

THE SOLDIER KING BECOMES A USELESS LITTLE GIRL

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: A Daddy Falls from Heaven

A candlestick was blown off by the wind and rolled into the coffin.

Xin Lin stepped forward to pick up the candlestick when Xin Family's hand loosened, and a wad of paper fell out of her hand.

The paper wad cradled half a token, bearing the character "Chu", and on the paper was written, "Go find your father, Chu Beiqing of Purple Cloud City."

The handwriting was heavy or light, written with bloodstains, the blood color dark red, and not written long ago.

Xin Lin's eyes contracted sharply, as if seeing the sickly woman struggling to get up hurriedly writing these words.

Purple Cloud City, is a place of great importance in Longteng, where the Imperial City is located.

Being able to establish oneself in Purple Cloud City, this Chu Beiqing must not be an ordinary person.

This was the real reason the Xin Family asked Xin Lin to return.

After four years of no contact, in the moment of death, the Xin Family recognized the true face of Sikong Ran, and she also knew her daughter's misplaced trust; her only concern was her daughter's livelihood.

Chu Beiqing was her last hope and the final way out she, as a mother, left for her daughter.

"Rest assured, I will find Chu Beiqing, and I will avenge both you and your daughter."

Xin Lin looked at the woman in the coffin, deeply bowing in respect.

She tightly grasped the piece of paper in her hand.

Sadly, she was not fated to be with the Xin Family.

She had lived a life of loneliness, never accompanied by family members, how she wished to enjoy family bliss in this life, yet she still missed it.

It was only when the day gradually brightened that Xin Lin left the Xin Family.

Today was the day of Xin Family's funeral, and the villagers were also simple, coming to see Xin Family off.

"Congratulations, Aunt Sikong, Sikong has soared to great heights this time, don't forget all of us later."

"You are too kind, Ah Ran grew up in Qian Village, our Sikong Family will never forget our roots."

A woman, wrapped in the support of her fellow villagers, walked towards Xin Family's home.

The woman, over forty, was plump and rather plain-looking.

Despite attending a funeral, she was dressed in heavy makeup, wearing a bright red splendid robe.

Upon arriving at Xin Family's place, a hint of disgust flashed in the woman's eyes, yet her face still bore a smiling expression.

This person was Sikong Ran's mother, Sikong Lan, who, fallen on hard times, had no choice but to hide in Qian Village, mingling with these rustic villagers.

Ah Ran, as a child, enjoyed playing with that little monster from Xin Family, and Xin Family, who was always haughty, looked down on her and Ah Ran.

Now it turned out well, her Ah Ran had become a disciple of Xuantian Sect, while the little monster of Xin Family had become a wanted criminal, the lowest of prostitutes.

If it weren't for Ah Ran's insistence on earning a good reputation, she wouldn't bother caring about Xin Family's life or death.

Sikong Family, being flattered and floating on air, that's when suddenly someone shouted.

"There's a fire, there's a fire!"

Sikong Family and the villagers were shocked, and Sikong Family, taking a closer look, saw two houses in the north billowing blue smoke.

Sikong Family's face changed drastically, that was her house.

She ran flustered towards the north, and the villagers also looked at each other.

At this moment, someone unexpectedly cried out.

"The coffin is gone!"

Inside the Xin Family's house, it was completely empty, the coffin of Xin Family had disappeared without a trace.

Sikong Family ran all the way, finally reaching the front of her house, and upon closer inspection, the house hadn't caught fire at all, just a few Cao Duozi piled at the door, likely set aflame by some mischievous child.

Relieved from the false alarm, Sikong Family spat a curse, but right then, a dark shadow suddenly struck from behind.

A sackcloth bag fell from the sky, covering Sikong Family's head, followed by a downpour of sticks.