

Ghost 136

Chapter 136: the pregnant spritual helper

The camp slept lightly that night, but the Empress did not sleep at all.

How could she?

The ritual's dark flames...

The strange heartbeat under the fake pregnant pillow...

The leader's eyes staring at her as if she carried a divine curse...

No sleep could survive that.

Fen Yu, trembling ghostly beside her, complained nonstop.

"I don't want to be here! I'm too pretty to die in a barbaric place!"

Li Shen rubbed his forehead.

"You're already dead—"

"THAT DOESN'T MATTER!"

Wei Rong sighed.

"We stay alert. Something is wrong. Very wrong."

The Emperor, lying on the thin blanket beside the Empress, didn't sleep either.

He kept his eyes closed, but his hand hovered near his hidden dagger, ready to strike the moment someone approached.

He was angry.

Furious.

But silently.

The Empress acting pregnant was his idea.

But he never expected this camp to sense... something.

Something dangerous inside her.

And he definitely didn't expect the leader's next announcement at dawn.

"The pregnant one will perform spiritual tasks."

When the sun rose, drums boomed through the camp.

Everyone gathered.

The leader stood before the fire pit, voice loud and cold:

"Bring out the woman with child. She will begin her spiritual duties today."

The Empress froze.

Fen Yu fainted in air.

Li Shen grabbed her hair.

Wei Rong looked ready to murder someone.

The Emperor's jaw tensed so sharply it could break.

But he forced calm.

A king could not reveal himself.

He stepped forward with a bow.

"My wife... is weak. She cannot—"

"She is strong," the leader interrupted.

"The fire recognized her unborn child."

All eyes turned to the Empress.

She glared inwardly.

This fake pregnancy was becoming her biggest enemy.

She forced a timid smile, clutching her belly.

"I... will try."

The Emperor shot her a warning look:

One wrong move and this entire camp will hunt you.

Dragged to the Ritual Tent

Two barbaric women escorted the Empress to a large tent painted with spirals and symbols.

Inside:

Bowls of herbs.

Strange powders.

Charcoal drawings of spirits.

Animal bones tied with red thread.

It felt like stepping inside a witch's stomach.

The older woman spoke:

"You will sit here.

Breathe the incense.

Let your spirit connect to the child inside."

Fen Yu nearly vomited ghost tears.

"She's asking you to BREATHE? This smoke is cursed!"

Wei Rong frowned.

"This isn't incense. This is energy siphoning."

Li Shen agreed.

"They want to drain her spiritual strength."

The Empress sat slowly.

The smoke curled around her face—

but her new spiritual cultivation from the shaman flared inside her like a protective shield.

The smoke trembled and backed away.

The older woman blinked in shock.

"You... are different."

The Empress smiled gently.

"Pregnancy makes a woman strong."

Fen Yu snorted.

"Pregnancy pillow makes a woman annoyed, not strong."

Meanwhile... Chaos Outside the Camp Entrance

While the Empress suffered inside the ritual tent...

A new problem exploded outside the camp gates.

"HALT! Who are you people?!"

The barbaric guards pointed spears at—

Yao Qing, the twins, and the new man.

All disguised as pitiful villagers.

Yao Qing wore a torn dress, hair messy, holding a baby doll she found on the way.

The twins carried sacks of vegetables.

The new man limped dramatically.

"We are poor villagers seeking refuge!" Yao Qing cried, wiping fake tears.

"The Emperor doesn't care about us! Please let us stay!"

The twins nodded pitifully.

"We have no food... no home..."

The new man groaned.

"My leg... hurts... I think it's broken but I can still work... I'm strong..."

The guards exchanged looks.

One whispered,

"These people look... strange."

Another whispered,

"Why is that woman smiling while crying?"

Yao Qing yelled dramatically,

"WE ARE DYING! LET US IN!"

The guards jumped back.

"Fine, fine! STOP YELLING!"

They opened the gate in panic.

Yao Qing marched in proudly.

The guards whispered behind them:

"Crazy villagers..."

"Poor people..."

"I hope they don't scream again..."

Back in the Ritual Tent

The Empress had her eyes closed, trying to act calm.

But her ghosts kept whispering loudly.

Fen Yu:

"Why is this old woman circling us? What is she doing??"

Li Shen:

"She's checking the Empress' spirit thread. Dangerous."

Wei Rong:

"If she finds the pillow instead of a child, we are dead."

The Empress inhaled deeply.

She had to distract the ritual woman.

"Senior... what is the purpose of this ritual?"

The old woman paused.

"It strengthens the unborn child. Makes it powerful. The clan values strong children."

The Empress swallowed.

"And... what happens to mothers?"

The woman smiled without warmth.

"Mothers live. Or sometimes... sacrifice."

Fen Yu screamed in the air.

"RUN! RUN NOW! This is a child-sacrifice tent!!!"

Li Shen covered her mouth.

"SHH!"

Wei Rong stepped toward the woman, ready to cut her if needed.

Just then—

A loud scream echoed from outside.

"WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?!"

Yao Qing.

The entire camp fell silent.

The old woman frowned.

"Visitors?"

The Empress panicked.

"Please excuse me—pregnancy mood swing! I must... check something!"

Before the woman could react, the Empress waddled out with her big belly.

Chaos at the Center of the Camp

Yao Qing stood on a crate, yelling like a madwoman.

"WHERE IS MY USELESS, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING HUSBAND? HE RAN AWAY WITH OUR RICE!!"

The barbaric guards backed away in horror.

The twins added drama by crying loudly.

The new man rolled on the ground saying his leg broke again.

The barbaric leader approached, confused and annoyed.

"What is happening here?"

Yao Qing pointed at the twins.

"These are my younger brothers! We came here together! We need refuge!"

The twins nodded pitifully like abandoned puppies.

Then the leader looked at the new man.

"And him?"

The new man groaned.

"I... lost my wife... and goats..."

Fen Yu appeared beside the Empress.

"He lost brain too."

The Empress pinched her ghost to shut up.

When the Emperor arrived, confusion hit him like a hammer.

Yao Qing ran to him immediately.

"HUSBAND!! THERE YOU ARE!"

The entire camp gasped.

The Emperor froze.

The Empress froze.

The ghosts froze.

Yao Qing hugged the Emperor's arm dramatically.

"You abandoned me! And our three children!!"

The twins fell to the ground screaming,

"FATHER! DON'T LEAVE US AGAIN!"

The new man rolled harder.

"And my goats too!"

The barbaric leader blinked.

"So... you are all one family?"

The Emperor's soul left his body for three seconds.

The Empress covered her face.

Fen Yu rolled laughing.

Li Shen fainted.

Wei Rong whispered, "This is worse than the ghost-breeding ritual."

The Emperor forced the fakest smile in history.

"Yes...

They are...

my...

family."

The entire camp murmured.

"What a big family..."

"He has two wives?"

"Three kids?"

"Where did the goats come from?"

Ending: Empress drags the Emperor away

When the crowd finally dispersed, the Empress grabbed the Emperor's sleeve and dragged him behind a tent.

Her fake belly bounced wildly.

She hissed,

"YOUR childhood sweetheart isn't the problem.

MY childhood friend is the problem!"

He rubbed his forehead.

"Even I cannot handle your friend."

"GOOD," she snapped.

"Then suffer."

Wei Rong added,

"The undercover mission just became a circus."

Li Shen sighed,

"We are doomed."

Fen Yu pointed at the chaos outside.

"Maybe the barbaric people will kill us to stop the noise."

The Empress glared at the Emperor.

"You see?! MINIMUM 5 days with these idiots!"

The Emperor looked at her belly pillow.

"And you have to stay pregnant."

She kicked his foot.

Thus began the most chaotic infiltration in history.