

THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

Chapter 3: Chapter 3 "Corpse," you're being a hooligan!

Beneath her buttocks, there was an unusual sensation.

Xin Lin was startled; what on Earth was going on? The carriage trembled even more violently, advancing onto an even steeper road.

"What's that sound?"

Outside the carriage, two coachmen heard the strange noise.

"Could it be a corpse transformation taking place?"

The younger one's voice trembled slightly.

"It must be some blind old rat that's gotten inside; that's an Ancient Coffin dug up from the ground. If there were to be any corpse transformation, it would have happened long ago. Go open the carriage door and check if the talismans on the coffin are still there."

The older one spoke irritably.

The carriage door was opened, and seeing that the talisman on the coffin was still in place, the young coachman closed the door again.

The carriage continued its bumpy journey.

Inside the carriage, Xin Lin dared not make a sound from within the coffin.

An Ancient Coffin, if there really was a body inside, it might well have already become a mummy by now.

Ordinary people would be scared half to death if they hid inside a coffin, but Xin Lin, as the Female Warrior King, had been through blood and storm; she had seen all sorts of scenes.

The coffin wasn't spacious, and with an extra Xin Lin, it became even more cramped.

In order to avoid being discovered by the coachmen, it was not wise for Xin Lin to climb out just yet.

She felt beneath her with her hand, and what she touched felt slick and soft.

The body was wrapped in a shroud made of silk or some other Upper-class fabric.

She pressed a little harder with her hand, and the texture of the body beneath the shroud didn't feel like that of a mummy that was a thousand years old.

This must be the coffin of a wealthy family.

Xin Lin continued to feel upward; the body was wrapped from head to toe.

As she felt around the facial area, she could discern that the mummy had deep-set contours.

Then there were the shoulders, the waist... The original owner of the body must have been tall and sturdy.

Her hand moved further down, and at that moment, Xin Lin felt something; subconsciously, she touched it again.

With this touch, she suddenly felt warmth from the body, and not only was it warm, but it was getting hotter. Moreover, she even felt the elasticity of the muscles; something was wrong with this muscle...

Damn it!

Xin Lin had the urge to explode on the spot—chop off her hand! She had caressed a corpse all over!

But that's not right!

How could a body... After being dead for a thousand years, it should have been nothing but a layer of skin. Was this the prelude to a corpse playing the rascal?

Xin Lin didn't dare to touch the body any longer. Just now, she had definitely noticed that the body showed no signs of life at the chest or pulse points—obviously, it was indeed nothing but a Rascal Corpse!