

Little Girl 85

Chapter 85: The Not-So-Simple Little Budian

Xin Lin was startled and did not know why Monk Jun would stop them.

Before her, Little Xinzhuo's soul suddenly left his body and dashed forward.

Monk Jun's five fingers came together, and the seven-colored Buddhist beads in his hand shone brightly, rising into the air like a rope, binding Little Xinzhuo tightly.

It turned out Monk Jun had seen through Little Xinzhuo's spirit possession.

As a monk, his duty was to expel demons and protect the way; wanderings ghosts like Little Xinzhuo were most afraid of such men.

Xin Lin cursed under her breath, not expecting the Flower Monk to be so skilled.

"Stop!"

Xin Lin saw Little Xinzhuo captured, and a fierce energy surged from her Dantian, swelling the "bean sprout" within her. Her right fist gathered Fist Power, sweeping out in a horizontal blow aimed at Monk Jun.

The astounding Fist Power enshrouded Monk Jun, the air around being forcibly torn apart.

The monk's eyes changed once again.

He had not expected that a little girl could possess such terrifying True Qi within her.

"Amitabha, little benefactor, please calm yourself."

Monk Jun clasped his hands together, and the central brownish bead on the seven-colored Buddhist beads rolled, radiating Treasure Light, colliding with Xin Lin's Fist Power.

Xin Lin felt her body shake, staggered back several steps.

The light from the seven-colored Buddhist beads also dimmed, the glow on the brown bead fading quickly.

Monk Jun looked slightly astonished, then lifted his hand, bringing forth the Buddhist beads with Little Xinzhuo and placing them in front of him.

"Little monk, release Ah Zhuo."

Xin Lin's body churned with qi and blood.

She knew she was no match for Monk Jun, yet she could not bear to see Xin Zhuo fall into his hands.

"There is a Human Path for men, and a Ghost Path for ghosts. Ghosts must not violate human norms. He has broken the Ghost Rules and deserves to be put to death."

Monk Jun murmured thoughtfully.

Being a cultivator who protects the way by expelling demons, witnessing Little Xinzhuo possessing mortals naturally led him to seek its destruction.

"Sister, go quickly. The master is right, I did break the Ghost Rules. Just being able to see you again, I would die without regrets."

Little Xinzhuo knew when he encountered Monk Jun that he was formidable and that he couldn't escape this catastrophe.

"Although Ah Zhuo is a ghost, he is also a wandering ghost wronged by others. He has been a ghost for twenty years without ever harming anyone, and has on multiple occasions saved lives. Aren't these deeds enough to outweigh his errors?"

Xin Lin questioned.

"Wrong is wrong, right is right. That he has no intention to harm people only means he is not an Evil Ghost. However, he is still a ghost, and his presence in the world will eventually lead to disaster. As cultivators, it is our responsibility to punish evil and promote good, and we must eliminate such beings."

Monk Jun shook his head.

He, too, noticed that Little Xinzhuo bore no Evil Qi and was not an Evil Ghost.

"The harms of the world, are they only the doings of little ghosts like him? Pharmacist Zhang of Alchemy Hall, despite being a pharmacist, lacks medical morality and has caused the death of many. Inside the Alchemy Hall, how many souls are haunted by resentful ghosts? Such calamities, why do you not eradicate them?"

Xin Lin sneered, pointing behind at the Alchemy Hall.

The Alchemy Hall looked splendid and magnificent, but through Xin Lin's eyes, it was a place of bleak winds and bitter rain, fraught with peril.

Just a moment ago, Pharmacist Zhang had been enshrouded by countless strands of black Evil Qi. Such a person, even if not a ghost, had become an Evil Ghost among men, committing countless evils.

Xin Lin spoke while pointing at the Alchemy Hall behind her.

Within the Alchemy Hall, a surge of Evil Qi shot up to the heavens, its resentful energy unknown.

Monk Jun's golden gaze flashed, becoming more intense as he looked at Xin Lin.

Could she actually perceive the energy of resentful ghosts?