

Little Girl 95

Chapter 95: The Good Man Who is Not a Good Man

Despite having been a wandering ghost for many years, Little Xin Zhuo was ultimately just a child.

He was unlike Xin Lin, a Hundred Life Evil Ghost, whose heart was impervious to blades and hard as rock.

Little Xin Zhuo was a sensible child and could see that reviving this woman would likely bring trouble upon Sister and himself.

He had already caused Sister plenty of trouble.

But deep down, he yearned for a home and a mother who would love him.

The blood ties within the little boy made him naturally fond of the woman.

Mother... home...

These words were far too distant for Xin Lin.

But when she met Little Xin Zhuo's clear eyes, she sighed softly in her heart.

She patted Little Xin Zhuo, who was only slightly shorter than herself, and bent down to check the woman's throat.

At her throat, Xin Lin indeed felt a raised object.

After considering, Xin Lin gestured to Little Xin Zhuo to help her prop up the woman against a nearby tree.

Xin Lin found the right spot and struck the woman's chest front with her elbow twice.

The woman's body shuddered, and Little Xin Zhuo looked on nervously. After a while, the woman tilted and suddenly vomited a jade ring from her mouth.

The woman's long lashes quivered, and she slowly opened her eyes.

Upon opening her eyes, she saw two anxious little faces.

Her gaze tightened when she saw Little Xin Zhuo.

"Prince, my prince, you're not dead!"

The woman, crying with tears streaming down her face, clung to Ah Zhuo and refused to let go.

Little Xin Zhuo was utterly baffled and made faces at Xin Lin.

"Madam, please calm down, the Prince is all right."

The woman cried bitterly. Hearing a strange voice beside her, she lifted her head and met Xin Lin's gaze.

There was a hint of panic in her eyes.

"Who are you, and how could you know..."

"Noble Shi, don't be alarmed. You want to know how I'm aware of your name—your Han Bai Jade Ring is engraved with your title and surname."

Xin Lin picked up the jade ring the woman had spat out.

This was no ordinary jade ring; it was delicate and made of Han Bai Jade.

Such jade was rare among commoners, only ladies of the Imperial Palace possessed it.

On the back of the jade ring were carved the words designating the woman's elevation to the rank of Noble in a certain year and month.

Xin Lin's earlier guess was correct; the woman was indeed from the Imperial Palace, and only Little Xin Zhuo was lucky enough to have picked up the body of a prince.

The woman took the jade ring in shock.

Shi Yingying looked at the jade ring, her heart filled with countless emotions.

She was the daughter of a powerful court official, but since her father's death and having offended the Empress, she was banished to a separate palace wing, and for these years, she had lived solely with the Prince.

Who could have guessed that her monthly stipend would be stolen by a deceitful servant, and just then, the Prince fell seriously ill. She took her child to Ping'an County to seek medical attention, but was taken advantage of by Pharmacist Zhang of the Alchemy Hall. She fiercely resisted, was humiliated, and thrown out.

The Prince had a persistent high fever that night, and while she was caring for him, several thieves broke in.

She was weak and useless and watched as her prince was strangled to death. In her grief and anger, she swallowed the Imperially bestowed ring and took her own life, thinking that a beauty's fate was frail and fleeting, expecting to die—only to wake up and find that not only was the Prince alive, but she had been saved.

Was all this because of the girl in front of her?

The girl in front of her was not tall, appearing to be only six or seven years old at most, just a few years older than the Prince.

Yet, her eyes were so clear and filled with spiritual energy, it did not seem like she was... a good person.