

Little Girl 108

Chapter 108: The Warmth between Her and Him

People differ from birth.

Some are exalted above all, while others are as lowly as dust.

Now she, is as inconspicuous as dust.

Gui Hu looks down at the unconscious Xin Lin on the ground; even in unconsciousness, her fingers slightly bent, maintaining the posture of a clenched fist, overestimating her abilities, lowly as dust, yet unyieldingly tenacious.

In his deep blue eyes, there is only coldness and ruthlessness.

With one long arm, he scoops Xin Lin's small body into his embrace.

Xin Lin's clothes are completely wet, clinging to her petite and thin form.

His slender fingers pry open her clothes, quickly stripping her bare.

"Cold, cold."

The night deepens, and the unconscious Xin Lin feels the chill, instinctively pressing against Gui Hu's body; her hands and feet cling to Gui Hu's neck like a koala.

But as soon as she gets close, Xin Lin shivers.

"Damn it's cold, a big ice block!"

Xin Lin's small face wrinkles into a ball, resembling a little steamed bun; her hands and feet swiftly retract, attempting to escape Gui Hu's embrace.

Gui Hu frowns - is he being rejected?

His body is not that of an ordinary person; how could there be any warmth?

He snorts coldly, another long arm reaches out and grabs the distant Little Budian back into his hold, imprisoning her in his arms.

Xin Lin shivers, her eyelids twitch, but waves of exhaustion come over her, and she lacks the strength to open her eyes.

She only feels as if her whole body is tightly bound by ropes, as if she's trapped in a cold kiln.

Just when Xin Lin thinks she's going to be frozen alive, a warm current surges within her body.

The golden Fu Xi's Energy is steadily recovering, spreading throughout her body along those bean sprouts-like meridians.

The cold sensation quickly disappears, her body feeling as though it is soaking in a hot spring.

A comfortable and content expression spreads across her wrinkled little face.

The most miraculous thing is, the wounds big and small on Xin Lin's hands are rapidly healing under the influence of this warm flow.

"What's this?"

Feeling the small body in his arms gradually relax and grow warm,

Gui Hu feels that holding Little Budian in his arms is like holding a heater.

"The Fu Tian Pill does show you special favor."

Gui Hu's expression is complex as he looks at Little Budian in his arms.

Her previously bloodless face has gained a healthy flush, her little cheeks looking like an apple, irresistibly tempting one to take a bite.

The Fu Xi's Energy inside Xin Lin is rising, strengthening bit by bit.

She's actually cultivating Fu Xi's Energy even in her sleep.

The newly born Fu Xi's Energy not only nourishes Xin Lin's weary body but also silently warms Gui Hu's body.

Although the amount is very small, just by holding Little Budian, he can feel a trace of Ghost Power that has been dormant for a long time in his limbs slowly reviving.

A wave of unprecedented drowsiness stealthily approaches; Gui Hu hasn't felt the desire to sleep in many years.

Sleep, to Gui Hu, means endless darkness.

As the Dark Master, what he loathes most is darkness.

But tonight, with the warmth in his arms, darkness seems different to him.

Just as Gui Hu is about to close his eyes, he suddenly furrows his brows, his gaze shifts, looking towards the distance.

"I didn't expect them to catch up so soon."

In the same deep night, within the burial mound several miles away from the ruined temple, a different scene unfolds.