

Toddler 1011

Chapter 1011: Untitled

In the Elder Hall.

The seven elders gathered. The Third Elder held a bloodstained pouch in his hand. This pouch was given to her by Nie Wanrou's mother. She had been bringing it all along. Inside was a small bag of spices and some rouge from her daughter's house.

His daughter was missing, but his daughter's purse was stained with blood and picked up by the guards cleaning the event location. Who would believe that nothing had happened to his daughter?

The Third Elder gripped the pouch tightly and asked angrily, "Great Elder, what exactly is going on? What did the people you sent out do to Wanrou?"

The Great Elder retorted, "Speaking of which, I wanted to ask you! Do you know who brought those spies out of the Wen Manor and out of the Sorcerer Clan? It's your good daughter!"

The Third Elder said sternly, "She's also your granddaughter-in-law now!"

The Great Elder said indifferently, "That's why I didn't cause trouble for you. Don't push everything to me!"

The Second Elder went forward and said, "Alright, alright. The two of you, stop arguing. Let's hear what the guards have to say. Someone, call the guards who have seen Mrs. Wen!"

A few guards walked forward respectfully. Among this group of people were the guards of the Wen Manor, the guards guarding the city, and the guards who had participated in the capture.

The Wen Manor guard said, "Second Madam said that she's going back to her maiden home. She said that the carriage is filled with small gifts for her maiden family."

The guard said, "Mrs. Wen said that a batch of goods came from another village. She wants to take a look."

Upon hearing this, the elders revealed strange expressions. Their excuses did not match and they were clearly lying.

But why would she lie?

If she said that she did this for Wen Xu, no one present would believe her. Everyone knew about her relationship with Wen Xu. It was already good that she did not stab Wen Xu. How could she work for Wen Xu?

Could it be that... she was being held hostage? Or did someone poison her? Was she casted with sorcery?

Countless guesses flashed through everyone's minds. Even the Third Elder, who had always trusted his daughter, could not help but have a solemn expression. He was confident that with his daughter's character, she would not be easily threatened, but it was a different matter if she was poisoned by a Gu or sorcery.

The Third Elder's gaze landed on the last guard. "What about you? When did

you see my daughter?"

The guard said, "Third Elder, I saw Mrs. Wen at the event location where she was killed."

The Third Elder's expression changed. "Continue!"

“Yes!” The guard lowered his head and said, “When I saw Mrs. Wen, she was with that group of people. Lord Wen Xu wanted to leave with Mrs. Wen... We planned to save her, but we were too late and Mrs. Wen was killed!” “What?” The Third Elder’s expression changed.

The guard said loudly, “It was Lord Wen Xu who killed her! However... that person is not the real Lord Wen Xu. I heard him say it himself that his name is

Dawa!”

After leaving the Elder Hall, the Fifth Elder and Seventh Elder caught up to the Third Elder.

“Third Elder,” the Fifth Elder called.

The Third Elder stopped in his tracks. The three of them glanced at the surroundings. After confirming that they were not being watched and that there were no idle people passing by, Third Elder said, “What is it?”

The Fifth Elder and the Seventh Elder exchanged glances.

“You should do the talking,” the Seventh Elder said.

The Fifth Elder nodded and asked, “Don’t worry too much about Wanrou. As the saying goes, you have to see her if she’s alive, and you have to see her corpse if she’s dead. Before you see Wanrou with your own eyes, it’s better not to be disheartened.”

“That’s right. I’ve always believed that good people are blessed by the heavens,” the Seventh Elder said.

The Third Elder was silent. When the two of them saw that his expression was not right, they could not help but say in unison, “What’s wrong?” “I’m thinking about the fake Wen Xu,” Third Elder said.

“The fake Wen Xu?” The Fifth Elder frowned.

The Third Elder said thoughtfully, "On the day of my grandson's baptism, Wen

Xu accompanied Rou'er back to the Nie Manor. At that time, I realized that Wen Xu was different from before, so I think that perhaps at that time, or even earlier, Wen Xu had already been replaced by that man called Dawa."

The Fifth Elder seemed to have had an epiphany. "That seems to be the case. Ever since Wen Xu returned to the Sorcerer Clan, he has been repeatedly going against the Sorcerer Queen. Originally, I thought that he was bewitched by that vixen, but from the looks of it, that Wen Xu was probably fake from the beginning. "

The Seventh Elder asked, "If that's the case, where did the real Wen Xu go?"

The Third Elder and the Fifth Elder did not say anything. Wen Xu was not the twelve-year-old Ye Yang. He was not innocent. If he fell into the hands of that group of people, he would probably be in trouble.

But Nie Wanrou was innocent. Why did they kill her too?

The Fifth Elder said indignantly, "They let His Highness Ye Yang go. I originally thought that they still had some conscience, but from the looks of it, they're worse than beasts!"

The Third Elder still did not say anything.

The scene of him being killed by the half-sacrificial soldiers a few hours ago appeared in his mind. It was that fake Wen Xu... who begged them to let him go.

The courtyard was deep.

Dawa fetched a basin of hot water and carried it into the Second Madam's room. He wiped her face and hands. Her clothes had already been changed by Pinger. Actually, Dawa did not need to do anything, but he just wanted to do something, as if this could let her know that he was waiting for her.

“Dawa, it’s time to eat.” Yu Wan gently pushed open the door.

Dawa turned around, his eyes red. He didn’t cry, and there weren’t even any obvious tears, but his appearance was even more piercing to Yu Wan’s heart than when he cried.

Yu Wan sighed softly and walked over. “Don’t burn yourself out. I believe that Sister Nie will be blessed by the heavens. She will definitely wake up.” “Mm.” Dawa choked and lowered his head.

Yu Wan was not good at comforting people. She could not say anything more emotional. She could only raise her hand and gently pat Dawa’s shoulder. “Stay here with Sister Nie. I’ll bring you the food later.”

“Thanks a lot,” Dawa said.

He was not thanking her for this bowl of rice, but for her understanding and intentions.

At night, Chef Bao personally cooked a sumptuous dinner. Even though everyone present was used to eating delicacies, they could not help but be stunned by Chef Bao’s culinary skills.

It was not entirely true that he made many fancy and complicated dishes. Most of them were simple dishes that were original, but it made everyone from all over the world taste like their hometown.

“I ate this when I was young... My grandmother made it for me...” Zhou Yuyan said with tears streaming down her face.

“Me too, my mother made it for me...” Mu Qing couldn’t help but choke.

Yu Wan thought to herself, What is this? This plate of green pepper potato slices is spicy but not greasy. Its clearly the taste my aunt made for me...

It had been too long since she last thought of her aunt.

In her previous life, after her parents passed away, it was her aunt who raised her. However, such an important person gradually faded from her mind after she came to the alternate world. It was this dish that brought back her almost lost memories.

“Thirteen...” Shadow Six sniffed. “I seem to have remembered something from before I was six years old... So I have a master...”

Before Shadow Six was chosen to be a sacrificial soldier, he was also an ordinary child. He had his own parents, his own master, and even many playmates his age.

However, those memories were too long. As he grew up day by day, they were sealed in the depths of his mind. Now that a plate of green pepper potato slices had completely torn open the membrane, memories surged up like a tide. “Boohoo...” Shadow Six turned around and cried on Shadow Thirteen’s shoulder.

These were not the only people who wanted to cry.

Shadow Thirteen tightened his grip bit by bit. However, his childhood memories were not very good. Those were the days when he was bullied until he could not fight back. Those were the days when he was wandering the streets without food to eat... Therefore, compared to sadness, he was more sad and afraid.

The only one who did not change his expression was Yan Jiuchao.

Chef Bao also noticed it.

This young man was even calmer than he had imagined. It could be said that he was terrifyingly calm. No wonder the girl had fallen into his hands. They were not on the same level at all...

The children, on the other hand, ate happily. The three little black eggs were sweating profusely as they ate. The usually restrained Zhou Jin also ate heartily.

“More!” Xiaobao said with an empty bowl.

“Er’bao wants it too!” Er’bao also picked up his small empty bowl.

Dabao: Me too!

Zhou Jin: “Ahem, I want one too.”

Yu Wan poked their little faces one by one and said, “But you’ve all eaten your third bowl.”

Xiaobao pointed with his little hand. ‘What’s the big deal? Brother Zhou Jin has already eaten five bowls!’

Zhou Jin blushed. ‘ The Sorcerer King : ‘

Everyone: .

Chapter 1012: Untitled

Chef Bao’s culinary skills deeply captured the hearts of the three little eggs. After dinner, Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao both lost favor. The three little eggs became the little tails behind Chef Bao. They held the little milk bottle in both hands and followed Chef Bao. Wherever he went, they went.

Chef Bao was caught between laughter and tears as he made a basket of pig buns for the three of them. Uncle Yu’s pig buns had already reached the peak, but Chef Bao’s was even more superb. After eating his pig buns, they could really laugh like a pig.

“Great Grandpa Bao is so good.” “I like Great-grandpa Bao the most!” “Xiaobao likes you too!”

“Dabao said he likes you too!”

“Then am I your favorite great grandfather?”

“Yes! !!” Er’bao and Xiaobao said in unison, and Dabao nodded vigorously.

Xiaobao said, “Even better than our ancestor!!”

The three little eggs decisively sold Ancestor Sikong!

Sikong Ye, who was far away in Nanzhao and was satisfied from torturing the Emperor, inexplicably felt his teeth grit. He did not know what was going on. Then, the Emperor, who had finally used eighteen “ninjutsu” and killed six generals to appease his father-in-law’s anger, was beaten up again. He also wanted to know what was going on.

Chef Bao was pestered by the three little eggs to enjoy the hard-won joy of family. The Sorcerer King was extremely envious, so he pestered Little Zhou Jin.

The rest of the people went to Grandma’s room to discuss the next plan.

Yu Wan held her chin with both hands and sighed. “It’s said that taking advantage of others makes one’s mouth soft, but the Sorcerer King has already eaten my Grandpa Bao’s food, but he still doesn’t take half a step back. He wants to steal the Saint King’s corpse and destroy the Soul Rakshasa. What should we do? Dad and Mom’s whereabouts are still unknown.”

She sighed, and so did Zhou Yuyan.

Yan Jiuchao played with the Kongming Lock in his hand, as if he was in his own world and ignored their conversation. Shadow Thirteen asked, “Grandma, does the missing clone of the Soul Rakshasa affect his own strength?”

Grandma said, "It will affect it. It's still sealed in the coffin and can only do evil through its clone. However, its clone is gone, which means that it can't attack us easily."

Therefore, Yu Shaoqing was right to pull the Soul Rakshasa's clone down the bottomless pit. At least, it had almost turned the tables for the current situation.

She wondered how their current situation was. No one could do anything about the bottomless pit. It was better to take care of the current situation first.

Shadow Six blinked and said, "If it can't attack us, won't we be able to kill it easily?"

Grandma gave him a fatherly look and said, "You're far outside the Sorcerer

Clan, so it naturally can't attack you easily. However, if you approach it, it can still kill you

The Soul Rakshasa was good at mental attacks. As long as he was close enough, killing an expert was almost effortless. The fighting spirit that everyone had painstakingly ignited was extinguished by Grandma's cold water.

Suddenly, Yan Jiuchao placed the Kongming Lock on the table. "I'll kill it tomorrow."

"Young Master!" Shadow Thirteen's expression changed.

Yu Wan said, "Tomorrow is just past the night of the full moon. Your cultivation can only recover by fifty to sixty percent. Will you have a low chance of winning if you run to kill it?"

Yan Jiuchao tapped his fingertips on the Kongming Lock a few times. "He's just a Soul Rakshasa."

In other words, he did not take that demonic creature seriously.

Everyone was in a mess! Young Master, you had to have some self-awareness!

However, everyone also understood why Yan Jiuchao was in such a hurry to kill the Soul Rakshasa. To the Soul Rakshasa, one more day meant one more day to recover. Moreover, its strength recovery was not calculated according to ten to twenty percent. Tomorrow, Yan Jiuchao, who had fifty percent strength, might face the Soul Rakshasa, who has fifty percent strength. The day after tomorrow, Yan Jiuchao, who has seventy percent strength, might face the Soul Rakshasa, who has a hundred percent strength.

Moreover, there was no upper limit to the Soul Rakshasa's strength. No one knew how powerful it was.

Shadow Thirteen said seriously, "Then I'll enter the palace with Young Master."

Shadow Six sat up straight. "And me! I'll go too!"

Yan Jiuchao paused and nodded seriously. "Alright, you guys go steal the bones."

The two of them :

They clearly wanted to help fight the monsters!!!

At dawn, Yan Jiuchao's internal energy gradually began to recover. He brought Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six to the Sorcerer Clan's palace.

Thanks to the Sorcerer King's help, the three of them learned of a small side door that led to the palace. That door was originally a cell of the Sorcerer Clan for the pure apostles to live in. After the Sorcerer Clan abolished the tradition of pure purification, that door gradually became empty.

In the early years when the Sorcerer King was in power, he had once converted that place into a storeroom. Now that he had been bedridden for many years, it was unknown if the Sorcerer Queen had renovated that place.

If it was renovated, then that road would probably not work.

Fortunately, the three of them were quite lucky. The Sorcerer Queen had renovated this place, but she did not turn it into a fortress. Instead, it became a grassland for horse training. There were not many guards in the horse training ground. Yan Jiuchao easily avoided the guards' patrol and swaggered into the palace.

On the other side, the guards of the Elder Hall and the palace happened to bump into Old Cui, who was buying herbs. One of them had participated in the capture of a few people and saw Old Cui being held hostage with his own eyes. He recognized Old Cui on the spot.

Old Cui knew it was bad and ran! But how could he be a match for a group of guards? Just as he was about to be caught, Zhou Yuyan appeared.

Zhou Yuyan swept Old Cui over with her long whip. Then, she sprinkled a bag of knockout medicine and took advantage of the chaos to bring Old Cui back to Chef Bao's residence.

"Don't breathe in! It's poisonous!" A guard shouted.

The remaining people hurriedly covered their mouths and noses. At this moment, the Third Elder rushed over with a pair of people. He was sitting on a tall horse. When he saw this, he frowned slightly and asked his subordinate to call a palace guard over.

"Third Elder!" The palace guard bowed respectfully.

Third Elder looked at the mess at the event location and asked with a frown,

"What happened?"

The palace guard said, "Third Elder, I discovered that group of spies' accomplices just now. It's an old man. He was captured earlier and was saved by them."

"Are you sure it's him?" Third Elder asked in a deep voice.

The palace guard said, "I'm sure! Originally, I was about to capture him when a woman with strong martial arts suddenly came and took that old man away."

At this moment, the knockout powder had already landed on the ground, and the event location returned to normal. The Third Elder dismounted and handed the reins to his trusted subordinate. He walked forward and stopped where the two sides were fighting.

Everyone saw him squat down with a frown. He picked up a leaf from the ground with his fingertips and sniffed it. Then, he threw away the leaf and stood up. "Is there any wine selling nearby?"

About fifteen minutes later, Chef Bao's courtyard was surrounded by guards.

Coincidentally, Yan Jiuchao, Shadow Six, and Shadow Thirteen went out. Yu Wan, Mu Qing, and Zhou Jin went out. Other than Zhou Yuyan and Dawa, there was only the old and weak in the courtyard. Needless to say, the outcome was obvious with their combat strength.

Although Zhou Yuyan was skilled in martial arts, she could not withstand their numbers. Soon, she and Dawa were held at the necks by the guards.

Dawa still had Wen Xu's face, but at this point, everyone knew that he was a fake Wen Xu, so naturally, no one cared about him anymore.

"Third Elder, there's still someone!" The guard said and escorted Chef Bao, Old Cui, and Grandma out.

"There are also three little ones!" Another guard brought his companions and escorted the three little eggs out. It was not appropriate to say that they were escorted. The three of them were sleeping soundly, not knowing that the enemy had come to kill them.

The three palace guards hugged them. It felt like they were hugging ten thousand pounds of weight, so heavy that their arms were about to break.

W-what did these dolls eat to grow up? Why were they so heavy! !!

They had carried them for a short while, but half of the three guards' arms went numb.

The leader of the guards said, "Third Elder, since we've captured them, we should go back and report to the Sorcerer Queen and the Great Elder." "Are we bringing them all back?" Third Elder asked indifferently.

The leader of the guards said, "Of course not. The Sorcerer Queen said that other than that woman and a few little things that are still useful, we'll kill everyone else in this group of spies!"

"Alright, then kill him," the Third Elder said coldly. Dawa's eyebrows twitched as he looked at Nie Wanrou's biological father in fear.

"Kill!"

Under the Third Elder's order, his subordinates drew their swords and raised them. Blood splattered three feet!

Dawa felt his throat and cheeks heat up. In the next second, he saw the Great Elder and the Sorcerer Queen's guards fall into a pool of blood..

Chapter 1013: The Truth Is Revealed, Godly Teammate

The three little eggs rolled down.

Zhou Yuyan did not have time to think about why they were not the ones who died, but their own people. She flew towards the three little eggs and hugged them one by one.

"Ouch!" She originally thought that her internal energy was good enough and it would not be a problem to carry three eggs. But, but why were they so heavy?

One egg plus one egg plus one egg. Ahhh, it was really not three eggs, but thirty!

They were so heavy!!!

Dawa was really frightened. The moment those guards drew their swords, he really thought that he was going to be beheaded, but why... why was this happening? They killed their own people? What, what, what... What exactly was going on?

Old Cui also broke out in cold sweat. When he saw that Grandma was so calm that it was as if nothing had happened, he could not help but frown. "You know they won't kill us, right?"

Grandma shook his head seriously. "No, I just calculated that we won't die today."

Old Cui exploded. "Then why didn't you say so earlier? You almost scared me out of my wits!" Indeed, it corresponded to that sentence: they're all the same!

The world's charlatans are all bad! Hmph!

The Third Elder walked up to Dawa. Before Dawa could recover from his shock, he looked at the shadow on the ground that was enveloping him. He raised his head in a daze and looked straight at the Third Elder.

The Third Elder said, "Why didn't you ask for help?"

"Huh?" Dawa was stunned again, clearly ignoring the meaning behind his words.

The Third Elder said indifferently, "I owe you a favor, so I should return it, right?"

"No, you don't owe me anything." Dawa really didn't understand what the Third

Elder was talking about, and he didn't know if it was because the Third Elder was Nie Wanrou's father, but he always felt that he wasn't confident when facing him.

The Third Elder looked at Dawa without blinking.

Dawa's heart pounded. Suddenly, an idea flashed across his mind. The Third Elder said that he owed him a favor. Could he be referring to the time when he stopped Shadow Thirteen from killing him?

Ah, that... could that be considered a favor?

He had asked Shadow Thirteen to tap the Third Elder's acupoints. He even felt guilty when he saw this. He was afraid that the Third Elder would ask him what kind of gall he had to dare to let someone tap his acupoints!

The Lan family's disguise could only fade on its own and could not be peeled off on its own. Therefore, Dawa still had Wen Xu's face, but he was not Wen Xu. Wen Xu was not so stupid.

The Third Elder wrung his hands. This kid was already so stupid. Why didn't he suspect him back then?

This could not be blamed on the Third Elder. Who asked the Lan family to be so skilled in disguise that even the heavens could not see any flaws?

"Hey, is there nothing for us to do here?" Zhou Yuyan quietly walked to Grandma and Old Cui and asked them softly.

The two of them gave her a look that could only be understood but not explained.

The Third Elder was not here to save Dawa. He was here to look for his

daughter. Just as he was about to ask about his daughter's whereabouts, a familiar figure suddenly flashed across the courtyard.

The Third Elder's eyebrows twitched!

That person was—

“Third Elder, that...” Dawa finally decided to break this strange atmosphere, but Third Elder pushed him away and strode down the corridor.

He walked around the corridor and looked at the familiar figure. After confirming that it was not his imagination, he trembled and said, “Sorcerer... Sorcerer King?”

The Sorcerer King stopped in his tracks and turned around while chewing on a peach. He raised his eyebrows and looked at him. “Oh, Third Elder.”

The Third Elder's body trembled. He cupped his hands and bowed. “Greetings, Sorcerer King!”

The Sorcerer King held the half-eaten peach and said calmly, “After so many years, you still recognize me.”

The Third Elder's eyes flashed and he knelt on one knee.

The Third Elder was from the Sorcerer Queen's camp. As a close subject that the Sorcerer Queen and the Great Elder trusted very much, he naturally knew that the Sorcerer King had been imprisoned by the Sorcerer Queen. Just as the Sorcerer King had said, he had not seen the Sorcerer King for at least seven to eight years. He did not know that the Sorcerer King had actually become like this. If not for his back view and walking posture that was very similar to the Sorcerer King in his impression, he would have mistaken him for someone else just based on his face.

“Sorcerer King, you...”

He wanted to ask what had happened to the Sorcerer King, but he realized that he had done something stupid.

Other than the Soul Rakshasa, the Sorcerer Queen himself was the only other person who could hurt him under normal circumstances. The Sorcerer Queen might be able to imprison him, but she could not hurt him at will. His injuries, no, to be precise, his poisonous sores were all caused by him.

As for who it was for, the answer was obvious.

The child of the Sorcerer King and the Saint King could not survive in this world. To put it more mysteriously, the two of them were too powerful. Their union had exceeded the laws that the Heavenly Dao could tolerate.

In order to let Zhou Jin descend to the world safely and be a child who could grow up, the Saint King was buried and changed his fate.

However, the Third Elder thought that this was enough. He never expected that the Saint King had only changed a portion. The rest still had to be shouldered by the Sorcerer King.

No wonder. The Sorcerer King was so powerful, so how did he suddenly let the Sorcerer Queen succeed? From the looks of it, the Sorcerer King had definitely exhausted too much sorcery power to change Zhou Jin's fate and even suffered a terrifying backlash. That was why he could not resist the Sorcerer Queen's imprisonment.

In the past, the Third Elder might not have been moved by the Sorcerer King's sacrifice, but after losing his daughter, he felt that he could empathize with the Sorcerer King.

"Sorcerer King, I..."

The Sorcerer King raised his hand and interrupted him. He looked like he couldn't be bothered to listen. He chewed on the peach in his hand and leisurely returned to his room.

Grandma and the others walked over. When he brushed past him, Grandma patted his shoulder sympathetically.

Zhou Yuyan walked over with the three little eggs. The three little eggs looked at him and then at Grandma who had already walked far away. They poked Dawa's thigh and hooked their little fingers at him.

Dawa bent down.

The three of them walked over one by one and patted his shoulder one by one.

After Dabao finished patting him, Er'bao patted him, after Er'bao finished, xiaoDao pattea mm.

Dawa:

Old Cui looked at the three little eggs strangely, then at Grandma strangely. He blew his beard and glared. "Qiu! You didn't expect us to not die today at all. You Imow, right! The Sorcerer King is here!"

The Third Elder felt as if he had been hit in the head. Although the Sorcerer King was much weaker than before, he was still the King of the Sorcerer Clan. If he had not taken action in time just now, it would not have been just those guards of the Great Elder and the Sorcerer Queen who would have died. Even he and his subordinates would have been killed!

As this thought flashed through his mind, the Third Elder's back was drenched in cold sweat.

"Third Elder." Dawa's voice appeared behind him.

The Third Elder composed himself and turned around. "I was just about to ask you, where did Wanrou go?"

Dawa brought the Third Elder to the Second Madam's room. The Second Madam lay quietly on the bed, her breathing even, as if she would wake up at dawn if she fell asleep.

"Wanrou, she..." The Third Elder opened his mouth.

“She was shot by an arrow. Her situation is very critical. It was the Sorcerer King who saved her,” Dawa said truthfully.

“Ah...” The Third Elder stammered.

His incredulous look made Dawa think that he was suspecting that he was lying. Dawa hurriedly said, “You... you don’t think we hurt Wanrou, do you? We didn’t! We really didn’t!”

The Third Elder looked at him deeply. “I know it’s not you.”

He did not know if Dawa was an unscrupulous person, but Dawa definitely cared about his daughter. Otherwise, he would not have followed his daughter like a little tail in the Nie Manor, let alone stop the sacrificial soldiers when they wanted to kill him.

In that case, how could he kill Wanrou?

The Great Elder thought that he had successfully fooled him, but little did he know that it was that nonsense that had exposed his flaws and ambition.

“She lost her pulse on the spot. It was the Sorcerer King who kept her alive. I think the Sorcerer King himself was quite seriously injured,” Dawa said softly.

The Sorcerer King had exhausted too much sorcery power to change Zhou Jin’s fate. He did not say anything, but they all understood that he must have exhausted a lot of energy. The Third Elder checked his daughter’s injuries. They were fatal on the spot. Other than the Sorcerer King, no one could save her.

The person he had supported and followed for so many years actually schemed against him behind his back for his own selfish reasons. And the person he had always owed did not hesitate to sacrifice himself to save his precious daughter at the critical moment.

The Third Elder took a deep breath and felt that he had lived for nothing all these years!

Dawa looked at the Third Elder carefully and said, "Don't... don't worry too much. I believe Wanrou will wake up one day."

The Third Elder looked at his unconscious daughter and his heart ached to the extreme. He clenched his fists and gritted his teeth as he said, "To think that I've been at their beck and call for so many years.. I don't know how many messes I've dealt with and how many unconscionable things I've done for them! In the end, this is how they repay me! Good, good, very good! Don't blame me for being ruthless when they did it!"

Chapter 1014: Xiaobao, Who Can 't Hold It In!

In the Harem.

The Sorcerer Queen sat in front of the window lintel, holding a string of agate in her hand in a daze. The orange and red twilight landed on the string of agate from afar, reflecting a blinding light.

"Sorcerer Queen, Sorcerer Queen, Sorcerer Queen!" Hong Luan called her a few times.

The Sorcerer Queen's consciousness returned. She put away the agate bead bracelet in her hand without a trace and restrained her dazed expression. She turned around and asked coldly and dignifiedly, "What is it?"

Hong Luan said, "The Great Elder is here."

"Let him in," the Sorcerer Queen said.

"Yes." Hong Luan left and invited the Great Elder into the hall.

The Sorcerer Queen put the agate bead into her makeup box, stood up, and walked to the middle of the hall.

“Sorcerer Queen.” The Great Elder cupped his hands and bowed.

“Grandpa, there’s no need to be so polite. Why did you come at this time? Have you found Wanrou’s whereabouts?” The Sorcerer Queen asked.

The Great Elder shook his head. “The people we sent out haven’t returned yet.”

The Sorcerer Queen pinched the space between her eyebrows. “It’s all those blind people’s fault. They should have shot the fake Wen Xu. Who asked them to shoot Wanrou?”

Not only was Wanrou the daughter-in-law of the Wen family, but she was also the precious daughter of the Third Elder. The Third Elder only had one legitimate daughter. Back then, he had spent a lot of effort to coax her into the Wen Manor. Now, she was shot to death by a guard!

“Third Elder has worked a lot for us all these years. Fifth Elder and Seventh Elder only joined our camp because of him. If...” The Sorcerer Queen frowned and did not continue.

The Great Elder said, “They killed her accidentally. They did plan to shoot the fake Wen Xu, but who knew that Wanrou would push him away? Wanrou, she...”

“She what?” The Sorcerer Queen coldly removed the hand that was pinching her glabella. “Can she still take the arrow for Wen Xu? Don’t I know what kind of relationship she has with Xu’er? She most likely knew the other party’s identity long ago and even had a secret relationship with him! How dare she!

She deserves to end up like this!”

Although Wen Xu was a disgrace, he was still of the Wen family’s bloodline. The Great Elder and the Sorcerer Queen doted on him very much. In the current situation, there was a high chance that Wen Xu had already been harmed by that group of people. They wished they could skin that group of people alive and eat their blood and meat!

As Wen Xu's wife, not only did Nie Wanrou not expose them, she even colluded with them. Not to mention that she was shot to death, even if she didn't die, the Sorcerer Queen would personally sentence her to death!

The Sorcerer Queen said coldly, "It's not a pity that she died, but don't let it affect our relationship with the Third Elder."

The Great Elder said, "Don't worry about that. I've already gotten someone to disguise themselves and say that that group of people killed her."

"He believed you?" The Sorcerer Queen felt that the Third Elder was not such a gullible person.

The Great Elder said firmly, "How can he not believe it? Would he rather suspect a group of spies than believe an ally who has been with him for many years? Besides, we're in-laws! I bet Wanrou didn't tell him about the fake Wen Xu. He definitely doesn't know that the two of them already have a

relationship."

The Sorcerer Queen said, "That's for the best. Third Elder knows too much about us, and it concerns Fifth Elder and Seventh Elder's camp. Unless it's absolutely necessary, I don't want to eliminate him too."

"Alright, let's not talk about this anymore. I'll pay close attention to the Third Elder. How's the matter of the Soul Rakshasa going?" The Great Elder said. The Sorcerer Queen raised her eyebrows and smiled faintly. "It's almost done." "Oh?" The Great Elder was a little surprised.

The Sorcerer Queen smiled and said, "The Soul Rakshasa is at the last moment of awakening. I've already gotten someone to find the herb primer it needs. We'll be able to find it today!"

Although the Great Elder objected to the Sorcerer Queen releasing the Soul Rakshasa, at the critical juncture, he could not help but look forward to the power of the Soul Rakshasa. Perhaps this was the instinctive worship and respect for experts.

The Great Elder said, "In that case... the Soul Rakshasa is just around the corner?"

The Sorcerer Queen said, "That's right. After the Soul Rakshasa comes out of seclusion, we won't have anything to fear even if Third Elder knows the truth about Nie Wanrou. Just a few elders aren't enough for the Soul Rakshasa to pinch with one finger!"

"Here, here, here."

In the small courtyard, the Third Elder spread out a map of the Sorcerer Clan and circled a few red spots on it with cinnabar.

"Are these the pharmacies that the Sorcerer Queen will go to?" Zhou Yuyan asked.

"That's right." The Third Elder nodded. He looked at Zhou Yuyan and Dawa, then quietly looked at the Sorcerer King, who was chewing an apple at the side. On the surface, the Sorcerer King didn't pay attention to what he said, but he kept feeling that the Sorcerer King was listening seriously.

He owed the Sorcerer King too much. The Sorcerer King did not pursue his mistake and instead saved his daughter. He was extremely ashamed. Wasn't he expressing his loyalty and gratitude to the Sorcerer King by convincing him to take down the Sorcerer Queen in front of him?

The Third Elder had misunderstood. It wasn't that the Sorcerer King didn't seem to pay attention to him, but he really didn't pay attention to him. The Sorcerer King was thinking of what to do tonight to trick that old man Bao. His son seemed to like green pepper potato slices, but he liked green pepper eggs and his son liked to drink crucian carp tofu soup, but he wanted to eat braised crucian carp...

His father, who was fighting with his son for food, was really vexed...

The Sorcerer King sighed.

Third Elder broke out in cold sweat. As expected of the Sorcerer King, he could actually tell that he did not tell them the entire truth. That's right, if the Sorcerer Queen wanted to deal with them, other than

going to the pharmacies to buy medicine for the Soul Rakshasa, she also had to go to a spice shop in the outer village to find the herb primer.

That medicine was not a product of the Sorcerer Clan. It was a kind of soju brought by outsiders. In all honesty, he definitely didn't mean to hide it, but he hadn't had the time to say it!

"And here." Third Elder decisively circled out the shop selling soju in the outer village.

But what if he went hungry if he didn't snatch food from his son? His son didn't seem to be picky. Should he let his son suffer? He couldn't bear to do that...

The Sorcerer King sighed again.

The Third Elder broke out in cold sweat. That's right, the soju was not the only medicinal primer, there's also a kind of spice. The Sorcerer King could even tell this! The Third Elder did not dare to say it so slowly anymore. He told them the name of the spice, the price, and the dosage needed in one go!

Sigh, it was better to play rock-paper-scissors with his son! Whoever won would listen! That's right, he was so smart!

The Sorcerer King, who had finally found a solution, held the apple in his mouth and left in satisfaction.

The Third Elder broke out in cold sweat in the direction where the Sorcerer King had left. The Sorcerer King only left after he spat out everything. The Sorcerer King was indeed a god!

Yan Jiuchao and the others had gone to the palace. They did not know when they would return. Of course, they could not wait for them to return before taking action. That would be too late.

"I'll go!" Zhou Yuyan said. "I'll secretly change these herbs!"

"I'll go too!" said Dawa.

“You guys can even do such a wicked thing like changing herbs! Are you human?” Old Cui glared at the two of them in disdain. He took out a few small porcelain bottles and threw them into their arms. “Crane Crown Red, ten times the dosage!”

Zhou Yuyan :

Dawa: ”

After the two of them took the poison, Old Cui disguised himself as the guard of the Great Elder. He held the token that he had plucked from the guard and swaggered onto the street. The matter of buying medicine was a secret. It was impossible for the Sorcerer Queen to let anyone go openly.

The two of them squatted outside the shop. Not far away, in a carriage sat the Third Elder. When a young man dressed as a merchant walked into the shop, the Third Elder gave the two of them a look.

The two of them understood that this was the Sorcerer Queen’s claws!

They hid in the dark and poured a drop of Crane Crown Red into the wine when the guard was not paying attention. Even if it was a Soul Rakshasa, it would not be safe and sound with ten times the dosage!

“Poison you, poison you, poison you!” Zhou Yuyan sprinkled a few more drops.

“Enough, enough, stop! The others will discover it if we put in more!” Although this was a modified Crane Crown Red that was basically colorless and tasteless, it did not smell good. A few drops would not be enough to smell anything, but it might be a bad thing if there were more.

Zhou Yuyan said, “Got it. I’m just worried that I can’t kill it. I’m doing this for Brother-in-law’s own good!”

“Brother-in-law?” Davar was stunned.

Zhou Yuyan raised her eyebrows and said, "Yes! Sister Wan's husband is my brother-in-law!"

The corners of Dawa's mouth twitched. This identification was really fast!

The young man left with the wine pot. The two of them exchanged a look with the Third Elder. The Third Elder understood and lowered the curtain. Not long after the young man left, he also took a carriage into the city.

Dawa and Zhou Yuyan guarded the city gate until it closed before returning to their residence in relief.

However, the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry. That young man was clearly about to reach the palace. He hugged the wine jar and dozed off. In his carelessness, the wine jar fell and shattered with a bang!

"Aiya, not good, the soju is gone! The Sorcerer Queen will kill me!" The young man hurriedly got the coachman to turn the carriage around and run to the city gate.

"The city gate has been closed. If you want to leave the city, come back tomorrow!"

The young man took out the token. When the guards saw the Sorcerer Queen's order, they were shocked and hurriedly opened the city gate. The young man returned to the wine shop. He was worried that it would break halfway, so he asked for three jars in one go.

"It's better to be prepared this time!" The young man patted the wine jar and turned to the counter to settle the bill.

"Mother, I need to pee!" Xiaobao covered his crotch and said. Xiaobao, who had eaten and drunk his fill on the streets, couldn't help but pee.

"But there's no toilet here," Yu Wan said with a troubled expression.

Xiaobao covered his crotch and jumped up. "Xiaobao wants to pee! I'm going to pee my pants!"

“Ah, this... Alright, I’ll bring you there to ask.” Yu Wan brought Xiaobao to a wine shop. “Shopkeeper, can I borrow the toilet?”

The shopkeeper pointed casually. Yu Wan brought Xiaobao along. But there was someone in the toilet.

Xiaobao covered his crotch and jumped up again.. “I-I-I-I... I can’t hold it in anymore!”

Chapter 1015: New Discovery, Truth

“Er’bao can’t hold it in anymore!” Er’bao covered his crotch and jumped off the carriage.

Dabao looked at Xiaobao and then at Er’bao. He looked at the sky for a second and also covered his crotch and jumped down.

Dabao couldn’t hold it in anymore—

Zhou Jin covered his eyes and turned his face away. These three little fellows even had to pee together...

Xiaobao really couldn’t hold it in anymore. Er’bao and Dabao were here to freeload, but the two of them were indeed holding it in. Yu Wan was flustered when three little fatties came at once!

“Mother, Mother! Xiaobao wants to pee!”

“Er’bao! Er’bao wants to pee!”

Same for Dabao too!

The three of them scrambled to jump in front of Yu Wan, who felt a headache coming on. At this moment, the toilet door opened. Of course, Dabao, who didn't pee, ran the fastest and occupied the toilet!

"You... don't fall in!" Yu Wan chased into the toilet.

Er'bao, who was watching the commotion, covered his crotch and shouted louder than Xiaobao.

Xiaobao, who had always bullied his two brothers, finally had a day when he failed miserably. He was about to explode from holding it in. He couldn't wait for Dabao to come out so he went to find a place to pee!

He found a jar. In short, it was a chamber pot! However, there was something in the jar and it couldn't fit, so Xiaobao peed all three jars.

The young man went to settle the bill. When he returned to the wall and carried the wine jars into the carriage, he did not know if it was his imagination, but he felt that the wine this time was heavier than before.

Could it be that he was a returning customer and bought so much at once? Did the shopkeeper find his conscience and add two more glasses of wine?

"Oh." The young man returned to the palace with the wine jars.

The Hall of Light was heavily guarded and was heavily guarded by soldiers. There were also four Martial Rakshasa and ten Great Sorcerers guarding it. The awakening of the Soul Rakshasa could not be wrong. Therefore, even if it was deep in the palace, the Sorcerer Queen did not dare to let her guard down.

"Young Master, find a place to rest first. Shadow Six and I will steal the Saint King's corpse. We'll assassinate the Soul Rakshasa when it's dark," Shadow Thirteen suggested.

'Doesn't the Soul Rakshasa become stronger when it's dark?' Shadow Six asked.

Shadow Thirteen said, "That has nothing to do with the dark. He just happened to wake up at night and fell asleep at dawn."

"Then... is it awake now?" Shadow Six asked again.

"I think so," Shadow Thirteen said. He didn't have any evidence, but he had an intuition that was naturally different from ordinary people. His intuition had saved him countless times. Although it wasn't accurate ten times out of ten times, it was accurate at least seven or eight times.

"What do you think, Young Master?" Shadow Thirteen decided to hear Yan Jiuchao's opinion.

Yan Jiuchao nodded indifferently. "Alright."

Last night, he was kicked by three little black eggs for the entire night. A certain young master did not sleep well.

Yan Jiuchao swaggered into the Sorcerer King's Palace and lay on the bed in the pavilion. The Sorcerer Clan's warm pavilion was warm in winter and cold in summer. He lay on it comfortably. After a while, a certain young master fell asleep.

Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen avoided the patrolling guards and infiltrated the courtyard where the Saint King's corpse was buried.

"Thirteen, look! Holy Immortal Orchid!" Shadow Six pointed at a small flower bed in the courtyard with purple buds. "It's so beautiful!" "It's very beautiful." Shadow Thirteen nodded softly.

"Oh?" Shadow Six looked at Shadow Thirteen strangely.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Shadow Thirteen asked.

Shadow Six smiled slightly. 'When I asked you if those flowers looked good in the past, you always said, Isn't it just flowers? Don't all flowers look the same?' He was handsome and his smile had a clean and beautiful aura.

A man like a beautiful young man would make people involuntarily want to protect him.

Shadow Thirteen's expression paused for a moment. He moved his gaze away from Shadow Six's face and landed on the purple flowers. Shadow Six was right. He was an assassin. Those flowers and plants had never been any different in his eyes, but for some reason, this land of Holy Immortal Orchid seemed to have bloomed in his heart.

"The Holy Immortal Orchid will only live on the bones and blood of the Saint King. The corpse of the Saint King should be buried below, right?" Shadow Six quickly threw Shadow Thirteen's abnormality to the back of his mind and pulled out a dagger from his waist. "Hurry up and attack before the guards come!"

Shadow Thirteen stared fixedly at the Holy Immortal Orchid.

Shadow Six reminded, "Thirteen! Stop looking. Someone will come later!" Shadow Thirteen came back to his senses and frowned slightly. 'Wait a moment.'

"What's wrong?" Shadow Six had already squatted down and was about to dig.

"There's something strange about this Holy Immortal Orchid," Shadow Thirteen said seriously.

"Strange? What's strange?" Shadow Six asked in confusion.

Shadow Thirteen frowned. "I can't say. It's clearly not the first time I've seen them, but... they don't seem to be the same as before."

"How is it different?" Shadow Six had also been to the Sorcerer King's Palace, so he had naturally seen this piece of Holy Immortal Orchid before. He did not think that there were any changes this time.

Suddenly, he thought of something and smiled knowingly. "They're blooming even more brightly!" That seemed to be the case, but... was it really just like that?

Shadow Six tugged at his sleeve. "Alright, don't just look at the flowers. If you like purple flowers, I'll plant a garden for you later! I'll let you push open the window and see more purple flowers than here!"

Shadow Thirteen cleared his throat. Shadow Six turned around to dig for the Saint King's corpse.

"Do you... know how to plant flowers?" Shadow Thirteen said seriously.

Shadow Six said without thinking, "I can learn it! Doesn't Uncle Wan know how to plant flowers? When Young Master detoxifies the poison of the Fragrance of Hundred Miles, we'll return to Yan City together. At that time, I'll learn how to

plant flowers from Uncle Wan."

"Why... Why are you learning to plant flowers?" Shadow Thirteen squatted down beside Shadow Six and took out his dagger, digging hard.

"Thirteen likes flowers!" Shadow Six said.

Shadow Thirteen choked and his eyes flashed. "I don't like flowers." "Then what do you like?" Shadow Six looked at him seriously.

"I like..." Shadow Thirteen was halfway through his sentence when his expression changed.

"What's wrong?" Shadow Six asked.

Shadow Thirteen pressed the half-dug pit and handed the dagger to Shadow Six. "Take it."

"Oh." Shadow Six took Shadow Thirteen's dagger.

Shadow Thirteen carefully pushed aside the soil under his hand, revealing a piece of cold white bone. Shadow Six's eyes widened. "Found it! It's the corpse of the Saint King!"

Shadow Thirteen pushed aside the surrounding soil and was surprised to find a rib. Moreover, there were no other corpses under this flower bed other than this rib. Shadow Six turned the rib over and over in his hand. "W-what's going on? Why is there only one bone? Is this the bone of the Saint King?"

"Yes." Yan Jiuchao walked over casually.

The two of them stood up. "Young Master."

Yan Jiuchao said, "The Saint King's bones are buried, and the Holy Immortal Orchid is open. This should be the Saint King's ribs."

Shadow Six nodded in realization, then said, "But Young Master, it's so strange. The Saint King's corpse is gone, only a rib is left."

Yan Jiuchao looked at the rib in Shadow Six's hand and said, "It's not that there's only one rib left. It's that only one rib was buried to begin with." Shadow Six was stunned.

Shadow Thirteen also revealed a puzzled expression. Shadow Thirteen asked, "Young Master, what exactly happened here? Does the Sorcerer King know?"

Could it be that he asked us to steal this rib back?"

Yan Jiuchao said indifferently, "If he knew that there was only one rib buried here, he would have lost his composure long ago. She even hid it from the Sorcerer King. The Saint King has really put in a lot of effort."

Shadow Thirteen frowned and said, "From what Young Master says, all of this was planned by the Saint King? Why did she do this?" Yan Jiuchao said, "Why else? It's naturally for Zhou Jin."

“Zhou Jin?” Shadow Thirteen muttered thoughtfully.

Yan Jiuchao felt the aura fluctuation in the mud pit and said indifferently, “It seems that the Saint King alone is not enough to change Zhou Jin’s fate, so she made a deal with someone.”

“I don’t understand.” Shadow Thirteen shook his head.

Yan Jiuchao looked at the Holy Immortal Orchid that had been moved out and said, “Didn’t you say that today’s Holy Immortal Orchid is different from last time? Shadow Six is right. It’s more beautiful, but why didn’t it bloom earlier or later? Why did it bloom today? Have you thought about why?”

“Why?” Shadow Thirteen asked.

Yan Jiuchao said indifferently, “The Holy Immortal Orchid has been nourished by its master.”

Shadow Thirteen’s pupils constricted. “Could it be...”

“Could it be what? I still don’t understand.” Shadow Six scratched his head.

Yan Jiuchao looked at Shadow Thirteen, who cupped his hands. “I didn’t guess much. Young Master, you should tell me.”

Yan Jiuchao said, “Zhou Jin is the descendant of the Saint King and the Sorcerer King. It’s impossible for such a bloodline to survive in the world. Changing his fate is much more difficult than Saintess Lan Yi changing Consort Yun’s fate.

Even the Saint King alone is not enough to plant a life force for Zhou Jin.

Therefore, the Saint King made a deal with someone..”

Chapter 1016: The Might of a Saint King!

“What deal?” Shadow Six asked.

Shadow Thirteen muttered, “That person helped her plant a life force for Zhou Jin. She... sacrificed herself to that person.”

“That’s right.” Yan Jiuchao nodded.

“Who is that?” Shadow Six asked.

“Soul Rakshasa,” Yan Jiuchao said.

Shadow Six’s eyebrows twitched. “What? Soul Rakshasa? Why is it him?”

Shadow Thirteen speculated, “In the entire Sorcerer Clan, only him and the

Sorcerer King have the strength to change Zhou Jin’s fate. However, the

Sorcerer King can’t die too early. He has to extend Zhou Jin’s life force, so the

Soul Rakshasa is the only candidate.”

After a pause, Shadow Thirteen continued, “But I still don’t understand how all of this happened. What I mean is... even if the Saint King wants to ask Soul Rakshasa for help, is Soul Rakshasa willing to help?”

Yan Jiuchao said indifferently, "He had no choice but to help. He was severely injured by the Saint King and the Sorcerer King. If he didn't agree to the deal with the Saint King, the Saint King would die with him. In order to survive, he could only help Zhou Jin change his fate."

Upon hearing this, Shadow Six finally came around. It turned out that Soul Rakshasa was not willing to do this, but was forced to do so. No wonder, how could that demonic creature change his fate for the children of his enemies?

Shadow Six thought of something and said, "Then... Young Master, why did you say that the Saint King sacrificed herself to the Soul Rakshasa?"

Yan Jiuchao did not say anything. Shadow Thirteen said to Shadow Six, "I think she should have willingly been devoured by Soul Rakshasa after she gave birth to Zhou Jin."

"Wasn't Soul Rakshasa sealed?" Shadow Six asked.

This... Shadow Thirteen couldn't guess either.

Yan Jiuchao said, "This is the Saint King's trick. On the surface, she agreed to sacrifice herself, but in reality, she has the intention of perishing with Soul Rakshasa. Soul Rakshasa might know her plans. However, the Saint King after giving birth will definitely be very weak. Soul Rakshasa feels that he can take a gamble. In the end, the Saint King really couldn't kill Soul Rakshasa, but used her body to seal him."

Shadow Thirteen said in a daze, "In that case, it wasn't the coffin that sealed the Soul Rakshasa at all, but the Saint King's corpse in the coffin?"

Yan Jiuchao nodded. "According to the current clues, that's the case. However, the clues we have are limited, so there might be a truth that we didn't guess."

Shadow Six sighed and said, "The Sorcerer King is still kept in the dark. What a

miserable man!"

Shadow Six put away the Saint King's bone. It was almost time, and the group set off for the Light Hall. Yan Jiuchao stopped halfway.

"What's wrong, Young Master?" Shadow Thirteen asked.

Yan Jiuchao said with a deep gaze, "Soul Rakshasa is about to wake up." "Isn't it always awake?" Shadow Six muttered.

"He's going to wake up completely." Yan Jiuchao narrowed his eyes. "His aura suddenly became stronger."

It was not twice as strong, but ten times, ten times more!

Soon, Shadow Thirteen also sensed the shuddering aura. "Why did he suddenly become so strong? Did he eat some miracle medicine?"

"Sorcerer Queen." Yan Jiuchao's eyes turned cold.

"Yes! It must be the Sorcerer Queen! That vicious woman thought of ways to wake up Soul Rakshasa. She must have drugged Soul Rakshasa, which is why Soul Rakshasa is about to completely wake up so quickly!"

According to their original deduction, the Soul Rakshasa would not wake up for long today no matter what. That way, their chances of succeeding would not be very high, at least not too small. However, it would probably be difficult for them to kill it now.

Soul Rakshasa's aura suddenly increased. Every time he breathed, he could feel the killing intent in the air. What was even more terrifying than the pressure of an expert was that this aura attacked a person's consciousness.

"Ah—" Shadow Six had a splitting headache!

Shadow Thirteen had never felt such a feeling before. It was not pain, but it was greater than pain. He was even a little crazy. A voice in his heart was clamoring, making him want to destroy something.

Shadow Thirteen pressed his head and used his powerful willpower to stabilize his last bit of rationality. "Young Master! Let's leave first and come back when you've completely recovered."

Yan Jiuchao's eyes turned cold. The commotion in the Hall of Light became louder and louder, but Yan Jiuchao did not leave just like that. Instead, he flew up and flew towards the center of the commotion.

"Young Master!" Shadow Thirteen's expression changed! He reached out to grab Yan Jiuchao, but he didn't manage to. He was so anxious that his face turned pale. "Is Young Master crazy? Soul Rakshasa has already completely woken up. He only has fifty percent of his strength. How can he be a match for Soul Rakshasa?"

Yan Jiuchao had his own plans. Although it was very risky, it was even more dangerous to let the Soul Rakshasa break out of the seal. He decided to kill the Soul Rakshasa the moment he broke through the coffin!

The four Martial Rakshasas and the ten Great Sorcerers keenly felt an abnormally cold aura. One of the Great Sorcerers said, "Hmph, the Sorcerer Queen was right. Someone really came to assassinate Soul Rakshasa! Overestimating themselves! Form the formation!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he was overturned by a powerful cold aura with his companions. The ten great sorcerers did not even have a chance to use their fists and feet before they fainted one by one.

However, before everyone fainted, a question flashed across their minds. Was that the aura of the Longevity Technique just now? It had been many years since such pure power of the Longevity Technique had appeared in the Sorcerer Clan. Who exactly was it? Who had cultivated the Longevity Technique to such a realm?

The Martial Rakshasas circulated their strength and flew up.

The most important task now was to deal with the Soul Rakshasa. He did not have the time to spar with them. Yan Jiuchao released his aura and flicked his sleeve, instantly sending the four Martial Rakshasas flying.

Yan Jiuchao's body hung in the air as he used his internal energy to suck up a sword on the ground. Then, he swept towards the side hall that was suppressing the Soul Rakshasa with a cold expression.

He arrived in time. The coffin had just cracked. He gripped his sword tightly and stabbed at the coffin. A huge sword aura tore the coffin into pieces, and the coffin exploded, revealing the demonic creature sealed inside.

However, the moment he saw his appearance clearly, Yan Jiuchao's sword stopped. Inside the coffin was a woman, a woman who was seventy percent similar to Zhou Jin.

Almost in an instant, Yan Jiuchao guessed her identity.

Saint King!

The Saint King had used her body to seal the Soul Rakshasa. So, this was the Saint King's corpse? Just as this thought flashed through his mind, he saw the Saint King, who should have been a corpse, suddenly open her eyes!

Yan Jiuchao was stunned! The Saint King, who had opened her eyes, curled her

pale lips into a smile and slapped Yan Jiuchao! Yan Jiuchao keenly avoided this palm. However, he also missed the best time to kill the Soul Rakshasa.

The two of them started fighting fiercely.

When Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen arrived, the two of them had already fought from the side hall to the main hall. They were too fast, and Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen could only see afterimages.

Shadow Six looked at the almost imperceptible afterimage and said, "Has the

Soul Rakshasa woken up? Did Young Master fight it?"

Shadow Thirteen said, "I think so." That person had the aura of a Soul Rakshasa.

Shadow Six said, "Let's quickly take the Saint King's corpse away!"

Since the Saint King had sealed the Soul Rakshasa with her body, her body must also be under the coffin. However, to their shock, after moving the coffin away, they saw a skeleton wearing a man's clothes.

It was possible for her to dress up as a man, but... this didn't look like a woman's skeleton at all. Women were not so tall, and their pelvis was also different from the men's.

"Look over there!" Shadow Thirteen looked at the eaves opposite and said.

Yan Jiuchao exchanged a few blows with the other party and temporarily separated. Shadow Six saw a woman in red looking at his Young Master evilly.

Yan Jiuchao's situation was not good. After all, he only had fifty percent of his strength. Shadow Six was dumbfounded. "That... that person... looks like Zhou Jin... Could it be... she's the Saint King? But why does she... have the aura of a

Soul Rakshasa?"

Shadow Thirteen's eyes darkened. "The Saint King... was counterattacked by Rakshasa Soul. "

The Saint King used her body as a seal to suppress the Soul Rakshasa. The Soul Rakshasa could not leave, but he was unwilling to accept his fate. Coincidentally, at that time, the Saint King had already exhausted her life force, and the Soul Rakshasa devoured her day and night. At first, the Saint King might be able to resist, but at her weakest moment, he still succeeded.

Shadow Six widened his eyes in fear. "Then is this person the Soul Rakshasa or the Saint King?"

Shadow Thirteen said with a complicated expression, "Soul Rakshasa Soul passed all his strength and memories to her. She's no longer the Saint King."

Soul Rakshasa understood that he could not leave. After all, only the Saint King could undo the seal. Therefore, Soul Rakshasa thought of this method to turn the Saint King into his other self.

Perhaps in the eyes of the Soul Rakshasa, this was a disguised rebirth and also a bloody revenge..

Chapter 1017: Xiaobao 's Big Move!

"Then what should we do now? Not only does this demonic creature have the strength of a Soul Rakshasa, but it also has the strength of a Saint King. It's...

dangerous for Young Master to face it!" Shadow Six was so anxious that his palms were sweating.

Shadow Thirteen also felt that the situation was not optimistic. Young Master had been injured when he was young. Although he was not as injured as Yu Zigui back then, he was not far from it. In short, Young Master had never practiced martial arts before inheriting the Ghost King's strength.

However, he had to admit that Young Master indeed had shocking talent in martial arts. Otherwise, it was impossible for him to raise the Longevity

Technique to the ninth level in such a short time. However. Young Master was facing a big demon that even the Saint King and the Sorcerer King could not easily kill. With Young Master's current strength, it was far from enough. Shadow Six said aggrievedly, "If only Madam were here..."

When Madam wasn't charmed by handsome men, she was still very reliable. But what is the use of saying this now? Madam and Master had fallen into a bottomless pit, and their fate was unknown...

If they had known that Soul Rakshasa would completely wake up today, they would definitely not have rashly entered the palace. However, money could not buy had -knowns. Now, it was not whether they wanted to kill Soul Rakshasa or not, but whether he would let them off.

The Saint King landed lightly on the eaves. Her purple robe fluttered in the wind like a blooming holy orchid.

Her red lips curled into an unfathomable smile. Although she didn't seem to have spoken, Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen inexplicably felt that she had said something, but they couldn't hear her.

"The voice transmission enters your ears!" Shadow Thirteen said solemnly.

Shadow Six gasped and asked, "Isn't voice transmission a long-lost martial art of the Central Plains? Soul Rakshasa and the Saint King aren't from the Central Plains. How do they know this?"

Shadow Thirteen said, "Have you forgotten Soul Rakshasa's ability? He's good at soul charming to begin with. Every time he swallows an expert, he can use the other party's ultimate technique for himself."

Shadow Six was enlightened. "In that case, it swallowed an expert from the

Central Plains before?"

This ability was too terrifying. Ordinary people would only master one or two ultimate techniques in their entire lives. Soul Rakshasa had it after absorbing his opponent's soul once. Of course, this fellow had to be strong enough to withstand enough cultivation techniques and master them in a short period of time.

"But what did she say to Young Master?" Shadow Six looked at the two people fighting in the air and asked.

The Saint King smiled strangely. Yan Jiuchao's expression was as cold as iron.

Shadow Thirteen looked at Young Master without blinking. “Although I don’t know what she said, I’m sure she’s angering Young Master.”

Shadow Six looked at Yan Jiuchao and then at the Saint King. He said in confusion, “Why would she anger Young Master? If she wants to kill Young Master, she can just kill him. Young Master only has fifty percent of his strength now. How can he be her match?”

Although Shadow Six was a little confused, he could always ask the right question at the critical moment. Yes, even Young Master’s strength at his peak might not be her match. It was even more impossible to defeat her now. Wasn’t it unnecessary for her to anger Young Master?

Unless—

There was a need to anger him.

“She wants to take his soul! She wants to swallow Young Master!”

Shadow Thirteen had never practiced the Soul Charming Technique before, so he didn’t know the details. However, if the Saint King wanted to kill the Young Master, he would have done it long ago. If he wanted to use the Soul Charming Technique, he must have done it too. He didn’t do it. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to do it, but it was difficult for her.

It was not difficult to kill Young Master, so the difficult thing could only be Soul Charming.

Shadow Thirteen said, “Young Master’s willpower is astonishing. She can’t use her Soul Charming Technique, so she can only anger Young Master first and force him to reveal a flaw.”

“How despicable!” Shadow Six gritted his teeth.

Shadow Thirteen pulled out the dagger at his waist. Almost at the same time, Shadow Six also took out a few darts. The two of them looked at each other with an unspoken mutual understanding. Even if their cultivation was not fast enough in front of the Saint King, they still had to give it a try.

Even if they had to sacrifice their lives, they had to interfere with the Saint King's actions.

The daggers and hidden weapons in their hands quickly shot towards the Saint King.

The Saint King did not move at all, not even blinking. However, the dagger and dart suddenly stopped the moment they hit the Saint King. At first glance, it was as if they were blocked by an invisible barrier. In the next second, the dagger and dart were reduced to ashes inch by inch.

When had the two of them ever seen such a lineup? Their eyebrows could not help but twitch.

The Saint King originally disdained to deal with the two sacrificial soldiers, but she suddenly thought of something. She suddenly tapped her toes and showed her palm, attacking Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six.

If this palm landed, the two of them would instantly be reduced to ashes.

Yan Jiuchao held a sword in one hand and jumped into the air. The sharp sword energy carried a strong wind and shook Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Thirteen away.

The Saint King missed with his palm, and the smile on her lips deepened. She turned around and looked at Yan Jiuchao. Her meaningful gaze seemed to be saying, You still know that you can't fight me head-on. You're not too stupid, but how long can you last?

Yan Jiuchao indeed couldn't last long. He was here to kill the Soul Rakshasa that had yet to completely awaken, but when he arrived at the Hall of Light, what welcomed him was not only a completely awakened Soul Rakshasa, but also a powerful Saint King. Half of his strength was already used up when he received the other party's first palm strike.

On the other hand, the Saint King's situation was very different. Her strength even increased exponentially with the complete fusion of the Soul Rakshasa and the Saint King's body!

"You guys go first!" Yan Jiuchao gripped the sword in his hand tightly.

“Young Master!” Shadow Thirteen secretly circulated his energy. His life belonged to Young Master. If it really came to that, he was...

Yan Jiuchao guessed what Shadow Thirteen wanted to do at a glance. “It’s useless even if you self-destruct. You can’t hurt her. Hurry up and leave!” With that, he flicked his sleeve and sent Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six away.

The two of them felt a headache coming on.

Back in the Great Zhou, many people had asked them why they were still willing to be loyal to Yan Jiuchao when he was crazy with such a strange temper. That was because they did not know that Young Master was the only person in the world who treated them as a person.

Beside Young Master, they were sacrificial soldiers, but not sacrificial soldiers. Young Master had always asked them to risk their lives because he believed that they would not really lose their lives.

The Saint King used the internal energy of the Longevity Technique to try to trap the two of them, but she was stopped by Yan Jiuchao.

Shadow Six frowned. “Was that the Longevity Technique just now? Did the

Saint King swallow the Young Master? Why does she know the Longevity

Technique too?”

Shadow Thirteen said, “It shouldn’t be from Young Master. It should be from another expert who has practiced the Longevity Technique. However, that expert’s realm is inferior to Young Master, so the Saint King’s level was only six to seven.”

As they spoke, the two of them had already been sent out of the palace by Yan Jiuchao’s internal energy.

The prey she had obtained was gone. A trace of disappointment flashed across the Saint King's face. Her expression was very exaggerated, as if she was saying that her prey was gone, so you could only compensate me with you.

The Saint King grabbed at Yan Jiuchao. Yan Jiuchao gripped the sword in his hand tightly. He couldn't defeat her, but there was a way to kill her. They would die together.

Unless it was absolutely necessary, Yan Jiuchao did not want to make this

decision. However, if the Saint King did not die, Yu Wan would be the next to be killed because she also had a powerful Saint King in her body.

Soul Rakshasa Soul would definitely devour the Little Saint King! When the Saint King approached Yan Jiuchao, Yan Jiuchao did not resist and let her strangle him. The sword in his hand turned to ashes inch by inch under the powerful pressure of the Saint King.

He began to lose feeling in his feet, gradually spreading to his waist and abdomen. Just as his dantian was about to be completely imprisoned by the Saint King's pressure, something unexpected happened.

The Saint King's body suddenly twitched.

Yan Jiuchao was stunned.

The Saint King was also stunned.

The pressure of the Saint King that was imprisoned on Yan Jiuchao dissipated, but as the Saint King came back to his senses, it swept over again. For the second time, Yan Jiuchao prepared to self-destruct.

The Saint King twitched again.

Yan Jiuchao: '

The Saint King's eyelids twitched, the corners of her mouth twitched, and her cheeks twitched. In the end, everywhere on his body twitched. Yan Jiuchao blinked and reached out his slender fingertip to poke the Saint King's head.

The Saint King fell to the ground with a bang. When Yan Jiuchao saw this, he hurriedly raised his palm. Unexpectedly, the Saint King recovered. She suddenly slapped her palm down and used the force to shake herself up. Then, she reached out into a claw and grabbed at Yan Jiuchao again.

However, before she could touch Yan Jiuchao, she twitched again and again...

She fell to the ground, her nose and mouth crooked!

The guards not far away were stunned. How could this be? What happened to Soul Rakshasa? Why did she suddenly go crazy?

"Did she eat something wrong?" "She just woke up and hasn't eaten yet!"

"Then did she take the wrong medicine?"

"The medicine was prepared by the Sorcerer Queen! How could there be a mistake? And they've all been tested with silver needles! It's not poisonous!"

Chapter 1018: Brother Jiu Acting Cute, Sorcerer King Takes Action

Translator: Henyee Translations Editor: Henyee Translations

The Sorcerer Queen valued Soul Rakshasa, so the medicine she gave her naturally had to be investigated before she dared to send it to her. If it was poisonous, it would have revealed its abnormality during the silver needle test.

This was even more impossible if it was a situation where the medicinal effects clashed. This was a prescription given by Soul Rakshasa. Could she harm herself?

The Saint King twitched like a little shrimp. After twitching, she attacked Yan Jiuchao domineeringly. She threw Yan Jiuchao to the ground. Yan Jiuchao placed his hands by his sides. One of his slender legs was placed straight, and the other was slightly bent. His posture was lazy, and his expression was innocent and leisurely.

The Saint King attacked.

The Saint King twitched.

The Saint King recovered.

The Saint King attacked again... The Saint King twitched again...

She repeatedly repeated the actions "Attack—Twitch—Recover—Attack— Twitch". Young Master Yan was helpless. Is she killing him or not? He had waited very hard, okay?

Yan Jiuchao decided to turn the tables. He used his internal energy to suck up a sword on the ground and stabbed it coldly at the Saint King's heart. Just as he stabbed the Saint King's clothes, the Saint King recovered.

Yan Jiuchao hid the sword behind his back and looked at her harmlessly. Although it was strange to say that, the guards felt that this man's expression was a little cute!

Uh... Was he acting cute?

It was shameful to act cute!!!

The Saint King had probably twitched too much. Her strength had recovered, but her mind was a little dizzy. Looking at Yan Jiuchao's innocent and harmless appearance, she was momentarily stunned.

She tilted her head and slowly touched Yan Jiuchao's face. However, the moment she was about to touch him, she was attracted by the finger marks on Yan Jiuchao's neck. These marks reminded her of something, and her eyes instantly became violent.

Yan Jiuchao obediently threw away his sword. She was stunned when she saw the sword on the ground.

"Look!" Yan Jiuchao pointed at the top of her head. The Saint King looked up. Yan Jiuchao took out the stick in his hand and knocked her out!

The guards :

He was so handsome. Couldn't he have some shame? He actually cheated...

The Saint King had fainted, so the rest was easy.

Yan Jiuchao raised his palm and the sword returned to his hand. His wide sleeve fluttered in the wind, and his tall and mighty figure stood alone in the sky. Everyone felt a world-destroying killing intent.

Although he did not know why Rakshasa Soul had become like this, this situation was extraordinary. If he controlled it well, he might really be able to completely destroy it! This was no longer just to make a deal with the Sorcerer King, but the existence of the Soul Rakshasa threatened the safety of the person he cared about the most. He had to get rid of it!

He raised his hand and slashed down. The sword energy was like a rainbow, unstoppable!

No one in the Sorcerer Palace could stop Yan Jiuchao. They could only watch as the sharp sword energy struck Soul Rakshasa. However, no one expected a powerful sorcery power to slowly attack like a water wave, forming an invisible barrier that steadily blocked in front of the Saint King.

Yan Jiuchao's sword energy was blocked. Everyone turned around and saw a man in a green cloak riding a tall and energetic horse not far away. The guards did not recognize the man at first glance, but they recognized the horse under him.

“Isn’t that the Sorcerer King’s mount?”

“That’s right, it’s the General!”

The Sorcerer King had a mount, named General. It was once a peerless colt. It was rumored that not only could this horse easily travel a thousand miles a day, but it also had the strength of an expert. Of course, those were only rumors, and the effect of exaggeration could not be ruled out. However, this horse had once accompanied the Sorcerer King through life and death, and it was true that it had saved the Sorcerer King’s life several times.

When the Sorcerer King was sick, this horse was not old. Now, it was already an adult male horse. Its muscles were full and firm, and every part of it was filled with power that seemed like it could erupt at any time. Its curves were also elegant and beautiful. Even a mare was rarer than it.

“After the Sorcerer King fell ill, General didn’t come out of the mountain anymore. I heard that the Sorcerer Queen thought of many ways to tame it, but it wasn’t moved. After so many years, it hasn’t appeared in front of others again. I thought it was dead.” A guard muttered.

“I heard that the Sorcerer Queen dealt with it,” another guard said.

“But why did I hear that the Sorcerer Queen put it back in the forest?”

“You’re all wrong. It ran away by itself.”

Everyone started arguing. No matter who was telling the truth, one thing was certain. This horse called General only belonged to the Sorcerer King. It had never let a second person sit on its horse.

So the person it was willing to carry... could it be the Sorcerer King?

The Sorcerer King rode his horse to the Saint King’s side and carried the unconscious Saint King onto the horse’s back. The General twisted his body unhappily, as if he was resisting.

The Sorcerer King stroked its neck comfortingly. Perhaps it missed the Saint King so much after not seeing her for many years, but the General snorted and did not kick the Saint King down. The Sorcerer King got on his horse.

Yan Jiuchao looked at him steadily.

A trace of shame flashed across the Sorcerer King's eyes. He pinched his fingers and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know she was still alive. I can't let you kill her."

Yan Jiuchao said indifferently, "The Saint King is already dead. She's a Soul

Rakshasa."

The Sorcerer King said, "Even if she still has a trace of consciousness, I'll wake her up."

Yan Jiuchao said expressionlessly, "You know that's impossible."

The Sorcerer King tightened his grip on the reins. The Sorcerer King did not say anything else and left with the Saint King. It was not that no experts stopped him, but how could they be a match for the Sorcerer King? "What a fast horse!" Yan Jiuchao narrowed his eyes and did not stop it.

Yan Jiuchao left the palace.

Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six hung on a big tree in a daze. After the two of them were sent out of the palace by Yan Jiuchao's internal energy, Yan Jiuchao sealed their acupoints in order to prevent them from turning back.

"Young Master!" Shadow Six's eyes lit up.

Yan Jiuchao flicked his sleeves and undid their acupoints. The two of them landed back on the ground. Shadow Thirteen helped Shadow Six up and walked forward. "Young Master! Are you alright! We saw the Sorcerer King enter the palace just now..."

"Could he... have gone to save the Saint King?" Shadow Six asked weakly.

They should have guessed long ago that the Saint King's aura was so powerful when she left the coffin. Even the Holy Immortal Orchid in the Sorcerer King's courtyard was released. As the former lover of the Saint King, how could the Sorcerer King not sense the Saint King's aura?

Yan Jiuchao narrowed his eyes and said, "It seems that Soul Rakshasa did it on purpose from the beginning."

Since it had swallowed the Saint King, it could control the Saint King's aura intact. As long as it was willing, it could completely not let its aura leak out, but it did not do so.

"Young Master, are you saying that she deliberately released the aura and pressure of the Saint King to lure the Sorcerer King over?" Shadow Six asked. Yan Jiuchao nodded. "That's most likely the case."

When Soul Rakshasa used the pressure of the Saint King to suppress him, he did not think too much about it and only thought that it was purely suppression. From the looks of it, it had already sensed that the Sorcerer King was not in the palace and was about to lure him out. Shadow Six asked, "She guessed... that the Sorcerer King would come to save

Yan Jiuchao shook his head. "That might not be true."

Even he was puzzled by the Saint King's sudden situation. It was unlikely that she had expected that she would be chased by Yan Jiuchao until she could not fight back. The reason why she released the Saint King's pressure was because the Sorcerer King was too far away and had deliberately suppressed his aura. She could not sense where the Sorcerer King had gone, so she could only take the initiative to appear, lure the Sorcerer King to look for her, and personally end him with the Saint King's hand!

Shadow Six widened his eyes. "In that case, isn't the Sorcerer King very dangerous?"

The Sorcerer King now was definitely not Soul Rakshasa's match. Unless the Saint King remained unconscious, otherwise— The horse galloped rapidly along the street.

The royal city was filled with the Sorcerer Queen and the Great Elder's spies. The Sorcerer King naturally would not leave her in the city. He decided to bring her out of the Sorcerer Clan. Of course, he did not plan to go to Chef Bao.

Yan Jiuchao already knew that she had become a Soul Rakshasa. He would not give up on chasing after her. If it were anyone else, he might be able to fight them. However, Yan Jiuchao was Zhou Jin's friend. He was unwilling to meet him on the battlefield.

The horse quickly left the city.

Before the guards could understand what was going on, they felt a hurricane blow past. By the time they came back to their senses, the General had already run until he was only a small black dot. "Did someone leave the city just now?" "I don't know. Did you see that?" "I heard horse hooves."

"Do you?"

"Uh... Perhaps I heard wrongly..."

The guards could not believe that a horse could move faster than their eyes.

The Sorcerer King hugged the unconscious Saint King tightly. He thought she was dead, but she was still alive.

It didn't matter what she became.. He wouldn't miss her again!

Chapter 1019: Invincible Xiaobao! (1)

The Sorcerer King brought the Saint King to a forest outside the city. The General carried the two of them and quickly galloped through the forest. Even though they had not seen each other for so many years, the tacit understanding between the man and the horse did not decrease at all. Without the Sorcerer King's instructions, the General brought the two of them to a small straw hut hidden in the forest.

If one looked carefully, they would notice that there was also a courtyard of holy immortal orchids in the fence of this small straw hut. However, because it was neglected, the holy immortal orchids here were a little listless.

The Sorcerer King dismounted and carefully carried the Saint King down.

The moment he carried the Saint King through the small flowerbed, the listless Holy Immortal Orchids seemed to have been injected with fresh vitality. It immediately perked up and bloomed in large patches.

The General snorted a few times and lowered his head to eat a few mouthfuls of wild grass. The horse hooves slowly took a few steps, crossed the small flowerbed, and came to the porch. He used his head to push open the door of the dusty servant.

The dust landed on the Sorcerer King's body. He did not care about himself and only hugged the person in his arms tightly, not letting her be tainted by half a piece of dust.

This place had not been lived in for a long time and had long been abandoned. The Sorcerer King first placed the Saint King back on the horse's back and tidied up. He tidied up until he was sweating profusely. It was difficult to imagine that the high and mighty Sorcerer King, who was sick, would actually

lower himself to do such a thing.

After all, he was a pampered king. Even after being imprisoned for all these years, he had never worked. After cleaning up for half a day, it could barely accommodate a person. The Sorcerer King placed the Saint King on the bed.

Because she had been twitching for too long, the Saint King was very weak, and her face was pale.

The Sorcerer King looked gently at her sleeping face and smiled. "Ah Yan, sleep for a while. I'll go find something to eat."

The Saint King did not react.

The Sorcerer King stroked her temples, stood up, and walked out of the door. He had just taken two steps when the Saint King on the bed suddenly opened her eyes.

The Saint King turned to look at the Sorcerer King, a trace of an extremely ferocious glint flashing across her eyes. She reached out with her demonic claws and flashed, grabbing fiercely at the Sorcerer King's back.

She was aiming at the Sorcerer King's heart. She was clearly trying to dig out the Sorcerer King's heart.

The Sorcerer King felt the sudden killing intent. His eyes turned cold as he turned around. A powerful sorcery power surged out like an invisible light shield. Not only did it block the Saint King's sneak attack, but it also ruthlessly bounced her out.

The Saint King screamed and fell onto the cold and hard bed.

The Sorcerer King's aura was fully released as he looked at the Saint King coldly. "Don't think that you can control Ah Yan like this. I'll erase you from Ah Yan's mind! Don't even think about causing trouble again!"

With that, his eyes turned golden. He looked into the Saint King's eyes without blinking. A powerful sorcery power was forcefully forced in. The Saint King wanted to resist, but she realized that her cultivation seemed to have been locked by an invisible force.

Soul Rakshasa was good at mental attacks, but so was the Sorcerer King. It depended on who was more skilled.

With a scream, the Saint King fainted.

The Sorcerer King heaved a sigh of relief and held the door with one hand. His body relaxed and he almost fell to the ground. Soul Rakshasa was indeed difficult to deal with. If not for the fact that something had happened to it today, he would not have taken advantage of it.

The Sorcerer King composed himself and dragged his exhausted body over. He sat on the edge of the bed and hugged the Saint King, using his sorcery power to nourish the Saint King's aura.

His sorcery power had been exhausted too severely, so it was difficult for him to find the Soul Rakshasa's obsession. However, if Ah Yan's consciousness was strong enough, they could deal with the Soul Rakshasa together.

The Sorcerer King treated the Saint King's injuries for a while and rode the General to the market to buy ingredients. He returned to the small straw hut to cook a meal. When he returned to the room after he was done, he realized that the Saint King slowly opened her eyes. It was no longer that violent and ferocious gaze, but a confused and innocent gaze. The Sorcerer King's heart trembled. "Ah Yan! Is that you?"

"It's me," the Saint King said weakly.

The Sorcerer King's eyes lit up. He looked at her and said excitedly, "I knew it was you... You're back... You're finally back..."

The Sorcerer King's nourishment indeed made the Saint King feel much better. It was unknown if she had taken the wrong medicine, but the feeling had gradually disappeared from her body. As long as she adjusted her internal breath a little, she should not convulse again.

The Sorcerer King smiled and said, "Do you still remember where this is? You personally planted the Holy Immortal Orchids outside the courtyard. Jin'er also lived here after he was born. However, someone discovered him when he was two years old. I had no choice but to send him elsewhere.."

Chapter 1020: Invincible Xiaobao! (2)

The Saint King looked at the Holy Immortal Orchids in the courtyard with a deep gaze.

“You watered it with blood,” the Sorcerer King explained. He thought of something and said, “After talking for so long, you must be hungry. Look at my memory. I was so focused on talking to you that I forgot that the food was still hot in the pot. Wait for me here. I’ll bring the food over!”

The Sorcerer King stood up to get something to eat.

Looking at his back as he walked out of the door, the Saint King’s expression suddenly darkened. She reached out and was about to slap the Sorcerer King, but to her surprise, the feeling of being locked by something came again.

The Saint King looked at her hand and then at the Sorcerer King who had walked out. She snorted coldly. “You have to protect that man even in death. What a lover!”

Soul Rakshasa did not expect that woman to set up a restriction in her body, preventing her from attacking the Sorcerer King. However, this restriction could not trap Soul Rakshasa for too long. After she swallows a few more experts, the restriction will be broken.

“I’ll spare your lover’s life first. After I kill your son, Zhou Jin, I’ll send him to the underground to reunite with your family!”

The Sorcerer King returned to the room with the food. “Ah Yan, the food is here. Eh? Where’s Ah Yan?”

Under the lights, a graceful woman in purple walked leisurely on the endless street. She was wearing a translucent purple veil, and her charming eyes were soul-stirring. Her tall nose bridge raised the veil slightly, vaguely revealing her jade-like face and the corners of her lips.

Such a fairy-like beauty suddenly appeared in the bustling market. So everyone was shocked. Wherever she went, even the commotion fell silent. The children no longer cried and all looked at her with wide eyes.

She did not seem to notice everyone's stunned gazes. She calmly walked through the crowd. A young child looked at her in a daze. She raised her hand and gently stroked the young child. After she walked over with a smile, the young child's eyes suddenly froze and he leaned into his mother's arms. The woman shouted in surprise, "Son—"

The Saint King entered a narrow alley without looking back. After taking a few steps, she was blocked by a few drunk men. The leader looked at her drunkenly, a trace of greed flashing across his eyes. He rubbed his hands and said, "Miss, it's so late. Where are you going? We'll send you off..."

The Saint King raised her hand and covered her face with a smile.

The Saint King left the alley. The silver moonlight landed behind her and shone into the narrow alley. The drunk burly men were lying on the ground with lifeless eyes, as if their souls had been sucked dry.

The Saint King closed her eyes and carefully sensed Zhou Jin's aura. Since she had the body of the Saint King and the mother and son were connected, she could definitely find Zhou Jin. The Saint King looked at the alley in the east and said with a faint smile, "Ah, so you're hiding here."

The Saint King walked with light steps, her train rustling. She was as beautiful as a demon in a painting. She came to the courtyard that was emitting a strong fragrance of wine and knocked on the door with a smile.

Old Cui was drying herbs in the courtyard when he heard the knock on the door. He shouted, "Who is it?"

No one answered.

"Are you here to get wine? Seriously! You didn't even make a sound!" Old Cui put down the dustpan and wiped his hands with a dry cloth on the shelf. As he muttered, he took off the bolt and pulled open the courtyard door.

"You're—"

Before Old Cui could finish speaking, his eyes widened and he fell down blankly.

The Saint King stepped over him and came to the porch.

Grandma heard the commotion in the courtyard and wanted to come out to investigate. The Saint King did not even look at him. Grandma had also fallen.

“Who is it?!” Zhou Yuyan rushed out of the room.

The Saint King did not look at her. She smiled casually and Zhou Yuyan fell.

Chef Bao went to the wine cellar to make wine. The three little black eggs were sleeping soundly in their room. Yu Wan went to make dinner. The crispy meat was fried in the oil pot, and there was a hissing sound, so much so that she did not hear anyone come.

She scooped up the fried crispy meat and placed it in the pot. She used sauce, peppers, ginger slices, and so on. It was so fragrant that it made one’s blood boil.

Yu Wan brought out the golden and fragrant crispy meat on the plate.

The Saint King stopped in her tracks and raised her eyebrows. “Yo, there’s actually a little Saint King here.”

Yan Xiaosi was young and knew no fear. She activated the pressure of a Saint King. The corners of the Saint King’s lips curled up and her eyes moved, blocking the pressure of the Little Saint King.

Yan Xiaosi was instantly terrified! She spread her limbs, closed her eyes, and pretended to be dead!

“Hehehe...”

The Saint King walked towards Yu Wan. When Yu Wan saw her, she was stunned. "Who are you?"

"Eh?" The Saint King was slightly stunned. She did not expect this girl to not fall like the previous person. She looked at Yu Wan with interest and snapped her fingers.

Yu Wan was in a daze. When she looked at the Saint King again, she could not hide the smile in her eyes. "Yan Jiuchao, you're back! Quickly try my dishes!" Alright, I'll taste your dishes first before tasting your womb.

The Saint King's lips curled into a meaningful evil smile. She slowly walked towards her, picked up a piece of meat that was fat and thin, and ate it. In the next second, the Saint King's body froze!

Damn it! What was it? Why did it taste so bad?!

The Saint King held onto the wall and choked with all her might. She stuck out her tongue and rolled her eyes!

Ahhh! It tasted so bad!!!

The Saint King disappeared in a flash!

She wanted to drink water, but she did not know where to get water in such a hurry. Coincidentally, at this moment, a little bun was standing at the corner. He was barefoot and held a small steaming cup in his hand.

The Saint King rushed over without a word, snatched his cup, and gulped it down!

Xiaobao: Uh, I want to pee, but I can't wait to go to the toilet. He caught it with a cup. It should be fine... Mom won't spank him, right... But... Eh? Who snatched his cup?

Xiaobao raised his head and looked at the Saint King in confusion.

The Saint King had already finished it when she felt that something was wrong! She looked at Xiaobao.
“What-what was that just now?”

“Pee,” Xiaobao said.

The Saint King, who was instantly petrified: “...!!”