

# THE SAVIOR IS JUST A 3-YEAR-OLD

## Chapter 8

### The Savior Had a Fever

Old Lord Jiang's heart shook. "Thank you, Brother Fang."

He was a scholar, while Lord Fang was a military official. The two of them were in disagreement in court.

Who would have thought he would offer to help?

Lord Fang nodded and didn't say anything else. Although the two of them were enemies in politics and they had different political opinions, they hadn't reached the point where they would fight until they died.

Besides, they were both prisoners now. How would there be any bias between them?

In the meantime, a storm was about to come. It was going to rain again and the wind made the tree branches rustle.

Jiang Huailu's face flushed from her fever.

Fortunately, Old Lady Jiang made it through and she felt better now. She asked Jiang Huaiying to protect Yuan, as she was worried that Yuan would get sick.

The disciples who came to send them off were smart and they had asked around privately. They secretly gave them some money, just in case. Most of them were trivial necessities that weren't eye-catching.

Old Lady Jiang boiled some water with a small pot and secretly put some salt inside while everyone wasn't paying attention.

These were all things that were hanging on Jiang Huailu's body. There was a bit of everything.

They had to push on with the trip to exile. If they lacked salt, their body would soon be overwhelmed.

"Take these to the Fang family." Old Lord Jiang asked someone to fill up a few water bags. Once the members of the Fang family drank the water, they were startled and they nodded at the Jiang family.

Xia came back early. She was worried that it would get dark soon and that they would be delayed.

Many people weren't willing to give her medicines when they saw her wearing prison clothes, but she met someone kind.

"Get up, get up. Get up quickly and push on. If we don't go faster, we'll have to stay in the wild." What the Yamen officer said frightened everyone, making them tremble. Staying out in the wild right now was like digging their own graves.

When the sun went down, those ghosts and evil spirits would run wild.

Nobody dared to go out at night.

Xia dared not to talk about making medicine as well. The Fang family only discovered that Jiang Huailu was boiling hot and her fever was terrifyingly serious, when they took her.

If she couldn't make it through this time, it would probably be over for her.

Heavy breaths sounded one after another and the chains on their feet clanged. The storm was about to come and the sky turned grey. They were about to step into darkness.

“Why did you go to get medicines? You wasted our time. If we can’t find a place to stay before it gets dark. We’ll all be doomed!” A prisoner was so enraged his eyes turned red. Crack.

The prisoner was lashed with a whip.

No one dared to speak again, even if they were angry.

That Yamen officer certainly regretted it, but he couldn’t lose his authority as well, so he could only oppress everyone fiercely.

Seeing the sky getting darker, that string in everyone’s heart almost broke.

“Quick! There’s a deserted temple. Go in there, faster!” The Yamen officer only heard the sound of weeping ghosts and howling wolves around his ears and his expression changed in an instant. He then shouted loudly and ran ahead.

They all ran forward in fear as a huge darkness swept through.

The dark was filled with intense, evil energy that swept the ground. This world would look completely different.

“Whoosh...”

“Close the door quickly.” Once everyone stepped into the deserted temple, they immediately felt the cold air behind them, making them terrified.

The Yamen officers asked people to shut the door tightly closed, but the wind leaked in through the holes all around the temple. The windows made some banging sounds when they were blown by the wind.

The Yamen officers then asked them to seal the windows with wooden boards. And yet, they heard many wails around their ears, which made them tremble.

“Bah! I almost died here today. From now on, nobody can delay our schedule even if the sky falls.” The chief of the Yamen officers glared at the Jiang family and immediately looked away.

No matter how important money was, he also had to keep himself alive.

Besides, the Jiang family might not be able to survive until they got to Desolate City.

“Xiao Lu, Xiao Lu, come. Drink the medicine.” Xia immediately boiled the medicine with a little pot once she got in. Luckily, the Jiang family was well-prepared and brought quite a lot of water.

But meanwhile, ghosts slowly gathered outside of the door.