

Little Girl 156

Chapter 156: The Fate of an Arrogant Woman

The scorching sun was overhead when Xin Lin emerged from the Purple Cloud Alchemy Hall, and it was already midday.

From Bainiao City to Purple Cloud City, a month had passed and Longteng Country was already in its autumn season.

The autumn sun was fiercer than a tiger, and at noon, it was intensely hot.

Xin Lin had only walked a few steps when she noticed a crowd gathered ahead on the street, as if something had happened.

A line of people formed a wall at the end of the street, making it completely impenetrable. Xin Lin, taking advantage of her agile body, squeezed in and took a quick look. When she saw the scene clearly, she muttered to herself.

"Enemies are bound to meet on a narrow road; how did I run into that domineering woman here!"

At the corner of the street, she saw a man and a woman along with several individuals looking like household servants.

The man was wearing an official hat and robe, and by his side, several servants were supporting a woman in yellow.

The woman had her eyes tightly closed, half-conscious, her face devoid of any color, looking as if she was seriously ill—it was Huang Zhijun whom Xin Lin had encountered previously by the stream.

Xin Lin had a grudge against Huang Zhijun because of the Red Toad, and she did not expect to run into her so soon.

The middle-aged official in front of them must be Huang Zhijun's father, the Assistant Minister.

Like father, like daughter, seeing how arrogant Huang Zhijun was, Assistant Minister Huang was probably not much better.

Xin Lin was curious if the big gift she had sent to the Empress had been delivered yet. After all, a gentleman's revenge is not too late, even after ten years.

Huang Zhijun had nearly killed her, so Xin Lin would not show any mercy.

However, looking at Huang Zhijun's current state, Xin Lin gave a soft exclamation, the domineering woman seemed to be in a bad way.

Last time, although the Rascal Corpse had taught the domineering woman a lesson, it didn't kill her. So, what could be the cause of her current condition?

Xin Lin summoned her energy, and quickly, Fu Xi's Energy started gathering at the bottom of her eyes.

A golden energy swirled in the depths of her eyes.

With one glance, Xin Lin saw a mass of black energy in the middle of Huang Zhijun's forehead and her body was utterly devoid of True Qi.

Just as Xin Lin was trying to figure out the reason for the black energy on her forehead, the Fu Xi's Energy dissipated from her eyes.

"Tsks, Fu Xi's Energy is depleted again."

Xin Lin noted with regret that although she could transfer Fu Xi's Energy from her right hand to her eyes after cultivating the One Vein Scripture, the energy depleted much faster this way.

With the Ghost God Fist, she could use Fu Xi's Energy twice.

But the energy in her eyes was not even enough for two uses.

It looked like she needed to cultivate Fu Xi's Energy more diligently.

Xin Lin thought to herself.

She raised her eyes to look at the place where Assistant Minister Huang and his daughter were kneeling.

Is this a temple?

Xin Lin saw a temple with red walls and glazed tiles, but it looked somewhat different from ordinary temples.

There was no incense burner or pilgrims at the entrance, and the doors were tightly shut.

Could such a temple have any worshippers?

Xin Lin felt a bit anxious for the temple.

"Uncle, what is this place?"

Xin Lin, curiosity written all over her face, asked a bystander nearby.

"Little guy, you must be from out of town, not knowing this place? This is the Taichang Temple, the second most important place in Zixiao City after the Imperial Palace."

The bystander, seeing that the question came from a lively and cute little child, answered with a smile.

Taichang Temple?

Xin Lin's eyelids twitched.

Wasn't that the place Ah Zhuo had mentioned before? Before he became a Wandering Ghost, he missed his hour for reincarnation and couldn't enter the cycle again. The only one who could save him was the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship from the Taichang Temple.

In her mind, she envisioned a white-haired, wrinkled face—an old stick-in-the-mud who lived in such a place, Xin Lin mused sarcastically.