

Mysterious 81

Chapter 81: Human Trafficker

With a sneer, Qin Xi shot True Qi into the woman's leg again.

The woman let out another miserable scream as the true Qi rampaged through her body.

The surrounding people were startled. Seeing that it was the same woman who was causing trouble again, they stood up and pointed a finger at her.

"Look, look, look, here we go again! Is there an end to this stupid farce?"

"But to be honest, she's quite good at acting. There is no way my acting can reach that level!"

"With this aptitude, it's a waste that she wasn't an actor!"

Deng Xinhe looked at Qin Xi again and leaned over, whispering curiously, "Master Qin, this is your doing, right?"

Qin Xi gave her a faint smile. "Why? Do you want to try?"

Seeing that she did not deny it, Deng Xinhe's hair stood on end.

He never expected that Qin Xi, who had a loli face, actually had the heart of a witch. It seemed that he had to stay away from her in the future. Otherwise, he was really afraid that he would fall into her trap and die without knowing how.

"Look, the policemen are back again."

Everyone looked over and saw the three policemen who had just left returning.

"What's going on?"

The policeman in the lead looked at the middle-aged woman who was rolling on the ground with tears streaming down her face. She was in so much pain that she looked like she was grieving over the death of her parents. He shouted coldly, "Madam, if you cause disturbance to the passengers again, we have the right to detain you. Please stop immediately."

"She doesn't look like she's acting. Should we let that female doctor come over to check her?" Another policeman said.

The leading policeman pondered for a few seconds and nodded. "Alright!"

However, before the policeman could take a few steps, the middle-aged woman suddenly stopped wailing.

She was stunned. Huh? It stopped hurting again?

The woman got up again. Her clothes were almost drenched in sweat. After rolling on the ground for so long, her clothes were dirty and messy.

Moreover, because of the hot weather, the stench on her body was so strong that it almost made the people around her vomit.

The policeman also looked disgusted and said in a loud voice, "Ma'am, please come with us. For the rest of the trip, you're not allowed to be in the compartment."

The woman placed her hands on her hips. "I'm not going. Why should I go with you? What right do you have to arrest me?"

Seeing her rude attitude, the three police men looked at each other and manhandled her away.

The woman panicked. She struggled and shouted, "Hey, what right do you have to arrest me? I didn't break the law. You can't arrest me!"

Seeing that the woman was being taken away, the little girl subconsciously wanted to follow her, but Qin Xi grabbed her hand and asked with a frown, "Where are you going? You're free now."

The little girl knew that Qin Xi was a good person. After thinking for a moment, she knelt on the ground with a thud. Tears instantly streamed down her face as she begged, "Pretty Sister, I know you're a good person. Can you help me? That woman is a human trafficker. My brother is still in their hands! If they know that I ran away, they will definitely break my brother's legs. Please help me and save my brother!"

Hearing this, Deng Xinhe and the others were dumbfounded.

They did not expect that the little girl was actually abducted. Moreover, for the sake of her brother, she was willing to do so much.

While everyone was angry, they comforted her.

"Young girl, don't worry. Your brother will be fine. Leave this to the police. They will help you catch these bad people."

"Yes, don't worry. Someone has already gone to look for the police. They'll definitely help you."

Qin Xi nodded and asked, "Do you remember where you're from and what your parents' names are?"

Chapter 82: Luoping City

Through a few questions, Qin Xi learned that the little girl was called Qu Fanxing. She was born in Yunbei Province, Tonghua City, and came from a relatively rich family.

The younger brother she was talking about was not her biological brother. Instead, it was a little boy who took care of her when she was kidnapped.

The little girl was soft-hearted and attached to the little boy, so the human traffickers used the little boy to threaten her.

The reason why the woman came here across two provinces was to bring Qu Fanxing out for a mission. The mission was to abduct children and sell them secretly.

After knowing the truth, everyone was filled with indignation. Just as they were about to call the police, a policeman walked over and asked, "Who is Jin Hua's family? Jin Hua's family, please step forward."

Jin Hua was the middle-aged woman with a strong accent.

Qin Xi stood up. She rubbed Qu Fanxing's head and said to the policeman, "Officer, the woman you took away just now is a human trafficker. She kidnapped this little girl. Her name is Qu Fanxing. She's from Yunbei Province, Tonghua City. Please inform the police station quickly. I believe with Qu Fanxing's help, you can save a lot of children."

The policeman was shocked and said solemnly, "Are you serious?"

Qin Xi said seriously, "Of course I am. This girl and that woman look nothing alike and have different accents. How can they be mother and daughter? Besides, Jin Hua has hit Fanxing more than once. This girl has a lot of wounds on her body. If you don't believe me, you can get that female doctor to come and check it."

Qu Fanxing was puzzled. She did not tell Qin Xi that she had wounds on her body. How did she know?

Although she was puzzled, she chose to remain quiet.

As it was a serious matter, the policeman did not dare to delay. He immediately informed the local police station in Tonghua City and got in touch with Qu Fanxing's parents. Qu Fanxing told the police everything she knew.

Not only that, but along the way, she remembered the hideout of the human traffickers and joined forces with the police to destroy it and save many mutilated children.

Of course, that happened later.

Six hours was neither long nor short. In the blink of an eye, they arrived in Luoping.

When they reached Luoping Station, it was already past midnight.

Initially, Liu Dequan wanted to call his son and get him to come and pick them up, but Qin Xi and Deng Xinhe objected.

Firstly, it was already late, and they were too tired to travel any longer.

Secondly, they were not used to living in other people's houses, especially since Liu Ming had a child at home. Therefore, Qin Xi suggested that they find a hotel nearby to stay for the night.

Fortunately, Liu Dequan had been to Luoping City a few times and was familiar with this area. He, after meandering among the alleys for a while, found a hotel that looked quite clean and new.

Qin Xi was given a room at the end of the corridor, Liu Dequan was given a room in the middle, while Deng Xinhe was given a room next to the public toilet.

It was summer and the ventilation system in this era wasn't that good, so the smell was extremely strong.

Young Master Deng's face immediately darkened. He asked the old male receptionist on duty, "Sir, can't you get me a better room? Why does my room have to be next to the toilet? Do you want me to dream of a toilet?"

The old man raised his eyelids. "There's another room in the basement. Do you want it?"

Chapter 83: Strange Little Iron Ball

The night passed uneventfully.

The next day, the three of them found a breakfast shop to fix themselves something to eat before heading to the antique street.

Initially, Qin Xi did not want Liu Dequan to go back and forth with her and suggested that he could go to visit his son. However, he was stubborn and wouldn't listen.

Liu Dequan said righteously, "I promised Brother Han that I would take good care of you. If anything happens to you, how am I going to explain it to him?"

Qin Xi had no choice but to let him follow along.

On Antique Street.

Early in the morning, the street was already very lively.

There were many people coming and going. Some of them were just taking a walk, some were looking for some items that they liked, and some were just hoping to make a fortune by finding a long-lost antique.

The three of them strolled on the street in a happy mood.

Liu Dequan did not understand anything about antiques, but he was very interested in the small items and was looking at the stalls very attentively.

Deng Xinhe did not like these things. He thought that the things here were all junk. However, his father liked antiques and calligraphy. He wondered if he could find something good to give his father to please him.

Among the three of them, only Qin Xi came with a clear purpose.

She wanted to find an artifact to protect herself.

However, she didn't find any artifacts. Instead, she accidentally found a strange small iron ball.

The reason why it was strange was that there was nothing special about the iron ball, but it emitted a very gentle halo.

Qin Xi walked over and pretended to look at a pretty bracelet on the stall. She asked, "How much is this?"

The bracelet was black and only had a coin-sized accessory on it. On the accessory carved a small flower.

In short, the bracelet was ordinary. It was so ordinary that if it was thrown on the streets, no one would bother to pick it up.

The stall owner was a middle-aged man with a mustache. He first looked at Qin Xi's clothes and saw that she didn't look like a rich person. His expression immediately turned cold as he said nonchalantly, "You want it? 10 yuan!"

Hearing the price, Qin Xi quickly put the bracelet back on the table as if it was too heavy to hold.

The stall owner said with a sneer, "This is a bracelet worn by a princess from a dynasty. It's a genuine antique. 10 Yuan is the least I can do."

The corners of Qin Xi's mouth twitched. She picked up the bracelet and showed the stall owner the other side where some alphabets were written. She said with a cheeky smile, "Uncle, this princess is really educated. She even knows English! Are you sure she's not a princess from abroad?"

The stall owner blushed and did not know how to go on with his lie. When the stall owner beside him saw this scene, he almost choked on his laughter. He waved at Qin Xi and said, "Little girl, come here and take a look. My things are cheaper than his. Moreover, they're authentic."

Qin Xi smiled foolishly. "I'm just a girl. What do I know about antiques? I'm just here to buy something I like. If the stall owner can sell this bracelet to me at a lower price, I'm actually planning to buy it!"

This time, the stall owner didn't joke around. In any case, this bracelet was junk he found in the landfill. It would be best if it could be sold. "How about this? Seeing that you're young and don't have much money, I'll sell it to you for 1 yuan."

Qin Xi took out 1 yuan and pointed at the small iron ball. "One yuan. Give me that small iron ball as well. I'll give it to my younger brother as a gift."

Chapter 84: Buying Calligraphy

"Hey, girl, why did you buy this ugly iron ball?"

At this moment, Liu Dequan walked over leisurely and looked curiously at the iron ball in Qin Xi's hand.

Qin Xi said with a smile, "I bought it for Stone to kick. How was your shopping, Grandpa Liu? You've been shopping for a while. Is there anything you like?"

Liu Dequan's mouth twitched. "What's so fun about playing with this rusty iron ball?"

Qin Xi smiled mysteriously and threw the iron ball into the cloth bag before continuing to shop with Liu Dequan.

As for Deng Xinhe, the more he looked at the stalls, the more he frowned. In the end, he entered an antique shop called the Thousand Jade Pavilion.

To keep a low profile, Deng Xinhe dressed much more plainly. Although his clothes were cheap, it was not difficult to tell that he was not an ordinary person.

When the boss of the Thousand Jade Pavilion noticed him, he immediately went forward with a smile and greeted, "Sir, you look unfamiliar. This should be your first time here, right? What do you need? I can show you around!"

Deng Xinhe looked at the dazzling array of antiques and items in the shop, as well as the exquisite porcelain and some calligraphy and painting. He nodded and asked, "Do you have any authentic works?"

The antique shop owner said with an ingratiating smile, "Sir, you must be joking with me. I only sell authentic works. May I know what's the price range that you can accept?"

Deng Xinhe waved his hand and said impatiently, "Don't talk nonsense. Who doesn't know the unspoken truth in antique shops? Nine out of ten works are fake. You actually have the cheeks to tell me you only sell authentic works."

The antique shop owner blushed and said awkwardly, "Sir, you really like joking."

"Give me some real stuff. It's best if it's calligraphy or painting. I want to give it to someone." Deng Xinhe sat at the side calmly and warned, "You better not fool around. If it turns out to be fake, I'll burn down your shop."

Seeing that he did not seem to be bluffing, the antique shop owner was shocked and quickly smiled apologetically. "Alright, alright, alright. I'll go get it now. Wait a moment, sir."

After a while, the antique shop owner took out a small box and placed it on the table. After opening it, a scroll was revealed, wrapped in layers of silk.

He explained, "This is the treasure of our shop, Wang Xizhi's authentic work. Please take a look."

Wang Xizhi indeed lived up to the name as the "first master of calligraphy". His handwriting was natural, majestic, and powerful. It was as smooth as flowing water.

Even Deng Xinhe, who did not know anything about calligraphy, could not help but praise when he saw this calligraphy. "Good calligraphy. It's indeed good calligraphy."

At this moment, a young man who was about the same age as Deng Xinhe walked in. He was dressed in branded clothes and had an expensive watch on his hand. He shouted in an extremely arrogant tone, "Hey, boss, I heard that you have Wang Xizhi's authentic work here. Is that true? Let me tell you, it's Old Master Dong's birthday tomorrow. I want to give him a gift. If it's not authentic, I'll smash everything in your shop."

They were the same age and equally arrogant, but the feeling they gave off was worlds apart.

The former had received a good education since he was young. Although he liked to mess around, one could tell he was well-mannered and had a good upbringing.

The latter was a typical rich second-generation who depended entirely on his father.

The antique shop owner recognized that this young man was the son of a powerful Bureau Chief and broke out in cold sweat. Although he was full of complaints, he still forced a smile and said politely, "Young Master Song, you must be teasing me. I do have Wang Xizhi's authentic work here, but..."

Chapter 85: Hidden Secrets

"I'm sorry, but you're late. I already bought the calligraphy."

Deng Xinhe carefully rolled up Wang Xizhi's calligraphy and said to the antique shop owner, "Pay the bill!"

The antique shop owner looked at Deng Xinhe worriedly and then at Song Wei. He raised a finger with a trembling hand. "One million!"

Although 1 million yuan was a lot, it was not worth mentioning to a rich family like Deng Xinhe. However, he did not have a check on him, so he could only ask the antique shop owner to go to the bank with him to withdraw the cash.

"There's a bank nearby, right? Let's go and get the money!"

Seeing that someone handsomer than him had come a step ahead of him, Song Wei was immediately pissed off. He sized up Deng Xinh and mocked, "Dude, look at you... Are you a beggar?"

He snorted. "I'm afraid you don't even have 100 yuan, let alone 1 million yuan. Let me give you a piece of advice. This is not a place for a small fry like you. Get lost!"

Deng Xinhe smiled and looked at him with mock as if he was an idiot. "You don't look like you have one million either."

Song Wei's face darkened. He pointed at Deng Xinhe and said angrily, "Kid, watch your words. Do you know who my father is?"

Deng Xinhe released the intimidating aura he'd been suppressing, and his voice was as cold as winter wind. "I don't care who your father is. He's nothing in my eyes. Let me tell you one thing, don't provoke me, or I'll definitely make you regret being born into this world."

After all, he was from a famous family in the capital. He couldn't be bothered to waste his breath on such a second generation hooligan.

Song Wei was shocked and then he got furious. "Kid, who the hell are you? How dare you talk to me like this? Do you believe with a call, I can make you get on your knees and beg for mercy?"

The antique shop owner could tell that these two young men were not to be trifled with. Just as he was about to go up to smooth things over, he heard Qin Xi's voice. "What's going on here?"

When Deng Xinhe saw her, he immediately restrained his aura and said with a friendly smile, "Come and take a look. I bought Wang Xizhi's authentic work!"

As he spoke, he opened the box and took out the scroll. He unscrolled it gently and flaunted, "How is it? Is it authentic? My old man likes to collect antique calligraphy and paintings the most. I think he'll be happy to receive this."

Liu Dequan looked at the calligraphy and felt that it was very rare. Although he knew nothing about calligraphy, looking at it, he was overwhelmed by a sense of awe.

Qin Xi frowned.

Because she cultivated the Mystic Medical Technique, she more or less knew that the older something was, the richer the spiritual energy it was saturated with.

There was no spiritual energy in this calligraphy. On the other hand, there was actually a trace of spiritual energy on the silk that was used to wrap the calligraphy. Just like the small iron ball she bought, it emitted a dense spiritual energy. There must be something strange here.

“You want to buy it?” Qin Xi asked.

Deng Xinhe was stunned for a moment before nodding. “Yes, why?”

Qin Xi stared at him deeply. “Are you sure you want to buy it?”

Deng Xinhe’s heart skipped a beat. He said, uncertainly, “Actually, I don’t really have to buy it, do I?”

Hearing this, the antique shop owner panicked. He asked anxiously, “Sir, this is Wang Xizhi’s authentic work. Are you sure you don’t want to buy it?”

“Hmph, move aside if you can’t afford it.”

Song Wei was delighted, as if he had found an opportunity. He straightened his back and shouted, “Boss, I want this calligraphy! Pack it up!”

Qin Xi glanced at him with a faint smile and then looked at Deng Xinhe. “You don’t have to buy this calligraphy, but you have to buy the box.”

Chapter 86: Who Else Could Do That?

“Why?”

Deng Xinhe said with a puzzled look, “It’s just a useless box. Why should I buy it?”

Qin Xi smiled mysteriously, revealing two sharp canine teeth. “Of course it’s to save money to buy other things. How about this? I’ll teach you a way. You can take this box and buy a fake calligraphy to put inside. Then... you know!”

Deng Xinhe almost choked on his saliva. “Miss Qin, if I bring back a fake, my father will definitely skin me alive.”

Qin Xi patted her shoulder and said, “Don’t worry, I promise you’ll be in one piece.”

Deng Xinhe’s eyes lit up and he asked eagerly, “Do you have a way?”

Qin Xi casually said, “Of course I have. We can just find calligraphy that looks authentic.”

Deng Xinhe was speechless, thinking to himself, Is this the way you came up with?

However, Qin Xi was serious and was not joking at all. She kept looking around the shop.

Deng Xinhe didn’t know what to say.

If Qin Xi was not his savior, Deng Xinhe would definitely throw her out.

Song Wei was no longer in a hurry to buy the calligraphy. He could tell that Deng Xinhe was very careful with this woman, as if he was afraid of offending her.

He wanted to see what this woman was up to.

Originally, Qin Xi just wanted to find random calligraphy as a replacement. Anyway, her goal was to get the silk.

Unexpectedly, when she saw the old and dirty calligraphy hanging in the corner, her heart palpitated. She tried her best to suppress her excitement and pointed at it. She said, pretending to sound calm, "That one. I think that calligraphy is much better than Wang Xizhi's. you can definitely fool your grandfather with it."

Deng Xinhe wanted to say no.

Just as he was about to speak, he was stopped by Liu Dequan. Liu Dequan signaled him to shut up and wait.

Deng Xinhe had no choice but to seal his mouth.

Qin Xi looked at the owner of the antique shop, whose smile froze, and asked, "Boss, how much is that dusty calligraphy?"

The antique shop owner was annoyed. What did she mean by dusty calligraphy? Was she reminding him that the painting was a fake?

Not only did she ruin his big deal, but she also pointed out to everyone that there was fake artworks in his shop.

The owner of the antique shop said with a forced smile, "Miss, you have good taste. That calligraphy is the real work of Tang Bohu. Although it can't compare to Wang Xizhi's calligraphy, it's still worth collecting."

"Boss, you have quite a lot of authentic works, don't you?" Qin Xi said with a fake smile. "Tell me, how much is it?"

The antique shop owner felt a little guilty from being stared at. He took a deep breath and said calmly, "800,000 yuan. I already gave you a discount."

Qin Xi said, smiling until her eyes narrowed into a line, "8 yuan, not a cent more and not a cent less, If you're not selling it, we'll leave. You can keep it there to gather more dust if you want. Anyway, I want a fake. I can buy it anywhere. Why should I buy it from you?"

The antique shop owner gritted his teeth. He wanted to cut her into pieces. "Deal!"

Qin Xi felt bad. If she had known it'd be this easy, she would have said 80 cents!

Seeing Qin Xi cut the price down from 800,000 yuan to 8 yuan, Deng Xinhe was dumbfounded.

Who else could do that?

Qin Xi walked to Song Wei's side and said with a smile, "Handsome, we'll buy this box and you can have the calligraphy. How about that?"

Then, she said in a voice that only the two of them could hear, "Let me tell you a secret. That guy is from the capital and is very rich..."

Song Wei said, "Deal!"

Chapter 87: Silk

After leaving the Thousand Jade Pavilion, Deng Xinhe held the fake calligraphy that he had bought for 8 yuan and almost cried out.

"Don't tell me you really want me to give this fake to my grandfather! If he finds out that I used a fake to fool him, he will definitely kick me out of the house. At that time, I might become homeless and have to beg for food!"

Qin Xi glanced at him and said, "Do you think I'll believe you?"

To be able to still live so carefreely after committing a crime, it was obvious that his family really doted on him.

"Xi, did you notice something?" Liu Dequan asked curiously.

Qin Xi smiled and explained, "I'm not sure, but I think it's probably true. However, it's not convenient to say now. Let's go back and try it out!"

Hearing her words, Deng Xinhe seemed to have guessed something and said excitedly, "You mean that Wang Xizhi's painting is a fake, and this fake is actually the real one?"

Qin Xi didn't want to explain too much. "Alright, the most important thing now is to buy talisman papers and cinnabars. We'll talk about other things after we get back."

The three of them came to a shop that sold talisman papers and off-the-shelf talismans. The shop was well-decorated, but the business was especially grim. There was only a handsome young man in his twenties in the shop.

As soon as she entered the shop, Qin Xi went straight to the point. "May I ask if there are any high-grade talismans and cinnabar?"

Seeing that there was business, the man immediately welcomed her with enthusiasm. "Yes, please wait a moment. I'll get it for you!"

From a small drawer on the other side of the counter, he took out a small wooden box and said smugly, "This is a top-grade talisman paper. Please take a look."

Qin Xi looked at the talisman paper. "The color is not bad..."

The young man said confidently, "Of course. I can guarantee that in the entire Luoping City, other than my family, you won't be able to find such top-grade talisman paper anywhere else."

Qin Xi nodded and pushed the talisman paper to the side. "It's indeed very rare. However, I want something better than that. Do you have it? Of course, money is not a problem as long as the quality is good!"

"Yes, of course I have!" Seeing that Qin Xi seemed to know a lot about talisman paper, the young man became even more enthusiastic.

In this line of work, he knew very well that those who could draw talismans were not ordinary people. Moreover, these people were not short of money at all. Therefore, he quickly took out the best talisman paper he had.

"This is absolutely the best I have. It's the best of the best. Take a look!"

Qin Xi picked up the talisman paper and looked at it carefully and was satisfied.

"Alright, this one! How much?"

"Well..."

The young man scratched the back of his head and asked in embarrassment, "It's like this. Not only do we sell talisman paper, but we also recycle finished talismans. If you're interested, you can come to our shop anytime!"

"Alright, got it."

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In the presidential suite of a fancy hotel.

Qin Xi gently spread the silk over the marble table. She instructed Deng Xinhe, "Go and get a bottle of strong wine. It's best if it's above 60% ABV."

Deng Xinhe did not understand what she was going to do. He did as he was told. The presidential suite had a wine cabinet with all kinds of expensive wine inside.

He casually took out a bottle of vodka and handed it to Qin Xi and looked at the silk carefully.

Deng Xinhe was very curious. "Don't tell me you think there's something else going with the silk?"

Qin Xi sprinkled the wine evenly on the silk and said confidently, "I am confident that is the case!"

Chapter 88: Ancient Artifact

Qin Xi poured half a bottle of vodka on the silk. Instantly, a strong fragrance spread out and filled the entire room.

"Do you have a match?" she asked Deng Xinhe.

Deng Xinhe was stunned. He quickly took out an expensive lighter from his pocket. "Is this okay?"

Qin Xi nodded and lit up the silk with it. The silk that was filled with strong alcohol instantly lit up, and the blue flames glowed with a demonic light.

Deng Xinhe was shocked. "Master Qin, what is this?"

Liu Dequan's eyes lit up as if he could smell the ingredients of some herb in the air. Although he could not tell what herb it was, he was sure that this silk wasn't as simple as it seemed.

Qin Xi did not speak. After the flames burned away the wine, she suddenly waved her sleeve and a powerful True Qi spread out. The flames were extinguished, revealing the original appearance of the silk.

On the silk, a grand and majestic calligraphy emerged. It was the same as the one they saw back in the antique shop.

"This is..."

Deng Xinhe was so shocked that his jaw almost dropped. "So this inconspicuous silk is Wang Xizhi's real work? This is too unbelievable."

Liu Dequan asked in disbelief, "Xi, how did you know about it?"

Logically speaking, Qin Xi wasn't supposed to know so much since she had never left Shangwan Village. Even if she was accepted as a disciple by a master, she still needed time to learn and absorb everything. He felt that the more time he spent with Qin Xi, the more mysterious a person she seemed.

Qin Xi seemed to have known that he would ask this question. She smiled and said, "Perhaps it's because my sense of smell is acute and I can smell the faint herbal fragrance on the silk. I know that when the unique herbs are burnt, the silk will show its true appearance."

Liu Dequan was enlightened. "I see!"

Deng Xinhe took Tang Bohu's calligraphy and asked eagerly, "What about this one? Is this one real too?"

Qin Xi immediately became excited. She rubbed the black chain on the scroll with trembling hands and said, "Although this calligraphy is a fake, this chain is a rare ancient artifact."

Deng Xinhe scratched his head and asked incredulously, "An artifact from the ancient time? It sounds very powerful. However, this chain looks rusty and useless, and it's no different from an ordinary chain. How can it be an ancient artifact? Master Qin, are you sure?"

Qin Xi couldn't be bothered to explain to him. She took off the chain and held it in her hand.

She closed her eyes and focused her mind, activating the Mystic Medical Technique in her body and injecting a trace of Mystic True Qi into the chain. In an instant, a huge and invisible shock wave spread out, shaking all the objects in the room.

Deng Xinhe and Liu Dequan felt powerful pressure emanating from Qin Xi. The two of them couldn't help but take a few steps back. They widened their eyes in shock and looked at Qin Xi in disbelief.

At this moment, Qin Xi's hair fluttered even though there was no wind. Her eyes were closed, and she was emitting an mystic aura.

After a moment, the pressure gradually disappeared.

Qin Xi slowly opened her eyes and looked at the chain that had turned as black as ink from rusty color. It was emitting a mysterious and strange fluctuation, as if there was some mysterious power flowing in it.

Not only that, but her cultivation also improved a little, which made her excited.

“The Chain of Darkness is indeed powerful.”

Although she didn’t have the ability to control the Chain of Darkness yet, she firmly believed that as long as she kept cultivating, she could one day become its master.

Chapter 89: Drawing Talismans

“Who... are you?”

Deng Xinhe could not suppress the awe and fear he felt. He felt that everything about Qin Xi was a mystery.

“You don’t have to know who I am.”

Qin Xi smiled faintly and swung her hand. The dark chain wrapped around her fair wrist and miraculously attached to it.

Seeing that, Deng Xinhe and Liu Dequan were stunned. They felt that their entire understanding of the world collapsed.

Deng Xinhe was about to lean over to ask questions when Qin Xi shot him a glare. “Do you still want the talisman you mentioned before?”

Deng Xinhe immediately said, “Yes, of course. I’m counting on it to save my life!”

Qin Xi snorted and took out the talisman papers and cinnabar. She asked, “What talismans do you want?”

Deng Xinhe knew nothing about talismans. He asked tentatively, “What talismans are there?”

Qin Xi thought for a moment and said, “There are many kinds, such as evil-warding talismans, marriage, studies, fortune, and so on. Anything that you want basically.”

Of course, with her current strength, she could only draw some low-level talismans. When her Mystic Medical Technique advanced another level, she could draw higher-level talismans like the Spirit Gathering Talisman, the Lightning Attracting Talisman, and the Fire Explosion Talisman.

Deng Xinhe clicked his tongue. “So many? Then, give me one of each talisman? No, two, can you?”

Qin Xi’s smile widened. “Of course!”

As long as she got paid doing it, she didn’t mind giving him as many talismans as he wanted.

She picked up the brush, dipped it in a cinnabar, focused, and drew.

“Safety Talisman, Mind Calming Talisman, Refreshing Talisman, Exorcism Talisman, Love Talisman, Job Promotion Talisman, Wealth Talisman, Memory Talisman...”

The series of talismans stunned Deng Xinhe and Liu Dequan.

It had to be noted that writing talismans consumed a lot of True Qi, but Qin Xi was equipped with the mystic medicine technique and was destined to be different from ordinary mystic cultivators.

She completed 21 talismans in one go. Each talisman flickered with light, containing extremely pure True Qi.

After doing this, Qin Xi's face turned slightly pale. The sweat on her face drenched the hair on her forehead.

"This is the Eight Trigrams Soul Gathering Talisman. Burn it into ashes, mix it with liquid, and feed it to her. Don't worry, my talisman is of a higher level than hers. It doesn't need to be water. It can be coffee or wine. As long as she takes it, it will have an unexpected effect. However, the time is limited. It can only last three minutes. Think about it."

"Really? That's great."

Deng Xinhe picked up all the talismans like they were gold and danced excitedly. He had the urge to hug Qin Xi, but he remembered how formidable she was. He quickly turned around and hugged Liu Dequan.

Because she exhausted too much True Qi, Qin Xi was a little tired.

She looked at Liu Dequan and said, "Grandpa Liu, it's rare for you to come to Luoping. Go and pay your son a visit. I'll rest in the hotel and we will go back tomorrow afternoon. How about that?"

Liu Dequan was still a little worried about Qin Xi sneaking out and getting into danger. "Why don't you come with me?"

Qin Xi said helplessly, "Grandpa Liu, I know you mean well, but with my ability, no one can do anything to me. If you're really worried, why don't you call the hotel to check on me now and then to see if I'm sleeping?"

Liu Dequan thought for a moment and nodded. "Alright, I'll call the hotel when the time comes."

Qin Xi looked at Deng Xinhe and said, "Young Master Deng, since you have nothing to do, why don't you send Grandpa Liu to see his son? Thank you!"

Deng Xinhe was stunned. Qin Xi was the first person who had the ball to order him around like this.

Chapter 90: A Sense of Suffocation

After returning to her room, Qin Xi took a quick shower and left the hotel.

Ever since Yu Liman took out that drink, every time she thought of it, she would feel a tightness on her chest. In this parallel world, she might be able to see her parents from her previous life again.

With excitement and trepidation, she found a phone booth at the intersection. "Hello, I need to make a long distance call."

The phone booth was not big, only five square meters. It mostly sold newspapers, magazines, and some phone cards.

The lady boss was a middle-aged woman in her forties. She was reading a magazine while cracking sunflower seeds. She said without looking up, "Go ahead. 30 cents a minute."

Qin Xi picked up the phone with trembling hands and held her breath. She dialed the number that she knew by heart.

"Sorry, the number you dialed is out of service."

Qin Xi was puzzled. How could the number be out of service?

She remembered clearly that this was her grandmother's phone number. She once used this number as the password for her computer. How could it not be in service?

Moreover, according to the time, her mother was in high school and could only come home once a month. Therefore, her grandmother installed a landline at home so that her grandmother could talk to her mother.

But why couldn't she get through?

Her heart sank. She felt a sense of suffocation. Biting her lower lip, she tried to make another call. However, the result was the same.

Qin Xi put down the phone dejectedly and forced a smile at the lady boss. After saying, "The call didn't go through," she turned around and left.

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It was noon. The heat wave was roasting the surroundings and sucking away the vitality of every living being.

Qin Xi did not return to the hotel. Instead, she walked aimlessly on the streets. Facing the heat wave, she was not affected at all.

Before she knew it, she had arrived at a park. The environment here was beautiful. The trees were lush and the sea of flowers was dazzling. The air was fragrant and the temperature was pleasant. When the breeze swept past, it dispersed the heat of summer, making one feel relaxed.

Qin Xi sat under a shade and was thinking about her previous life when she suddenly heard someone shouting for help not far away.

She immediately stood up to look in the direction of the voice. She saw a man in his forties lying on the ground with his eyes closed. Beside him was a woman in her early twenties kneeling and crying for help in despair.

Qin Xi looked at the black smoke rising from the man and immediately understood what was going on.

At this moment, the man was already surrounded by people. A young man was resuscitating him. Qin Xi quickly walked over and squeezed into the crowd.

Xia Tangxin's face was covered in tears as she begged, "Doctor, how's my father? Please save him. I beg you..."

The young male doctor smiled charmingly as he brushed the hair on his forehead behind his ear. He said confidently, "Don't worry, your father has a heart attack. I happen to have medicine with me. He'll be fine after taking it."

Xia Tangxin sobbed, her eyes as red as an apple. She held her father's stiff hands tightly and said in confusion, "But, but my father doesn't have a heart disease!"

The young doctor retorted immediately, his face filled with cockiness, "That's impossible. I'm a neurology and cardiology student. I just came back from studying abroad and can tell at a glance that your father has heart disease. Don't worry, there's an incubation period for heart disease. That's why your father looks like this."

As he spoke, he took out a bottle of fast-acting heart pills from his pocket and was about to feed it to the patient.

Qin Xi was furious. She said coldly, "This gentleman is suffering from shortness of breath from heat stroke. His heart is beating irregularly, and the lack of oxygen in his brain caused a relapse of cerebral infarction. This has nothing to do with heart disease. If you give him a fast-acting heart pill, I guarantee that this gentleman will die faster."