

Little Girl 24

Chapter 24: Goodbye to the Jerk

In the depths of the Ghost Cave, Xin Lin pressed against the cold Ancient Coffin.

Her hair was disheveled, her face covered with sweat, arms hanging weakly at her sides.

The Peach Wood Sword in her hand was already in shambles.

The True Qi inside her had not reappeared.

Open the Ancient Coffin... That voice at the bottom of her heart persisted, echoing endlessly like an unyielding ghost.

Those deep blue eyes flickered in and out of her mind.

"Quickly use the Ghost Escape Technique!"

The headless Ah Piao was also beside her, extremely anxious.

Xin Lin gave a bitter smile; she wished she could, but she had the will without the strength.

The Spiritual Power within her was exhausted, and as for True Qi, it had been like a flash in the pan, gone in an instant.

In a moment of bravado, she had slain the Coffin Suppressing Evil Snake, and with the snake's demise, the Yin Sha became even more rampant and fearless.

Day had already broken, and Xin Lin was utterly drained.

In the next moment, she would be torn to shreds by the ravenous Evil Spirits.

Suddenly, with a buzzing sound, a glimmer of cold light appeared out of nowhere.

Descending from Heaven, tracing an arc, a Jade Fan sliced through the air, demolishing several Ghosts right before Xin Lin's eyes into nothingness.

The Ghosts roared incessantly, abandoning Xin Lin and lunging towards the newcomer.

The figure arrived with fluttering garments, wielding a treasure fan, moving effortlessly amidst the encircling Ghosts.

In just a moment, every Ghost within the Ghost Cave was gone.

The Evil Qi slowly dissipated, and a young man emerged from the darkness.

Tall and elegant even after fierce battle, his hair was undisturbed, in stark contrast to the disheveled Xin Lin.

Sikong Ran, truly impressive indeed.

His skills did not seem like those of a Xuanwu Practitioner who had just grasped True Qi.

It looked like not only had she been deceived, but Bai You had been misled as well.

The youth before her, handsome as jade, his eyes gentle, merely one glance could intoxicate one beyond reason.

There was once a time when "Xin Lin" was deeply trapped, unable to extricate herself.

But at this moment, there was only coldness in those eyes.

The young man sighed softly, a touch of melancholy in his eyes.

His gaze lowered, the sorrowful expression enough to intoxicate countless young girls.

"Put away your act, I am not Xin Lin, and I'm not falling for it."

Xin Lin's ruthless voice caused Sikong Ran's hand to falter.

"Little Lin, was it you who hurt my mother?"

Sikong Ran's gaze was like water, locking onto Xin Lin.

"If she really was your mother, Sikong Ran, the Sikong family would never be able to produce such a fine son as you."

Xin Lin laughed dryly twice.

Sikong Ran's eyes changed, all the tenderness vanishing without a trace.

"You're not Little Lin."

Sikong Ran's voice had no warmth, the Jade Fan in his hand spinning out, the edge of the fan sharper than a blade, resting against Xin Lin's neck.

A clear blood line was visible on Xin Lin's neck.

There was no fear in her eyes, just a direct and straightforward gaze at Sikong Ran.

She took a step forward, the blood flowing more violently from her neck, yet she seemed completely unaware of any pain.

Fresh blood kept dripping, splattering onto the Ancient Coffin beside her.

"Little Lin is already dead."

Sikong Ran's body trembled slightly.

"Sikong Ran, Little Lin left her home for you, she gave you the family heirloom, and even abandoned her own mother. Yet, you sold her into the brothel. Little Lin died, it was your mercilessness that drove her to death."

Each of Xin Lin's words was a profound irony in Sikong Ran's ears.

After a long while, he finally sighed.

"Little Lin, don't blame me for being heartless. You should know, some people are just like the light of fireflies competing with the bright moon, you and I, we're not from the same world."