

THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

Chapter 1: Hundred Lifetimes of Evil Ghosts

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"Princess Qingcang, Xin Lin, you snatch people's fortunes, cursed as a Hundred Life Evil Ghost, doomed never to meet a good end. Every generation of the Qingcang Clan, men will be slaves, women will be prostitutes, never to enter the Heavenly Dao!"

The man's eyes were dark and profound, his features sharp and beautiful like carved by a knife, the red wedding robe fluttering in the wind sounded like bursts of fireworks, emitting an emperor's intimidating aura.

The cold verdict echoed with thunder from all directions, shockingly landed.

"Qin Shi, you have betrayed me!"

The woman's voice cried blood, piercing through the clouds—

Suddenly, Xin Lin sat up.

She was alive, a Superpower User, imprisoned by the Dark Organization since childhood for experimentation.

To help her escape, her family was ruthlessly murdered, it took her years to grow into the strongest Female Soldier King, she activated a mysterious device in the organization's treasure vault to completely destroy it...

She thought she was surely dead, but unexpectedly, she survived.

The curse of Hundred Lifetimes of Evil Ghosts was not a dream, she was cursed.

Xin Lin was covered in cold sweat, soaking her clothes, the wet gauze clinging to her small frame, arms and legs several sizes too small.

A plump woman with flamboyant makeup grabbed Xin Lin and dragged her outside.

"Dead girl, stop playing dead, get up and greet the guests."

As soon as she touched the woman, memories flooded Xin Lin's mind.

This was Longteng Country's Bainiao City, the original owner of this body was also named Xin Lin, fourteen years old, currently in Tianxiang Building, the largest brothel in Bainiao City.

She had a childhood sweetheart, Sikong Ran, who moved here from their remote hometown with her four years ago.

Over these four years, relying solely on each other, Sikong Ran loved martial arts and was constantly engrossed in it, but was bad at earning a living. It was thanks to Xin Lin's work at Tianxiang Building as a maid that they managed to survive in the city.

About ten days ago, Sikong Ran who was fifteen, went to a neighboring city for an examination and was found to have powerful True Qi; from a downtrodden Martial Arts Apprentice, he became an enviable Xuanwu Practitioner.

This should have been an enviable turn of events, it seemed Xin Lin's hard days were also behind her, but...

"Dead girl, Sikong Ran has already sold you to me, the master outside is waiting for you."

A flash of cruelty crossed Liu Sanniang's eyes.

This little girl had something special about her body, it hadn't grown at all over the years, still resembling a puerile, naive loli.

Despite her simple and naive appearance, her features were delicate and clean, and although she couldn't be the top courtesan, she catered well to the special preferences of some high-ranking nobles.

Liu Sanniang was fat, and since Xin Lin was just recovering from a severe illness, Liu Sanniang was about to forcefully drag her out.

Xin Lin took a deep breath, a bizarre scene flashed before her eyes.

Liu Sanniang opened the door, outside, a lustful guest was waiting for her, no one would save her.

On the other side of the room was a bustling street by the window, with a carriage parked outside.

What she was seeing was not Xin Lin's hallucination.

This was the superpower inherent in Xin Lin's previous life; from a young age, she possessed a miraculous precognition ability, although each foresight lasted only about ten minutes and could at most be used once a day.

But it was this special ability that allowed Xin Lin to escape death time and again and ultimately destroy the Dark Organization.

Although reborn in a frail woman's body with zero physical strength and zero attack power, her superpower was still online.

Even with only a sliver of hope, she had to try.

As Liu Sanniang turned to open the door, Xin Lin seized the moment, picked up a porcelain vase from the desk, and smashed it down without hesitation, shattering upon impact.

Liu Sanniang fell unconscious in a pool of blood.

Without any hesitation, Xin Lin searched Liu Sanniang's body, pulled out some papers and a purse, quickly darted to the window, and pushed it open.

Outside the window was the bustling city of Bainiao, with people coming and going, none noticed the happenings inside.

Xin Lin looked down and saw she was on the second floor, with a carriage parked below.

Her eyes flashed, Xin Lin quickly calculated the angle and height, and the safe posture for landing.

Her figure leaped down, bending on landing, arms around her head, accurately landing on the back of the carriage.

Two coachmen coincidentally came by at that moment and drove the carriage towards the city gate.

Just as Xin Lin escaped, a shadowy figure entered Tianxiang Building.

It was a stranger in black clothes, seeing the unconscious Liu, a flicker of surprise flashed in his eyes.

"Senior Sister Bai was right, failure to remove the roots means the wind will bring them to life again; this Xin Lin must die. However, she isn't worthy of our intervention."

The stranger swung his palm, revealing a fiery red center, like burning flames, rapidly engulfing the room in a blaze.

The setting sun's afterglow tinged half of the Bainiao City's sky red.