

# THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

## Chapter 18: Chapter 18: Spirit Root

The experiences of her past life had sharpened Xin Lin's intuition far beyond that of the average person.

Her instincts told her that the danger index of the bronze coffin was even higher than that of the crummy old men of the Xuantian Sect and all those Yin Sha combined.

Xin Lin's gaze was somber as she looked deep into the Ghost Cave.

Compared to the living, the dead were somewhat more endearing; she just needed to avoid disturbing the coffin lid.

She remembered clearly; the Copper Coffin was surrounded by protective Arrays and a multitude of talismans. As long as she didn't open the coffin, she would be safe.

As for those Yin Sha... Xin Lin pursed her lips.

"Don't even think about it, those things inside are not as easy to talk to as I am."

Sensing Xin Lin's intentions, the headless Ah Piao blocked her line of sight.

"You have methods to dodge those Yin Sha."

Xin Lin glanced at the headless Ah Piao, speaking with firm conviction.

As a native Ah Piao, outnumbered multiple times by the Yin Sha, it must possess life-saving means having survived until now.

"The Yin Sha avoid the Copper Coffin; just stay near the coffin to save your life."

The words spilled from the headless Ah Piao, and it immediately regretted them.

Why did it tell her these things? The being inside the Copper Coffin was far more terrifying than the Yin Sha.

It found itself too defenseless against this unfortunate soul.

Although the headless Ah Piao wasn't any malicious spirit, it was by no means kind.

But since encountering Xin Lin, it always felt that she possessed an unknown power that unconsciously made it act according to her wishes.

Even the headless Ah Piao couldn't explain why.

The Copper Coffin could save her life, yet with Xin Lin's lack of strength to truss a chicken, evading the Yin Sha to reach the Copper Coffin seemed like a fool's dream.

Outside the Ghost Cave, voices could faintly be heard; the people of the Xuantian Sect were still keeping watch.

"As a kind Ah Piao, don't you have some compassion?"

Xin Lin placed her hopes on the Ah Piao before her.

Although she felt it redundant to discuss compassion with an Ah Piao.

The headless Ah Piao wanted to ask, what is compassion, can it be eaten?

But when it locked eyes with Xin Lin's pitiful and woeful large eyes, it hesitated unconsciously.

"Unless you possess a Spirit Root and can learn Spiritual Formulas, this day next year will be your death anniversary. But, it seems like you don't have a Spirit Root at all."

The headless Ah Piao hesitantly spoke, as if compelled by a ghostly impulse.

"What's the difference between a Spirit Root and a Xuan Root?"

Xin Lin felt a slight stir in her heart.

Sikong Ran had become a Xuanwu Practitioner because he possessed a Xuan Root.

Earlier, Xin Lin had also attempted it, but was unable to condense True Qi, which meant she might not have a Xuan Root within her.

But what then was a Spirit Root?

The Xuanwu True Scripture did not mention it, and Xin Lin was clueless.

"Those with a Spirit Root can become Spiritual Practitioners, and those with a Xuan Root can become Xuanwu Practitioners. Unfortunately, you seem to lack both. The one who set the Wolf Mastiff on you was a Spiritual Practitioner. His cultivation is strong, even greater than mine."

The headless Ah Piao felt a growing sympathy for Xin Lin; the young creature before it was nothing more than an exceedingly ordinary Mortal.

Spiritual Practitioners and Martial Artists were two distinguished classes in Longteng Country.

Among them, the status of a Spiritual Practitioner was even more esteemed.

Only then did Xin Lin realize that this Ah Piao, in its lifetime, had been a Spiritual Practitioner.

"Let's give it a try. Impart me the Spiritual Formulas; I'll see if I can succeed."

Calculating the time, it was almost dawn, and Xin Lin was running out of time.