

# THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

## Chapter 2: Chapter 2 The Fated Encounter

The horse carriage was moving along, with an elderly and a young person sitting in front, conversing without noticing there was an additional person on the back of the carriage.

Xin Lin used her hands and feet, her black eyes looking around in all directions.

The carriage was somewhat peculiar, not to mention the two horses pulling it were pitch black without a single stray hair.

The carriage was dark from top to bottom, even the compartment was wrapped in black cloth, with only one window opened on the left side.

Xin Lin firmly gripped the ropes at the top of the carriage, hearing the voices of an old and young person coming from below.

"The hour has come, it's time to leave the city. This object must be delivered to the hinterlands of Qian Village before sunset tomorrow."

Qian Village, a somewhat familiar place name, that was Xin Lin's hometown.

The remaining memories of "Xin Lin" included her mother from the Xin Family, who lived ten miles outside Bainiao City in Qian Village. A few days ago, the

Xin Family had someone send a letter home. Unfortunately, "Xin Lin" couldn't see her mother for one last time before...

Before Xin Lin and Sikong Ran came to Bainiao City, she also had her own family members. Her mother from the Xin Family lived in their hometown, but as for her father, the Xin Family had never mentioned him since her birth.

For the sake of Sikong Ran's ambition, Xin Lin kept it a secret from her mother, and they stealthily went to Bainiao City.

Out of anger, the Xin Family broke off the mother-daughter relationship with "Xin Lin."

For four whole years, the Xin Family had not been in contact with "Xin Lin."

The image of a pale-faced, delicate-looking woman in plain clothes flashed through her mind, that face, touched something deep within Xin Lin's heart.

Xin Lin's mother had been brutally killed by the Dark Organization when she was just ten years old.

The face of her mother from her past life overlapped with the face of the mother in "Xin Lin's" memory, and they looked exactly alike.

That face deeply moved Xin Lin.

Well then, just go back to Qian Village for a look.

Xin Lin, newly arrived, realized her fate as a Hundred Life Evil Ghost and felt like a floating weed with nowhere to go.

Since the original host had a mother, she should go and inquire.

The speed of the carriage slowed down, as it had arrived at the city gate.

At the city gate, many government officers were walking back and forth, apparently searching for something.

Thinking of Liu Sanniang, Xin Lin inwardly exclaimed in dismay and took the chance while the carriage was queuing to leave the city and the two coachmen got off for a moment, to quickly slip into the carriage.

Stepping into the carriage, Xin Lin was immediately surrounded by darkness; not only was the exterior pitch-black, but the inside was also engulfed in shadow.

Xin Lin looked up and the scene before her made her involuntarily gasp in shock.

Inside was an Ancient Bronze Coffin.

The coffin was carved with ancient creatures resembling dragons and phoenixes, lying there silently with several talismans written in old scripts scattered inside the carriage.

"It's good luck to encounter a coffin upon leaving the house; brothers and sisters inside, it's not my intention to disturb you."

Xin Lin brought her hands together in prayer, made a bowing gesture, and was about to shrink back into a corner.

"What's that thing loaded on the carriage?"

The voices of several government officers came from outside.

Xin Lin was alert.

"Sir Officer, it's a coffin, to be delivered to Qian Village," replied the coachman.

An officer lifted the curtain and saw indeed there was only a coffin inside. Without saying much more, they waved their hands to tell the coachman to move along quickly.

Once the carriage started moving again, and inside the coffin, Xin Lin breathed a sigh of relief.

Her footing was unsteady, and before she could stabilize herself, Xin Lin staggered and sat down inside the coffin.