

THE SAVIOR IS JUST A 3-YEAR-OLD

Chapter 1

Traveling to the Scene of the Beheading

Her neck felt chilly.

When Jiang Huailu opened her black, round eyes, she found that she was kneeling on the freezing cold ground.

Her neck was stretched long like a swan.

A reminder came from her side.

“Xiao Lu, quickly stretch out your neck. When the blade of the guillotine drops, you’ll be overwhelmed with pain if your head isn’t cut off completely.”

Jiang Huailu’s eyelids trembled.

She turned her head to the side and saw the man kneeling on her left. That was her father, the Deputy Dean of the Court of Judicature and Revision.

The one next to him was her grandfather, a Cabinet Scholar.

He was said to have a life and death friendship with His Majesty.

“Xiao Lu, Xiao Lu, drink some wine to warm your belly. You’ll not feel any pain and you’ll not remember anything after drinking it.” Tears dropped silently from the young woman’s face, while holding a bowl of strong alcohol in her hands. After drinking this bowl of wine, Jiang Huailu would probably not remember anything.

Jiang Huailu’s heart was pounding and her forehead was terrifyingly hot. She could be burnt to death because of the high temperature, while her body was still intact.

Her black eyes rolled around. Jiang Huailu only felt that her throat was dry. She had no idea how long she hadn't had any water.

The young woman, Xia, saw this and only felt pain, as if something was gouging a hole in her heart.

Her Xiao Lu was just three and a half years old. She was still a child.

His Majesty was so cruel that he wanted to exterminate the Jiang family.

"Mother, I don't want to drink this..." Jiang Huailu said with grievances. Before she finished talking, her mother had already pinched her mouth open and poured the strong and spicy white wine into her mouth.

She gulped down the white wine.

People watching around them had started secretly crying at this moment.

She was just a kid who was three and a half years old. Her expression looked so ignorant and she didn't know anything at all.

Jiang Huailu felt that her mind immediately became muddled. Her eyes were clear and glassy like those of a fawn and her cheeks were flushed. She burped and let out a scent of alcohol that rose into the sky.

She kept thinking about the Bodhisattva continuously in her brain, Bodhisattva, Bodhisattva...

The Bodhisattva said that she, she would become a heavenly immortal and a savior that saved... saved the world in the future.

Right, she would establish prestige. She... hm, she was very impressive.

Jiang Huailu wasn't tied up because of her age. Meanwhile, she stood up, as her body swayed and her eyes were bleary. She was completely drunk.

Once she took the first step forward, her body softened.

She rolled down the stairs like a little ball and the two pigtails on her head also drooped.

The supervisor was about to go and get her, but when he turned around... He saw her holding onto the pants of a boy, who had arrived without him knowing, tightly.

Clap. Everyone knelt on the ground.

They watched in terror that little girl tightly grabbing the apricot-yellow robe that had a four clawed dragon pattern.

The supervisor trembled slightly. It was summer, but he was drenched in cold sweat and his hands and legs felt cold.

Jiang Huailu sat on the ground with pain spreading across her body. She was about to be beheaded, so her heart felt wronged.

A savior couldn't cry.

Right, a savior couldn't cry.

“Wahhh...” An earth-shattering cry resounded.

Jiang Huailu couldn't hold back her tears after all. She started crying out loud, sitting on the floor of the beheading site. Tears dropped and pattered onto the ground. Why couldn't a savior cry?

A three-year-old savior also had to cry!

Jiang Huailu burst into tears. She only wanted to be the savior of the world because she wanted to save the world, punish evil spirits, and restore peace to the world!

Tears and snot ran down Jiang Huailu's face. She grabbed the handkerchief in her hand and leaned forward.

“Huhu...” She wiped her nose with the handkerchief that was embroidered with dragons.

And then wiped her tears.

Gasps came from beside her.

There seemed to be chills all around her body. Xiao Lu looked up while tears welled up in her eyes. The boy’s face was as dark as the bottom of a pot under the scorching sun.

“Hm, devil!” she said.