

Little Girl 301

Chapter 301: Small in Stature, Big in Cunning

Even Gui Hu, this time had to see Xin Lin with new eyes.

Previously, when Xin Lin assured with a pat on her chest that she would definitely help Noble Lady Shi and her son return to the Imperial Palace, Gui Hu was quite dismissive.

But now it seems that Xin Lin has indeed accomplished it.

Small body, big ghost, perfectly describes her.

"That is, unlike some people, who wouldn't last an episode in a palace drama."

Xin Lin curled her lips and whispered.

She wasn't sure of the strength of the Pride Corpse, but with that temper, being stuck in a coffin, he's just a loser.

No, does that not mean she, a Hundred Life Evil Ghost, is the fighter jet among losers?

Thinking of her remaining four years of life, Xin Lin's petite face fell.

Gui Hu snorted coldly.

He didn't quite understand Xin Lin's words, but he knew instantly they weren't anything nice.

"Forget it, seeing as we are in the same boat, I might as well tell you. I actually didn't do anything, just waited for Empress Feng to take the bait. That bowl of water, there was something wrong with it."

It was also coincidental that when Xin Lin obtained the Mystical Medicine Book, in the last few pages of the first volume, she saw a line left by Chu Beiqing.

Chu Beiqing mentioned a regret he had; years ago, due to a blood recognition affair, it caused General Shi's daughter to suffer a great injustice leading to persecution of the Seventh Prince and Noble Lady Shi and her son, driving them into civilian life.

Back then, Chu Beiqing also believed that the method of blood recognition was feasible.

Noble Lady Shi might have done something to betray Emperor Longteng.

Yet a few years later, he accidentally found a type of ore, where dissolving it in water could prevent blood from coagulating.

And this method was already well known by the local doctors in a small southwestern border country.

After learning this, Chu Beiqing had thought about going to collect stones to verify it, but it never materialized, so he noted this down in the Mystical Medicine Book. Not long after that, Chu Beiqing met with trouble and became Silly Chu.

Thus, Xin Lin became the only one who knew about this.

Silly Chu was also a cold-faced but warm-hearted person, however, it was this seemingly careless note that made Xin Lin realize, to exonerate Noble Lady Shi and others, she must do the opposite.

All this while, she and Noble Lady Shi had wanted to find Chu Beiqing to testify and retry the blood recognition.

But since Chu Beiqing had become a fool, no one would believe what he said.

The Mystical Medicine Book couldn't be disclosed to the public either.

Moreover, Xin Lin also thought, if Empress Feng could tamper under the eyes of Chu Beiqing and Emperor Longteng, deceiving them completely which means she could do the same now, and the reality was indeed so.

That bowl of water for the blood recognition clearly had that special type of ore added in advance.

Thus, Xin Lin could only painstakingly consider other methods.

As an irregular female soldier king, Xin Lin did indeed think of another way, since they can't use blood recognition, why not overturn the entire ancient practice altogether.

Since the modern Xin Lin already knew from the nation's Baidu that blood recognition was unreliable, which was evident in the later incident with the Third Prince.

"It's also thanks to the mother and son duo of Empress Feng being impactful, harming others but eventually harming themselves."

Xin Lin looked meaningfully at Empress Feng.

Empress Feng was looking at Xin Lin with a murderous glare, but then she withdrew her gaze and looked towards Zhang Zhiqing.

"Rest assured, Your Majesty the Empress, I will not fail again."

Zhang Zhiqing nodded her head; foolish thing, daring to oppose the Empress, her gaze at Xin Lin was practically looking at a dead person.

Chapter 302: His Terms

There is a murderous aura.

Xin Lin felt a chill run down her spine.

Without even looking back, she knew those who approached meant no good.

"How confident are you in defeating your opponent?"

Gui Hu saw Xin Lin's composed demeanor.

"Not confident."

Xin Lin shrugged her hands.

"Not confident, and you still provoked your opponent by revealing your strength early?"

Gui Hu said in annoyance.

He had seen those unafraid of death, but never someone this reckless.

He thought Xin Lin had already prepared a foolproof plan.

Xin Lin was not Murong Ziyue.

Her inconsistent and depleted Fu Xi's Energy wasn't reliable.

Forget a Xuanwu Eighth Layer; even a Xuanwu Fifth Realm could defeat her.

Her previous victory over Jin Chen was solely due to the advantage of Ghost God Fist.

But Ghost God Fist has only one move, and if the opponent dodged it, they could entirely ignore her technique.

Murong Ziyue was only injured, but if it were up to Xin Lin, Zhang Zhiqing would definitely kill her.

"I don't have it, but you do. Surely you have some methods to deal with that fraudulent and glamorous Empress Feng?"

Xin Lin's big eyes flickered, a look of flattery on her face.

Gui Hu snorted coldly, almost wanting to roll his eyes at her.

But looking again at Xin Lin's deep dark eyes, bizarrely, he held his tongue.

"You can give me a dose of Ghost Energy to greatly enhance my strength!"

No response means consent, there's a chance!

Xin Lin's eyes sparkled.

Isn't it said in novels that an elder passes on some spirit energy and one can kill ten people with a single punch?

With just one dose of Ghost Energy from Gui Hu, she could easily kill Zhang Zhiqing with a flick of her finger.

"That thing, I don't have it. Unless you want to be burned at the stake as a ghostly monster by the Taichang Temple."

Gui Hu answered gruffly.

If he really gave out Ghost Energy, he wasn't sure how many people he could kill, but people from Taichang Temple would surely react.

Xin Lin was startled.

"Do you have a grudge against the people of Taichang Temple?"

Having been in Purple Cloud City for several days, she recognized the status of Taichang Temple in both Zixiao and Longteng Country. The citizens highly revered it.

It was said that after Chu Beiqing became an idiot, the Emperor Longteng trusted not the balding Grandmaster Jin, but the "homebody" Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship from Taichang Temple.

Having stayed in Purple Cloud City for so long, Xin Lin hadn't even seen a glimpse of that person, which showed how reclusive he was.

"Not only Taichang Temple, but all of the Righteous Path hold grudges against me. Understand?"

Gui Hu sneered.

Xin Lin was dumbfounded.

Done for, she thought she had a powerful figure shielding her.

Who would have thought this powerful figure couldn't even protect himself?

No wonder he only appeared at night, afraid to even let slip a fart during the day.

"Then teach me the Ghost God Fist Second Form, I can still defeat Zhang Zhiqing with it."

Xin Lin's eyes rolled swiftly.

It's better to rely on oneself rather than others. Since the Pride Corpse couldn't make a move, his kung fu should be flawless.

Having learned the first form of Ghost God Fist and greatly increased her strength, mastering the second form would definitely enable her to defeat Zhang Zhiqing.

"Okay."

Gui Hu immediately agreed.

"Huh?"

Xin Lin almost thought she had heard wrong.

This haughty and prideful person, unexpectedly agreed!

"An exchange of favors. Take the first place in the Imperial Examination, and if you get a chance to enter the Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault, follow my instructions to find what I need, then I'll teach you the second form."

Gui Hu said coldly.

He had been fooled by Xin Lin once before and had no intention of being tricked again.

The first place in the Imperial Examination had the opportunity to enter the Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault.

"But what should I do about this contest?"

Xin Lin was frustrated.

"Figure it out yourself."

Gui Hu coolly dropped those words and left Xin Lin to deal with the mess in front of her.

Chapter 303: Half-Baked Spirit Master

Just when it matters most, the chain breaks. If you can rely on a man, pigs can climb trees.

Xin Lin gritted her teeth in frustration.

(Mommy, look over here)

Inside the Sealing Spirit Talisman, the domineering golden egg hops about, only hoping to catch Mommy Xin Lin's eye.

"Releasing you would literally get me roasted over a fire."

Xin Lin said irately.

It's unclear whether the Overlord Egg is a demon or a monster. Its appearance might just add fuel to the fire and make things messier.

"Xin Lin, what are you dawdling for? The contest has started!"

Grandmaster Jin urged from the side.

In the blink of an eye, the rest time had passed.

"Dear... daughter... fight fight fight."

Silly Chu sat next to Emperor Longteng, his face blooming with a silly grin.

Xin Lin slowly walked onto the platform.

The platform was previously severely damaged but had been repaired. Zhang Zhiqing stood tall and straight, her face full of disdain as she looked at Xin Lin.

"Unexpectedly, you are my final opponent. You're far inferior to Murong Ziyue."

Zhang Zhiqing had been keeping an eye on Xin Lin.

A country girl who has been running on sheer dumb luck since the written examination.

Unexpectedly, she blitzed her way into the Imperial Examination and even became Chu Bei's daughter.

Some people are just born lucky.

But in the face of absolute strength, luck is useless.

"I'm not as good as Ziyue, but I'm slightly better than you. After all, I have Superior Talent."

Xin Lin smiled, not irritated in the slightest.

"You! I really want to see the extent of your so-called Superior Talent!"

Zhang Zhiqing's eyes almost spat fire.

True Qi began to stir within her.

Xin Lin could feel a dark, murderous aura swirling around the platform.

The aura was chilling to the bone.

Xin Lin felt her limbs becoming significantly slower.

Zhang Zhiqing moved gracefully, swift as the wind, her leg sweeping out.

The formidable True Qi of the Xuanwu Eighth Layer roared towards her like a tiger.

Xin Lin felt a tight pressure all over her body; she hesitated not and met it with a punch.

Where the leg wind passed, Xin Lin's right hand went numb, and she staggered several steps backwards.

Xuanwu Eighth Layer, such fierce True Qi.

Xin Lin was slightly taken aback, no wonder Murong Ziyue found this person difficult to deal with.

Pride Corpse was right, she's not a match merely by contending in True Qi.

Her Fu Xi's Energy had only just broken through the Martial Master cultivation level, which was far behind Zhang Zhiqing.

"Looks like Young Master Jin was right, even the Longteng Stele can be wrong sometimes, you are not a true Advanced Spirit Master."

Zhang Zhiqing looked at Xin Lin, truly perplexed as to how such a useless person defeated Young Master Jin.

Even the Seventh Prince, a Basic-level Spirit Master, knows several Spirit Arts.

But Xin Lin, supposedly an Advanced Spirit Master, only dodges and uses simplistic martial fighting when facing an enemy, which is utterly baffling.

"What's going on? Why isn't Xin Lin fighting back?"

"She's an Advanced Spirit Master, right? How come she doesn't know any Spirit Art?"

Below the platform, the spectating candidates and ministers were all buzzing with discussion.

Grandmaster Jin scoffed coldly.

"What kind of Spirit Master is she? Since she got on the stage, she's been resorting to the lowest levels of Ghost Escape Technique. She hasn't displayed a single Spirit Art. I see her as nothing but bluffing. We've all been deceived."

Grandmaster Jin saw clearly.

There wasn't a trace of spiritual energy fluctuation throughout the entire platform; she couldn't possibly be a real Spirit Master!

Chapter 304: Let Your Little Buddy Out to Play

On the stage, Xin Lin turned a deaf ear to the discussions around her.

Her eyes fixed on Zhang Zhiqing.

She was trying to find a flaw in Zhang Zhiqing's moves.

However, after observing for a while, there seemed to be no obvious flaws in Zhang Zhiqing's techniques.

As an Xuanwu Eighth Layer, it's no wonder Zhang Zhiqing's strength ranks at the top among the ten candidates.

If it weren't for Murong Ziyue sealing her Five Meridians with True Qi, forcing her to consume the other Spirit Veins, Xin Lin would have no hope of winning.

Murong Ziyue's True Qi?

Xin Lin thought of something.

Fu Xi's Energy condensed in her eyes; through Zhang Zhiqing's clothing, she could see inside Zhang Zhiqing's body.

On Zhang Zhiqing's limbs and torso, there were faint blue True Qi strands, clearly different from her internal True Qi.

That True Qi belonged to Murong Ziyue.

To prevent Zhang Zhiqing from tapping the power of her Five Meridians, Murong Ziyue forcibly sealed her meridians with her own True Qi, and those were still lurking inside Zhang Zhiqing.

If she could make good use of this part of True Qi, along with the limited amount of Fu Xi's Energy in her body, she might be able to overpower Zhang Zhiqing.

Just as Xin Lin was contemplating this, a gust of wind whooshed by her ears; she shifted slightly as a fierce leg sweep brushed past her shoulder.

Zhang Zhiqing's speed was extremely fast; it was already difficult for Xin Lin to get close, let alone use the portion of True Qi belonging to Murong Ziyue inside her.

"Xin Lin, if you have the skills, then hit back. Use your Spirit Art and let everyone see how powerful the Superior Talent recognized by the Longteng Stele is."

Zhang Zhiqing pressed Xin Lin without any room to fight back, becoming more reckless.

She cackled, her eyes brimming with mockery, and her attacks came in waves, fiercer than the last.

(Mommy, I'm coming to help you... I'll crush her, bump into her, bite her to death)

The Overlord Egg inside the Sealing Spirit Talisman couldn't stand it anymore.

This person, she actually dared to laugh at its mommy!

The Longteng Stele says she has Superior Talent, isn't it right? There's also a Longteng Stele.

At that moment, Xin Lin's gaze swept across and noticed the Longteng Stele not far away.

On seeing the Longteng Stele, a flash of different color passed through Xin Lin's eyes.

"Overlord Egg!"

A plan formed in Xin Lin's mind.

(Have)

The Overlord Egg stood up straight, finally, mommy was going to use it.

"Call out your little brother for a walk."

The Overlord Egg immediately became disheartened; why wouldn't mommy use it? It was a very, very formidable Overlord Egg indeed.

(Oh~)

(Little Worm)

The Overlord Egg called out.

In a corner of the North Square, the almost forgotten Longteng Stele shivered and unwillingly responded.

"Little Worm is here."

(That bad woman questions your authority, says your test was flawed)

The Overlord Egg beeped beep beep, expressing extreme dissatisfaction.

The Longteng Stele almost cried; what did it matter to it, its test was accurate, it tested the dominating and invincible golden egg talent whoa.

(Aren't you angry?)

"Angry, very angry!"

Longteng Stele pretended to be very angry.

(Then shouldn't you make a statement?)

The Overlord Egg looked indignantly righteous.

"???"

Longteng Stele was bewildered.

"Deal with her!"

(Deal with her harshly)

Both the egg and the person said in unison.

Below the stage, Grandmaster Jin eagerly watched the show, awaiting Xin Lin to be "accidentally killed" by Zhang Zhiqing.

But just then, Grandmaster Jin's eyelids suddenly began twitching uncontrollably.

Spiritual Energy!

There's Spiritual Energy!

Within the North Square, a massive amount of Spiritual Energy suddenly appeared.

That Spiritual Energy surged fiercely, coming unexpectedly, like a long-dormant volcano suddenly erupting!

Chapter 305: Powerful Spiritual Energy

In Taichang Temple, the sound of pages flipping came to a sudden stop.

Someone stood up and pushed the door open.

Outside the door, the brilliant golden sunset scattered on the ground, casting its golden glow on the person in a clean monk's robe who looked far into the distance with a deep gaze towards the north of Purple Cloud City.

"What powerful Spiritual Energy."

The person murmured to himself, his voice gentle and warm like a spring breeze.

Such powerful Spiritual Energy!

Grandmaster Jin's pupils constricted fiercely, his aged face filled with disbelief.

Could it be that the Spiritual Energy comes from...

He was speechless, his eyes turned towards the arena.

On the arena, the battle was completely one-sided.

Zhang Zhiqing's eyes flashed fiercely, and her arms struck out like Jiao Long, with two streams of True Qi attacking Xin Lin.

But just when Zhang Zhiqing thought she saw the dawn of victory.

Suddenly, the skies and earth changed color.

The arena disappeared, and that damned Xin Lin vanished as well.

Zhang Zhiqing paused in her movement.

"Xin Lin, what trick are you playing now? You're definitely losing..."

Before she could finish the word "losing," Zhang Zhiqing heard a terrifying roar.

The sound was unlike any ordinary beast's roar.

It descended from the sky, piercing her eardrums, making her feel as if her internal organs were flipping.

Zhang Zhiqing looked up and saw a terrifying white giant dragon coiling in the clouds, only its Dragon Beast head peeking out.

Little Worm had brains too; ever since being seen through by Xin Lin as the Three-clawed Flood Dragon, it had learned to bluff — judging just by the head, it did indeed look the part.

"Dragon... Dragon..."

Seeing the giant dragon, Zhang Zhiqing was so frightened that she lost her soul.

The previous arrogant demeanor on her face disappeared like the snow in early spring without a trace.

The giant dragon opened its mouth and swallowed Zhang Zhiqing whole...

On the arena, the previously unstoppable Zhang Zhiqing stood frozen as if her acupoint had been struck, unmoving.

"What happened to Zhang Zhiqing?"

"Why did she suddenly stop moving?"

"Look at her expression, she looks as if she has seen a ghost."

Below the stage, everyone was bewildered.

"What the hell is Zhang Zhiqing doing!"

Next to Emperor Longteng, Empress Feng's fingers twisted tightly together, she wanted her to quickly settle Xin Lin as soon as she entered the arena, what is she dawdling for.

(Mommy, Little Worm has already scared that bad woman to pee.)

Overlord Egg cheerfully said.

"Well done."

Xin Lin secretly gave a thumbs up to the Sea of Consciousness Illusion created by the Longteng Stele.

Zhang Zhiqing was trapped in the Sea of Consciousness Illusion just like Xin Lin had been before.

Unfortunately, she did not possess a heart honed a thousand times like the Female Soldier King.

Now was the perfect opportunity!

Xin Lin's eyes changed, she suddenly moved and closed in.

A punch landed on Zhang Zhiqing's shoulder blade.

Inside the Sea of Consciousness Illusion, being intimidated by the terrifying Jiao Long's presence, Zhang Zhiqing felt acute pain in her shoulder as Xin Lin's punch landed.

She suddenly snapped back to reality.

The sea of clouds and the white giant dragon disappeared.

Not good!

She had fallen for the opponent's Spirit Art!

It was impossible for Zhang Zhiqing to guess that this was all due to the Longteng Stele.

"What kind of Spirit Art is that, able to summon such a terrifying giant dragon, it's unheard of, unseen before."

Zhang Zhiqing was still shaken.

Could it be that the opponent is truly an Advanced Spirit Master?

Grandmaster Jin under the arena was also utterly astonished.

It was Spirit Art, that girl could actually use such astonishing Spiritual Energy instantly.

But... no matter how amazing it was.

A Spirit Art that caused no substantial harm and lasted for such a short duration.

Both of them thought to themselves unanimously.

The outcome, has been decided!

Chapter 306: Turning the Tables

Zhang Zhiqing took a punch, feeling some pain, but she also knew that with Xin Lin's level of skill, this punch would definitely not be fatal.

Her ordinary face now twisted with a ferocious expression, she stepped into the void with her left leg, gathering energy in her right leg, her body like a knife blade plummeting down, her knees slamming hard into Xin Lin's frail form.

This slam used up to seventy or eighty percent of Zhang Zhiqing's True Qi.

Like a force breaking bamboo, even Golden Stone would shatter upon impact.

But at that moment, a subtle sound came from within Zhang Zhiqing's body.

The sound was very faint, like something piercing through cloth.

Zhang Zhiqing's gaze shifted as from her shoulder blade, with a hissing sound, a sharp edge of ice protruded out of her body.

Blood spurted out.

Zhang Zhiqing's expression drastically changed, and she took several more punches.

Each punch was not heavy, seemingly casual, but each one landed on the joints and acupoints, exactly where Murong Ziyue's Ice Formation Finger had struck before.

It was too late for Zhang Zhiqing to realize something was wrong.

Pffft, pffft, pffft—

Zhang Zhiqing took multiple punches, with multiple ice edges piercing through her body, blood spurting out like arrows.

Her inner True Qi, like floodgates opened, crazily drained away.

"How is this possible, I... you..."

Zhang Zhiqing's body swayed, her eyes filled with shock and fear, even more astonished than when she had first seen the giant dragon.

The Five Meridians within her body had been severed into pieces by Xin Lin's punches and those ice blades, completely breaking apart.

The source of Zhang Zhiqing's strength was her Five Meridians.

With the Five Meridians blocked, her True Qi also dissipated.

Her Five Meridians were ruined!

The last ice edge broke from her body, piercing directly through Zhang Zhiqing's Heart Meridian.

On her face, the look of astonishment was suddenly frozen as her body slumped to the ground.

Below the arena, gasps of shock rippled through the crowd.

Empress Feng's face turned pale.

Emperor Longteng signaled Chu Tianyi to step forward.

Chu Tianyi quickly ascended to the platform, noticing the bloodstained ground and then glancing at Xin Lin, he snorted coldly.

He examined Zhang Zhiqing's injuries and shook his head.

"I report to the Emperor, Zhang Zhiqing's Five Meridians have been ruined, she will be unable to practice martial arts from now on."

Unable to practice martial arts!

Everyone inhaled sharply at the news.

"Xin Lin, you've got some nerve; the Imperial Examination was over, and yet you dealt such a heavy hand!"

Empress Feng stood up abruptly, her face full of anger.

Defeated, Zhang Zhiqing had actually lost.

But how could she lose?

How could a Xuanwu Eighth Layer practitioner lose to someone...

"Empress, as you said, this is the Imperial Examination; victory and defeat are inseparable. Moreover, Zhang Zhiqing's injuries are not entirely because of Xin Lin."

General Zuo came forward one step, examining Zhang Zhiqing's injuries.

"What happened?"

Emperor Longteng also realized that Xin Lin did not possess enough True Qi to cripple someone's Five Meridians, which was what puzzled everyone else.

"I report to the Emperor, that was my True Qi. Xin Lin simply triggered my True Qi that was previously infused into Zhang Zhiqing's body. If Your Majesty wishes to punish someone, please punish me as well."

Murong Ziyue stepped forward, kneeling to the ground.

To deal with Zhang Zhiqing, she had resorted to using Ice Formation Finger, but her cultivation was insufficient, and before she could fully unleash the true power of Ice Formation Finger, she was already exhausted.

Having Xin Lin help trigger the real power of Ice Formation Finger was merely Murong Ziyue's plan; she hadn't expected that Xin Lin would really succeed.

Xin Lin also hurriedly knelt beside Murong Ziyue.

The two glanced at each other and burst into laughter.

Chapter 307: The Heart of an Emperor

The two were in perfect harmony, a tacit understanding that was unprecedented, Xin Lin and Murong Ziyue laughed heartily below the arena.

"Emperor, those two are simply too presumptuous!"

Empress Feng was furious.

"Although they were a bit heavy-handed, indeed, neither of them has violated the rules. It's a pity about Zhang Zhiqing, such a talent. Give her family some consolation money, take her away."

Emperor Longteng saw that things had come to this and had no intention of reprimanding them.

One Murong Ziyue, one Xin Lin, both ranking first and second in the literary and martial exams, it was clear that they were both accomplished in both arts and combat.

Not to mention that this Imperial Examination led to Emperor Longteng acknowledging a son, and Chu Beiqing finding a daughter.

With such outcomes, Emperor Longteng was quite satisfied.

Once the results of the literary and martial exams and the Imperial Examination were announced, Xin Lin ranked first in combined scores, topping the Zixiao Palace Exam list.

Murong Ziyue placed third in the Imperial Examination, second in overall scores.

Zhang Zhiqing placed second in the Imperial Examination, third in overall scores, but unfortunately her cultivation was ruined, and this third place existed in name only.

The top ten of the Zixiao Palace Exam also won the opportunity to enroll in Qingtian Academy, and after several days, the Zixiao Palace Exam had finally settled.

As soon as the Imperial Examination ended, General Zuo came forward.

"Seventh Prince, the Emperor commands this subject to escort you and Noble Lady Shi back to the Imperial Palace."

"General Zuo, did Father Emperor truly have you come to escort my mother and me back to the palace?"

Little Xinzhuo's face showed some disbelief.

This all happened too fast.

Mother would certainly be overjoyed to tears.

"General Zuo, the Emperor only ordered you to escort Ah Zhuo and his mother back to the palace, nothing else?"

Xin Lin asked, frowning slightly upon hearing this.

"Miss Xin, the Emperor indeed gave such an order."

General Zuo spoke gravely, glancing at the joyous Little Xinzhuo, hesitating to say more.

Both General Zuo and Xin Lin understood that although Little Xinzhuo had returned to the palace, it didn't mean that he and Noble Lady Shi had been completely accepted by the Imperial Family.

Xin Lin had overturned the ancient blood-dripping method of verifying kinship. If Emperor Longteng truly believed in Little Xinzhuo's lineage, he should have personally issued a decree to welcome Noble Lady Shi and her son back to the palace.

Noble Lady Shi had suffered an unjust accusation, and upon her return to the palace, she should have been conferred a position as consort to calm the situation.

But none of this happened, there was only a simple instruction to return to the palace, suggesting two possibilities.

The first possibility is that Emperor Longteng still harbored doubts about Xin Zhuo's heritage.

The second possibility is that although Emperor Longteng acknowledged Little Xinzhuo's identity, he still harbored misgivings about General Shi's betrayal.

The latter is more likely.

If so, even if Xin Zhuo and his mother returned to the Imperial Palace, their future would not be promising. They would be an uncherished mother and son, constantly on guard against the Empress Feng's dark schemes.

These concerns, having experienced a hundred lifetimes, Xin Lin had thought of, as had General Zuo, only the inexperienced Xin Zhuo and his mother had probably never considered them.

"Many thanks, General Zuo."

Xin Lin had a thousand thoughts in her heart, unsure for a moment whether sending Xin Zhuo and his mother back to the Imperial Palace was right or wrong.

But, what's done is done, and the path back to the palace, however difficult and fraught with danger, must now be taken.

"Miss Xin, Noble Lady Shi and her son can be escorted by this old soldier, without a single mishap on the way. Miss Xin is ranked first in the Dragon Palace Examination and may proceed to the Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault to select a Cultivation Technique. Captain Yang is already waiting ahead; Miss Xin can follow him to the Spiritual Weapon Repository."

General Zuo said with a smile.

The opportunity to enter the Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault was not available to everyone.

Chapter 308: Royal Reward

"Outrageous! I am beyond furious, Xin Lin, Xin Zhuo, you two remember this!"

As soon as the results of the Imperial Examination were announced, Third Prince Long Qingchen returned to Fuluan Palace and flew into a rage, even the Imperial Physician who came to treat his injuries was kicked out by him.

"What an embarrassment. You blame others for your incompetence. It's no wonder your father, the Emperor, scolds you for being useless."

Empress Feng waved her hand to dismiss the palace maids.

"Mother, I can't swallow this anger. How can you allow that bastard and his mother to return to the Imperial Palace?"

Long Qingchen's frustration was far from subsided.

Even if Jin Chen lost the top spot, it was still a loss of his face.

"Do you think that once they return to the Imperial Palace, they will be free of worries?"

Empress Feng took a sip of the well-brewed fragrant tea, a sharp glint crossing her beautiful eyes.

The return of Noble Lady Shi and her son to the palace is irreversible, but it's also good that they have returned.

General Shi has been dead for so many years, and that item, she has yet to find it.

Empress Feng believes that the item is definitely still on Noble Lady Shi and her son. When they were outside the Imperial Palace, even with her vast divine skills, it was not easy to take action.

But once back in the Imperial Palace, they won't be able to fly out of her grasp, her Five-finger Mountain.

Upon hearing this, Long Qingchen felt slightly relieved, but then another thought struck him.

"The useless mother and son are easy to handle, but what about that Xin Lin, she's the daughter of Chu Beiqing. Damn Chu Beiqing, he's been a fool for so many years, why won't he just die."

Inside the Imperial Palace with the support of Empress Feng, the Third Prince could do as he pleased, but when it came to Chu Beiqing, things were different.

If Long Qingchen was the ruler within the Imperial Palace, then Chu Beiqing was the ruler across the entire Longteng.

As long as he was there, Longteng Imperial City would take good care of him, and even Empress Feng couldn't shake Chu Beiqing's position in Emperor Longteng's heart.

"Why use a butcher's knife to kill a chicken? Does that little girl think that just because she recognized her father, she can go from a sparrow to a phoenix? She is too naïve about Chu Mansion. In Chu Mansion, Chu Tianyi rose from being a bastard to be the number one person under the Family Head; he has his ways. Besides, don't forget, both Xin Lin and Xin Zhuo will soon become students of Qingtian Academy."

Empress Feng said calmly.

Upon hearing this, Long Qingchen clapped his hands sharply.

"Exactly, Qingtian Academy. I refuse to believe that after returning to Qingtian Academy, I won't be able to kill two little ghosts. No, that's not right, including Murong Ziyue, I will not let any of them go!"

"Mother, the first place of the Imperial Examination can enter the Spiritual Weapon Repository to find Spiritual Formulas or Cultivation Techniques. Could Xin Lin possibly..."

Long Qingchen muttered.

That Xin Lin indeed had some connections. If she were to get her hands on a good Spiritual Formula, she would be even harder to deal with.

"As for that, this palace has already made arrangements. Rest assured, she won't be able to gain any benefit."

Empress Feng put down her cup, wiped her mouth, her lips as red as fire, and a smile with ill intent slowly emerged at the corners of her mouth.

Not far from the Imperial Palace, just nearly a mile away, outside the Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault.

The Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault is a sacred place where only members of the Dragon Ascending Royal Family and Imperial relatives can enter.

Only officers who have made significant contributions are allowed to enter.

After the Imperial Examination ended, Xin Lin instructed Little Xin Zhuo and then followed Captain Yang towards the Imperial Palace.

"Though the Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault is exclusively for the Royal Family, it's built on the outskirts of the Imperial Palace and can be accessed with a token. You are the top scorer of this Imperial Examination, and the Emperor grants you permission to enter the first floor of the Spiritual Weapon Vault to choose a Cultivation Technique or a Spiritual Formula. As a Spirit Master, I suggest it would be more appropriate for you to choose a Spiritual Formula."

Captain Yang explained to Xin Lin while they walked.

Chapter 309: Suppressed

The speaker has intent, but the listener is inadvertent.

Xin Lin walked all the way with her own plans in mind.

She also wanted to find a powerful Spiritual Formula, after all, could any ordinary Cultivation Technique surpass the Ghost God Fist?

"Pride Corpse, what exactly are you looking to find in the Spiritual Weapon Repository?"

Xin Lin quietly asked.

"You'll know once you enter."

Gui Hu did not elaborate further.

During their conversation, Xin Lin had already arrived in front of the Spiritual Weapon Repository.

The Spiritual Weapon Repository, simply put, is akin to a modern library, a square five-story tower-like building.

However, this building, besides having a door at the entrance, has no windows on any side and even the walls are as solid as metal, designed this way to prevent any night thieves from sneaking into the Spiritual Weapon Repository.

"I can only escort you here. Once through the door, you'll meet the people of the Spiritual Weapon Repository."

Captain Yang respectfully stood aside.

Xin Lin nodded and proceeded into the Spiritual Weapon Repository.

As soon as she entered, everything in front of her turned dark.

The windowless Spiritual Weapon Repository was very cool.

After a moment, Xin Lin's eyes adjusted to the light inside the Spiritual Weapon Repository.

Rows upon rows of tall and wide bookshelves appeared before her.

"The Emperor has decreed that you may browse the books on the first floor at your leisure, but do not wander or touch other areas to avoid damaging anything. You couldn't afford to pay for damages."

An old eunuch with a dry and flat appearance emerged, holding a lantern. Though it was broad daylight, it looked spooky and quite terrifying.

He squinted his eyes, shooting a glance at Xin Lin.

Those who come to the Spiritual Weapon Repository are either from the Royal Family or Imperial relatives, if not at least high-ranking officials and military heroes. Seeing Xin Lin, a commoner dressed poorly, the old eunuch naturally looked down on her from the bottom of his heart.

After speaking, the old eunuch did not move away but extended his scrawny hand and waved it in front of Xin Lin.

Xin Lin did not react for a long time.

"Do you not understand the rules?"

The old eunuch said irritably.

I've seen the ignorant, but never someone this oblivious.

Coming to a place like the Spiritual Weapon Repository, one must offer a tribute.

But Xin Lin was not exactly "tribute-giving."

The old eunuch puffed up with anger, glaring at Xin Lin, and tossed her a thirty minutes incense stick.

"I'll give you the duration of this incense, time waits for no one."

After speaking, the old eunuch walked away hastily holding the lantern, muttering,

"Ungrateful thing, you deserve to be troubled by the Empress."

Those who have visited the Spiritual Weapon Repository know that the old eunuch is greedy and petty.

He, having served the late Emperor, was very arrogant.

Anyone entering the Spiritual Weapon Repository usually had to give him a tribute ranging from a hundred taels to a thousand taels.

After receiving the money, the old eunuch would provide an entrant with either a candle or a lantern, allowing them to search for suitable Cultivation Techniques and Spiritual Formulas in the Spiritual Weapon Repository.

Xin Lin, unfamiliar with such customs and having offended Empress Feng, received only a barely glowing incense stick.

As the incense burned with a faint glow resembling firefly light, Xin Lin looked around.

The first floor of the Spiritual Weapon Repository was divided into three or four segments to prevent thieves and fires; there were no open flames or wall lamps.

Each segment had a large bookshelf.

On the shelves, there were various books of different thicknesses arranged from high to low, along with several beast skin scrolls, piled up.

Some bookshelves were even much taller than the height of an adult.

Xin Lin roughly estimated that there were at least thousands of books and beast skin scrolls on the first floor of the Spiritual Weapon Repository.

This had become a bit tricky; finding what Gui Hu was looking for was like finding a needle in a haystack.

Chapter 310: Casually Picked Up a Book

Just while Xin Lin was taking a quick glance around, the incense stick in her hand, thinner than her little finger, had already burned a third of the way down.

"Old coot, this is obviously making things difficult for me."

Xin Lin pursed her lips.

But did the old eunuch really think that would stump her?

Xin Lin let out a cold laugh.

What did it matter if there were no candles or lanterns? She was one who possessed Fu Xi's Energy.

With Fu Xi's Energy gathered in her eyes, the dimly lit Spiritual Weapon Repository suddenly became bright, and Xin Lin could see all the books and Beast Skin Scrolls on the shelves clearly.

Xin Lin's gaze landed on the nearest row of shelves.

"Human-level Middle Stage Technique, Eight Diagrams Leg."

"Lower Human-level Technique, Heavenly Net Stick Technique."

"Human-level Middle Stage Technique, Scorpion King Whip."

Xin Lin swept past these so-called Human-level Techniques without the slightest interest; with Ghost God Fist at her side, she looked down on ordinary methods.

After entering the Spiritual Weapon Repository, Pride Corpse hadn't let out even a single fart.

It was clear that these so-called techniques were not what Gui Hu was looking for.

Xin Lin immediately lost interest and shifted her gaze to the stack of Beast Skin Scrolls.

"Nine Streams Spiritual Technique Floating Technique."

"Nine Streams Spiritual Technique Fireball Technique."

"Eight-Stream Spirit Technique Wood Healing Helmet..."

Xin Lin glanced over and realized that the Beast Skin Scrolls were all records of Spirit Arts.

Techniques were in books, and Spirit Arts were on Beast Skin Scrolls; this was essentially what made up the Spiritual Weapon Repository.

Pride Corpse still showed no reaction whatsoever.

"Is this guy so clueless he doesn't even know what he's looking for?"

Xin Lin noticed the incense in her hand had only a third left.

If this continued, the opportunity to utilize the Spiritual Weapon Repository would be wasted.

Xin Lin thought for a moment and her gaze fell on the Wood Healing Helmet from the Eight-Stream Spirit Technique.

This was also the only Eight-Stream Spirit Technique in the first layer of the Spiritual Weapon Repository. Among the dwarfs, choosing the tallest one must be right.

Xin Lin reached out for that Beast Skin Scroll.

The Beast Skin Scrolls from the Spiritual Weapon Repository could be borrowed for a period ranging from a month to three days, which Captain Yang had already reminded Xin Lin about.

When Xin Lin took down the Beast Skin Scroll, she couldn't help but take a closer look, and upon doing so, she frowned.

With the help of Fu Xi's Energy, she could see the characters inside the Beast Skin Scroll she held with absolute clarity.

"Five Spirits Introduction?"

Xin Lin recognized the content recorded within "Wood Healing Helmet," which was identical to the Five Spirits Introduction, a basic introductory Spirit Art she had previously obtained from Little Xinzhuo.

Xin Lin picked up a few more Beast Skin Scrolls to examine and, without exception, all were "inconsistent in appearance and content."

"These Spirit Arts have been replaced by someone."

Xin Lin frowned.

Such a large-scale switcheroo obviously wasn't the work of the old eunuch; he didn't have the guts for it.

The person who swapped them didn't want Xin Lin to cultivate any formidable Spirit Arts.

Looking over the entire Imperial Palace, only Empress Feng and her son had the capability and desire to entrap Xin Lin.

"What a bewitching wench, Empress Feng, almost got me."

Had Xin Lin not possessed Fu Xi's Energy, enabling her to see the content within the Beast Skin Scrolls, this visit to the Spiritual Weapon Repository would have indeed been a waste.

Xin Lin tossed the Beast Skin Scroll back.

There was less than a tenth of the incense stick remaining.

Her time was running out.

"It's getting dark, hurry up. The moment time's up, get lost immediately."

The impatient voice of the old eunuch reached her ears.

With the chaotic mix of Beast Skin Scrolls and books, there was no longer enough time to choose the correct one.

"The one by your foot."

Right when the incense in Xin Lin's hand was about to burn out, the latecomer voice of "Pride Corpse" finally arrived.