

Little Girl 157

Chapter 157: The Ghostly Pendant

Achoo—

Inside a quiet room of Taichang Temple, someone rubbed their nose, feeling a slight itch.

The quiet room was simply furnished, with a pot of thin bamboo and a brass-colored incense burner.

On the low table, stacks of scriptures and fortune-telling slips lay scattered, alongside a turtle shell and a few Copper Coins.

Setting down the book in his hands, he picked up the string of seven-colored Buddhist beads on the desk and began to finger them.

"Your Excellency, Vice Minister Huang and his daughter have been kneeling outside for a whole day."

Outside the quiet room, an Attendant reported in a low voice.

This month was a month of fasting and meditation. Since His Excellency's return from abroad, he had started his spiritual cleanse, meditating during the day and chanting scriptures at night, refusing all visitors during this period.

Except for the Emperor, almost no one could see His Excellency.

His subordinates also felt pity for those kneeling outside for too long, drawing a crowd of people, which prompted them to report reluctantly.

"Vice Minister Huang is here to seek medical attention, but Taichang Temple is not a Medical Hall."

The man's voice was clear and cold, without the slightest fluctuation.

When there are two dragons in a country, chaos will ensue.

He was praying for the common people and should not be disturbed; even if Emperor Longteng came in person, he had no time to spare.

"Your subordinate has already told Vice Minister Huang. However, Assistant Minister insists that his daughter was afflicted by evil, not by illness, and that in Purple Cloud City, only Your Excellency can cure her."

The Attendant had tried to persuade the Deputy Minister, but the Assistant Minister was stubborn and refused to leave.

"Show the guests out."

After saying that, the man continued chanting.

"Your Excellency, the Assistant Minister also has a recommendation letter from the Empress."

The Attendant hesitated, unsure.

One does not dismiss the monk before the face of the Buddha, and Empress Feng's power in Zixiao City was not to be underestimated.

The man did not pay heed and continued reciting his scripture.

"Your Excellency truly is willful."

The Attendant shook his head helplessly and exited.

The sky was pitch black, and Vice Minister Huang's knees had gone weak, yet the tightly shut doors had not opened.

At long last, when the door finally opened, the Attendant that came out just shook his head.

Vice Minister Huang's vision went dark, and he almost fainted.

"My poor daughter, your father is useless, unable to save you."

Vice Minister Huang wept copiously, helped up by his servants.

"Father, it's not your fault, it's all because of that wretched beggar. If not for her, my prayer amulet wouldn't have broken, and I wouldn't have encountered evil."

Huang Zhijun was drowsy and filled with spite.

She mustered her remaining strength and touched the amulet on her chest, which had fine web-like cracks on it.

But then, Huang Zhijun cried out in alarm. Her amulet, wrapped in a burst of seven-colored Treasure Light, suddenly flew into Taichang Temple.

"Where did this amulet get damaged?"

A cold male voice descended from Heaven, sounding distant yet close.

Father and daughter Huang Zhijun fell to their knees in fright.

"It was... outside of Ping'an County, by a stream."

Huang Zhijun stuttered in fear.

"The Evil Qi in your body has been removed. Remember, a dog that relies on the power of others is still a dog."

The male voice vanished, and both the Huangs looked at each other in bewilderment.

"Father, I feel better."

Huang Zhijun was astonished; her illness had disappeared all at once.

"Hurry and thank His Excellency!"

Vice Minister Huang, coming back to his senses, hastily urged Huang Zhijun.

Huang Zhijun, still stunned, quickly kowtowed several times in thanks.

In the quiet room, the man held the amulet in his hands.

To the common eye, the amulet seemed unremarkable, but in the man's long, fair hands, it was a different story entirely. Dark threads of energy, like small snakes, writhed within the amulet.