

THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

Chapter 10: Chapter 10 Eastern Medical Skill

"Who dares to conspire against me? Ah Ran won't let you off!"

Sikong, with a sack over her head covering her eyes and mouth, cursed loudly.

"As if I would let you off."

Sikong heard a familiar voice.

Xin Lin, that damned girl Xin Lin!

"You curse-bringing star of calamity, you little wretch, watch me beat you to death!"

Sikong, with her plump body, rolled over like a donkey, tumbling to the side, avoiding Xin Lin's lethal strike.

The sack tore with a ripping sound.

Sikong's face was covered in dust, her makeup smeared, making her look quite disheveled.

She shed the arrogant demeanor she had before others, and a cold light flashed in her eyes, making her seem like a completely different person.

Xin Lin's eyes deepened, sensing something off about Sikong before her.

Then, she saw Sikong gathering energy at her lower abdomen, her body's fat tightening continuously, shrinking her size considerably, firm and not bloated at all.

Sikong's arm flicked, sweeping like autumn wind over fallen leaves, aimed fiercely at Xin Lin.

The sound of the fist cutting through the air startled Xin Lin.

This woman knows martial arts, and her skills are not weak.

"Xin Lin" had lived in Qian Village for ten years and had never known Sikong to practice martial arts.

She quickly withdrew her hand, and the moment her stick touched Sikong's fist, it split with a crack, numbing even Xin Lin's hand.

Such strong power, likely comparable to that of a professional mercenary.

Facing Sikong head-on, Xin Lin was no match. After several dodges, Sikong forced Xin Lin to retreat step by step. Seemingly with nowhere to retreat, Xin Lin reached out both hands towards Sikong.

"Courting death!"

Sikong snorted coldly, completely disregarding Xin Lin's unskilled manner.

If it weren't for Ah Ran always preventing her from attacking Xin Lin, this damned girl would have long been dead.

Just a village girl from the countryside daring to aspire to marry a Prince of Youzhou.

Xin Lin's hand lightly brushed past Sikong's wrist, Sikong didn't even frown, the little girl's attack was no more than a tickle to her.

With a snap, Sikong was taken aback, suddenly feeling her hand go limp, drained of strength.

Her wrist was dislocated.

Before Sikong could react, she felt several more strikes on her back from Xin Lin.

Each strike was light as a feather, but each caused a cracking sound from the bones inside Sikong.

Standing much taller than Xin Lin, the sturdy Sikong suddenly collapsed to her knees in a blink.

"You little wretch! What did you do to me?"

Sikong was both shocked and scared.

"You should ask what Sikong Ran did to Xin Lin."

Xin Lin struck Sikong's back of the head with a club, causing her limbs to twitch twice, froth forming at her mouth and nose, and she fainted.

Sikong could not understand how a powerless little girl could subdue a Martial Arts Apprentice like herself.

Only Xin Lin knew clearly.

During her time in the Dark Organization's laboratory, she encountered an old Eastern physician who had been kidnapped.

In the years following her coming to understanding, she learned a complete set of Eastern bone-touching and acupoint techniques from the old physician.

Eastern medicine can save lives, but it can also kill.

Although Xin Lin could not match Sikong in martial power, she triumphed with her skillful techniques.

With each movement, she caused multiple fractures in Sikong's body—all with clever force.

However, it was fortunate for Xin Lin that she encountered the physically combative Sikong today; if she had faced Xuanwu Practitioners like Sikong Ran and Bai You, these methods would likely have been ineffective.