up, her dependence on her mother was engraved in her.

She really hoped that everything would work out.

Hu Qiushui could not stay in the inn forever. Huang Ranshi was summoning her to go back.

Hu Yu wanted to follow, but Hu Qiushui didn't allow her to. "Stay with Miss Liu."

Regardless of whether it worked or not, Hu Qiushui did not want her daughter to be involved in this. She hoped that Hu Yu would be safe.

After Hu Qiushui left, Hu Yu felt a little down.

While Liu Sanniang was cooking, she began to refine poison seriously.

Hu Yu was shocked. "You know how to refine poison? Do you have a shifu?"

Hu Yu found it unbelievable. How could a person know so much? How did she learn it?

Liu Sanniang shook her head. "No."

Liu Yuanyuan looked at Hu Yu. "My Venerable is the chosen one. She's gifted."

Hu Yu was a little suspicious, but she still chose to believe it.

Hu Yu had seen poisonous worms before when she was traveling in the past, but they were far inferior to the ones refined by Liu Sanniang. There was half a jar of water in the jar. This poisonous worm was related to water. She did not know what it was going to be used for.

On the 15th of October, the sky in Jiangzhou cleared.

Xia Qiluo easily dispersed the flood dragon phantom, making the sky in Jiangzhou, which had been shrouded in dark clouds, clear up. When the long-awaited sunlight landed on people, it warmed their hearts.

Everyone couldn't help but extend their hands to let the sunlight shine on them. Yuan Xin smiled and asked. "Your Highness, has the flood dragon been dealt with?"

Xia Hongyuan looked at the sun and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. He looked at Xia Qiluo and said gently, "Yes, the flood has subsided."