

# THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

## Chapter 17: Chapter 17 Worse than a Ghost

This isn't Xin Lin's first encounter with a ghost.

After the first shock and the second scare, the third and fourth sightings felt normal.

Xin Lin murmured to herself as she scrutinized Ah Piao with her dark, gleaming eyes.

Her instincts as a mercenary told her that Ah Piao harbored no ill intentions; at least there was no murderous aura about him.

Ah Piao blew a few breaths towards Xin Lin. Seeing that she was unperturbed, he started to weep and wail like a ghost or howling wolf.

"How miserable I am, oh how miserable! I've lost my head, give me yours..."

Ah Piao stretched out a ghost claw toward Xin Lin's neck.

"You think you're miserable?"

The ghost claw glinted coldly, but just as it was about an inch from Xin Lin, she snorted.

"???"

The headless Ah Piao paused, puzzled; this person wasn't reacting as expected.

People who stumbled into Ghost Cave were either terrified out of their wits or wet themselves in fear, none had ever dared to respond.

"You think you have it bad? I was cursed from birth. No father to raise me, my mother died, a heartless scoundrel stole my family heirloom, sold me to a brothel, framed me for murder, and turned me into a wanted criminal. There's also a mistress out there ordering people to kill me, I'm a hundred times worse off than you."

As Xin Lin spoke, her face bore a pitiful expression, and she didn't forget to wipe the corners of her eyes with her dirty hands, squeezing out a few crocodile tears.

The more she spoke, the more wretched she appeared.

"..."

Hearing this, the headless Ah Piao also felt that the person before him was truly miserable, not just miserable, but downright unlucky.

"Get out of here, the Ghost Cave is no place for you."

The headless Ah Piao had never seen such an unlucky person. Bad luck was contagious; absorbing her might bring misfortune upon itself, so it urged Xin Lin to leave quickly.

"There are Wolf Mastiffs chasing me outside, and dozens of Cultivators waiting to kill me, I need to get out too,"

Xin Lin said grumpily.

Would she have entered the Ghost Cave if it weren't absolutely necessary?

"There's nothing but Yin Sha inside, you'd be devoured alive."

The headless Ah Piao kindly warned, mentioning that it was originally a native Ah Piao of Luoyin Ghost Cave and had lived there for years.

A few days ago, a Cultivator burst into the Ghost Cave, releasing a great amount of Yin Sha.

The Yin Sha was extremely ferocious, and several people had been slaughtered by them.

Being a kindhearted Ah Piao, the headless Ah Piao decided to guard the entrance, warning the intruding mortals that "this path is closed."

"Since you're guarding here, why did two coachmen still enter earlier?"

Xin Lin saw clearly that both coachmen had entered the Ghost Cave.

"They have to see me first, uh... you are the first mortal who has seen me. Strange, why do you have such a ghostly aura?"

Ah Piao leaned closer to Xin Lin, sniffed around, his face full of confusion.

Xin Lin was different from those annoying mortals, she gave the headless Ah Piao a natural sense of affinity.

She could even see it!

The chilling wind of the Ghost Cave was all caused by the headless Ah Piao; it wanted to prevent the villagers from intruding.

"Can we still have a proper conversation? Who has a ghostly aura?"

Xin Lin rolled her eyes.

Was it because she had spent a night lying next to a Rascal Corpse? It's not like she fell into a cesspit. She had already changed her clothes, so there's no way she still carried the Corpse Qi, okay?

Thinking of the Rascal Corpse, Xin Lin couldn't help but recall those deep blue eyes.

Xin Lin wasn't afraid of ghosts, but she got goosebumps whenever she thought of that weird Rascal Corpse.