

Little Girl 361

Chapter 361: Someone Reveals Themselves

Pu——

It seemed that a soft snicker came from somewhere unknown.

Xin Lin became alert, looked around, but saw no one.

Could it be that the Pride Corpse was up to its tricks again?

Xin Lin secretly felt for the Sealing Spirit Talisman in her bosom.

Within the fog-veiled Wanshi Mountain, apart from them, there were no others.

"As for you, Miss Huang, if you wish to come up, it will cost thirty thousand taels. Of course, you could choose to wait for someone from outside to rescue you. However, based on my daughter, the Divine Doctor's experience, if your foot drags on for half an hour longer, I'm afraid it will become lame."

Xin Lin said with a smile brimming with satisfaction.

Huang Zhijun was furious to the extreme, yet she calmed down instead.

"Thirty-five thousand taels, pull me up, and you'll get the silver."

Although this despicable wretch was hateful, what she said was indeed the harsh reality.

Huang Zhijun's leg was in severe pain, and the creepy cold fog inside Wanshi Mountain exacerbated the worsening of her injury.

Only then did Xin Lin reveal a look of satisfaction; she untied the ropes binding the Protectors and had them work together to pull Huang Zhijun up.

After being pulled up, Huang Zhijun didn't say much else, took out a silver note, and tossed it to Xin Lin.

"Then thank you, Miss Huang."

Xin Lin, with a smile in her eyes, accepted the silver note.

"Miss?"

The Protectors nearby also had faces fraught with misery.

"Shut up, a bunch of useless trash, what's the point of the house keeping you."

Huang Zhijun looked at the map in her hand, then at Xin Lin walking ahead. When she saw Xin Lin release an ant to lead the way, Huang Zhijun almost spat blood from anger.

She and her father had spent thirty thousand taels to buy a map and yet could not make it through the labyrinth, while the opponent simply caught an ant and made it here?

But, that was as far as she could go.

Huang Zhijun sneered, briefly bandaged her wound, and then limped along behind.

Thinking about her previous ordeal, Huang Zhijun felt both ashamed and frustrated.

It was after falling into that trap that she realized she had been deceived.

It was all just an illusion.

That Monk Qingyu was also at fault, why did he not tell her that the most fearsome thing in Wanshi Mountain was not the labyrinth, but the illusions within the labyrinth.

This path in front of her appeared to be smooth and close to the exit, but in reality, it was the most dangerous of all.

The remaining path was one of cautious strategy, with every step a potential trap.

No one knew what kind of illusion would await with each step taken.

She just wanted to watch what illusions that despicable wretch would encounter shortly.

Huang Zhijun followed Xin Lin with a dark expression.

Xin Lin did not stop her, continuing forward following the Tiger Back Ant.

But along the way, Xin Lin walked as if through a realm with no one in sight, the path seemingly leading straight to the end.

"How is this possible? Why didn't you see any illusions, why didn't you step on any traps?"

Huang Zhijun was fuming.

"All Living Beings, the reason you saw those illusions is that your minds were distracted. On the contrary, I am following the ant. Although the ant is but a mere insect, insignificant and overlooked, it remains undistracted. The path it takes is naturally the safest. The Bodhi tree has no heart, and the clear mirror is not a stand; originally there is not a single thing, where could the dust arise? Miss Huang, if you can't even understand such a simple principle, how could you ever meet the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship."

Xin Lin said, laughing.

Huang Zhijun was so angry that her teeth itched. She leapt forward and her intact left foot stomped towards that Tiger Back Ant.

"Amitabha, benefactress, please show mercy under your feet."

Just then, a Buddhist chant sounded.

Before Huang Zhijun's left foot, a pair of monk's sandals appeared. Unable to retract her force in time, she collided with the newcomer's leg, a crack sounded, and her own also broke.

Chapter 362: The Monk Is a Bit Impressive

Huang Zhijun kicked the newcomer's foot and felt as if she had kicked a block of iron; her bone snapped instantly.

She collapsed to the ground in a moment, large beads of sweat rolling down her powdered face.

"What are you waiting for, take him down!"

The person appeared amidst the mist, vaguely discernible, not quite clear, but it was faintly visible that he was wearing the most common novice robe of Taichang Temple.

A mere young monk, daring to meddle in the affairs of the daughter of Chief of Staff.

Only Xin Lin, upon hearing the chant of "Amitabha," twitched her eyelids and muttered to herself, wondering why the voice sounded somewhat familiar.

The Protectors beside her immediately stepped forward, shouting.

"Where did this blind bald donkey come from! How dare you offend our young miss!"

They charged forward.

The Protectors of the Huang Residence were quite strong in their own right, each one of them at least a martial master.

Some of them had hands like hooks, grabbing the person's shoulders and twisting fiercely.

Others created a gust with their legs, aiming a sweeping leg kick at the opponent's crotch.

And still others executed a Fierce Tiger Heart Plucking strike, directly aiming at the person's chest, their movements both fast and ruthless.

Four or five of them swarmed up; even if the opponent had three heads and six arms, it would be hard to fend them off.

But as the hand grabbed the opponent's shoulder, the shoulder gave a shake, and a tremendous force struck the Protector.

With just a slight twist of his wrist, it snapped with a "crack."

The one targeting the chest felt as though he had collided with a wall, a powerful invisible force rebounding back, sending his body flying out like a falling leaf.

The one attempting a sneak attack below was met with an immovable opponent.

But as the opponent stomped the ground, the floor immediately cracked, pebbles flying around, and the sharp chips shot straight at the faces of the Protectors behind.

The latter screamed in agony, covering their mouths and noses, as blood streamed down instantly.

In just the blink of an eye, several robust Protectors were left without the strength to fight back.

Huang Zhijun was startled; the surrounding mist cleared a bit, revealing the monk's appearance to everyone.

At that moment, Huang Zhijun could see the young monk's face clearly.

Such a handsome monk.

The monk looked young, with handsome and flawless facial features, and his entire being seemed to bathe in a layer of golden light.

Though he was wearing nothing more than a common novice's robe, it didn't conceal his noble presence; it seemed that even scolding him would be a desecration.

"Hey, it really is him!"

Xin Lin glanced at the newcomer; such a pleasing-to-the-eye handsome monk, it was feared that not just in Purple Cloud City but in the whole Longteng Country there was only this one.

The person was none other than the Imperial Censor monk whom she had encountered before in Ping'an County.

Monk Jun was probably the most handsome monk Xin Lin had ever seen – even without hair, his good looks were unyielding; if he were in the modern era, he'd definitely be a huge star.

On the ground, several Protectors continued to wail in pain.

Huang Zhijun's face also looked terrible, alternating between red and white.

At this moment, despite her usual arrogance, Huang Zhijun could see that this young monk was no ordinary individual.

With a single breath, he had disabled a Xuanwu Practitioner and several martial masters without breaking a sweat; this person's cultivation was probably above that of a Xuanwu Practitioner.

Yet the young monk seemed oblivious to the injured around him, his attention mostly on his palm.

On his slender and fair hand, instead of the usual string of Buddha Beads, there was a tiny ant.

The ant crawled around in the monk's hand, utterly unaware that it had just narrowly escaped death.

Huang Zhijun looked ahead – the exit of the labyrinth had appeared.

Even if she had to suffer for it, meeting the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship made it worthwhile.

Chapter 363: I'm So Pitiful

"Young monk, where is the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship?"

The little monk pressed his palms together and bowed to Xin Lin and Huang Zhijun.

"Amitabha, to the two benefactors, the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship is not here, he has gone wandering and we do not know when he will return. He asked me to inform you both and hopes you can find your way back."

Upon hearing this, Xin Lin and Huang Zhijun were both somewhat disappointed.

This figure from Taichang Temple is notoriously elusive. When he is out, probably not even the deaf and mute old monks know his whereabouts.

Especially Xin Lin, who for a moment thought that the little monk before her was the minister himself.

Since the minister was not present, there was nothing Huang Zhijun and the others could do.

With a face full of gloom, she was carried out of Wanshi Mountain by several temple protectors.

"You little wretch, we'll settle our score another day."

Before leaving, Huang Zhijun did not forget to fiercely glare at Xin Lin.

Xin Lin, clutching a thick stack of silver notes and the ancient bronze sword, was in high spirits and made a face at her.

Monk Jun found it strange that Xin Lin hadn't left yet.

"Little benefactor, why haven't you left?"

"Monk Jun, don't you recognize me? It's me, it's me, we've met in Ping'an County?"

Xin Lin teased him with a playful expression on her face, winking as she drew closer to Monk Jun.

Monk Jun was taken aback.

Evidently, he was not accustomed to being addressed as "Monk Jun." He had never been called in such an irreverent manner since he could remember.

Those who met him would always act with utmost propriety, faces full of devout sincerity.

Although he knew he was quite good-looking.

Yet, tired of seeing those hypocritically polite faces, he didn't dislike Xin Lin's unconventional demeanor; in fact, he found it quite refreshing.

"I remember you, little benefactor. I trust you've been well since we last meet."

Monk Jun bowed again.

While Monk Jun was quite reclusive, this did not mean he was ignorant of worldly matters. In fact, he knew much more than many people outside.

The girl standing before him, who appeared so irreverent, was the most well-known figure in Purple Cloud City for the past month.

"We're somewhat acquainted, so I want to ask you something."

Xin Lin held the heavy ancient bronze sword, her face full of curiosity.

"Please speak freely, little benefactor."

Monk Jun pondered for a moment, his eyes glancing at the ancient bronze sword in Xin Lin's arms.

"I came to seek the minister to transcend this sword. What a pity he is not here. Little monk, could you introduce someone else to me?"

Xin Lin examined Monk Jun.

"Little benefactor, this sword is no ordinary object; the average person cannot handle transcending it."

Monk Jun shook his head.

Improper transcending could result in what happened to Monk Qingyu earlier, being backfired by the sword.

"Monk Jun, you said it yourself, an average person can't transcend it, so why not introduce me to someone extraordinary? Don't worry, if you find someone to help me transcend it, I won't tell anyone about your fighting incident."

Xin Lin winked at Monk Jun, her black eyes brimming with cleverness.

In a place such as Taichang Temple, where discipline is strict, fighting is a serious matter.

"I did not engage in a fight just now, I was the one being beaten," Monk Jun insisted earnestly.

Uh... Xin Lin was speechless.

Wasn't it the case? The monk just stood there without moving a muscle, was it the people from Huang Residence who were foolish enough to walk right into trouble?

Xin Lin's eyes rolled once more; if a direct approach wouldn't work, then it's time to try a softer tactic.

"If I can't transcend this sword today, my father, myself, and a whole bunch of people who helped will have to sleep on the streets. Look, even the Tiger Back Ants in Zhongji Courtyard have trees to live in, while I will be so pitiful as to not even have a tile to shelter under."

As she spoke, Xin Lin sobbed heavily and did not forget to grab the clean sleeve of Monk Jun's robe to wipe an eye corner that wasn't even wet with tears.

Chapter 364: The Exorbitant Transcendence Fee

Monk Jun glanced at his monk's robe, black with a few fingerprints, and the pair of little "claws" tugging at his garment.

"Monk Jun?"

Xin Lin, with a pitiful and stubborn look, gazed at him with those big, bright, and persistent eyes.

Monk Jun had good reason to believe that if he did not agree today, this little one would cling to his sleeves forever.

One cannot chant scriptures with a little tail following, after all.

"Little benefactor, if you don't mind, I can help recite some sutras."

Monk Jun felt a headache coming on.

Even a patient person would dread pestering, let alone the good-natured Monk Jun.

"You? Are you any good at it?"

A man mustn't admit his inadequacy, even if he isn't capable, he must pretend to be!

Monk Jun was, after all, a man and a rather proud one at that.

"The sutras that the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship knows, I also know some."

"Okay, I trust you!"

Xin Lin tilted her head and thought for a moment, loosened her small claws, waved her hand, with a carefree and confident demeanor.

After all, it's free, it doesn't hurt to try, if worse comes to worst, she could just go find that Saint Monk Pujisi.

Xin Lin thought to herself.

Monk Jun smiled slightly.

"However, the rules of the temple state that transcendence rituals require the offering of incense money."

Xin Lin's eyelids twitched as she grew anxious.

"How much?"

"Forty-four thousand taels."

Monk Jun smiled again.

With a clack, Xin Lin heard the sound of her heart breaking.

Forty-four thousand taels!

Monk Jun, I have misjudged you.

These days, a pretty boy with a black heart can be even more ruthless than a short, poor, and ugly one.

Forty-four thousand taels, wasn't that the entire sum of money she painstakingly swindled from Miss Huang and Monk Qingyu?

This monk, he must be doing this on purpose, right?

Xin Lin began to seriously suspect that Monk Jun must have secretly trailed her earlier, watching her every move.

Scheming, isn't he!

"Monk Jun, aren't you pricing this a bit too steeply? Monks should show compassion and save people, for saving one life surpasses the building of a Level 7 pagoda."

Xin Lin struggled in desperation.

"Little benefactor, my price is very fair, fooling neither the old nor the young. If the little benefactor is unwilling, one can always turn left out of the mountain and seek someone else to perform the transcendence."

Monk Jun's smile grew even brighter.

But Xin Lin felt that his smile was rather irritating to the eyes.

After pondering for a moment, Xin Lin thought if she turned left upon leaving, it would be dark soon, perhaps Saint Monk Pujisi would charge even more.

"Let's get one thing straight then; I want the transcendence to be done first, and I'll pay afterward."

Mumbling to herself, Xin Lin, with great pain in parting with her wealth, handed over the silver note.

Ahead at Chu Mansion, with forty-four thousand, she may as well have been busy for nothing today.

Monk Jun's smile was all kindness as he led Xin Lin out of Wanshi Mountain.

The inner courtyard of Zhongji Courtyard was even more tranquil than the outside.

Aside from a few meticulously maintained thin bamboos and a sand field for meditation, there was nothing else.

Several wing rooms were scattered about the courtyard in an orderly fashion.

The largest one was presumably the residence of the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship.

Monk Jun led Xin Lin into the third wing room on the left.

Inside the room, there was just a simple table.

This setup made Xin Lin even more convinced that the Minister at Taichang Temple was also a stingy person; they could at least provide a bed, couldn't they?

Only a stingy person would teach such a greedy novice monk, right?

Monk Jun gestured for Xin Lin to place the Ancient Bronze Sword on the table.

In his hands, seemingly out of nowhere, appeared a string of colorful Buddha Beads.

Monk Jun sat cross-legged and began to chant sutras.

Chapter 365: Master, Spare Me

Xin Lin squatted to one side, staring at Monk Jun with eager eyes.

Time ticked away, second by second.

Listening to the repetitive Buddhist scriptures, Xin Lin couldn't help but admit that Monk Jun was very handsome and had a pleasant voice. To Xin Lin's ears, it sounded almost like a lullaby, and waves of sleepiness washed over him.

His eyelids drooped, and before he knew it, he had fallen asleep.

Monk Jun opened his eyes and glanced at Xin Lin, who was curled up on one side, sleeping sweetly.

The corners of his mouth involuntarily lifted.

He looked just like the short-haired kitten he had raised when he was young in the academy.

That kitten loved to nap on his lap the most.

He stepped forward and picked up the Ancient Bronze Sword.

Inside the sword, the nine Yin Sha stirred as they caught the scent of human presence.

These Yin Sha were naturally full of Evil Qi, previously subdued by Gui Hu, and willing to be commanded by Xin Lin.

Today, they had been angered instead of calmed by Monk Qingyu's attempt to Transcend them, backfiring spectacularly.

Earlier they still avoided Xin Lin, but now with Xin Lin asleep, they became increasingly brazen.

Evil lights flickered on the Ancient Bronze Sword, and threads of Yin Sha Qi began to diffuse from the sword's body.

"Blind Monk, get lost!"

"Your broken scriptures are useless against us."

The chief Yin Sha yelled.

The other Yin Sha also laughed raucously.

"You nine have caused the death of ninety-six lives; by rights, you should enter the Beast Path and never the Human Path. However, your true hearts have not been extinguished, and you have been deceived by villains. The Buddhist way is concerned with karma. For the little benefactor's sake, I'll give you another chance."

Monk Jun smiled faintly.

His fingertips traced the body of the bronze sword, and as his lips moved, he began reading Buddhist scriptures once again.

But this time, the scriptures were different from the ones Xin Lin had heard earlier.

Each verse of the scriptures seemed to contain infinite power.

A golden light flickered at Monk Jun's fingertips, and with each syllable of scripture, he left behind golden text on the Ancient Bronze Sword.

The text flashed across the blade and quickly disappeared into the Ancient Bronze Sword.

At that moment, the nine Yin Sha inside the sword realized something was wrong.

The vigorous energy emanating from the other party's fingertips was not ordinary True Qi, but rather a force of Vast Righteous Energy.

The young novice monk, with the power of the scriptures, recited them aloud, using his fingers to dispel the evil.

Merely nine characters, yet inside the Ancient Bronze Sword, the nine Yin Sha felt the blade being enveloped by that Vast Energy.

"Master, spare our lives!"

Only then did the Yin Sha realize that the novice monk before them was no ordinary person.

"Buddha transcends those with fate. Since you have a connection with me, I will Transcend you all. Purify your souls, and be reborn."

The black light on the Ancient Bronze Sword faded, and the Yin Sha Qi dissipated.

The Ancient Bronze Sword looked as good as new, while a veil of exhaustion shrouded Monk Jun's eyebrows.

He examined the bronze sword and noticed an unusual inscription at the bottom of the blade.

Beside him, Xin Lin mumbled a few words in his sleep.

"Daddy, don't be afraid."

"Life-breaking Book, you've tricked me again."

Monk Jun turned his gaze towards Xin Lin, to see the little face first furrowing its brow, and then breaking into a silly smile, prompting a silent chuckle from him.

Outside, the sky had grown dim, and the temple did not allow outside guests to stay overnight.

However, Monk Jun had no intention of waking Xin Lin.

He took off his outer monk robe, intending to cover Xin Lin with it.

"How dare you! Who permitted you to Transcend without permission in the temple!"

The door was kicked open.

Monk Qingyu led a group of Martial Monks storming in.

Chapter 366: On My Knees—You Are the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship

Monk Qingyu cursed and grumbled, for today he had hit a streak of incredibly bad luck.

What should have been a simple business transaction had been ruined, one after another.

After Huang Zhijun left Wanshi Mountain, she flew into a violent rage and scolded Monk Qingyu thoroughly.

The thirty thousand silver taels, naturally, had flown away.

Upon inquiry, Monk Qingyu found that an unknown young monk had disrupted his plan.

He learned that the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship was not in Zhongji Courtyard and stormed in angrily.

As soon as he entered the courtyard, he saw a black cloud of Evil Qi quickly dissipating above the left wing room.

Then he heard the sound of someone reciting scriptures.

Monk Qingyu knew then that his deal had been stolen.

How preposterous! Within Taichang Temple, who doesn't know that Monk Qingyu handles the business of Transcendence rituals?

The Saint Monk Pujisi, being of advanced years, generally does not involve himself in ordinary Transcendence rituals.

This little monk, who had popped up out of nowhere, dared to court death by stirring trouble right under Tai Sui's nose.

Xin Lin suddenly awoke, glanced at Monk Qingyu's livid face, and then looked at Monk Jun's calm demeanor.

"Little benefactor, here is your sword, returning to its rightful owner."

Monk Jun handed the Ancient Sword to Xin Lin.

Xin Lin examined the sword; a flash of surprise crossed his eyes.

The Evil Qi on the sword was gone.

Impressive, Monk Jun!

Truly a follower of the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship, even the scriptures he recited were much stronger than others', capable of hypnotizing and Transcending.

"Little benefactor, it is getting late. We do not lodge outsiders in the temple; please leave soon."

Monk Jun said indifferently.

With that said, Monk Qingyu, who had still wanted to scheme against Xin Lin, had nothing more to say.

He could only glower with his bulging eyes as Xin Lin confidently walked out right before him.

Before leaving, Xin Lin took another look at Monk Jun and saw his unruffled expression, which reassured him to leave.

After all, Monk Jun is an Imperial Censor and a novice monk under the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship. Remembering how cunningly the monk had tricked him out of his silver taels, Xin Lin instantly felt that his own worries were ungrounded.

That Monk Qingyu was no match for Monk Jun.

Amitabha, Monk Qingyu, may you survive this calamity.

Xin Lin offered a silent prayer for Monk Qingyu and then bolted from Zhongji Courtyard.

Inside the wing room, Monk Qingyu sneered.

"What is your surname and name, and which master's novice monk are you?"

Having been at Taichang Temple for so long, Monk Qingyu had not seen Monk Jun before.

His pale, delicate complexion would make the uninformed think he was a pampered child kept by some high-ranking noble family.

"I have no master."

Monk Jun shook his head.

"It's even better that you have no master. Otherwise, your master could not save you from today's mistake either. Come, seize him and prepare the disciplinary canes."

Monk Qingyu chuckled coldly.

Several Martial Monks closed in.

"Qingyu, do you recognize these?"

Monk Jun calmly pulled out a stack of silver notes from his robe.

Monk Qingyu's eyes gleamed.

"Youngster, you've got some brains, knowing to bribe with silver notes. However, these silver notes are rightfully mine. If you want to avoid punishment, you'll need to prepare another stack at least."

Greed covered Qingyu's face, and his hands eagerly reached out to snatch the silver notes.

But as he grabbed the silver notes and pulled...

The lightweight silver notes did not budge, as Monk Jun held them in place with a single finger.

"It's good that you admit the silver notes are yours; it saves quite a bit of trouble."

"Kid, let go!"

Monk Qingyu exerted force once again, but the silver notes remained immovable.

"Seeking death!"

Enraged, Monk Qingyu threw a punch towards Monk Jun's forehead.

Chapter 367: The Ambitious Stone

But suddenly, Monk Qingyu's pupils contracted, and his greedy face became rigid, motionless.

"Amitabha."

Monk Jun pressed his palms together, and on his hands, a string of colorful Buddha beads glistened, dazzling Monk Qingyu's eyes as they swayed back and forth.

Behind him, the group of Martial Monks were all shocked.

Their knees trembled, and they fell to the ground with a thud.

"Lord Taichang!"

The colorful Buddha beads are the token of Taichang Temple.

Each new Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship would receive the colored Buddha beads bestowed by the Emperor upon succession.

Seeing the beads was as good as seeing the Minister!

And the Monk Jun before them held the Buddha beads in his hand.

He had effortlessly transcended the Yin Sha that even Monk Qingyu could not transcend.

"Lord Taichang... Lord..."

Monk Qingyu now realized that he had committed a grave sin.

"Qingyu, you have been in the temple for twenty years and are the lead of the Qing generation, destined to promote the Buddhist Law of Taichang and devote yourself to goodness. However, you have harbored greed, using the name of Taichang Temple to exploit the townspeople for years. I, in the name of Taichang Holy Institute, shall administer your punishment. From today on, you are no longer of Taichang Temple, stripped of your status, deprived of your cultivation, never to be a monk again."

The colorful Buddha beads in Monk Jun's hand emitted a clinking sound, like jade hitting the ground.

Monk Qingyu's knees gave way, and he collapsed to the ground, closing his eyes, but it was already too late...

Xin Lin had just stepped out of Taichang Temple.

When she heard the stern and serious voice of the Life Book by her ear.

"Congratulations life master, for completing the defy-fate mission one, successfully transcending the Nine Yin Evil and earning one chance to use the Opportunity Dice. Would you like to use it now?"

Xin Lin paused her steps and gave her consent.

It had been quite some time since she used the Opportunity Dice, and she somewhat missed that dice which could game fate itself.

After all, even though the Life Book could be tricky, whatever it produced was always pretty good.

Inside the Opportunity Dice, six was a consolation prize, three was a Dan Wood Furnace, one was the Ultimate Marrow Cleansing Powder, and two from before...

There weren't many options left.

Xin Lin was calculating which number she should spin for this time.

The Opportunity Dice appeared in her hand, and Xin Lin gave it a glance.

She noticed that the "three" associated with spinning out the Dan Wood Furnace was now unselectable, its dots turned gray.

She wasn't interested in spinning for the others that remained the same.

Between four and five, which one should she choose?

After looking a few times, her fingers twitched.

The Opportunity Dice started to roll smoothly.

Between "five" and "four," Xin Lin ultimately settled on "four."

There was no particular reason, "four" is a homophone for "fortune" in Chinese, and Xin Lin just wanted a bit of good luck.

"Congratulations life master, you have obtained one Qi Stone."

The Opportunity Dice disappeared, and in its place, Xin Lin now held a small stone.

The stone appeared black and unremarkable, much like the egg-shaped stones found on riverbanks.

"A Qi Stone, what's this thing about?"

Xin Lin murmured.

She had never encountered a Qi Stone before, but she was familiar with True Qi Pills, having seen them mentioned in Silly Chu's "Mystical Medicine Book", a Mortal Upper Stage Spiritual Medicine.

Compared to the Bone Marrow Cleansing Powder, it was a bit more superior, its use being to restore the True Qi inside the body. Xin Lin wasn't sure what difference this stone had from normal True Qi Pills.

However, since she had begun to practice the Ghost God Fist Second Form, her Fu Xi's Energy was depleting much faster.

If she could quickly restore the Fu Xi's Energy, it would indeed be beneficial for her; it would certainly be useful someday.

So, Xin Lin decided to keep the Qi Stone.

Chapter 368: Ghosts That Linger

After putting away the True Qi Pill, Xin Lin thought again.

This True Qi Pill did come somewhat suddenly.

Previously, the Heaven-defying Book had never triggered any missions.

It seems that it only appeared after her accumulated Heaven-defying Value reached 100, according to the Life Book's update.

Its existence seems unrelated to the Opportunity Dice.

Those so-called missions seem random.

Xin Lin thought to herself, after completing this mission, she didn't know when the next one would be.

What exactly is the Heaven-defying Book?

Xin Lin pondered.

Though she had activated the Life Book, she did not know how it entered her body.

She only remembered that when she infiltrated the Dark Organization's vault, she accessed their cloud computer...

That cloud computer's name seemed to be called 'Heaven-Defying'?

It was a VR supercomputer capable of storing human memories.

It is said that the Dark Organization had paid a huge price to excavate it from a relic in Country A.

But before they could decrypt the computer, Xin Lin had destroyed their headquarters.

At that time, Xin Lin had already been severely injured. To die with more dignity, she chose to input her own memories into the computer.

Afterward, she ended up in Longteng.

As Xin Lin contemplated, she unconsciously walked out of the temple gate and saw Ma Jingtian looking around outside.

"Amitabha, Little Boss, you are finally out."

Ma Jingtian let out a sigh of relief upon seeing Xin Lin.

By evening, he and other pilgrims had been asked to leave by the people from Taichang Temple.

It wasn't long before Huang Zhijun from the Minister Manor was carried out.

Her legs were broken, and those Protectors from the Huang Residence were also badly injured, missing arms and legs; one would think they had just come off a battlefield.

But all the pilgrims, even those praying for children or wealth, had come out, yet the Little Boss was not there, which made Ma Jingtian increasingly worried.

Ma Jingtian glanced at his own Little Boss, relieved to see that her limbs were all intact.

"Spending money to avoid disaster; transcendence is complete."

Xin Lin tossed the Ancient Bronze Sword to Ma Jingtian.

Ma Jingtian was pleasantly surprised, but after examining the Ancient Bronze Sword for a long while, he couldn't figure out anything.

Being just a Mortal, he couldn't tell whether it was Yin Sha or not, but since Little Boss said it was transcended, then it must be so.

"Little Boss, did you meet the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship? Is he very powerful? Is his face flat or round?"

Ma Jingtian followed Xin Lin, asking eagerly.

"He is an old man, tall, bald, with a big mustache, and especially sinister; he swindled a lot of money from me. Let me tell you, this Taichang Temple is a dark temple, devouring people without spitting bones; we should avoid coming here if possible."

Xin Lin seriously blabbered.

Inside Taichang Temple, a certain monk, who had no mustache and was quite handsome, felt his ears itch.

The two of them talked as they walked towards the Chu Mansion.

The Water Wraith Gang was destroyed, and in the time taken by Xin Lin and Ma Jingtian to visit the temple, the gang members from the Water Wraith Gang, with what little possessions they had left, along with Silly Chu, had gone to the Chu Mansion.

Perhaps it was psychological, but as the two approached the Chu Mansion, it no longer seemed as ghostly.

Xin Lin glanced at the sword in her arms, relieved that she no longer had to see those ghostly Yin Sha.

Just as she was reflecting, suddenly her vision blurred, and several gray, fuzzy objects floated before her eyes.

Chapter 369: Set Up

Shit!

Xin Lin's smile vanished in an instant.

Several Yin Sha were standing right in front of her.

"Little Boss? Do you feel especially cold tonight?"

Ma Jingtian only felt a chill behind his ears.

Xin Lin really wanted to roll her eyes and tell him that a Yin Sha behind him was blowing air on him.

"You go settle your brothers first."

Xin Lin felt powerless; she seemed to be the only one who could see the Yin Sha.

To avoid alarming the members of the Water Wraith Gang, Xin Lin decided not to tell them what she saw.

What happened to the promised Reincarnation and Transcend? What about the promise that monks don't tell lies?

Her forty-four thousand taels!

"Gui Hu."

Xin Lin pulled a long face and called for Gui Hu.

If this bugger didn't show up soon, she'd shake the bell and annoy him to death.

Gui Hu this time appeared obediently, and he seemed in a very good mood.

But Xin Lin drew her sword and suddenly thrust it toward Gui Hu.

Gui Hu caught the sword between his fingers, his face showing a hint of amusement.

"You seem a bit unhappy."

More than unhappy, motherfucker, I feel like stabbing ten or eight holes in you.

"Which eye of yours sees me as just a little unhappy? I'm very unhappy. I've done as you instructed, spent lots of money to get people Transcended, and they all left for Reincarnation before, but what are these ghosts lined up at my doorstep?"

Xin Lin emphasized the words 'spent a lot of money'!

She began to count, one two three four... seven eight nine, not a single Yin Sha was missing.

Indeed, she also noticed that the Evil Qi on the nine Yin Sha had faded a lot, apparently Monk Jun wasn't just taking money without doing anything, having cleansed the Evil Qi from these Yin Sha, presumably they would no longer harm people.

But humans and malevolent spirits are different; having them gathered at Chu Mansion isn't right at all, what if they scared Silly Chu?

"Transcendence is not wrong, but I never said they would go into Reincarnation. From now on, they are my ghost soldiers."

Gui Hu's mood was obviously very good.

He got nine loyal ghost soldiers without any effort.

This was also part of his early calculations.

Without Evil Qi, even if ghost soldiers moved within the country, they would not be discovered.

Of course, that was just one of his objectives.

Seeing Xin Lin's little face still puffed up like a little bun, Gui Hu flicked the bronze sword with his finger.

Xin Lin felt a shock in her palm, and the bronze sword had already fallen into Gui Hu's ghost claw.

The ghost claw held the cold blade, and strands of Ghost Power enveloped the blade.

Inside the sword, strands of golden energy were forced out.

Xin Lin recognized that energy; it seemed similar to the energy around Monk Jun.

"Saintly Fortune, huh, you've provoked quite an incredible character."

Gui Hu spoke in a deep voice, his face half smiling.

Mortals cultivate True Qi, Emperors and Saints cultivate auspicious energy.

Cultivators all know, True Qi is easy to obtain, auspicious energy is hard to come by.

Before, Gui Hu had obtained a book from the Royal Spiritual Weapon Vault with great difficulty, which contained a trace of auspicious energy.

But the auspicious energy in this Ancient Sword was much more than in that book.

Xin Lin's large dark eyes darted around, and then looking at the lined up Yin Sha next to Gui Hu, she suddenly realized something.

"You planned this! You clearly used me to have Monk Jun Transcend them, then you took them for yourself. This is outrageous; I even paid earnestly."

Xin Lin glared at Gui Hu, spread her hands, and demanded her money.

Chapter 370: Jade-Grade Hidden Weapon

Monk Jun?

Gui Hu cocked an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed with Xin Lin's moniker.

That guy is handsome?

Absolute lack of discernment.

"Money?"

Gui Hu glanced at Xin Lin.

"Money is silver notes, it's... forget it, talking money with a zombie is a sheer insult to my intelligence. No money is fine too, at least give me a handful of Cultivation Techniques or Spirit Arts."

Xin Lin was quick to react, seeing that money was a no-go, she promptly switched to asking for other items.

This time, Gui Hu did not refuse. He reached to his waist, seemingly fumbling for something, and Xin Lin immediately became elated.

In a few more days, it would be the entrance day of Qingtian Academy. You can never have too many skills, she thought.

Unexpectedly, what he threw to Xin Lin was a small black sword.

"This isn't one of the eight Ancient Swords you took earlier, are you trying to trick me, claiming this thing's worth forty-four thousand taels?"

Xin Lin gritted her teeth.

"That's a Middle-stage Jade hidden weapon, capable of killing a peak Xuanwu practitioner or even one who just entered the Xuan Transformation Realm."

Gui Hu said indifferently.

The person who set up the formation in the Chu Mansion was no ordinary individual.

With the Ancient Sword absorbing Evil Qi in the mansion, its power was astonishing; as long as it was wielded correctly, it would be a formidable weapon.

Gui Hu took eight of them, keeping seven for his own uses. The leftover one, however, was redundant to him—he refined it casually and tossed it to Xin Lin.

The Evil Qi on it was already erased; even if it was used, it would not be recognized.

Since she was his nurtured little hen, it was okay to give her a sweet treat occasionally, lest the dimwit foolishly makes friends with a thief.

Instantly, Gui Hu felt like a father taking care of his daughter, frightened that his precious girl would be charmed away by a handsome swine.

Xin Lin had no clue about the myriad of thoughts winding through Gui Hu's mind; she examined the small sword and weighed it in her hand.

After opening the gates to the Xuan Sect, one becomes a Xuanwu Practitioner. Above a Xuanwu Practitioner is the Xuan Transformation Realm.

"I'll begrudgingly accept this, but these fellows, you're truly planning to leave them in the Chu Mansion?"

Xin Lin looked over at the ghost soldiers.

And wouldn't you know, they looked a lot more pleasing to the eye after washing away their Yin Sha and performing Transcendence.

"In the Chu Mansion, it's nothing but a rabble. It needs a group to keep watch. They won't easily show themselves during the day. If you find them useful, you can also deploy them, even wield the Ghost Sword."

Gui Hu had also raised the ghost soldiers for security reasons.

After all, he wasn't around during the day, and having a few ghost soldiers safeguarding Xin Lin would make her safer.

Seeing as Gui Hu had made up his mind, Xin Lin didn't object.

Although she still often found Gui Hu disagreeable, she had to admit that the Pride Corpse could be quite reliable at times.

Now was not the time to bicker with him; after all, she was the one who needed to learn the third form of his ghostly arts.

Upon hearing Xin Lin agree to keep them, the ghost soldiers became overjoyed.

The high-ranking monk from Taichang Temple might have transcended them, but they were still unable to cleanse themselves of their sins completely. Even with Reincarnation, they couldn't become humans.

If they stayed in the mortal world, they could do some good deeds, which might earn them a better rebirth in their next life.

Xin Lin pondered for a moment and then grudgingly accepted this fact.

Suddenly, she snapped back to her senses—she had forgotten something very important.

The Overlord Egg!

Tonight, Gui Hu hadn't taken the Overlord Egg out with him; this thing was still ostriching inside the Sealing Spirit Talisman.

"Overlord Egg, come out! You actually blew up the whole mansion, we're going to have a serious reckoning!"

Snapping back to reality, Xin Lin was furious as she fetched out Sealing Spirit Talisman No.2 and began angrily ranting at the Overlord Egg inside.

Within Sealing Spirit Talisman No.2, the Overlord Egg continued to duck its head, playing ostrich.

(I can't hear, I can't hear anything at all)