

Little Girl 34

Chapter 34: Oh My Male God

The man's hand, pale yet powerful.

Xin Lin was startled and quickly retreated a step back.

She blinked, glanced again at the Ancient Coffin, and the hand was gone.

Could Xin Lin have been so frightened that she was seeing things?

Gulping nervously, Xin Lin swallowed her saliva.

Receiving gifts makes one indebted; she inexplicably stole someone's property, now the owner has come knocking, and she was at a loss for words.

"Ah Piao, go and check, what is that ghostly thing inside?"

After a long moment, there was no response behind her; Xin Lin turned around and nearly fainted from shock.

Headless Ah Piao had actually fainted!

Being a ghost, it was scared unconscious by a Rascal Corpse.

"Ah Piao! You're so unloyal, if anyone should faint, it should have been me first."

Xin Lin cursed under her breath.

With Ah Piao unconscious, she couldn't possibly run away alone.

Horned Jiao soared into the air, transforming into four Jiao Long Pillars, holding up the collapsing cave.

The collapse of the Ghost Cave temporarily stopped.

Suppressing her anxiety, Xin Lin took a cautious step forward and peeked into the Ancient Coffin.

The dark evil fog had mostly dissipated, and inside the coffin was the thousand-year-old Rascal Corpse resting peacefully, eyes closed, motionless.

"Amitabha, it was indeed an illusion."

Just as Xin Lin was relieved, suddenly, the Rascal Corpse opened its eyes.

A pair of deep blue eyes directly met Xin Lin's eyes.

As their gazes locked, Xin Lin felt as if her entire body was bound by ropes, completely unable to move.

Inside the Ancient Coffin, the Rascal Corpse stood up.

It was an exceptionally tall man; in front of him, Xin Lin's petite frame only reached his waist.

The man emitted a terrifying aura.

It was this aura that made Xin Lin's limbs stiff.

"Danger, very dangerous."

An alarm went off inside Xin Lin's mind.

The man stepped out of the Ancient Coffin, his wraps falling off, beginning at his feet, revealing his pale skin.

Skin!!

Xin Lin stared at the man, bewildered, as with each step he took, more of his wraps fell off, exposing his body from feet to neck, entirely revealed to Xin Lin.

It must be said that despite his pale skin, his physique was the best Xin Lin had ever seen in a man.

None of the world's top models or football gods could compare to this man's physique.

Broad shoulders tapering to a trim waist, limbs well-formed and muscular, abs perfectly defined—not too much, not too little. Compared to this man, Sikong Ran was nothing more than bean sprouts.

But it was unknown if his top-tier physique matched his face... Xin Lin's eyes slowly moved upwards,

But with just one glance, Xin Lin was stunned.

What met her eyes was a head of long dark gray-blue hair, casually flowing down his back. Beneath sharp eyebrows were captivating deep blue eyes.

His eye corners held a coldness, slightly raised giving him a charming touch, thin lips lightly pursed, skin almost translucently white, every part of him was refined—a face that could make the world go crazy.

Was this face truly the original owner of the Rascal Corpse that Xin Lin had touched and even kissed?

Just as Xin Lin was inwardly sighing, the man had already approached her.

He looked down at her from a height, his expression icy cold, one glance snapping Xin Lin back to reality.

In the next moment, the man raised his hand, placing it on Xin Lin's neck, and squeezed.