

# THE SAVIOR IS JUST A 3-YEAR-OLD

## Chapter 7

### Banished to Desolate City

Since the third day of their journey, Jiang Huailu started to have a fever again.

It was serious this time and the Jiang family was terrified.

The place where they were exiled this time was Desolate City, which was known as the Land of the Lost.

Everyone knew that humans and ghosts went different ways in the world and that there was a clear distinction between day and night.

But this wasn't the case in Desolate City.

Desolate City was the restricted area of the four largest kingdoms. This was a place that was forgotten by people in the world, but it was also a thorn in everyone's heart.

The four largest kingdoms banished all of their exiles to Desolate City. Year after year, Desolate City had had rapid development.

Those who could reach Desolate City alive were all fierce and powerful people.

Not to mention there were ghosts everywhere in Desolate City, making it more frightening.

Rumor had it that Desolate City was divided into inner city and outer city, in order to fight against the evil spirits. The outer city was a place for the lowly citizens. Those people had to stay up all night to keep themselves alive, so as to get through the tough nights.

Members of the Jiang family were all scholars, so being exiled to Desolate City was even harder for them than dying.

And now, Jiang Huailu suddenly had a serious fever and was unconscious. During the day, Jiang Yubai and Jiang Huaian took turns to carry her. Xia secretly used some silver to beg the Yamen officers to stop for a while, so she could get some herbs and medicine.

The Yamen officers wouldn't enter Desolate City. They would return to Daying Kingdom after handing these people over at the city gate.

Knowing that the Jiang family would never return to Daying Kingdom, the Yamen officers had never treated them well along the way.

"Stop for an hour? Do you know that it's going to get dark soon? If we can't find a place to stay, we'll have to spend the night in the wild. This will be the world of the evil spirits after the sun goes down. You might want to die, but don't drag us with you!" the Yamen officer shouted and his saliva almost splashed onto Xia's face.

He stared at Xia's wallet.

Before they left, they saw those officials and disciples give money to the Jiang family.

The chief of the Yamen officers rubbed his thumb and index finger together. Xia immediately froze and put on a smile, taking out a piece of silver for the Yamen officer.

"There'll definitely not be a delay. We'll go and return after a while. Please show us some kindness. Your kindness will certainly be returned." Xia used to be the superior lady of the family. And now, she was kneeling low, respectfully, in front of the Yamen officer, which greatly satisfied his vanity.

The corner of the Yamen officer's mouth raised proudly. "Go. Just one hour. Go and come back quickly," he said and found a place to sit.

He asked a few other Yamen officers to give everyone some crackers. Those crackers were their dinners.

Apart from the Jiang family, a group of officials and their families and a few murderers, who weren't sentenced to death, were also exiled together.

"Money talks. They can still hire a doctor on the way to exile. What a joke!" A prisoner snickered as he looked at the Jiang family with a bit of greed.

Lord Fang was another exiled person. He was framed by a thief, causing his whole family to be banished.

No one dared to help them, so they were even worse off than the Jiang family right now.

However, all the members of Lord Fang's family were military soldiers. Even his daughter-in-law was the daughter of a military family. So, his family seemed much more energetic than the Jiang family.

Lord Fang walked over to Old Lord Jiang with his hands and feet in cuffs. His voice was as loud as thunder, scaring everyone else.

"Old Lord Jiang, when you bring down the little girl's fever, let my son carry her. We don't have any other skills, but we have brute force." Lord Fang shook his head. The Jiang family wasn't prepared at all. Some of their members were very old and some very young. Their daughter-in-law was even pregnant.

They had all the old people, weak women and children.

Even if they made it to Desolate City, they had only a small chance of survival.

Old Lord Jiang looked at Jiang Huailu lying unconsciously in the arms of his eldest grandchild, seriously. The lips of his eldest grandchild were already peeling from thirst. He was just a thirteen-year-old child.