

## Little Girl 86

Chapter 86: You and I Are Fated

To see through the Evil Qi at a glance, one can only be of the Ghost Clan or possess the Heavenly Spiritual Root. Yet this girl is neither.

Monk Jun's golden eyes dimmed and brightened, his gaze returning to Xin Lin.

Her Spirit Root is mediocre, her Xuan Root merely an inch long. Such talent is indeed abnormal.

Monk Jun shook his head, quite perplexed.

If Monk Jun knew that Xin Lin's inch-long Xuan Root still managed to grow only after she acquired the "bean sprouts," he would probably be utterly shocked.

Faced with the confrontational Xin Lin, Monk Jun still maintained a modest and polite demeanor, neither angry nor upset.

"Pharmacist Zhang is indeed no saint. But he is human, and the good and evil of humans are to be managed by the officials. I am but a monk who has renounced worldly affairs and cannot interfere too much."

She placed her hands on her hips, ready to launch into a tirade spinning like a top.

But seeing the situation, realizing she was much shorter than Monk Jun, she thought for a moment, then turned to move a large stone beneath her feet and, standing on it, unleashed a torrent of scolding towards Monk Jun's bald head.

"Pah! It's nothing but sophistry! Don't think I can't tell that you too hold an office. An official who does not serve the people might as well go home and sell sweet potatoes. You're clearly only tough on the weak and soft on the strong."

Xin Lin's scolding was fierce and impassioned.

Monk Jun was initially taken aback, then touched his nose.

He had never been scolded like this in his life, not even by the Emperor himself.

Unexpectedly, being scolded like this didn't feel too bad.

"Well said—if an official does not serve the people, he might as well go home and sell sweet potatoes. Little benefactor, you scold well. But how do you know I hold an office?" Monk Jun asked, as his Kasaya appeared no different from that of an ordinary monk.

"Your hands are spotlessly white, your monk's robe is immaculate, and you can produce a bottle of Bone Marrow Cleansing Powder worth 500 silver taels with a mere gesture."

Xin Lin rolled her eyes.

This Flower Monk must be one of those monks in the officialdom who does not partake in the mundanities of life, but she left these observations aside.

His neck was adorned with a string of colorful jade Buddha Beads, as if his face read "I am wealthy," "I am a very wealthy monk," "I am an exceedingly wealthy monk with status," and he himself was completely unaware of it.

"The little benefactor makes a good point."

Monk Jun appeared deep in thought, indeed he had been inconsiderate.

If it were not for the sudden news that the millennial Ghost Tide was approaching and the Ghost King was about to descend, he would not have hastily left Purple Cloud City, nor would he have come to Ping'an County unprepared.

This little county was the closest human settlement to where the incident would occur.

His intention in coming here was to quickly evacuate the civilians, but he did not expect to encounter Xin Lin and Little Xinzhuo.

He took Xin Zhuo because he suspected he was related to the Ghost King's affairs.

However, observing Little Xinzhuo's reaction through the Seven Seals Bead, it seemed that the little ghost was not related to the Ghost King.

"You also say that I am right, so release Ah Zhuo quickly."

Xin Lin glared at Monk Jun.

"The little benefactor is logical, but not entirely correct. The wicked invite their own retribution, how do you know Pharmacist Zhang has not received his due? Good is rewarded with good, how do you know the little ghost has no good fortune? Nevertheless, the little ghost's fate is not yet sealed. Let's spare him this once."

Monk Jun said with a half-smile, raising his hand to release the Seven Seals Bead, and Little Xinzhuo was freed.

Monk Jun then glanced at Xin Lin again, and suddenly winked at her.

"Little benefactor, we are fated, and I, a sweet potato seller, shall point you to a clear path. Travel eastwards, past the willows and flowers, and you will find a new village."