

## Little Girl 116

Chapter 116: Fake Little God

Empress Feng immediately ordered the Hidden Guards to watch the city gates of Purple Cloud City and the main official roads leading to it, alerting her as soon as any suspicious-looking woman with a boy enters the city.

Little did Empress Feng and her subordinates know, Noble Lady Shi and her son were on their way to Purple Cloud City.

"Ah Zhuo, do you know how to increase an arrow's power manifold?"

Xin Lin, sitting in a carriage, casually asked the Little Xin Lin beside her.

"Practice more with the arrows to improve accuracy and strength?"

Little Xinzhuo tilted his head, his face innocent.

"Turn it into a lethal arrow."

Inside the Sealing Spirit Talisman, the man's icy voice floated out.

"Kid is talking, you Rascal Corpse, why intervene?"

Xin Lin rolled her eyes and flicked her whip, shooing away a fly buzzing near the horse.

This Rascal Corpse really talks differently based on whom he is talking to.

A few days ago, when she was imitating that box and stuffed the Soul-breaking Arrow inside, that wretch inconveniently reminded her.

"Fu Xi's Energy."

As the Female Soldier King, Xin Lin was skilled in various ways to kill, but she was still naive compared to the Rascal Corpse.

Heeding his "friendly advice", Xin Lin had injected the only bit of Fu Xi's Energy inside her into the arrow.

Time-wise, the box should have already been delivered to the mastermind behind the scenes; if the mastermind truly were the Longteng Empress, news should come soon.

After all, according to Noble Lady Shi, the Longteng Empress was not versed in martial arts.

Xin Lin looked up at the sky, near dusk, the sky filled with red clouds, and nightfall was imminent; no wonder the Rascal Corpse inconveniently appeared again.

At this moment, Xin Lin and Little Xinzhuo were dressed as brothers, blending in with a caravan, with Noble Lady Shi disguised as their elder sister.

Originally, the caravan was reluctant to take in a frail woman and two small children.

But Xin Lin spooked the caravan leader by telling him his forehead was darkened with a bloody disaster looming, and after the caravan leader scolded her,

the leader was kicked over by a rampaging horse and came running back to treat Xin Lin almost reverently.

These days, as Xin Lin says west, the caravan leader wouldn't dare go east, she says go west, and he wouldn't head east.

With the caravan's cover, the three of them traveled smoothly, soon to reach Purple Cloud City.

Around evening, as the caravan encountered an inn and seeing no way to reach Purple Cloud City, they decided to stay temporarily.

"Little God, you and your family can stay in the east wing room. Thanks to the Little God, my people and I were kept safe."

The caravan leader bowed and ushered Xin Lin and family into the room.

Night deepened, and Noble Lady Shi and Little Xinzhuo soon fell asleep.

Xin Lin not feeling sleepy started practicing the One Vein Scripture.

Ever since she started cultivating the One Vein Scripture, the Fu Xi's Energy within her began to grow slowly.

It's strange, though Rascal Corpse had always clamored for her Fu Xi's Energy, it was much ado about nothing, and he never really forcibly took the Fu Xi's Energy.

"Be it, want it or not. Right now, the Fu Xi's Energy is just enough for me to use the Ghost God Fist twice, and the Fu Xi Eye once."

Xin Lin muttered to herself.

The Fu Xi's Energy inside her was still not plentiful, far from enough to circulate through her entire body, currently, she could only concentrate it in her eyes or right fist, and even then, for a very limited time.

Knowing that increasing the Fu Xi's Energy would take time with little immediate effect, Xin Lin decided to switch to cultivating Spiritual Energy.