

THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

Chapter 7: Chapter 7 This is Too Fantastical

Xuantian Sect, Sealing Spirit, Core Disciples, these bizarre names made Xin Lin feel as if she had fallen into a fog.

It sounds more like something out of a novel.

She did know about Luoyin Mountain, which was a barren mountain a few miles from Qian Village, where "Xin Lin" and Sikong Ran used to play as children.

However, at some unknown time, ghosts began to appear on the mountain, and after several villagers disappeared, the mountain was sealed off by the order of the county lord.

Could it be that there was some treasure hidden in those mountains?

Just as Xin Lin was pondering, she heard Bai You let out a whistle.

A treasure light appeared before her eyes.

Bai You, with his robes fluttering, soared into the air, his feet stepping firmly on a Jade Duster, resembling the Jiangzhu Fairy floating ethereally above the ground.

"Junior Sister Bai has impressive skills."

Sikong Ran cheered.

Then, with a swipe at his waist, he opened a Jade Pendant Fan, which drew a curve in mid-air, as Sikong Ran also pushed off the ground, soaring up.

The young man in white, with his hands behind his back and the Jade Fan gracefully under his feet, exuded an indescribable air of carefree confidence.

Seeing Sikong Ran mastering the Sky Control Technique, which usually took others years to learn, in just a few days, Bai You looked at him with even greater admiration.

The two, one with a horsetail whisk and the other with a treasure fan, stood shoulder to shoulder, sweeping towards the sky.

Their destination was Luoyin Mountain.

The world is far more complex than she imagined.

Xin Lin stepped out from the shadows, the astonishment in her eyes not yet faded.

As a mercenary queen, what she had seen and encountered these past few days could no longer be resolved by normal martial means.

She must figure out a way to survive.

When in Rome, do as the Romans do. With her mind slightly settled, she hurried toward Qian Village.

Qian Village was the only place she could settle down for now.

The Xin Family hadn't sent a letter in four years; this sudden letter must have a reason.

A quarter of an hour later, the mountain path gradually leveled off.

Qian Village was located halfway up the mountain, a small community of no more than two hundred people, most of whom lived off hunting and farming.

Before her eyes were a series of thatched houses, and the village encompassed by a row of bamboo fences, where some chickens and ducks wandered leisurely.

As Xin Lin approached, she saw a notice posted at the village entrance.

"Wanted: Xin Lin, female, 14 years old, accused of murdering Liu Sanniang, the owner of Tianxiang Building in Bainiao City yesterday. A reward of fifty taels of patterned silver is offered for her capture. An additional ten taels of patterned silver are offered for information leading to her arrest."

Liu Sanniang was dead.

Xin Lin was stunned; she knew her own strike.

That strike, at most, would cause a head injury and half a pound of blood loss, certainly not death.

Someone had murdered Liu Sanniang and framed her.

Even in novels, this isn't how things are written; typically, the female protagonist, even if not a lady or princess, would be the bastard daughter of a grand family, gifted with a cheat allowing her to defeat unbeatable foes and have thousands of handsome men falling at her feet.

Unlike her, who became a third-rate cripple, not only robbed by a scoundrel but also branded a fugitive.

Qian Village was small, and with the notice posted, probably the whole village knew she was accused of murder.

She recalled, following "Xin Lin's" memories, and found a secluded path leading to "Xin Lin's" home.

"Xin Lin's" family, just her and her mother, didn't have a good financial standing, remembered for relying on the Xin Family's help with writing letters and embroidery for the villagers.

In her childhood, "Xin Lin" was seldom bullied by other children in the village, largely because Sikong Ran had been close to her since childhood, which was why "Xin Lin" was utterly devoted to him.

At the end of the path, there were several stacks of hay, next to a few thatched cottages, with several bright white lanterns fluttering in front of the door and black mourning banners hanging, billowing in the wind, creating an eerie atmosphere.

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