

THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

Chapter 8: Chapter 8 The Death of the Xin Family

White lanterns and black cloth signify mourning; the Xin Family is dealing with a death.

The Xin Family had only Xin Lin's mother left, and now she too had died.

Feet felt like they were filled with lead, a lump formed in her throat, moving felt excruciating, and her eyes were sour and dry.

"I'm late."

Xin Lin sighed softly.

This was not Xin Lin's reaction, but an instinctive response from Xin Lin's body.

After being abandoned by Sikong Ran, "she" had lost even her mother.

Inside the house, voices could be heard.

Xin Lin swiftly hid beside the haystack, as a few village women emerged.

"Poor Mrs. Xin, she died without even seeing her unfilial daughter, not even someone to tend to her last moments."

"That Xin Lin girl, truly heartless, working in a shameless place like Tianxiang Building, getting greedy for money. Thankfully Mrs. Xin died early, otherwise she would have been angered to death for real."

"I've always said, that girl looks cunning and her voice overly affected, not at all a good girl."

"It's all thanks to that boy Sikong, relying on their childhood friendship, willing to take care of Xin Lin's bereavement."

"Sikong Ran is really a good boy, I've always said, that kid is definitely going places."

The women glanced and spoke with an undertone of blaming Xin Lin for being unfilial and praising Sikong Ran's virtue.

From their conversation, Xin Lin learned that her mother had fallen ill a month ago and requested her to return, but Xin Lin stubbornly refused.

Yesterday, Sikong Ran visited Mrs. Xin, who learned her daughter was "selling her body" at Tianxiang Building and died from vomiting blood out of anger that very night.

The mid-summer noon sun was blistering.

Yet Xin Lin felt a chilling cold over her limbs; her teeth chattered, fists clenched tightly.

Mrs. Xin was indeed angered to death.

How scheming Sikong Ran is, distorting right and wrong.

The letter sent a month ago reached "Xin Lin" only a month later.

Mrs. Xin must have awaited and been disappointed countless times.

Xin Lin didn't know when she left the haystack or how she waited until the nightfall, after the villagers had left the Xin Family's house.

A candle's lonely shadow flickered, the dripping wax falling onto the table.

The Xin Family displayed a plain coffin.

A table was set with fruits in front of Mrs. Xin's spiritual tablet, placed upright.

Xin Lin approached and lit thirty minutes worth of incense.

Xin Lin walked to the coffin, pushed it open; inside, the woman's eyes tightly shut, breathless, her eyebrows furrowed, and fists clenched tight even in death.

Sobbing sounds whimpered, echoing through the night.

Xin Lin felt a sudden chill as she looked up and realized that night had completely fallen.

Inside, the candle had burnt out.

Soft sobs intermittently came from the other end of the coffin.

A blurred white figure lay over the coffin, lifting its head, with a young face, tears streaming down, gazing at Xin Lin.

Faces identical, one crying, one astonished.

"You are Xin Lin."

Xin Lin stared at the blurred white figure, which was actually Xin Lin's own soul.

"I hate, I hate Sikong Ran so much. Please, help me get revenge."

The soul intermittently became clear and vague, only muttering these words, kneeling in front of Xin Lin, constantly kowtowing.

Xin Lin stepped back, when could she start seeing ghosts.

She had a superpower but had never seen a ghost before.

"Luoyin Mountain, Ancient Tomb, stop them... you must stop them."

Xin Lin's soul gradually blurred.

She died from overwork, her soul inherently weak, enduring a few days until Xin Lin's arrival, as if destined by fate, in the instant of disappearing, her lips curled in relief.

Xin Lin, welcome home...

A cold breeze blew through.

Clang—

The thin coffin made a muffled sound.