

Toddler 1141

Chapter 1141: Untitled (1)

The craftsmen of the Young Master Manor had all been sent to build the

Regent Manor. The roof was repaired by Shadow Thirteen.

Prince Yan looked at Yan Xiaosi solemnly.

Yan Xiaosi looked at him adorably.

Prince Yan took a deep breath and said earnestly, "The roof isn't fun. Yan'er, don't play with the roof anymore, understand?"

Yan Xiaosi blinked as if to say she understood. Prince Yan put his obedient granddaughter back into the cradle. Before he could leave, he heard another loud bang.

Uncle Wan's greenhouse collapsed.

Uncle Wan was choosing seeds outside the greenhouse and thinking about what to plant in the greenhouse this year when the greenhouse behind him collapsed. Uncle Wan stood in the dust and silently spat out a mouthful of wall ash.

Prince Yan looked at Yan Xiaosi.

Yan Xiaosi looked at him innocently, as if to say, "It's not the roof anymore..."

Prince Yan : "..."

Before the Sacred Clansmen found the Young Master Manor, Shadow Six had been investigating for clues in the courtyard where Old Cui had stayed.

Ordinary experts had a certain level of anti-tracking ability, but it was still a

little difficult to hide it from Shadow Six's eyes.

Shadow Six quickly determined the identity of the group—Yan Huaijing's guards.

It seemed that Yan Huaijing knew about Yan Jiuchao's antidote and wanted to capture Old Cui to stop him from refining the antidote for Yan Jiuchao. But he did not capture Old Cui. Soon, Yan Jiuchao no longer went to court. Yan Huaijing deduced that he had obtained the antidote and that Yan Jiuchao had gone into seclusion to detoxify.

This could also explain why Jun Chang'an visited the Young Master Manor late at night.

All kinds of signs showed that Jun Chang'an and Yan Huaijing had nothing to do with capturing Dabao and the Little Saint King. However, Jun Chang'an first barged into the Young Master Manor and attracted Shadow Thirteen, causing the Sacred Clan to take advantage of the situation and infiltrate the Little Saint King's courtyard.

No matter what, Shadow Thirteen would remember this debt to Jun Chang'an.

"Do you think... we should tell Yan Huaijing about the Sacred Clan?" Shadow Six asked.

Shadow Thirteen paused and said, "Of course I have to tell him. It's best to clean up the mess he caused himself."

"Can he deal with it?" Shadow Six curled his lips. It wasn't that he looked down on Yan Huaijing, but that fellow was incompetent. Even the Crown Princess Consort knew better than him!

Shadow Thirteen snorted and said, "Of course he can't deal with it, but it's still fine to cause some trouble for the Sacred Clan. Besides, he almost caused a disaster. There's no need to let him live too peacefully."

He didn't know anything, yet he only needed to be a crown prince after the Young Master Manor dealt with all the enemies? How could there be such a cheap thing in the world?

Actually, it was not only Shadow Thirteen who had such a plan. Prince Yan also had this intention. He wouldn't count on Yan Huaijing, but he could not let Yan Huaijing benefit either. Moreover, they were facing a common enemy now. As the prince of the Great Zhou, Yan Huaijing had the obligation to do his best for the Great Zhou.

That afternoon, Shadow Thirteen went to the Crown Prince Manor. Yan Huaijing was not around, and the Crown Princess Consort was recuperating. He did not use the main entrance, but it was similar to using the main entrance. He used his qinggong to fly in openly, but unfortunately, the guards of the Crown Prince Manor could not find his traces at all.

He entered Jun Chang'an's courtyard.

Jun Chang'an was practicing his swordsmanship. When he heard the commotion behind him, he suddenly turned around and saw that Shadow Thirteen had already landed within the range of killing him in one strike.

Jun Chang'an was shocked by this fellow's abnormally powerful strength again. He composed himself, put away his sword, and asked, "What are you doing here? To take my life?"

"Do I have to wait for you to turn around to take your life?" Shadow Thirteen said indifferently.

Jun Chang'an choked. It was fine if your martial arts had improved, but why did your choking ability also improve? Why? Do you have to cultivate your glib tongue when you're with Yan Jiuchao?

"Then why are you here?" Jun Chang'an asked.

Shadow Thirteen threw a portrait on the stone table in front of Jun Chang'an. "Do you know this person?"

Jun Chang'an opened the portrait and frowned. "He's an advisor of the Young

Master Manor. Why do you have a portrait of him?"

Shadow Thirteen said, "He's from the Sacred Clan. His motive for approaching the Crown Prince Manor isn't simple."

Jun Chang'an had long suspected the cloaked man, so he was not surprised to hear Shadow Thirteen say that his goal was not simple, but what did Shadow Thirteen say? He was from the Sacred Clan?

The Sacred Clan... Wasn't that...

Jun Chang'an's understanding of the Sacred Clan was only limited to the rumors in the pugilistic world. These rumors came from the medicinal primer of the Fragrance of Hundred Miles. It was rumored that four types of medicinal primers were needed to detoxify the poison of the Fragrance of Hundred Miles. They were the Red Lingzhi, the Snow Toad, the Saintess' blood, and the Sorcerer King's tears. It was said that the first two could be found in Nanzhao, but the latter two... could not be found no matter what. This was because be it the Sacred Clan or the Sorcerer Clan, they had gone extinct countless years ago. Now, many people even felt that the Sacred Clan and the Sorcerer Clan did not exist to begin with. Just like the saying about strange powers and deities, they were made up by their predecessors.

This time, Yan Jiuchao obtained the antidote. Jun Chang'an and Yan Huaijing did not think that the Sacred Clan and the Sorcerer Clan were actually real. Instead, they were thinking that the medicinal primers were probably not the blood of the Saintess and the tears of the Sorcerer Clan, but something else.

Therefore, Jun Chang'an did not believe it when Shadow Thirteen personally said that the other party was from the Sacred Clan.

Actually, if it were a year ago, Shadow Thirteen probably wouldn't have believed it either. However, in this year, they had gone from Nanzhao to the Ghost Clan, from the Ghost Clan to the Nether Capital, then to various countries and across the sea. In the end, they had arrived at the Sorcerer Clan. He had personally experienced it, so he had no choice but to believe it.

Yes, before this, he had never come into contact with the true Sacred Clan members. However, Zhou Jin's mother was a Saint King, and she had left behind indelible legends and marks in the Sorcerer Clan. Therefore, Shadow Thirteen firmly believed in the existence of the Sacred Clan members.

"I'm just here to tell you this news. Whether you believe it or not is up to you." With that, Shadow Thirteen turned to leave.

"Wait." Jun Chang'an stopped him. "You said... he's from the Sacred Clan, so why did he approach the Crown Prince Manor? What benefits does this have for them?"

Shadow Thirteen did not say the exact whereabouts of the Holy Soul Pearl. He only said, "Their treasures have flowed to the Great Zhou. In addition, there's the entrance to the holy land they need under the Great Zhou City. As for what the holy land is, you can understand it as their blessed land or as their resting place for the next migration."

If the Sacred Clan wanted to move to the capital, what would happen to the people in the capital? Jun Chang'an frowned.

Shadow Thirteen continued, "In the eyes of the Sacred Clan, we're all lowly commoners and aren't qualified to be on equal footing with them. Therefore, once they move here, there won't be a place for the commoners in the capital."

Shadow Thirteen had said everything he needed to say. If Jun Chang'an still didn't believe him, he had no choice. It was not that they had not considered telling Yan Huaijing directly, but Yan Huaijing was even more stubborn than Jun Chang'an, so he would not believe him.

Jun Chang'an was actually still in disbelief until he bumped into Han Jingshu in the small garden in the afternoon.

“Crown Princess Consort.” Jun Chang’an bowed.

“Why are you here? Are you waiting for the Crown Prince?” This place was very close to the Crown Prince’s courtyard and not far from hers, but Han Jingshu did not think that Jun Chang’an was waiting for her here.

Jun Chang’an hesitated for a while and told Han Jingshu about Shadow Thirteen’s visit. He thought that Han Jingshu would be surprised, but she was calm. “I see.”

Jun Chang’an was stunned. “What do you mean?”

“I know. The thing they’re looking for is called the Holy Soul Pearl.” The people of the Sacred Clan, a treasure. With this calculation, they could almost understand the pronunciation of these three words.

“How does the Crown Princess Consort know?” Jun Chang’an was even more surprised.

Han Jingshu sighed and said, “I’m not afraid to tell you the truth. The person who schemed against me that day was Lie Feng. I heard their conversation and knew that they were looking for the Holy Soul Pearl and something else. Now that I think about it, it should be the entrance to the Holy Land.”

The entrance was underground, so digging would definitely cause a lot of commotion. No wonder Lie Feng said that it was not easy to do it.

Jun Chang’an frowned. “So they poisoned you to silence you? You didn’t really lose your memory, you just wanted to avoid their revenge?”

“That’s right.” Han Jingshu nodded.

Jun Chang’an’s eyes turned cold. He had long felt that those people were not good people. It seemed that he was right. They did not even let go of a weak woman. They were really worse than beasts!

Han Jingshu looked at Jun Chang’an and said, “Since there’s already evidence,

I'll go look for my father and ask him to tell the Crown Prince. The Crown Prince will still believe my father's words."

Jun Chang'an agreed. "Alright."

Han Jingshu went to the Prime Minister Manor without stopping. That night, thousands of bounties were posted on the streets and alleys of the capital—to find the culprit who poisoned the Crown Princess Consort. A portrait of the cloaked man and Gu Lady was also attached..

Chapter 1142: Untitled (2)

The situation in the capital suddenly became tense. This was because other than the reward of ten thousand taels of gold, the Crown Prince Manor had also asked the "Regent" to lock down the four city gates. Before the real culprit was captured, no one was allowed to enter or leave the capital.

These two actions were enough to show that the culprit was in the city.

The Crown Prince Manor was heavily guarded. The fact that the culprit could sneak in silently and successfully poison the Crown Princess Consort meant that his martial arts were outstanding. Ordinary commoners were probably not his match. When they thought about how such a terrifying culprit was actually lurking in the city, the commoners could not help but feel a wave of panic.

However, the temptation of ten thousand taels of gold was quite huge. There would definitely be brave men under heavy money. After the panic, many commoners immediately began to pay attention to the situation around them.

A man in a cloak, a woman who looked like a fairy, and perhaps a few servants. This combination was very eye-catching. As long as it appeared on the streets once, it would definitely be discovered by someone with ulterior motives.

“The capital is under martial law. There are patrolling guards everywhere now, and our portraits are also posted on the streets and alleys... We can't leave...” In a dark room, Gu Lady said anxiously to the cloaked man.

The cloaked man's left chest was pierced by Little Gu. Even if his heart was on the other side and he dodged a trace of death, it was inevitable that he would suffer. His foundation was crippled, and even if he recovered in the future, his realm would stagnate.

This made him very pained. After hearing Gu Lady's words, he felt that the situation had worsened.

One had to know that Yan Huaijing was a good chess piece and a very suitable heir to the throne. As long as Yan Huaijing did not court death, he was confident that he could assist Yan Huaijing to ascend to the throne. After that, he would firmly control the power in the capital. At that time, it would be easy for him to find the entrance to the holy land.

But why was this chess piece useless in just one night?

The cloaked man frowned. “What happened

Gu Lady said, “I suspect that she didn't lose her memory at all. She did it on purpose!”

The cloaked man said, “Even if it's on purpose, will Yan Huaijing believe her?”

Gu Lady thought for a while. “Could it be... that group of people from the Young Master Manor leaked our identities?”

Young Master Manor?

The cloaked man fell silent. No matter how he thought about it, this was the only possibility. When he left, there were still people alive in the old stronghold. It was hard to guarantee that the experts of the Young Master Manor had not captured the captives and pried out clues about the Sacred Clan from them.

As for how the Young Master Manor guessed that they were the advisors of the Crown Prince Manor, this was their own ability.

The cloaked man covered his aching chest and went next door. In a dim room, a man in green and white gauze sat cross-legged on the bed.

“Lord Saint King.” The cloaked man bowed respectfully outside the door.

“Come in,” the Saint King said.

The cloaked man walked into the room. Although he had already bowed outside the door, he bowed again in front of the man and said respectfully, “Lord Saint King, the Crown Prince of Great Zhou already knows our identity and is searching everywhere for us. I’m afraid... we’ll be found soon. Before that, I hope you can make plans.”

“Hmph.” The Saint King snorted coldly, as if he did not take this dangerous situation seriously.

The cloaked man continued, “It’s my mistake this time. I messed up. Please punish me, Sir!” As he spoke, he was about to kneel down.

The Saint King waved his sleeve casually, and a powerful internal energy lifted the cloaked man up. “Isn’t it just the Crown Prince Manor? I don’t care. You said before that the Holy Soul Pearl has been found?”

The cloaked man said, “Yes, it’s in the hands of those two children.”

“Children...” The Saint King narrowed his eyes. “Do you know that one of those two children is a Saint King?”

The cloaked man was stunned. “Saint-Saint King?”

The Saint King had not seen the two children, so he could not be sure which one it was. However, there was no doubt that there was a Little Saint King.

He nodded and said, "That's right, it's a Saint King, but it's a young Saint King who hasn't grown up yet. No wonder you can't feel it. No matter how young a Saint King is, he's not someone a Guardian of the Sacred Clan like you can sense."

The cloaked man lowered his head in shame, but his heart was in turmoil. There was actually a Little Saint King among that woman's children? The newborn one could be eliminated because no one was born a Saint King. They all studied and worked hard to increase their realm step by step.

However, a three-year-old Little Saint King was too heaven-defying. Could it be... because of the Holy Soul Pearl?

In fact, many years ago, a female Saint King of the Sacred Clan had sacrificed her blood to the Holy Soul Pearl. She had sacrificed it for ten months during her pregnancy. The fetus in her stomach had absorbed the aura of the Holy Soul Pearl and was born a Half-Saint. This was the highest realm of a newborn baby in the history of the Sacred Clan.

Even when that woman was pregnant, she would use her blood to nourish the Holy Soul Pearl every day, at most, she would give birth to a Half-Saint. Of course, this did not mean that a Half-Saint was not powerful. A Half-Saint was an expert second only to a Saint King. Many people from the Sacred Clan could not reach the Half-Saint realm in their lives.

However, the Half-Saint of the Sacred Clan only became a Saint King when he was thirteen years old. He was already the youngest Saint King of the Sacred Clan in thousands of years.

But now, the Great Zhou had a three-year-old Little Saint King!

Chapter 1143: Great Killer, Yan Xiaosi! (1)

The current Sacred Clan had a total of four Saint Kings. They used to have five. However, one of them became a traitor of the Sacred Clan and fell in love with the King of the Sorcerer Clan at first sight. After

that, she never returned. When they heard that she had been killed by someone in the Sorcerer Clan, they did not collect her corpse or avenge her. A traitor was not worth it.

The Saint King who had arrived in the capital was the East Saint King. He had just arrived in the capital last night and thought that everything was going smoothly. Who would have thought that he would encounter an expert from the Sacred Clan who was chased by a half-sacrificial soldier from the Great Zhou and was almost completely wiped out?

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he almost wouldn't have believed it. The experts of the Sacred Clan had actually been defeated by a person from the Great Zhou? If word got back to the clan, all the clansmen would probably laugh one's head off.

Of course, this guardian could not be blamed entirely.

Although that half-sacrificial soldier was powerful, it was impossible for him to injure the Guardian of the Sacred Clan. What really gave him a heavy blow was that little Gu worm.

If he was not mistaken, that little thing seemed to have the body of the Gu Emperor. This was interesting. The Gu King had always been a great tonic for the experts of the Sacred Clan. The higher the level of the Gu King, the more it could increase the strength of the Sacred Clan.

It seemed that his trip to the Great Zhou was destined to have a lot of gains. Not only could he take back the Holy Soul Pearl, but he could also capture a peerless good Gu.

The Holy Soul Pearl was the holy artifact of the entire clan. He could not take it for himself, but that little Gu could naturally become his.

Having made up his mind, the East Saint King decided to go to the Regent Manor overnight.

In any case, they had already been exposed. Instead of waiting for death and hiding, it was better to strike first. Didn't they say that Prince Yan and the Regent lived in the Young Master Manor? As long as he controlled the Young Master Manor, he could deal with the searches on the streets.

At that time, not to mention the Crown Prince Manor, even the power of the entire capital would not be a problem!

The cloaked man was a little hesitant. "Those people in the Young Master

Manor are too strange. One is a half-sacrificial soldier who can kill the Silver Saber Guards, one is a Gu Emperor of unknown origins, and the other is a three-year-old Little Saint King. I'm worried that they won't be so easy to deal with. Perhaps they still have a backup plan. Lord Saint King, do you want to wait for the reinforcements of the Sacred Clan to arrive before taking action? This courtyard is extremely hidden. The guards of the Great Zhou won't be able to find this place for a while..."

As soon as he finished speaking, the East Saint King looked at him disdainfully. "Do you think I'm as useless as you? A mere little Gu Emperor can injure you to this extent? The current Guardians are really inferior as the generations go!"

The cloaked man thought to himself, How can this be my fault? All the previous Guardians had the help of the Holy Soul Pearl to increase their strength, but our batch of Guardians relied on themselves to climb up and down. Naturally, their strength is inferior to Senior.

However, he would not admit that he was inferior to that little insect.

In a one-on-one battle, the little Gu was not his match. The other party also understood this, which was why he let the little Gu hide under his sword and ambushed him.

The East Saint King glanced at him and said indifferently, "Alright, don't be dejected. When I get the Holy Soul Pearl, I'll work hard to repair it for you. You still have a chance to increase your realm."

The power of the Holy Soul Pearl was far stronger than their clansmen had imagined. Otherwise, how could a bead benefit the entire clan?

The East Saint King used his qinggong. He did not bring any subordinates. He did not need them at all. He did not play the sneak attack game either. He arrogantly flew into the Young Master Manor.

At this moment, Dabao still did not know that he had been remembered. His mother had fallen asleep, and he had fed his sister again. He, he, he, he was really forced! He didn't want to wake his mother up. He was a considerate obedient child!

It was his sister who was naughty!

Yan Xiaosi drank his milk and looked at her brother from time to time, as if she wanted to remember her brother's appearance with a satisfied expression.

Dabao painfully picked up his little hand and covered his sister's eyes.

Don't look. You can only remember your Brother Dabao's mighty appearance!

Yan Xiaosi ate and drank her fill and fell asleep sweetly in her brother's arms.

Outside the door, Xiaobao, who had peeped through the crack in the door, stomped his feet in anger.

So angry! Why did his sister only drink the milk fed by Dabao? Why couldn't he feed her? Wasn't his milk good?

Xiaobao grabbed the little milk bottle with both hands and took a deep puff!

Xiaobao didn't tell Er'bao this secret because he was worried that Er'bao would do this. That way, one more person would snatch his sister from him. What Xiaobao didn't know was that even if he didn't want his face, Er'bao still wanted it.. Er'bao wouldn't be a little wet nurse for his sister!

Chapter 1144: Great Killer, Yan Xiaosi! (2)

However, this freak combination of factors managed to keep Dabao's secret.

Dabao would occasionally comfort himself that his sister was still so young. When she grew up, she wouldn't remember him feeding her, right?

In order to verify his guess, Dabao even specially asked his mother in writing, "Mother, do you remember whose milk you liked to drink the most when you were born?"

At that time, his mother's answer was, "Who remembers what happened when they were just born? I don't even remember what happened before I was seven!"

In that case, not only would his sister not remember, but he would also forget this humiliating history of the little wet nurse in the future.

This realization made Dabao feel better. He was not so resistant to feeding his sister. After all, his sister was always hungry, so his heart would ache.

Yan Xiaosi gulped down his milk, her eyes filled with the spirit of a little fan. There were so many brothers in the world. She only had one milk. She wanted to remember her brother for the rest of her life!

"Achoo!" Dabao suddenly sneezed loudly.

In the middle of the night, everyone fell asleep.

Shadow Thirteen suddenly felt an unfamiliar and familiar aura. It was familiar because this aura was very similar to his little miss, and unfamiliar because there was an additional killing intent in this aura.

The Little Miss had nothing to do and had torn down seventeen to eighteen rooms in the manor. However, her Saint King's pressure did not have any killing intent. She was just too small and could not control her strength and instincts well.

This aura was clearly here to kill!

“Shadow Six!” Shadow Thirteen woke up Shadow Six, who had fallen asleep. He picked up his sword and flashed out.

Shadow Six opened his eyes and instantly felt the pressure from the sky. He felt his soul tremble.

What a terrifying pressure!

He hurriedly left the room and gathered all the sacrificial soldiers and guards of the Young Master Manor to surround Prince Yan, Yu Wan, and Yan Jiuchao’s courtyard.

The East Saint King had already entered the Young Master Manor. He did not have to deliberately look for Yu Wan’s courtyard. He could tell where the other party was sleeping just by his senses. He decisively rushed towards the main courtyard.

Shadow Thirteen saw the figure and welcomed it fearlessly.

The East Saint King recognized Shadow Thirteen at a glance. It was not only because Shadow Six was a half-sacrificial soldier who had killed the Silver Saber Guards, but also because Shadow Thirteen was too young. It was already amazing that a half-sacrificial soldier could cultivate such strength. Moreover, he was so young. Even if he was thrown into the sacrificial soldier camp when he was born, it had only been about twenty years. How could he advance from a half-sacrificial soldier to the peak Asura realm in so many years?

This young man’s future was limitless! A trace of admiration could not help but flash across the East Saint King’s eyes.

“I’ll give you a chance. Acknowledge me as your master and serve me from now on,” the East Saint King said coldly as he stood in the air.

“You think you’re worthy?” Shadow Thirteen slashed down.

This strike used almost ninety percent of his strength. He understood that in the face of absolute strength, there were no techniques to speak of. He could scheme against the cloaked man, but he could not scheme against a powerful Saint King.

All he could do was give it his all, even if he had to die!

The Saint King smiled. He admitted that this young man's strength tempted him, but that was only because he was a capable minion. The other party actually dared to attack him. He was really overestimating himself.

The Saint King did not even blink. He only emitted his pressure and froze Shadow Thirteen's sword.

Shadow Thirteen first felt that he had lost control of his weapon, but right on the heels of that, it was his body. He could not move! Soon, he couldn't even breathe. His face turned purple.

"Thirteen!" Shadow Six's face turned pale with shock. He released all the hidden weapons in his body and attacked the East Saint King. However, those hidden weapons did not even touch the corners of the East Saint King's clothes before turning into ashes inch by inch.

Shadow Thirteen was dumbfounded!

However, what was even more surprising was that the things that had long turned to ashes actually condensed into hidden weapons that shone coldly again and suddenly shot towards Shadow Six and the sacrificial soldiers and guards in the courtyard!

There were a hundred and eight people, a hundred and eight weapons. Not one more, not one less.

All the defenses of the Young Master Manor could instantly turn into nothingness. This was the power of a Saint King!

Shadow Thirteen's veins bulged. Shadow Six!

He could not make a sound, nor could he run towards Shadow Six. He had fought Rakshasa Soul before, but at this moment, he felt that the Saint King in front of him was even more terrifying than Rakshasa Soul's martial arts..

Chapter 1145: Great Killer, Yan Xiaosi! (3)

The difference was that Rakshasa Soul could soul capture. Perhaps he could fight him, but he did not know if he could win. Other than Rakshasa Soul, no one in the world was his match.

Everyone was firmly suppressed by this pressure. Just as the hidden weapons were about to stab into their hearts, they suddenly stopped, stopping less than half an inch away from their hearts.

Everyone broke out in cold sweat as they looked at the hidden weapon outside their hearts, not understanding what had happened.

In the next second, the 108 hidden weapons shattered into powder.

The East Saint King frowned. What was going on?

A powerful Saint King's pressure crushed towards the East Saint King like an ocean. The two pressures collided, and the air seemed to crack inch by inch. The East Saint King's pressure disintegrated piece by piece. Shadow Thirteen felt his body lighten, and he suddenly could breathe. He fell from the air.

"Thirteen!" Shadow Six flew up and hugged him.

That pressure did not stop because of this. It domineeringly shattered the East Saint King's pressure, as if it was shattering her roof. The difference was that her roof was broken for fun. This one was even more fun!

“This...” The East Saint King was simply dumbfounded. He naturally felt the pressure of a certain Saint King, but this pressure was too terrifying. In the blink of an eye, it shattered his pressure barrier.

Did the experts of the Sacred Clan come? Or was it that three-year-old Little Saint King?

That was impossible!

A three-year-old Little Saint King was at most an initial-stage Saint King, and he had long entered the late-stage. How could he be crushed by a little child?

“Hmph, I only used ten percent of my strength just now! On account that you guys are still useful, I don’t want to destroy your Young Master Manor, but since you’re stubborn, don’t blame me for being rude!”

As the East Saint King finished speaking coldly, he suddenly released a deep pressure. His realm rose at an unfathomable speed. Shadow Thirteen was born with a stronger sense of power than others. At this moment, he could tell that the other party’s power was increasing by ten percent.

Not good!

Forty percent of power! How terrifying was it for an adult Saint King to release forty percent of his power?

Soon, it was fifty percent!

Shadow Thirteen’s expression changed. Was this guy... going to destroy the Young Master Manor?

As the East Saint King’s strength increased, there was suddenly no movement from the Little Saint King.

“Heh, are you afraid?” Since he was afraid, there was no need to continue improving his strength. After all, it would consume his body if he used too much strength.

Just as the East Saint King was about to deal with the Young Master Manor with fifty percent of his strength, the Little Saint King's pressure came again. This pressure was actually about the same as the East Saint King!

The East Saint King gritted his teeth and increased his strength by another ten percent. He thought that this should be the little fellow's limit. As expected, the Little Saint King stopped moving again.

The East Saint King really planned to attack, but the Little Saint King's pressure came again.

"Hiss..." The East Saint King was puzzled. What did she mean? You poked me when I stopped. You have to force me to use my full strength, right?

The East Saint King tried a few more times. The moment he stopped, the other party really used her pressure to poke him. In the end, he really used all his strength. This was not much different from the Soul Rakshasa's self-destruction.

"You forced me!"

He didn't want to destroy half of the capital, but— Bang?

Boom.

The East Saint King attacked. He imagined a loud thunderclap, but in fact, he heard a muffled sound. It was as if a huge firecracker had suddenly been covered by an incomparably thick pot lid when it exploded.

Firecrackers was his full-strength attack, and the pot lid was the pressure of the Little Saint King.

The fatal blow of an adult Saint King was actually covered by the Little Saint King?!

In the air, the pressure from the Little Saint King twisted.. For some reason, the East Saint King felt a trace of disdain from this pressure, as if it was saying to him, Hmph, rookie!

Chapter 1146: Complete Victory!

The East Saint King's bad temper rose!

As one of the four saint kings, his status was very high. He had never been humiliated like this, and this humiliation actually came from a three-year-old child!

Actually, the East Saint King had made a mistake. The three-year-old child did not humiliate him. The one who humiliated him was a three-day-old child.

The East Saint King was so angry that his heart ached. However, he also understood that he was not that child's match. Of course, if he knew that it was not a three-year-old cute child but a newborn baby, he would probably not think so.

The baby had to sleep! Wouldn't he be able to kill everyone when she fell asleep? Unfortunately, the wrong information and deduction made the East Saint King miss the opportunity to raze the Young Master Manor to the ground. He fled.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Aren't you the strongest Saint King? What's wrong? Why are you running away when you can't defeat her? Don't you have the integrity of an expert? Is it really okay to be such a chicken? Is the style of the Sacred Clan so eclectic?

The sacrificial soldiers and guards of the Young Master Manor were so shocked that their jaws almost dropped. They thought that there would be a fierce battle and were all prepared to fight to the death. But in the end, they were shown this when they had already taken off their pants.

The corners of Shadow Six's mouth twitched. "This Saint King is quite... fresh and refined..

The East Saint King could not defeat the Little Saint King, but he could run. That was indeed the case. After all, as soon as he left, the Little Saint King fell asleep. If the East Saint King turned back to take a look, he would realize that he could flatten the Young Master Manor with one toe.

However, he was so cowardly that he disappeared with a whoosh!

Actually, it was not that the East Saint King was not powerful enough. Back then, the fact that Zhou Jin's mother could seal the Soul Rakshasa alone was enough to prove the strength of the Sacred Clan. The East Saint King was even older than Zhou Jin's mother and had cultivated for more than twenty years. His strength was deep.

It was the Little Saint King who was too abnormal.

The East Saint King had never seen such a... terrifying fellow.

The terrifying thing was not only that the other party was powerful, but... he felt a chill run down his spine as long as he thought of how that little fellow had deliberately stimulated him to use his absolute strength.

It was as if fifty to sixty percent of his strength was not enough for him to play with. Was there such a detestable child?

This was blatant disdain for the Saint King!

Of course, the East Saint King was not too disappointed. He felt that everything was because of the effect of the Holy Soul Pearl. It was the Holy Soul Pearl that nourished that kid. That kid could have such heaven-defying strength at the age of three.

From this point of view, the power of the Holy Soul Pearl seemed to have become even stronger than before.

"Why hasn't anyone from the Sacred Clan reached this abnormal level before?"

The East Saint King would never admit that a descendant of the Sacred Clan who had wandered among the commoners was more talented than an orthodox member of the Sacred Clan who had a complete inheritance. It was most likely because the Sacred Clan shared a Holy Soul Pearl and dispersed the power of the Holy Soul Pearl. That kid had enjoyed the Holy Soul Pearl alone, so he was so powerful.

The cloaked man was recuperating in his room when he suddenly saw the East Saint King return empty-handed. He was not too surprised. It was as if although he trusted the East Saint King's strength very much, he still subconsciously felt that the East Saint King might not be able to gain much advantage from the other party.

He composed himself and respectfully welcomed him. He held his left shoulder

with his right hand and bowed. "Lord Saint King, you're back. Is the Young Master Manor not easy to deal with? Actually, you don't have to be angry. I told you long ago that those people are strange and not so easy to deal with."

The East Saint King glanced coldly at the cloaked man and said angrily, "If you could do half of what you say, the matter has long been resolved!"

The cloaked man understood that he had suffered an unexpected disaster. The East Saint King had been defeated and he could not take it lying down, so he could only vent his anger on himself.

The East Saint King snorted. "Hmph! It's not that those people are strange. It's just that they have the Holy Soul Pearl in their hands. I've underestimated the power of the Holy Soul Pearl!" In his opinion, the reason that the little fellow could crush him tonight was most likely because he had sacrificed the Holy Soul Pearl at the last minute and relied on the power of the Holy Soul Pearl to release a powerful pressure.

One day, when they took back the Holy Soul Pearl, that kid would only be trampled under his feet!

"Are you alright?" The cloaked man asked worriedly.

The East Saint King said coldly, "What can happen to me? A mere Little Saint

King can't hurt a single hair on my head!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the East Saint King felt his scalp turn cold. His thick hair instantly fell. The almighty East Saint King was gorgeously bald in front of all his subordinates.

The commotion this time was too big, and they could no longer hide it from Yu Wan.

When Prince Yan and Shadow Thirteen cleaned up the mess and went to Yan Xiaosi's room to visit her, Yu Wan was already standing by the cradle with a serious expression.

Yan Xiaosi widened her black eyes and blinked at them, looking like she was watching a show. Yu Wan's face darkened. It seemed that she had already discovered the Little Saint King's abnormality.

The matter had been exposed. The situation was very serious and the atmosphere was very awkward! The reason why women were terrifying was that women could sometimes defeat thousands of troops. At this moment, they would rather still be fighting with the East Saint King outside.

"Thirteen, go ahead." Prince Yan decisively pushed Shadow Thirteen out to block the knife.

Shadow Thirteen, who was caught off guard: "..."

So you're such a prince!

Shadow Thirteen cleared his throat and braced himself to say, "Young Madam, actually..."

He was interrupted by Yu Wan raising her hand. Yu Wan gestured for him to stop. She closed her eyes and said bitterly, "There's no need to say anything. I understand. You knew long ago, right?"

Shadow Thirteen could not refute. He looked at Prince Yan. At this time, you should stand up and say something! Prince Yan refused to accept the gaze from Shadow Thirteen. Shadow Thirteen could only brace himself. "Um... Young Madam, don't be sad. We didn't mean to..."

Yu Wan raised her hand to interrupt him again and said in extreme pain, "You had long known that the bloodline of the Saintess would be passed down to her when I give birth to her."

Shadow Thirteen was suddenly stunned.

Shadow Six was also stunned.

Prince Yan's eyelids twitched.

Yu Wan took a deep breath and said firmly, "I'm a mother. Don't I even have the spirit to make this sacrifice? Would I be unhappy because I passed down the bloodline of the Saintess to my own children? Am I so petty in your hearts?"

Everyone : '

Yu Wan looked at her daughter in the cradle and said, "Although she's only a little weaker than me at that time, it's fine. She's still young, but she's very malleable. In the future, she'll definitely become a saintess stronger than me."

You've never been a saintess, okay? Moreover, she was not the Saintess, she's a Saint King with a bloodline that was a level higher than the Saintess!

The corners of the three men's mouths twitched.

Forget it, as long as... you're happy!

Chapter 1147: Scheming Grandfather and Granddaughter

Before Yu Wan went to bed, she went to the three little eggs' room. Er'bao and Xiaobao were already asleep, and Dabao was stirring his little milk bottle.

Their little milk bottles were all modified by Yu Wan from sheepskin. Their durability was not as good as the real milk bottles in her previous life. Yu Wan would regularly change them. However, she did not know if it was her imagination, but Dabao's little milk bottles were clearly more used than Er'bao and Xiaobao.

"You're still awake? What's wrong?" Yu Wan walked over and stroked her son's little head.

Dabao still didn't speak, but after living with Prince Yan for so long and Prince Yan teaching Little Bruiser, he would occasionally listen from the side and actually learned to write.

Dabao took a pen and paper and wrote, "The milk bottle is broken. I fix."

Yu Wan was amused. Why did her son's familiar tone make her want to laugh? He sounded like a little adult. Yu Wan teased him, "You even know how to fix milk bottles. You're so impressive."

Dabao nodded. He was just that impressive.

Aiyo, my son is so cute. Yu Wan was about to die of cuteness. She couldn't help but laugh. "Do you eat more than your two younger brothers? Why are their milk bottles still fine, but yours is already broken?"

Dabao stopped talking. He did eat more than his two younger brothers, but he did not eat it. Dabao was worried that his glorious image would collapse if he was discovered to be his sister's wet nurse. He gritted his teeth and did not say anything.

His little guilty conscience was written all over his face. However, Yu Wan did not think about Yan Xiaosi. She only felt that Dabao was guilty because he had used his milk bottle more, and in the end, she was the one who criticized him. Yu Wan definitely did not blame her son. She was just teasing him. It was a milk bottle. If it was broken, she could make it for him. Her heart did not ache!

Yu Wan rubbed his little head. "Alright, alright. Don't be sad. I don't mean anything else. I'll make a few more for you tomorrow." Dabao shook his head. "I know how to fix it."

Yu Wan was stunned. "..Alright, you can fix it."

Even so, Yu Wan still returned to her room and made a new baby bottle for her son overnight.

Although the incident in the Young Master Manor was big, there were no neighbors in the Young Master Manor, so other than the servants in the Young Master Manor, outsiders did not know what was going on inside.

There were as many memorials as snowflakes in the court. Prince Yan had read them all in batches. He did not deliberately imitate Yan Jiuchao's handwriting, and many familiar ministers recognized his handwriting. However, no one suspected that Yan Jiuchao could not deal with the memorials for personal reasons. They all felt that Yan Jiuchao did it on purpose.

They knew that little lunatic was unreliable. He must be tired of being the Regent for a few days and had let his father clean up the mess.

This matter sounded ridiculous. If it were anyone else, they would have been impeached by the censors hundreds of times. However, it was still the same thing. Yan Jiuchao's dark history was countless. If he didn't come out and harm everyone, everyone would be very lucky. Moreover, Prince Yan's talent in governing wasn't bad. He could even be said to be outstanding.

After Yan Jiuchao dealt with a few greedy officials with extremely ferocious methods, the ministers were in a panic. At this time, when Prince Yan came out to deal with the politics, everyone would only be grateful to him, okay?

Of course, there were exceptions to everything. The advisor in Yan Huaijing's residence advised Yan Huaijing to seize the opportunity and obtain evidence of Yan Jiuchao's malfeasance to force Prince Yan to hand over the power of regent.

From the law and logic, this could work. However, Yan Huaijing did not do that. He did hate Yan Jiuchao, but in the face of a great enemy, he could temporarily put aside all his personal grudges.

“Your Highness.” Prince Yan was handling official business in the study when Shadow Thirteen walked in.

“What is it?” Prince Yan paused in his review of the memorial.

Shadow Thirteen said, “Jun Chang’an came just now.”

“Jun Chang’an? The martial arts expert beside the Crown Prince?” Prince Yan asked.

“It’s him,” Shadow Thirteen replied.

Prince Yan put down the memorial. “What’s the matter?”

Shadow Thirteen said truthfully, “The Crown Prince asked him to come. The Crown Prince asked him to bring us news that the Sacred clansmen who escaped from the Crown Prince Manor... have an army.”

Prince Yan frowned slightly.

Shadow Thirteen continued, “When those people agreed to assist the Crown Prince back then, they said that there were a few small clans outside the distant sea that had very powerful military strength. As long as the Crown

Prince can afford it, those mercenaries can work for him. The Crown Prince’s remuneration has already been given out, and the mercenaries are already on their way to the Great Zhou.”

Prince Yan said thoughtfully, “I’m afraid it’s not mercenaries, but the army of the Sacred Clan.”

Shadow Thirteen nodded. “That’s what the Crown Prince thinks too.”

Yan Huaijing was originally kept in the dark. Now that the identity of that group of people had been exposed, no matter how stupid Yan Huaijing was, he could guess that something was wrong with those mercenaries.

However, the passageway that should have been opened had already been opened for them, so even Yan Huaijing did not know where the saint army had reached.

“How many people did the other party send?” Prince Yan asked.

Shadow Thirteen said, “They said ten thousand elite soldiers to the Crown

Prince, but I think it’s far more than that.”

How could they tell Yan Huaijing the truth? Even their motive to get close to Yan Huaijing was fake, so they would naturally hide the truth about the military strength.

Shadow Thirteen continued, “The Crown Prince can’t contact his spies anymore. I guess after the matter was exposed, the Sacred Clan decisively killed the person the Crown Prince sent to receive them.”

“I understand.” Prince Yan nodded. “Get Shadow Six to investigate where the Sacred Clan’s army is first. It’s not easy to hide with so many people. Once we find out where they are, immediately order the local authorities to lock down the city.”

“Will the authorities... listen?” Shadow Thirteen expressed his doubts.

Prince Yan took out a square thing from the drawer. Shadow Thirteen took a closer look and was instantly dumbfounded! Wasn’t this the jade seal? So you keep saying that you don’t care about fame and fortune, but you actually secretly got the jade seal?

“Ahem.” Prince Yan cleared his throat. “Give it to Shadow Six.”

“Uh... yes!” Shadow Thirteen took the jade seal with trembling hands. You didn’t let any sacrificial soldiers enter the palace to steal it, right? You haven’t even entered the palace, so it can’t be that the Emperor gave it to you to play with!

“Also.” Shadow Thirteen was about to go out when Prince Yan thought of something and stopped him. “Ah Wan is in confinement. There are some things that don’t have to be stirred up in front of her. You guys can do it in her name. You still have to keep an eye on the palace.”

The palace? How was he going to stick his hand in? Before Shadow Thirteen could voice his doubts, he saw Prince Yan open the drawer again and take out something slightly smaller than the jade seal—the Empress Phoenix Seal.

The corners of Shadow Thirteen’s mouth twitched.

“The Crown Prince Manor is actually involved with the Honglu Temple and the royal family...” Prince Yan took out the Crown Prince’s golden seal.

Shadow Thirteen was speechless.

Your Highness, to be honest, are you sure you didn’t get someone to rob the palace? Is it really fine for you to take advantage of the situation?

Chapter 1148: The Infatuated Yan Xiaosi!

Actually, what Prince Yan was really worried about was not the Sacred Clan’s army. It was impossible for the army to pass through silently, and they would not arrive here so quickly. Prince Yan was not sure how many people there were in the Sacred Clan, which also caused him to be unable to accurately predict the number of people in the Sacred Clan’s army.

However, from the fact that the Sacred Clan had chosen to outwit them and not use force as their number one method, the Sacred Clan army should not be powerful enough to easily flatten the Great Zhou.

This did not mean that the saints would definitely lose if the two sides fought, but at the very least, the price they had to pay was something the saints were unwilling to bear. Since that was the case, they should try their best to hide their identities when they entered the country and after they entered the country, not to harass or slaughter the local people.

Of course, this was all under the premise that the saint army thought that they were safe enough. Once their identities were exposed, Prince Yan could not guarantee that they would not capture the local people as hostages and fight to the death with the Great Zhou's authorities.

Therefore, Prince Yan let Shadow Six use his wits and made up his own reason for sealing the city. In short, he tried his best to delay the Saint Army and wait for the reinforcements of the Imperial Court to rush over.

After Shadow Thirteen conveyed Prince Yan's order to Shadow Six, Shadow Six took the national jade seal and set off.

To be cautious, Prince Yan also imitated the Emperor's handwriting and drafted an imperial edict. Therefore, Yan Jiuchao could not be blamed for sending a fake imperial edict. The source was Prince Yan. He inherited it from his father.

He had the imperial edict and the jade seal because he was worried that Shadow Six would encounter a situation that Prince Yan had not considered. At that time, Shadow Six would be able to use the jade seal to order the officials.

Shadow Six was stupid when it came to small matters, but he was never muddle-headed when it came to big matters.

Shadow Thirteen returned to the study to report to Prince Yan. Seeing that Prince Yan was still at his wits' end, he could not help but ask, "Your Highness, are you worried that Shadow Six won't be able to stop the saint army?"

Prince Yan said, "I believe Shadow Six. Besides, the Saint Army didn't meet

Shadow Six so quickly."

Shadow Thirteen asked, "Then Your Highness... are you worried about Young

Master?"

Young Master had been in seclusion for a few days, and he didn't know how the situation was. Although Old Cui kept promising that the antidote was definitely right, Shadow Thirteen was still very worried about Young Master.

After all, the process of detoxifying was too torturous. One had to be extremely meticulous. One could not be careless at all in order to discover every trace of poisonous gas in their bodies.

Perhaps Young Master could still hold on for a day or two, but what about ten days to half a month? Wouldn't Young Master really be a little irritated day after day?

Prince Yan shook his head. "I also believe in Cong'er. He will definitely detoxify the poison seriously and return safely."

Shadow Thirteen nodded. Even if the entire world thought that his Young Master was unreliable, after following his Young Master for so long, he knew his Young Master's temper very well. In the past, he did not care about his life. Now, he cares about his life. He had someone he wanted to protect and a reason not to die.

Prince Yan picked up a book and put it down before he could open it. "I'm worried about the Saint King of the Sacred Clan."

Shadow Thirteen was puzzled. "Wasn't the Saint King of the Sacred Clan chased away? He's not strong enough and he knows it in his heart. He shouldn't come looking for trouble easily again."

Looking at his desire to live after being crushed by the Little Saint King's strength, Shadow Thirteen did not believe that he would tempt fate again.

Prince Yan asked, "Do you know... the Sacred Clan doesn't only have one Saint

King?"

This stunned Shadow Thirteen. Could it be that there were a few Saint Kings in the Sacred Clan?

It was no wonder that Shadow Thirteen was so surprised. It was really because the Sacred Clan and the Sorcerer Clan were both powerful clans that had ancient inheritances. He would always subconsciously use the situation of the Sorcerer Clan as a reference. Currently, there was only one King in the Sorcerer Clan, and there were only two after Zhou Jin broke through. However, Zhou Jin's breakthrough was not easy. He had the bloodline of the Saint King and the Sorcerer King, he was like a god-like existence.

It could not be the same for the Sacred Clan.

He thought that the Sacred Clan only had one king.

But in fact, the structure of the Sacred Clan was completely different from that of the Sorcerer Clan. In the Sorcerer Clan, the highest ruler was a king, but in the Sacred Clan, he was an emperor. The political structure of the Sacred Clan was more rigorous than that of the Sorcerer Clan, and they were more ambitious.

If not for the fact that the Sorcerer Clan's residence was not very attractive to the Sacred Clan, they would have fought them countless times.

Back then, they had sent Zhou Jin's mother to the Sorcerer Clan to be a spy because the environment of the clan was not suitable for the Sacred Clan to reproduce. They wanted to see the situation of the Sorcerer Clan, but the results of Zhou Jin's mother's feedback to the Sacred Clan was that it was very unsuitable.

Therefore, the Sacred Clan gave up on their plan to start a war with the Sorcerer Clan. After a few years, the Sacred Clan discovered the precious land of the Great Zhou.

Prince Yan said, "I also obtained the situation from the captive that day. There were a total of five Saint Kings in the Sacred Clan. Zhou Jin's mother was the youngest Saint King in the clan at that time. She has already passed away, so let's not talk about her for the time being. Now, there are still four Saint Kings left. The one who attacked us that day should be the East Saint King of the four."

Shadow Thirteen gasped. "In that case... there are three other experts as powerful as him?"

This was terrifying. No matter how powerful the Little Saint King was, she could not fight four big fellows at the same time.

Prince Yan shook his head. "Not three experts as powerful as him. Three experts stronger than him."

Shadow Thirteen gasped again. He never thought that the other party's strength was not strong enough just because he had lost to the Little Saint King. He would not underestimate his enemy because of this.

If so many Saint Kings really came, Young Master would probably have to come out of seclusion and join forces with the Little Saint King to win against them. However, Young Master had just started to detoxify and would not be out for a while.

"Could they... be already on their way to the capital?" Shadow Thirteen held his breath and asked.

Prince Yan nodded. "The Sacred Clan's reinforcements have been divided into several groups. One group is the army, and the other is these few Saint Kings. Logically speaking, the four of them set off together to leave the Sacred Clan, but only the East Saint King has appeared for the time being. I guess the East Saint King is in a hurry to scout the way and is ahead of the three of them, but the three of them shouldn't be too far behind. They should have arrived in the capital in two days at the latest."

The Saint Kings were not some ostentatious mercenary. They were skilled in martial arts and had deep internal energy. Even though the city gate of the capital had been closed, the city gate was nothing to them.

This was what Prince Yan was most worried about now.

Yan Jiuchao was still in seclusion. If the four Saint Kings really worked together to attack them, it was another matter if they had a chance of winning. Prince Yan was worried that Yan Jiuchao would interrupt the detoxification to protect them. If that happened, all his efforts would be for naught.

Old Cui had said that he only had one chance to detoxify. If he interrupted it, he would have no chance to live.

Prince Yan's worries were not without reason because on the night he ended his conversation with Shadow Thirteen, the other three Saint Kings of the Sacred Clan successfully arrived in the capital.

Just as Prince Yan had expected, the towering city wall could not stop them at all. They used their qinggong and easily flew in.

At this moment, Yan Xiaosi did not know that the rookie she despised had been called for help. Soon, they would come to suppress her. She had just taken a shower and was taking a comfortable bubble bath.

Yan Xiaosi was a little girl who liked to be clean. Other than drinking milk, bathing was her favorite thing. She was cooperative.

The wet nurse had brought up many children, but she had never seen someone who liked to bathe so much. The moment the handkerchief touched her chest, she knew to turn her head and let her wash her little neck.

Her change was also huge. She was not heavy when she was born, and she was even smaller than other babies. However, the increase after she was born was very shocking. Others changed once a day, but she could change twice a day!

Those who didn't know better would think that someone was secretly feeding her.

"Alright, we're done," the wet nurse said gently as she picked up Yan Xiaosi.

She was already very beautiful when she was born. There were no creases on her face at all. After growing for a few days, she had become even fairer and tender. Her little fingers and toes were pink, and she was so beautiful that one could not take their eyes off her.

Her hair was also grown extremely well. It was black, shiny, and thick, but it was not heavy. Others had messy hair, but her hair was different. Every strand was smooth but not messy. It was as if the heavens had specially combed it. The Great Zhou had a custom of cutting fetal hair. Prince Yan originally planned to cut her fetal hair and personally make a fetal brush for her, but when the scissors arrived, she cried and shouted. Prince Yan had no choice but to give up on touching her hair.

The wet nurse helped Yan Xiaosi put on her clothes. Ping'er suddenly had a whim and took a mirror for her to shine on. "Isn't our Little Miss very beautiful?"

Logically speaking, such young children shouldn't know how to look at things, but was Yan Xiaosi an ordinary child? She immediately stared at the little person in the mirror and was stunned. Then, she began to drool.

In the next second, she fainted gorgeously.

Ping'er was stunned. She looked at Yan Xiaosi drooling and the infatuated expression on her face and could not help but be at a loss.

What was wrong with Little Miss? Although it was strange to say that, could it be that Little Miss had fainted from her own beauty?

Chapter 1149: The Saint Kings Have Gathered, Excited Yan Xiaosi! (1)

In the afternoon in the capital, the wind was gentle and the sun was bright. In a quiet courtyard hidden outside the market, the four Saint Kings of the Sacred Clan were gathered.

The cloaked man had a respected status in the Crown Prince Manor, but he could not put on airs in front of the four Saint Kings. He obediently went outside to guard the door.

The square tables were each sitting on the corresponding side according to their names.

The East Saint King drank the hot tea in his cup seriously and looked straight ahead. The other three Saint Kings' gazes landed on the East Saint King's bald head and his eyebrows that were shaved until there was nothing left.

At first, the East Saint King could still pretend to be calm, but after being looked at for a long time, even a fool would be creeped out, okay?

"What's wrong with you guys? Don't you have to talk business? Can't I shave my head in the hot weather?" The East Saint King said angrily.

The three of them looked at each other meaningfully.

Back then, when that female cat burglar harmed the Sacred Clan, the East Saint King was still very young. He had not even reached the Half-Saint Realm, so he had avoided a disaster. To put it bluntly, it was because he was not qualified enough. The female cat burglar did not like him and was too lazy to shave his hair. However, the North Saint King, the South Saint King, and the West Saint King were all harmed by the female cat burglar.

This joke made the East Saint King laugh at them for many years. Now, it was their turn to avenge their previous humiliation.

The West Saint King said, "Hehehe, I heard from Guardian Park that the other party is a Little Saint King, and a Little Saint King who's only three years old."

He laughed at their incompetence for being shaved by a female cat burglar, but look at him. How was he any better than the three of them? After all, they were shaved by the female cat burglar, but the East Saint King was shaved by someone else's grandson.

How was it? Was it exciting? Was it a surprise?

“If you have the ability, go ahead! Let’s see how many moves you can last!” The East Saint King retorted angrily.

This was a great humiliation to him. He originally thought that with his strength, even if he couldn’t defeat that little thing, he wouldn’t let it hurt him.

What was worse was that he didn’t even know when the other party shaved it. He hadn’t shaved it off in one go yet, but he had to face the wind for so long before it fell in front of the servants.

He felt extremely humiliated when he thought about that scene!

He originally wanted to use some hair gel to nurture his hair before the three Saint Kings arrived. Who would have thought that they would come so quickly?

If it were anyone else who ridiculed him, he would have long killed them.

However, these three were all Saint Kings who were on equal footing with him.

Their strength was actually above his. He wanted to deal with them? Dream on!

Moreover, he was indeed in the wrong. He had laughed at the three of them for many years because of their shaved heads. As the saying goes, the tables have turned. Now, it was his turn to be unlucky.

Among the four Saint Kings, the East Saint King was a mid-level Saint King. He was the weakest among the four. The West Saint King and the North Saint King were high-level Saint Kings, and their strength was similar. The South Saint King was even more abnormal. He was a Peak Saint King, and his strength was unimaginable even to the East Saint King.

In the Sacred Clan, the bloodline of the Saintess was passed down to women but not to men. The bloodline of the Saint King was not so taboo. However, not every Saint King could give birth to powerful

descendants. Sometimes, it also depended on luck. For example, Zhou Jin. He and Ye Yang were both the sons of the Sorcerer King, but Ye Yang was an ordinary person. Only he inherited the bloodline of the Sorcerer King, but he did not inherit his mother's Saint King bloodline.

The Southern Saint King had awakened thirty percent of his Saint King bloodline since he was born. He was not much different from a Half-Saint. Coupled with his hard work, it was easy for him to become the strongest Saint King.

Overall, after a thousand years of intermarriage and reproduction, even if the Sacred Clan did not inherit the bloodline of a Saint King or a Saintess, their potential was still much stronger than that of outsiders. Their Sacred Clan's army was enough to fight ten or even a hundred alone!

"Alright, stop fighting among yourselves," the South Saint King said. "Let's think about how to deal with those people from the Great Zhou. We have to get the Holy Soul Pearl back and find the entrance to the Holy Land. As for that Little Saint King, don't let our guard down."

The other Saint Kings did not have much bloodline awakening when they were born. Most of it was because of their hard work. However, the South Saint King had tasted the sweetness of his bloodline. He learned everything faster than others. His internal energy increased rapidly when he cultivated the same cultivation technique and for the same time. Therefore, he was one of the few people who believed in innate advantages.

To be able to become a Little Saint King at the age of three, regardless of whether he relied on the Holy Soul Pearl or not, that child had a talent that ordinary people could not match..

Chapter 1150: The Saint Kings Have Gathered, Excited Yan Xiaosi! (2)

The North Saint King had the hottest temper among the four of them. He said disdainfully, "Hmph! I think you're too careful! You were scared out of your wits by a female cat burglar! We were careless and underestimated our enemy back then. That female cat burglar pretended to be sickly. Who knew that she knew martial arts? If we had been on guard at all, we wouldn't have fallen into

her trap!”

The West Saint King was a firm supporter of the South Saint King. Everything the South Saint King did was right. Even a fart was fragrant. Those who dared to insult her South Saint King was equivalent to making things difficult for her!

The West Saint King shouted angrily, “You also said that it was because you underestimated your enemy back then. Now that you don’t take your opponent seriously, do you want to make the same mistake?”

The North Saint King slammed the table and said, “If you’re afraid, then you’ll stay in the room! I’ll go myself!”

The West Saint King said coldly, “Alright, if you’re not afraid of death, go!”

“So be it!”

“Hey, hey, hey.” The East Saint King wanted to persuade each of them to stop talking, but neither of them would listen to him.

It was still the South Saint King who shocked the two of them with his pressure.

The South Saint King said seriously, “The army has already entered the border of the Great Zhou, but it’s still a little difficult to come to the capital. The backing of the Crown Prince Manor is gone. We have to obtain a new pass as soon as possible.”

The West Saint King quickly said gently, “Does the South Saint King have any good ideas?”

The North Saint King rolled his eyes speechlessly.

The South Saint King said, “The Great Zhou’s Emperor is sick. His real power is in the hands of the Regent and Prince Yan. These two are both from the Young Master Manor. As long as we control the Young Master Manor, we will control the lifeline of the entire Great Zhou.”

The South Saint King's goal was very clear. He was much more domineering than the East Saint King. Not only did he want to take back the Holy Soul Pearl, but he also wanted to control the Little Saint King and the entire Young Master Manor. The South Saint King also believed that they had the strength.

The South Saint King said seriously, "With the enemy in front of us, let's put aside our personal grudges. Tonight, you guys will follow me to the Young Master Manor to kill to your heart's content."

The North Saint King glared. "No way? The four of us... attack together? Isn't this too shameless? Ahem, I mean, it's enough for me to attack a mere Little Saint King. If you're really worried, you can let me go with the West Saint King.

'ftvo high-level Saint Kings will definitely be able to kill that little fellow."

"Who wants to go with you!" The West Saint King rolled her eyes at him and moved closer to the South Saint King. The South Saint King was her male god. He was handsome and powerful. The North Saint King was actually not bad, but compared to the South Saint King, he was worlds apart.

The North Saint King was described as rough and had a lot of beard.

The South Saint King was elegant, peerless, and handsome.

Every day the West Saint King saw him, she wanted to give birth to children for this man.

The South Saint King automatically blocked the hot gaze from the West Saint

King and stood up expressionlessly. "Go and prepare. We'll set off in six hours!"

Although Prince Yan was always vigilant, he did not expect them to come looking for him so quickly. He was looking at the military deployment map of the capital in the study when Uncle Wan suddenly came to report, "Your

Highness, Grand Marshal Xiao is here.”

“What is he doing here?” Prince Yan asked indifferently. Uncle Wan said, “Grand Marshal Xiao is here to visit Little Miss.”

“He came alone?” Prince Yan asked.

Uncle Wan misunderstood. He thought that Xiao Zhenting had come to ask him to help coax the child again and quickly explained, “Yes, he didn’t bring Young Master Xiao along this time.”

Prince Yan lowered his eyes to hide the disappointment that flashed across his face. Prince Yan actually didn’t want to bother with Xiao Zhenting, but Xiao Zhenting’s laughter was too loud and annoying. It was extremely penetrating even through a few walls. Prince Yan couldn’t calm down, so he simply put the painting on the table and went to the courtyard next door.

Yu Wan was still not allowed to come out to take a breather and recuperate in her room. The courtyard was filled with countless maidservants watching. Everyone raised their heads high and exclaimed from time to time.

Prince Yan walked closer to take a look and was almost shocked. The maidservants surrounded Xiao Zhenting tightly. However, Xiao Zhenting was too tall and stood out from the crowd, allowing others to see him at a glance.

He suddenly threw a swaddling cloth into the sky.

“Kya!”

An excited cry came from the swaddling.

This was the first time Prince Yan had heard his granddaughter make such an excited sound. Yan Xiaosi clearly liked to be kissed, hugged, and raised high. Not only was she not afraid, but she was also so excited that her arms and legs were beating around.

Prince Yan immediately felt sour!