

Little Girl 177

Chapter 177: Not a Dream of Spring! A Dream!

"The Life Book prompts again, 10 Heaven-defying Points."

The old-fashioned voice of the Heaven-defying Book echoed once more.

"You! Speak!"

Xin Lin gritted her teeth.

She made up her mind, next time, she would never use the Life-breaking Book's tips, it was simply a trap, bargaining for half, it only gave half the answer!

"The Corpse King. The physical strength of the life master is insufficient, in the previous occasions, when Fu Xi's Energy erupted, it was the Corpse King who lent a hand."

After scamming Xin Lin of 20 Heaven-defying Points, the Heaven-defying Book went silent.

With the Rascal Corpse offering assistance, Xin Lin felt as if struck by lightning.

Could it be that the Fu Xi's Energy inside her had always been unstable, and the reason it had not manifested earlier was because the Rascal Corpse was there?

The Rascal Corpse actually helped her, how is that possible? That guy always spoke coldly to her, with an icy demeanor, nowhere like someone who would offer assistance.

Xin Lin recalled, indeed, since she obtained the Fu Tian Pill and it integrated with the Heaven-defying Book, Fu Xi's Energy had not acted up.

But why does she have no impression of it at all?

Xin Lin recalled, and under intense pain, a scene quickly flashed in the depths of her mind.

That scene, dreamlike and illusory, she had never truly noticed before, but tonight, under the stimulus of the Fu Xi's Energy inside her, she actually remembered some of it.

At night, on the bed, because the Fu Xi's Energy rampaged within her, she unconsciously curled up into a ball.

A tall figure of a man appeared in front of the bed.

He looked down at her with cold eyes.

He stretched out his hand and unfastened her clothes, his long and icy fingers gently brushed over her body, although they were chilling to the bone, they possessed a mysterious power.

Under the effect of that power, the Fu Xi's Energy inside her slowly became tame, returning to calm.

Memories flowed backwards like a tide, Xin Lin shivered all over, her ears turning red in a rush.

This memory, Xin Lin had a vague impression of it when she woke up.

But she had always thought it was just a spring dream.

Only, the protagonist of the spring dream was the Rascal Corpse, which Xin Lin absolutely could not accept, so naturally, she thought it was a dream.

It wasn't a dream, everything was real!

"So, the Rascal Corpse really... Looks like, I misjudged him..."

Thinking of what Little Xinzhuo had said earlier, Xin Lin regretted it, already in so much pain that she was sweating profusely, gradually, she lost consciousness.

Dawn was breaking, a new day began.

In a tavern in Purple Cloud City, a drunkard, his eyes blurred from drinking, grabbed a server who was about to serve liquor, and started to ramble.

"Server, have you heard? Something big happened in the city."

"I heard about it first thing, they say Taoyao Pavilion disabled several people last night, tsk tsk, they were all local ruffians of the city, always up to no good, now they've finally met their fate, truly satisfying."

"Who's talking about Taoyao Pavilion, I'm talking about the Imperial Doctor Mansion, someone died there last night."

"Something happened at the Imperial Doctor Mansion?"

The server perked up upon hearing this.

In a corner of the tavern, someone drinking paused in their movements.

"Couldn't be, the one who died was the steward of the Imperial Doctor Mansion, called Chu Yuan."

"That man was no good sort, how did he die?"

"He was burned to death, supposedly while trying to save his master..."

Misfortune lingers for a thousand years, Little Budian really is alright.

The person put down the goblet, unaware that the displeasure in his heart had also dissipated.

"Sir, your drink."

The server snapped back to reality, brought the drink over, but there was no one at the table anymore.