

Little Girl 611

Chapter 611: She Has Arrived

"Do you think that person will show up?"

The seemingly frail Ruoliu man drinks coarsely, finishing half a jar of wine in one gulp.

Half a jar down, his expression remained unchanged.

On the other hand, the physically strong-looking man didn't touch any alcohol, only having a cup of tea in front of him.

"He will. If he wants the Golden Crow Egg Shell, he has to come to us. Not to mention within Purple Cloud City, even throughout the entire Longteng Country, it's impossible for a third person to know the whereabouts of the Golden Crow Egg."

The tall, sturdy man took a sip of tea, his gaze cool and collected.

The bizarre pair presented before him were the mercenaries from the Black Brilliance Market that provided information to Xin Lin.

However, these two mercenaries were clearly different from common ones; they were only two in number.

Typical mercenaries would have at least five people.

Yet, a smaller number doesn't mean this mercenary group is weaker.

Contrarily, these two were legendary figures in the mercenary realm.

But people who had seen their true faces were exceedingly rare.

As it approached the third watch, fewer people were in Taoyao Pavilion.

Yet, they still hadn't seen the person who issued the Hire Order.

"Looks like he won't be coming tonight. We should think of other methods..."

The Ruoliu man yawned, preparing to stand up.

Just as he was getting up, he saw a woman walking into Taoyao Pavilion.

Her appearance immediately drew their attention.

The reason was simple: the woman was exceptionally beautiful.

In a place like Taoyao Pavilion, where beauties were as common as clouds and the Oiran were famous, this woman still managed to outshine them.

The woman had skin that seemed like it could break upon a gentle touch, black hair, a curvaceous figure, and eyes as deep as ink, brimming with starlight.

She seemed to be looking for someone, glancing around before lifting her head.

The Ruoliu man whistled softly.

"Beauty."

"She's here."

The tall, sturdy man locked eyes with her and nodded slightly towards her.

A nearby pimp approached, and after the woman whispered something to him, he nodded and bowed repeatedly, leading the lady upstairs.

The visitor, of course, was Xin Lin.

After removing the leech eggs from Master Ji's body earlier, perceiving the hour, it was around nightfall.

Considering the date, tonight was the appointed night for her meeting with the mysterious mercenaries.

The location was conveniently at Taoyao Pavilion, so Xin Lin directly headed there alone.

To avoid drawing attention, she absorbed some True Qi from the Qi Stone, temporarily resuming her usual appearance as Xin Lin.

Sure enough, after strolling around, apart from a few drunken gazes, no one in Taoyao Pavilion recognized her.

Xin Lin hadn't expected that the mercenaries she was meeting would be so young.

One sturdy and one slim, both seemed to be Martial Artists; the muscular one appeared to be about twenty-five or twenty-six, and the delicate one seemed just over twenty.

However, Xin Lin always understood the principle of not judging by appearances, so she reserved judgment on the strength of these two mercenaries.

"You're the one looking for the Golden Crow Egg Shell, we can provide clues, but..."

Both the tall, sturdy man and the Ruoliu man had a flicker of astonishment in their eyes, but both were not ordinary people and went straight to confirming each other's identities.

"How much reward do you want before you tell me the whereabouts of the Golden Crow Egg Shell?"

Father's poisoning was temporarily under control, but Xin Lin knew it was only temporary. The next time it flared up, the toxicity would be even more severe.

The time left for her and her father was running short.

Chapter 612: A Huge Misunderstanding

She couldn't let her father take risks anymore. She had already inquired that the Imperial Palace had run out of Golden Crow Eggshells long ago, and there was no possibility that the Alchemy Hall could provide any Golden Crow Eggshells in the short term.

Xin Lin had also asked Master Mo for news about the Golden Crow Eggshells.

What she didn't expect was Master Mo's reply, which made Xin Lin even more disappointed.

Master Mo told Xin Lin that the Golden Crow, this kind of spirit creature, had already become extinct in Longteng Country.

Even in other countries, it had become a very rare existence; to find the location of a Golden Crow might take half a year of arduous travel.

Xin Lin could only pin her last hopes on the two people before her.

"Miss, you seem to have misunderstood, we are not ordinary mercenaries. We do not take on trivial tasks like those you mentioned. Accordingly, our remuneration is not gold, nor Qi Stones. However, if the client is a beauty like you, we might consider making an exception."

The man from Ruoliu seemed to have a good impression of Xin Lin, speaking with a smile on his face.

The so-called trivial tasks mentioned by the man were the routine tasks for ordinary mercenaries, such as finding people or gathering medicinal herbs.

Xin Lin had previously learned from Mu Chen about the nature of the tasks assigned by Qingtian Academy, which were largely similar.

"Shut up."

The tall and muscular man shouted, and the other man touched his nose, offered a wry smile to Xin Lin, and then downed half a jug of wine.

"Miss, we can provide some clues. However, in return, the person who issued the Hire Order must personally come forward; our remuneration needs to be paid by him."

After a long discussion, they thought that Xin Lin was just someone sent to run errands.

"I am the employer myself. Whatever remuneration the two of you desire, do not hesitate to state it."

Xin Lin pondered that she still had some savings; it looked like she was about to pay a hefty price this time.

"You are the employer? What joke is this, is Jiang Qing out of his mind to make such a low-level mistake! Our task pairing is wrong."

Upon hearing this, the man from Ruoliu, who was in the middle of drinking, sprayed out his drink.

The tall and muscular man also looked perturbed.

"Miss, you are not kidding, are you? You are clearly not a Great Spirit Master. Our partnership agreement with Black Brilliance Market states that only those with Great Spirit Master cultivation can pair with us for tasks, meaning we can only see each other's Hire Orders. How much did you pay at the time?"

"One Intermediate Qi Stone?"

Xin Lin recalled.

Their faces grew even uglier.

"This is preposterous, we are the 'Xuanyuan' Gold Mercenary Army; you think one Qi Stone is enough to hire us? I will find that Jiang Qing and have it out with him; he must be dazed by beauty!"

The man from Ruoliu was hot-tempered and suddenly stood up.

Mercenaries also had different ranks.

Gold Mercenaries, should refer to a level of mercenaries.

The two mercenaries before her were clearly of a high level.

They were collaborating with Black Brilliance Market because of a special situation that required a special one-time collaboration.

According to their initial requirements, the other party in this collaboration should at least be of Great Spirit Master level, or alternatively, the remuneration should be astonishingly high, but obviously, Xin Lin met neither criteria.

Both men were astute, immediately recognizing that whether Xin Lin's Dark Master cultivation or her Spiritual Practitioner cultivation, both were quite ordinary.

"Hold on, I think this matter should not be blamed on Hall Master Jiang."

Xin Lin quickly stood up to stop them.

Chapter 613: A Startling Display

Xin Lin appeared in the Black Shining Market under the identity of "Overlord".

In Jiang Qing's eyes, Xin Lin was nothing more than a Great Spirit Master.

Xin Lin wasn't aware that a minor commission would cause such a big misunderstanding.

Now that the trouble had started, she had no choice but to face it head-on.

"You and Jiang Qing must have conspired, this is outrageous! If you delay our major business, I'm not even afraid of the wrath of Black Brilliance Castle. I was almost enchanted by you, a woman!"

The Ruoliu man rolled up his sleeves, revealing his arms where a stream of True Qi was swirling around, which was even more astonishing. His body's True Qi condensed, and behind him, a vague figure appeared, resembling a fierce beast, causing anyone who got close to tremble with fear.

Such powerful True Qi.

Xin Lin inwardly exclaimed.

The cultivation of this man in front of her might have surpassed the Xuan Transformation Realm, much stronger than the average teacher at Qingtian Academy.

Not to mention, the tall and stout man who had been quiet at the side hadn't even made a move yet.

This made Xin Lin even more certain that these two men might indeed have information about the Golden Crow Egg Shell.

Seeing Xin Lin blocking their way and refusing to back down, the man took another drink, his anger exacerbated by alcohol, making the alcohol fumes stronger. He swung his arm, sending out a fierce wave of energy.

Xin Lin grunted in pain. The disparity in strength between the two was clear.

Yet, she did not step back. Suddenly, a flicker of light flashed on her delicate right hand.

Xin Lin's cultivation was far below these two men, but she had trained in Ghost God Fist, possessing exceptional reaction speed and accuracy with her moves.

"Wu Yuan, be careful."

The tall and burly man noticed Xin Lin's technique and knew that she was no ordinary person.

As for the Ruoliu man, he clearly did not expect Xin Lin's skills to be so astonishing.

He only felt a numbness in his hand, and his right arm became weak and limp, unable to summon his True Qi.

"You, you, you! What kind of treacherous trick did you play on me!"

The Ruoliu man was so agitated that he started jumping up and down.

"Both of you, please don't misunderstand, I mean no harm. I only temporarily sealed your True Qi with a needle. It will recover in fifteen minutes."

Xin Lin smiled and produced a hair-thin needle from her hand.

"Xuanyu Bee Needle, what is your relationship with the Nine-fingered Needle Demon?"

The tall and burly man's face changed drastically, his gaze towards Xin Lin became much more cautious.

Regardless of Xin Lin's cultivation, her quick action alone had already impressed him.

Not to mention, she managed to hit Wu Yuan's acupuncture point with the needle perfectly, striking with incredible precision.

This woman must have a deep connection with the Nine-fingered Needle Demon.

"Needle Demon? I don't know any Needle Demon, I received these needles in lieu of payment for a meal."

Xin Lin recalled.

It seemed that Master Mo had said it was from a patient who couldn't afford the medical fee and subsequently used it to pay.

As for Master Mo, he probably accepted the Xuanyu Bee Needle in return for countless servings of Spiritual Delicacy Buns, sweet potatoes, and cabbage soup.

"Meal payment..."

The Xuanyuan Mercenary Army's duo exchanged glances.

In their hearts, ten thousand proverbial horses galloped past.

That was a Five-star Spiritual Treasure, and it was covered by a single meal's payment?

So, young lady, are you saying your meal is made of Advanced Qi Stones!

"Wait, you are a Spiritual Practitioner? Could you please tell me what level of cultivation you have?"

After a moment, the Ruoliu man's arm gradually regained feeling, and he pondered the moment earlier when Xin Lin's needle had entered his body, noticing that there was a hint of Spiritual Energy within.

Chapter 614: Fulfilling All the Requirements

"Intermediate Spirit User, I believe that's correct."

Xin Lin coughed lightly a few times.

Of course, that's assuming she hadn't absorbed the energy from the Qi Stone.

"In this day and age, an Intermediate Spirit User can seal my acupoints?"

The whimpering man known as Ruoliu wailed.

How mortifying, this evening's events were something he would fight to his death to keep from a fourth person learning about; otherwise, his Wu Yuan reputation would be utterly ruined.

"Just an Intermediate Spirit User? Aren't you also a Martial Artist? What is your Martial Artist Cultivation level?"

The tall and burly man relaxed a bit upon learning Xin Lin was a Spirit User, as he suspected she was a Martial Artist from her form earlier.

Usually, Martial Artists react much faster than Spirit Users.

"Xuanwu Practitioner First Level, erm, maybe Second Level?"

Xin Lin coughed again.

That's without using the Ghost God Fist, of course.

The whimpering man known as Ruoliu choked up even more.

He might as well bash his head in; he lost to someone who was just entering the ranks of Xuanwu Practitioners.

"This time, it's really Jiang Qing who has done me in. I don't care, I'm going to have it out with him."

"But what about your needling technique?"

The tall and burly man was still somewhat incredulous.

"I'm precise with locating acupoints, possibly because I am a famous doctor."

Xin Lin explained.

Her proficiency with the Xuanyu Bee Needle also increased her accuracy in locating acupoints.

"You're also a famous doctor? Can you detoxify poisons?"

The tall and burly man's eyes lit up anew.

Ruoliu, the whimpering man, also stopped his sobs and gave Xin Lin a look.

"I can handle common poisons easily."

Xin Lin asserted confidently, even if she didn't know how, she could still make Feng Xi Braised Pork Belly to cure all poisons, couldn't she?

"That's good. I can tell you where to find the Golden Crow Egg Shell, but you must join us in completing a mission. After it is accomplished, I guarantee that you will get the Golden Crow Egg Shell you're after."

The tall and burly man declared.

"Hold on, Wu Xuan, are you thinking of letting her join us? Remember, we are looking for a Great Spirit Master, and she's so weak she might hold us back. You're not getting dazzled by beauty, are you?"

Ruoliu protested.

"Keep quiet, no one will mistake you for a mute. She's a suitable candidate. She might only be a Spirit User, but she knows how to perform Gathering Spirit, and her needling can solve the predicament we faced earlier. Additionally, she is a doctor."

Challenged by the tall and burly man, Ruoliu had nothing more to say.

Xin Lin's cultivation was indeed weak.

But, her overall abilities were not bad.

Just considering the three skills she mentioned earlier, under normal circumstances, they would require at least three people.

For the task they had to undertake soon, the fewer people in the know, the better.

"If the mission fails, I take no responsibility."

Ruoliu grumbled.

Xin Lin's needlework just now had offended him.

However, ultimately, he did not voice any objection.

"Miss, allow us to reintroduce ourselves. My name is Wu Xuan, and he's Wu Yuan. We are not related by blood. You can call me Wu Da and him Wu Er."

Wu Xuan, the tall and burly man, clasped his hands toward Xin Lin.

Wu Dalang, Wu Erlang?

Xin Lin eyed them both, the corner of her mouth twitching.

She had a premonition that their names might very well be false.

And so far, they had not told her how exactly she would cooperate with them.

But, that was not the point.

The point was, for the Golden Crow Egg Shell, Xin Lin necessarily had to collaborate with them.

"My name is Xin Lin, pleased to be working with you both. However, before we cooperate, you should at least convince me that you indeed have information on the Golden Crow Egg Shell."

Xin Lin spoke candidly.

Chapter 615: A Golden Crow Feather

The human heart is treacherous, although these two didn't seem like evildoers.

Still, Xin Lin remained on guard.

"We're from 'Xuanyuan', do you think we would lie to a naive little girl like you?"

Wu Yuan said, dissatisfied.

"Looks like Miss Xin doesn't know much about the Mercenary Army world. But it's good to have doubts."

Wu Xuan touched his lapel and pulled out a crimson feather.

As soon as the feather came out, Xin Lin felt a wave of heat wash over her.

Such a strong Fire Spirit.

Xin Lin was taken aback.

She looked at the Red Feather.

"This is a Golden Crow Feather, which we found by chance. Since you're looking for the Golden Crow Egg Shell, you should know that the Golden Crows within the Longteng Territory have already gone extinct for some reason. The Golden Crows from other countries are either impure or elusive. This feather, with its rich spirit and pure color, is from a genuine Golden Crow. Now, you should be able to believe us. You can keep this Golden Crow Feather; it might come in handy when you're out on a mission."

With that, Wu Xuan handed the feather to Xin Lin.

"Indeed, it's a Golden Crow Feather. Take it; these two are somewhat interesting."

Inside the Sealing Spirit Talisman, Gui Hu gave an approving grunt.

Listening to Gui Hu say that, Xin Lin felt relieved.

The Pride Corpse had extraordinary discernment; he had no regard for ordinary people.

It seemed that these two surnamed Wu had caught his attention.

"If that's the case, then I will collaborate with you two this one time."

Xin Lin smiled, and with a thought, the Golden Crow Feather disappeared.

She intended to intimidate them and didn't try to hide the presence of the Tuling hairpin.

Upon noticing this, both Wu Xuan and Wu Yuan were secretly shocked and took a closer look at Xin Lin.

They noticed that although she was beautiful, she didn't wear various jewellerys like other girls. Instead, she only wore a simple and elegant hairpin, which matched her temperament.

Does Xin Lin possess a special Spatial Spiritual Artifact?

For an ordinary Spiritual Practitioner and a mediocre Martial Artist, to use a Xuanyu Bee Needle immediately and carry a Spatial Spiritual Artifact was somewhat odd.

This made the two brothers even more perplexed about her background.

After discussing for a while, Xin Lin learned that she would need about a day and two nights to cooperate with them to complete the mission.

She was still a student of Qingtian Academy, normally not allowed to leave at will.

However, in about half a month, Qingtian Academy would have a monthly leave. Then, she could go home for two days, which would be the best opportunity.

The three of them agreed to meet again in half a month.

When Xin Lin stood up to leave, Wu Yuan couldn't help but ask.

"Do you really believe she can help us? The Great Spirit Master we found before, who had higher cultivation than her, couldn't escape that trap, where you can actually die."

"You can find other Great Spirit Masters? Now you start to pity and cherish jade."

Wu Xuan retorted.

"I just don't want to kill the innocent needlessly, besides, it's uncertain whether the rumored Holy Vein truly exists inside."

Wu Yuan recalled the death of the Great Spirit Master who accompanied them on their last venture and couldn't help but shiver.

"Whether it exists or not, we'll know once we go in. Besides, we're only confirming its location, not trying to awaken it. Once the news spreads completely, countless powerful figures will flood into this small country of Longteng. Who ends up with that thing is still unknown."

Wu Xuan said gravely.

After all, they were just employed by someone else.

Chapter 616: Pride Corpse's Taste

The morning breeze blew, and round dewdrops rolled off the emerald lotus leaves, slipping into the pond.

Several lotuses with pink buds swayed in the morning wind.

"They've bloomed, they've bloomed, Xiao Xin, autumn is nearly upon us, and yet the lotuses outside are growing faster than chives, soon they'll be bearing lotus seeds. Tell me, what are you up to so early in the morning instead of preparing breakfast?"

First thing in the morning, Master Mo woke up to a faint fragrance of flowers.

Looking around, he spotted the lotuses planted just two days ago had bloomed.

Had he not seen the lotus roots being planted himself, Master Mo would have suspected that some mystical creature had been sown in the School Clinic's pond.

On the stove, there was a small pot for brewing herbal medicines, but today, it wasn't being used for herbs.

Last night, Xin Lin had promised the idiot father and Pride Corpse to make them candied hawthorns.

She didn't trust the ones bought outside.

Xin Lin was also craving the tangy taste of the big red fruits, so she decided to make some herself.

Upon her return from Taoyao Pavilion, seeing that Master Ji's condition had improved and overjoyed, the owner gave Xin Lin whatever she asked for. So, she brought back a jar of maltose from the kitchen there.

The maltose from Taoyao Pavilion was of excellent quality, honey-colored, and sweet without being cloying.

Xin Lin filtered it a bit, added less than half a bottle of Jade Pure Spring water, boiled it, and as the syrup bubbled up, the air was filled with the aroma of caramel, utterly appetizing.

Once the syrup was ready, Xin Lin took a small basket of bright red wild hawthorns, plucked halfway up Shaking Light Hill.

The Spiritual Energy on Shaking Light Hill was thin, but there were plenty of wild fruits.

These wild hawthorns, too sour even for the birds, were all for Xin Lin's picking.

She prepared some bamboo skewers, threading five or six hawthorns per stick, then poured over the still-warm syrup. After a moment, as the syrup solidified and cooled, a bunch of candied hawthorns was ready, topped with a sprinkle of toasted sesame seeds.

Chu Beiqing, who had been crouching and waiting next to her for half the day, grabbed a stick and popped one in his mouth.

The fragrance of sesame, the crisp, sweet maltose combined with the tartness of hawthorn—a blend of sweetness and sourness, tantalizing to the taste buds.

Xin Lin then casually mixed some dough, made a few cabbage buns, and cooked some rice porridge to deal with breakfast.

By the time she snapped back to the moment, she noticed that half of the candied hawthorn skewers on the stove had disappeared.

Glancing at the dimly lit sky, Xin Lin didn't need to ask to know who had taken them.

Inside Sealing Spirit Talisman No.1.

Gui Hu's blue eyes narrowed slightly, his ghost claw clutching a few candied hawthorn sticks.

What exactly is this thing?

Gui Hu picked up a candied hawthorn, staring at the bright red item wrapped in something unknown, motionless for a good while.

As the Corpse King, he had little interest in the food of the living, and consuming it would even taint him with certain impurities.

Thus, he had always fed on Essence Blood or essence, but those things were simply too tasteless.

After consuming them for thousands of years, he was weary of them.

But ever since he first tasted Xin Lin's cooking, he found that the little hen made food that agreed with his palate and even benefited his body to some extent.

The exact reason remained unknown to Gui Hu—it could be due to the Fu Tian Pill within Xin Lin or perhaps something to do with the Dan Wood Furnace.

Regardless, since there was something tastier than essence and Essence Blood, why wouldn't he eat it?

Chapter 617: The New Leader

With such a thought in mind, Gui Hu took the initiative and asked Xin Lin to cook for him.

However, as an ancient corpse, Gui Hu had never tasted Candied Hawthorn.

He only saw Silly Chu clamoring to eat it, and recalling how happy Silly Chu was while eating it, he figured the taste must be good.

After hesitating, Gui Hu swallowed the red fruit.

As he bit into it, first came a sweet flavor, followed by... Gui Hu's handsome face suddenly crinkled up.

What is this thing!

So sour!

Gui Hu's entire face twisted together.

How could that Silly Chu eat this so happily?

Gui Hu covered his mouth, his first instinct was to spit it out.

But after chewing a few more times, his brows slightly relaxed.

The sweet maltose mixed with the sourness of hawthorn created a unique flavor. Gui Hu ate another one, chewed a few more bites, and found that the taste was quite good.

He quickly finished a skewer, then another.

But as he kept eating, Gui Hu felt a bit... hungry.

After Gui Hu and Silly Chu, along with Master Mo, finished all the Candied Hawthorns, Xin Lin remembered something, it seemed, had been forgotten?

(Whimpering, you big bullies, I haven't had any yet)

Inside Sealing Spirit Talisman No. 2, when the Overlord Egg woke up and realized what it had missed, it had already fainted from crying.

As day broke, Xin Lin went to the Shaking Light Class as usual.

As soon as she entered, she sensed something was off.

The students of the Shaking Light Class were never too friendly towards Xin Lin, and she had grown accustomed to it.

But today, as soon as she walked in, many students came forward to greet her proactively.

And more astonishing things were yet to come.

Zhao Gang, assisted by a few old students, walked in.

As soon as the new students saw Zhao Gang, they were scared.

Old students generally wouldn't attend basic classes, and having heard that Zhao Gang had a conflict with Xin Lin earlier, could he be here to settle scores?

"Boss Xin, you're here."

As soon as Zhao Gang saw Xin Lin, he signaled the people around him to let go and respectfully approached Xin Lin, bowing in greeting.

"Zhao Gang, have you gone dumb from losing too much blood? You're calling me boss?"

Xin Lin was completely bewildered.

Zhao Gang was the leader of the Shaking Light Class, and he was several years older than Xin Lin.

"Boss Xin, I've heard about it. A few students from the Tianxuan and Tianji Classes—one died, and two others lost their limbs. I owe my safety entirely to your grace of reconstruction."

Zhao Gang had rested for a day at his residence, and early this morning, he heard about it.

There had been serious trouble on the Martial Arts Academy side; the families of many students had arrived, and they were still causing a stir at the Cultivation Center.

His injuries were more severe than theirs, and as a Spirit Master, his constitution was weaker. But now, aside from feeling a bit weak, he had no other aftereffects.

He realized how big a favor the School Clinic had done for him, especially Xin Lin, who put past grudges aside to save him. Otherwise, by now, he could have been nothing but a cold corpse.

"We're all from the Spirit Institute, we're in the Shaking Light Class together, there's no need for formalities."

Xin Lin waved her hand offhandedly.

"Listen, everyone. From now on, the leader of the Shaking Light Class is no longer me, Zhao Gang, but Xin Lin, Boss Xin. Whoever dares to offend her is offending me, Zhao Gang!"

After expressing his thanks, Zhao Gang looked around and declared loudly.

Chapter 618: A Certain Supervisor Who Cares for the Students

Out of nowhere, Xin Lin became the leader of the Shaking Light Class, and she was still a bit dazed even after Zhao Gang left.

However, turning Zhao Gang from an enemy into a friend made Xin Lin quite happy.

After all, it meant that she had secured her standing in the Shaking Light Class, making future Academy activities more convenient for her.

Once the morning Basic Level class ended, Xin Lin was about to return to the School Clinic.

"Yo, Xin Xin, I heard you became the leader of the Shaking Light Class."

Mu Chen popped out from nowhere.

"Again you? Aren't you too idle?"

Xin Lin furrowed her brows, quite disdainful of Mu Chen's frequent appearances.

This person was a Ghost Cultivator, and Xin Lin did not want to have too much contact with him, lest he discover the Fu Tian Pill on her.

Gui Hu had already said that for Ghost Cultivators or any ghostly beings, and even to the Righteous Path, the Fu Tian Pill on Xin Lin was akin to Tang Seng's flesh.

"Xin Xin, you hurt me with such words. I am just caring about the daily life and cultivation of my student. After all, I will be the supervisor teaching the Shaking Light Class and follow you around full time, 24 hours a day, caring for my dear student."

Mu Chen wore a face full of concern.

But no matter how Xin Lin looked at him, she felt he was like a weasel greeting a chicken for the New Year.

"There are over fifty students in Shaking Light Class; go care for the other students."

Xin Lin turned and left— if she could not provoke him, at least she could avoid him.

"Come back. Don't bite the hand that feeds you, I came here with good intentions – your precious little brother is injured."

Xin Lin stopped in her tracks.

"Ah Zhuo is injured? Where is he? That can't be right, you must be lying; after all, Ah Zhuo is the Seventh Prince, he's smart, how could he get injured at the Academy?"

Xin Lin was somewhat incredulous.

"How else could the Seventh Prince be? His mother isn't even officially a concubine. In Qingtian Academy, who isn't from a family of wealth or power? He was at the Cultivation Field, supposedly in a Spiritual Technique Class, and got beaten up. I saw it just before I came here."

The moment Mu Chen finished speaking, Xin Lin had already employed the Ghost Escape Technique, disappearing from sight.

"Looks like she really does care about that brother, is she really a Ghost Cultivator?"

Mu Chen stroked his chin, pondering.

Most Ghost Cultivators have one thing in common - they lack normal human desires and emotions. In Xin Lin, Mu Chen really couldn't see any attributes of a Ghost Cultivator.

But what about the intermittent presence of Ghost Energy in her?

With a swoosh of her figure, Xin Lin arrived at the Cultivation Field.

Being a freshman in Shaking Light Class, where most of the freshmen were Basic-level Spirit Practitioners, the first-year curriculum largely focused on basic courses and some simple spirit arts.

But it was different for the students from the Yuheng and Kaiyang Classes.

Students from Yuheng and Kaiyang classes were mostly High-level Spirit Practitioners or even Spirit Masters, so they had fewer basic lessons, focusing mostly on Spiritual Technique Classes.

Even some students with outstanding talent and learning abilities would engage in spirit art duels to hasten their cultivation and get more opportunities for Academy missions.

Little Xinzhuo was undoubtedly among the latter. A few days ago, when he met Xin Lin, he was excitedly saying that he had started participating in spiritual technique duels.

At the time, Xin Lin had praised him and advised him to be cautious during the duels. Little did she know that just a few days later, Little Xinzhuo would have an accident.

As soon as Xin Lin reached the Cultivation Field, she saw Chu Miaoyun and about a dozen students from the Yuheng Class forming a circle, with Little Xinzhuo lying on the ground.

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Chapter 619: Severely Injured Little Xinzhuo

Surrounding the scene, there was no supervisor in sight. Little Xinzhuo lay on the ground, with a relentless flow of blood from his abdomen. His diminutive frame was sprawled on the earth, his complexion deathly pale, blood soaking his clothes crimson.

"Ah Zhuo!"

Xin Lin rushed forward, parting the crowd.

"Xin Lin, this is the Yuheng Class's classroom, what are you doing here?"

Chu Miaoyun's face showed a hint of unnaturalness upon seeing Xin Lin.

"Who did this!"

Xin Lin's gaze swept over the surrounding students, who all remained silent.

"He was no match for me. During our Spirit Art duel, I injured him," Chu Miaoyun stated without the slightest trace of guilt.

"No supervisor present and you engaged in a private duel?"

Xin Lin sharply interrogated her.

Chu Miaoyun was at a loss for words for a moment.

Truth be told, the Spiritual Technique Class had already finished.

Chu Miaoyun took advantage of the supervisor's absence to provoke Little Xinzhuo, who couldn't tolerate it and thus initiated the fight.

After acquiring her Spirit Root, Chu Miaoyun's cultivation had surged, and with her secret practice of Spirit Arts, this was how Little Xinzhuo ended up injured.

The other onlooking students panicked at the sight of Xinzhuo's injury, but with Chu Miaoyun and others present, they dared not call for help and could only watch Little Xinzhuo bleed out unconscious.

"He struck first; I was merely defending myself rightfully, am I not?"

Chu Miaoyun looked around, prompting the crowd to hasten in agreement.

Chu Miaoyun and Little Xinzhuo were both assigned to the Yuheng Class. Initially, Chu Miaoyun was somewhat cautious due to Little Xinzhuo's identity.

After all, the other was a Prince, of Royal blood.

But just a few days ago, the Third Prince hinted that she should take action to teach Little Xinzhuo a lesson, assuring her that he would take care of all consequences.

Today's lesson involved learning a new Spirit Art, which Little Xinzhuo had grasped better than Chu Miaoyun, earning the supervisor's reward. This left Chu Miaoyun very dissatisfied, paving the way for the subsequent provocation.

"Truth or falsehood will be known once Ah Zhuo awakens."

Xin Lin glared fiercely at Chu Miaoyun. Ah Zhuo's injury was severe, especially the bleeding; if not stopped soon, even rushing to the School Clinic would be too late.

Xin Lin pulled a needle pack from her waist and started to clean the wound and stop Ah Zhuo's bleeding.

"Miao Yun? It's not actually going to result in death, is it?"

Several older students who assisted Chu Miaoyun expressed their worry.

Chu Miaoyun scoffed.

A death would be just fine.

Did she truly believe, with that demeanor, that she could save Xinzhuo?

For such blood loss, one must either take an Elixir Pill or apply external medicine.

In little Xinzhuo's case, taking pills was impossible, and external application wouldn't stem the blood flow.

Chu Miaoyun, with malicious thoughts, purposefully blocked people from seeking the School Doctor after injuring Xinzhuo.

With blood flowing for so long, death was certain.

Without living witnesses, she could firmly argue that it was Little Xinzhuo who initiated the confrontation.

The Emperor had so many Princes; who would remember one that was not favored? At worst, she'd face a few months of strict confinement by her father.

If the Third Prince found out she helped deal with Little Xinzhuo, he would certainly regard her differently, and the spot of Princess Consort would finally be within her grasp.

But just as Chu Miaoyun was feeling triumphant, she glanced again at Xinzhuo.

The blood from underneath Little Xinzhuo's abdomen was decreasing.

Looking at Xin Lin, she noticed her hand flash with something, and Little Xinzhuo's bleeding had ceased.

Observing Xin Lin again, she pressed down on Little Xinzhuo's Renzhong acupoint; Little Xinzhuo's eyelashes flickered, and he slowly regained stable breathing, recovering a trace of consciousness.

How is this possible!

She had actually stopped the bleeding without using any Elixir Pills!

Chu Miaoyun wore a face full of shock.

Such injuries, even if her father were here, would likely require some intervention, even the use of some superior Elixir Pills, but Xin Lin, she...

Chapter 620: Exposed

"Ah Zhuo, tell me, who initiated the fight just now?"

Upon seeing Xin Zhuo awake, Xin Lin immediately fed him a bit of Jade Pure Spring.

With a mouthful of Jade Pure Spring, Little Xinzhuo's complexion regained some rosiness.

Upon seeing Xin Lin, his little face relaxed somewhat, but there was also a hint of shame as he moved his lips.

"Chu Miaoyun."

Three words, crystal clear.

In that instant, Xin Lin understood everything, a rush of anger sweeping over her. Her body tensed, and she gestured for Ah Zhuo to lie back down.

"You're all lying!"

Xin Lin turned around with a steely gaze that raked across the faces of all the students present.

The other students' faces also grew awkward.

"Chu Miaoyun, what more do you have to say?"

Xin Lin slowly rose to her feet, looking towards Chu Miaoyun.

"I'm not lying; he is the one who lied."

Chu Miaoyun still stubbornly defended herself.

"Then do you dare to confront me in front of the Academy headmistress? You might not be aware, but just a moment ago, Master Mu happened to pass by here, and he saw everything."

Xin Lin clenched her fists, her eyes frosty. She was much shorter than Chu Miaoyun, yet her gaze made Chu Miaoyun inadvertently feel intimidated.

"So what if I initiated the fight? Who asked him to show off in the Spiritual Technique Class earlier? It was a fair duel; the loser must accept their defeat."

Chu Miaoyun sneered.

At Qingtian Academy, normal duels using Spirit Arts between students were allowed.

Indeed, lying was wrong, but the duel was real.

Little Xinzhuo had accepted her challenge and ended up losing to her. It was his own fault.

"You there, did you see the whole duel?"

Xin Lin turned to a female student nearby.

The female student looked terrified. She glanced at Chu Miaoyun, then at Little Xinzhuo, hesitated for a moment, and finally nodded.

"Tell me exactly which Spirit Arts they used."

Xin Lin demanded sharply.

The female student stammered, unable to articulate clearly.

"Master Mu has just become the supervisor of the Shaking Light Class, and he possesses a Spirit Art that can make people speak the truth. You wouldn't want to try it, would you?"

Under Xin Lin's scrutinizing stare, the female student had no choice but to reveal the Spirit Arts each had used.

"Listen carefully, I used only legitimate Spirit Arts. He simply lacked the skill."

Chu Miaoyun said proudly.

"Heh~ Chu Miaoyun, do you think I'm an idiot? The Spirit Arts used by Ah Zhuo were all Ninth Rank, and none of them were fatal. And you? You used Eighth Rank Spirit Arts, and each one was lethal enough to kill!"

Xin Lin finally understood why Ah Zhuo had been so grievously injured.

Ah Zhuo, the foolish child, always held back in dealing with others, unaware of the maliciousness in people's hearts. It was clear that his opponent was aiming for his life.

Chu Miaoyun's final move was the Golden Blade Slash, a metallic Eighth Rank Spirit Art, immensely powerful and strong enough to cleave a person in half.

Little Xinzhuo was injured but not fatally, thanks to his quick reaction.

"The Academy allows duels using Spirit Arts merely for practice, but you, every move was meant to kill, clearly intending to murder."

Xin Lin glared furiously at Chu Miaoyun.

A flicker of panic crossed Chu Miaoyun's face, but her lips showed no remorse.

"What nonsensical talk, murder what? It was just a normal spar. Xin Lin, don't falsely accuse me. If he doesn't use Eighth Rank Spirit Arts, it's because he can't. I can, and it only proves I am stronger. He only knows Ninth Rank Spirit Arts, and it is only right that he lost to me."