

## Little Girl 107

Chapter 107: The Arduous Task of Elegance

The night was deep.

"Your Highness, what is Miss Xin doing?"

Shi Guiren was filled with confusion, seeing Xin Lin in the dark night, throwing punch after punch, at several pieces of wood and stone, launching and retracting them.

"Sister is practicing martial arts, truly worthy of admiration, such perseverance."

Little Xinzhuo watched Xin Lin's silhouette with a face full of adoration.

Sister always said that diligence can make up for one's weaknesses, and ever since Sister succeeded in her Soul-washing, she's been desperately training day after day.

He must not lose to Sister. Little Xinzhuo, as if infused with adrenaline, also began to breathe deeply and cultivate Spiritual Energy.

"Your Highness seems a bit different now."

Shi Guiren looked at Little Xinzhuo with a face full of puzzlement.

The previous Your Highness never wanted to practice martial arts, finding it too strenuous.

But how could she feel that after Your Highness's serious illness this time, he seemed like a completely different person?

All of this was because of Miss Xin Lin.

Shi Guiren was immensely grateful, glancing at Xin Lin, pondering that as long as they could smoothly return to the Imperial Palace and have Your Highness rejoin the Imperial Family, she would definitely repay Xin Lin generously.

Little did the mother and son know, in their eyes the lofty and eminent Xin Lin was at this moment internally having ten thousand "Fuck yous" galloping through her mind.

The night was deep, approaching the third watch.

Xin Lin was completely exhausted, every muscle in her body crying out to lie down as a corpse, even lifting a finger was very difficult.

But Rascal Corpse, leisurely standing by her side, would occasionally scold her with a voice that took pleasure in her misfortune.

"Too little force."

"Too slow."

"An inch to the left."

"An inch to the right."

"Still seventy-eight punches short."

In Xin Lin's view, what was already the perfect Ghost God's First Punch, was in Rascal Corpse's eyes simply riddled with flaws.

Not to mention the Fu Xi's Power within her, even breathing became difficult.

The rocks before her eyes started to blur continuously, Xin Lin knew it was due to her extreme exhaustion.

Unconsciously, the rocks before her eyes turned into a face.

It was the face of a young man, as beautiful as Jade, every move graceful as a painting, he looked disdainfully at Xin Lin.

"Little Lin, you and I are not from the same world."

"Sikong Ran, the scumbag, take my punch."

With a body devoid of strength, Xin Lin, seeing the youth's infuriating face, suddenly felt a surge of spiteful anger, she punched out carrying the wind, blasting towards him.

Before her eyes flickered, Sikong Ran's flawless white jade face changed into a face deep and handsome.

The man slightly raised his eyes, looking at her with contempt.

"One hundred more times!"

Xin Lin's body shook.

"Damn it, Rascal Corpse, if one day you fall into my hands, I will definitely shatter you into pieces!"

Punch after punch, the faces of Rascal Corpse and Sikong Ran alternated before her.

Fueled by hatred towards the two, Xin Lin gritted her teeth and finished those hundred punches.

When she threw the last punch, in front of her, a rock half the height of a person directly broke into pieces.

At that moment, Xin Lin did not even use a trace of Fu Xi's Power.

"Men are pigs."

Muttering to herself, Xin Lin completely passed out.

A tall figure approached her.

Gui Hu, from his high vantage, looked down at Xin Lin, observing her torn hands and nearly soaked clothes, his face expressionless.

"You think the Ghost God Fist Second Form is that easy to learn. Only after ten thousand punches, will you be qualified."

Back then, to cultivate the Second Move, he threw punches ten thousand times.

What he was facing were not wood and stone, but ferocious beasts.

That year, he was only six years old.