

Toddler 1241

Chapter 1241: Untitled

Although Yan Xiaosi really wanted to brag about her father to others, she had to keep a low profile. She was a good girl who kept a low profile!

Yan Xiaosi asked Senior Brother Jing about the situation they knew. Although many young cultivators had disappeared, those people were all itinerant cultivators, so they did not attract the attention of the other sects.

From this point of view, the culprit was very cunning. He deliberately did not choose the disciples of the sect to attack, probably because he did not want to provoke the sect's revenge. However, the Holy Sect interfered with the investigation, and in order to protect themselves, they had no choice but to kill the disciples of the Holy Sect.

"I wonder if our junior brothers will be in danger," Senior Brother Jing said self-reproachfully. If he had known that he would meet the culprit, he wouldn't have stayed in the Holy Sect yesterday to wait for news.

Yan Xiaosi patted his shoulder and said, "Didn't you say that a Great Void Stage expert just disappeared this morning? The culprit can even capture someone in the Great Void Stage. Your realm is so low. It's useless even if you're there."

Senior Brother Jing, who was choked: ‘

These words didn't comfort me, okay...

Yan Xiaosi decided to go to the Immortal Grass Mountain personally to take a look.

Senior Brother Jing had asked to follow, but Yan Xiaosi had rejected him. What kind of joke was this? She didn't know the ability of a Holy Master. What if Senior Brother Jing found out that she wasn't a real Holy Master after she entered' AS for danger, wasn't there still xiao znaoc Mao znao could even defeat a Holy Master, so why would she be afraid of a mere culprit?

However, just as Yan Xiaosi turned to look for Xiao Zhao, Xiao Zhao was gone.

"Where is he? Where did he go?" She muttered.

At the corner of the street, the Demon Lord stood in an empty courtyard. The demonic cultivator cupped his hands respectfully in front of him. "I didn't do it.

Demon Lord, please investigate!"

"Other than you, who else left the Demon Clan this time?" The Demon Lord asked indifferently.

The demonic cultivator thought for a while and said, "There are also a few subordinates, but their whereabouts are all under my control. I can also be sure that they didn't do it!"

Although the demonic cultivator wanted to do this, the Demon Lord had told them before they set off that the mission of this trip was to bring that person back to the Demon Clan and not complicate matters.

The Demon Lord did not care about the lives of these so-called righteous cultivators and the commoners at all. However, if this matter was related to the Immortal Sect, the Demon Lord would not stand by and do nothing. "Keep an eye on your people. Don't let them cause trouble for me."

"Yes."

After the Demon Lord threw a bottle of pills to the demonic cultivator, he turned around and left.

These pills were used to hide the demonic energy in their bodies and help them avoid the corrosion of spiritual energy. The Demon Lord did not need them because he was a fusion of the Holy Demon. He could absorb demonic energy and spiritual energy.

The Demon Lord returned to the inn where the disciples of the Holy Sect were. Yan Xiaosi walked over with wide eyes. "Where did you go just now? I was looking for you."

"Let's go," the Demon Lord said indifferently.

"Okay!" Yan Xiaosi carried the small basket and left the inn with the Demon Lord.

Of the two handsome men, one was dressed in white that was as white as snow and spotless, and the other was dressed in black that was like ink and exuded killing intent. They were like a pair of unparalleled young masters.

"I suddenly feel that the two of them are very compatible," a disciple of the Holy Sect murmured as he looked at their backs.

Senior Brother Jing nodded. Soon, he realized that something was wrong. He turned his head angrily and glared at his junior brother. "What are you saying?"

"That's a man!"

"Oh." The disciple of the Holy Sect who was reprimanded scratched his head.

"But Senior Brother Jing, who is that man? Why did he appear beside the Holy Master? Does the Holy Master have friends?"

Senior Brother Jing shook his head. "Let's not ask about the Holy Master."

The three of them followed the route described by Senior Brother Jing and arrived at the place where the disciples of the Holy Sect had disappeared. There were many traces of a fight on the grass, and the Demon Lord indeed felt the aura of a demon cultivation technique nearby.

So, the culprit was indeed a demonic cultivator? The Demon Lord narrowed his eyes.

In front of them was the restriction set up by the Immortal Sect. Because of "Yan Xiaosi", they successfully walked in.

"Eh? Look, the way back is gone." Yan Xiaosi tugged at the Demon Lord's sleeve, indicating for him to look back the way they had come. They saw that the empty grassland was gone, replaced by a winding stone path. The end of the stone path was filled with lingering smoke.

The restrictions were only an invisible barrier and would not change the scenery inside and out. Therefore, in theory, they should not have seen such a scene.

Yan Xiaosi continued, "We can't see the way back.

The Demon Lord asked, "Did your family's restrictions have such an effect in the past?"

"No." Yan Xiaosi shook her head. How could she not know their family's restrictions? She had sneaked out countless times all these years. To put it bluntly, the restrictions were a door. How could it be that when the door was opened, everything inside and out would be different?

Speaking of difference, Yan Xiaosi suddenly felt that this was indeed different from the Immortal Grass Mountain she had been to before.

"I've been to the Immortal Grass Mountain before. The Immortal Grass Mountain isn't like this." Yan Xiaosi squatted down and pointed at a beautiful red flower by the roadside. "There's no such flower in the Immortal Grass Mountain."

As she spoke, she raised her hand to pluck the flower. Suddenly, a glowing poisonous snake darted out from under the flower and flew towards Yan Xiaosi's heart. However, before it could approach, it was crushed by a terrifying demonic energy.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. When Yan Xiaosi came back to her senses, the poisonous snake was already gone. She opened her mouth. "There's actually a poisonous snake under such a beautiful flower."

The Demon Lord said, "Hasn't anyone told you that the more beautiful something is, the more dangerous it is?"

Yan Xiaosi stood up and looked straight at the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord thought that she would say, "Then are you dangerous?"

Unexpectedly, she suddenly pouted and asked aggrievedly, "Then do you think... I'm also very dangerous?"

The Demon Lord :

The Demon Lord took a deep breath and said to her, "We might not be in the

Immortal Sect anymore. Be careful and don't touch anything here."

"Oh." Yan Xiaosi nodded obediently. "Did we accidentally enter some mystic realm?"

The Demon Lord looked around and said, "It's unlikely that the entrance to the mystic realm is in the restrictions of the Immortal Sect. The restrictions of your Immortal Sect are not that weak. I only thought of one possibility." "What possibility?" Yan Xiaosi asked with wide almond-shaped eyes.

"The Netherworld," the Demon Lord said.

The Netherworld was the only space in the six worlds that could overlap with any other world. This was like the Yang and Yin Realms that mortals mentioned. It might be both the Yang Realm and the Yin Realm on this path of road, but the people from the Yang Realm could not walk to the Yin Realm, and the people from the Yin Realm would not easily come to the Yang Realm.

Even if they bumped into each other or even passed through each other's bodies, they would not feel each other, let alone cause any damage or influence to each other. But there were exceptions to everything.

If the people of the Netherworld wanted to come out, they only needed to obtain a token of the Underworld. After coming out, the people of the Netherworld would be like normal people for a short period of time.

On the other hand, there were people who were born with heavy yin energy and had a blurry boundary with the Netherworld. In the words of the commoners, they were prone to bumping into ghosts. Such people might inadvertently step into the Netherworld. However, as long as they did not commit crimes in the Netherworld, they would usually be sent back safely by the underworld messenger. After that, the underworld messenger would erase their memories of wandering in the Netherworld.

Yan Xiaosi seemed to have an epiphany. "You mean... the culprit is from the Netherworld? Those young men and disciples of the Holy Sect were all captured by the culprit and thrown into the Netherworld?"

The Demon Lord said, "There was demonic energy at the place where the battle took place. The disciples of the Holy Sect also said that the other party was a demonic cultivator. It might be that the culprit has a token to enter and leave

him to bring the people outside into the Netherworld."

Yan Xiaosi scratched her head. "Why did he bring them into the Netherworld?"

"The Netherworld is the best place to hide. It's a place that no one can find." The Demon Lord paused and glanced at the small basket on Yan Xiaosi's back. "Except you."

He had always known that Yan Xiaosi's constitution was special, but he did not expect it to be so special that she could even enter and leave the Netherworld freely.

Originally, he could also tear open the restrictions of the Immortal Sect, but he could be sure that after he tore open the restrictions, he would enter the real Immortal Grass Mountain, not the Netherworld that overlapped with the space of the Immortal Grass Mountain..

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The sky was dark, as if it was going to be night. At first, Yan Xiaosi thought that it was because of the weather, but when she found out that it was the Netherworld, she understood.

"I heard that there's no day in the Netherworld. Is that true?" Yan Xiaosi asked the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord shook his head. "I don't know. I've never been here."

The way they had come was already filled with a new fog. On both sides of them were forests covered in fog. The path in the middle was winding, as if it led to a canyon. The two of them walked for a while. Suddenly, the Demon Lord untied Yan Xiaosi's small basket and carried it on his back.

Yan Xiaosi hummed a tune as she walked forward. The Demon Lord looked at her heartless appearance and could not help but ask, "Aren't you afraid?"

Yan Xiaosi turned her head and looked at him strangely. "Isn't there you? Why should I be afraid?"

The Demon Lord was slightly stunned.

Yan Xiaosi chuckled. "You can even defeat the Holy Master. There shouldn't be many people in the Netherworld who are your match, right?"

The Demon Lord suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked at her evilly and dangerously. "Are you so sure that I won't leave you here alone? Or perhaps I colluded with the culprit to kill you and the Holy Master in the Netherworld?"

Yan Xiaosi blinked. "Will you?"

The Demon Lord gave her a look to let her understand it herself.

If he wanted to kill the two of them, he would have done it in the valley. There was no need to lure them into the Netherworld in front of so many people to kill them. They came in together, but when they went out, he was the only one left. Could he clear himself?

Yan Xiaosi knew that he was scaring her and did not really take it to heart. They walked for about an hour before Yan Xiaosi suddenly thought of something and asked, "Why do you think... those people were captured? Are they still alive?"

The Demon Lord said, "I'm not sure why they were captured, but... it's unlikely that they're all alive."

"Why do you say that?" Yan Xiaosi asked.

The Demon Lord looked at the canyon in front of him. They were already very close to there. "This is the Netherworld. The yin energy is too strong. If they stay for a long time, their cultivation and lifespan will be damaged. Ordinary people might die in less than twenty-four hours. Cultivators... can live a little longer, but that's only if the culprit doesn't harm them. If the culprit has other motives, I'm afraid they're in trouble."

"Oh." Yan Xiaosi understood.

Seeing that she did not seem to be worried about him at all, the Demon Lord sighed and said, "We only have twenty-four hours. When the time is up, whether we save them or not, I will bring you out of here."

Yan Xiaosi pointed at him and herself. "The two of us should be fine, right?"

Of course, the bodies of the Holy Master and the Demon Lord would be fine, but the vital energy in Yan Xiaosi's body was suppressed. It was not a good thing to stay in the Netherworld for too long.

The Demon Lord said indifferently, "I only have twenty-four hours to fool around with you."

Yan Xiaosi curled her lips. "Got it, got it."

As they spoke, they had already arrived at the canyon. The mountains on both sides of the canyon were tall and the walls were tall. It was deserted and the atmosphere was sinister. Yan Xiaosi touched his arm. "Xiao Zhao, do you feel that it's so cold here?"

With the Holy Master's physique, he would not feel cold even if he went deep into the cold lake for ten thousand years. Then there was only one explanation. This was not cold air, but Yin energy.

The Demon Lord glanced around and smiled coldly, blocking Yan Xiaosi behind him. "Someone is coming."

As soon as he finished speaking, two men in official clothes descended from the sky. The square-faced Netherworld agent asked fiercely, "Who trespassed into the Netherworld? Tell me your name!"

Yan Xiaosi stuck her little head out from behind the Demon Lord and asked softly, "Who are they?"

"Netherworld's messenger," the Demon Lord said.

There was no surprise in his tone, nor any fear.

On the other hand, the two underworld guards were slightly stunned when they saw his reaction. Since this person could recognize them, it meant that he did not accidentally enter the Netherworld. This could not be tolerated. Those who trespassed into the Netherworld would die!

The two of them exchanged glances and suddenly flew towards the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord originally did not plan to fight them, but he suddenly felt a trace of demonic energy from one of the underworld messengers. His eyes turned cold, and his figure that was about to dodge stopped. He flicked his sleeve and grabbed the underworld messenger's neck, while the other underworld messenger was sent flying on the spot by the demonic energy around him.

The Demon Lord moved gently, and a jade flute fell from the messenger's neck.

This was a demonic artifact, and its grade was not low. It was almost comparable to a spirit artifact. If he used it to deal with a Great Void Stage expert, he would have a high chance of winning even if he was not confident.

The Demon Lord retracted his demon artifact through the air and held it in his hand. Then, he used his demonic aura to shake that person out of the air, but he did not let him fall to the ground like his companions. Instead, he grabbed his neck with his demonic aura and lifted him firmly in the air.

"Tell me, who gave you this jade flute? What do you have to do with those missing people?"

"What missing people... I... I don't know..." The underworld messenger was almost unable to make a sound. The man in front of him gave him an extremely dangerous feeling. He felt that he could turn to ashes in the other party's hands at any time. Everyone cherished their lives, even the people of the Netherworld. No matter how much merit he accumulated, he still had a chance to enter reincarnation.

Yan Xiaosi asked the Demon Lord, "Do you suspect that he's colluding with that demonic cultivator? Is this jade flute a demonic cultivator's Dharma artifact?"

"Yes," the Demon Lord replied. He looked at the underworld messenger and said, "I'll ask you one last time. Where did you get the jade flute?"

We're looking for... someone who trespassed... into the Netherworld..." When the underworld messenger said this, his eyes stared fixedly at the Demon Lord. He felt the majestic demonic energy emitted from the other party's body, but since the other party asked him, he probably didn't drop the jade flute.

“May I ask who you are...” The underworld messenger mustered his courage and asked.

“You’re not qualified to know who I am.” With that, the Demon Lord tapped his fingertip, and a black light shot into the space between the Netherworld’s eyebrows. The Netherworld’s messenger fainted on the spot.

The Demon Lord threw him down.

“What’s wrong with him?” Yan Xiaosi asked.

The Demon Lord took out a clean white handkerchief and wiped the hand that had touched the messenger’s neck. His thin lips opened slightly and he said, “Nothing, he just fainted.”

He walked to another underworld messenger who had long fainted and also shot a black light into the space between his eyebrows. It had always been the underworld messengers who erased other people’s memories, but this was the first time their memories had been erased.

They would not remember what had happened, including the existence of this jade flute.

“Xiao Zhao, what are you thinking about?” Yan Xiaosi realized that the Demon Lord was deep in thought.

The Demon Lord gently gripped the handkerchief that was used to wipe his hand and shattered it into smoke. “I thought of a problem. We encountered the guards of the Netherworld as soon as we entered the Netherworld. This shouldn’t be a coincidence. Perhaps every time someone barges in, the Netherworld will sense it and instruct the nearby guards to investigate. Then, why hasn’t that demonic cultivator been discovered yet after coming to the Netherworld so many times?”

Using him as an example, he had encountered the guards today and could clear their memories once. But if the guards had lost too many memories, there would always be flaws, unless... he had helpers who had been helping him hide his traces.

“You suspect that he has help?” Yan Xiaosi was not stupid. She could guess that the demonic cultivator alone was not enough. Not everyone had a strange physique like Yan Xiaosi. He first had to have a token

to enter and leave the Netherworld freely, but where did he get the token? Moreover, even if he could steal it, it would be difficult to deceive all the Netherworld's guards alone.

"If he really has help, I'm afraid the other party isn't a small fry in the

Netherworld. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been able to deceive the

Netherworld." Yan Xiaosi sighed. "Where can we find them?"

"We'll be able to find it soon." The Demon Lord looked at the jade flute in his hand and tapped his glabella with his fingertip. He introduced a demonic energy into the jade flute, and the jade flute seemed to have come to life and flew into the sky.

"Follow it!" The Demon Lord said.

"I... I don't know how to fly!" Yan Xiaosi scratched her head.

The Demon Lord wrapped his arm around her waist and stood on the jade flute.

The jade flute brought them through the canyon and rode the clouds to a silent courtyard.

This courtyard was different from the scenery they had seen along the way. Not only was it inlaid with Night-Luminescent Pearls that emitted a gentle light, but there were also colorful flowers planted in the courtyard. As the cold wind blew, a faint fragrance wafted over.

Yan Xiaosi sniffed. "It smells so good. Do you smell it? I didn't smell anything along the way. I only smelled the fragrance of flowers here."

The Demon Lord stared coldly at the closed door in the courtyard. "There's no sense of smell in the Netherworld. What you smell is not the fragrance of flowers, but Ghost Mother's illusion."

A woman's sinister laughter suddenly came from behind the door.

"Hahahaha...! It's rare for someone to recognize my identity the first time they come to me and even see through my illusion.. Alright, I, the Ghost Mother, will personally meet you today!"

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When Yan Xiaosi heard this voice, she felt that it was a very fierce and ferocious woman. In fact, that was not the case. After the door opened, it was actually a fairy-like purple-clothed woman who came out.

Although the woman's appearance was not as good as Yan Xiaosi's, it was completely different. She was mature with elegance, beautiful with grace. Her young girl-like face made it impossible to tell how old she was.

However, her smile did not reach her eyes. There was a very dangerous aura around her.

As expected, this dangerous aura was isolated by the Demon Lord, so Yan Xiaosi, who was behind him, did not suffer at all. Therefore, Yan Xiaosi continued to stick her head out and look at her without blinking. "What a beautiful aunt."

These words were nothing from a fourteen-year-old girl. After all, although Ghost Mother had the face of a young girl, she was actually very old. However, if these words came from a seven-foot-tall man, the effect would be a little terrifying.

Ghost Mother felt her body tremble. She was originally going to use a killing move, but this coquettish "Aunt" made her emotions incoherent.

Don't think that I can't see you just because you're hiding behind. Don't you know how big you are? You're still grabbing the man's clothes like a little girl and sticking out a round... uh no... big head.

Do you think you're a little girl! Are men nowadays so lacking in masculinity?!

Ghost Mother came out with killing intent, but her killing move was interrupted by Yan Xiaosi. She landed at the entrance of the courtyard, less than ten steps away from the two of them. The Demon Lord could feel that Ghost Mother's realm was extremely high, to the point where she might be able to ascend.

"Can you defeat her? I feel that she's not very friendly," Yan Xiaosi said softly behind the Demon Lord.

Ordinary people naturally could not hear this sound, but Ghost Mother was an expert and heard every single word. Ghost Mother laughed unkindly. "Kid, you're really interesting. I think your realm isn't low either. Are you so timid?"

"I'm not timid. I'm cautious! What if you capture me to threaten him... Hmph!" Yan Xiaosi would not fall for it!

Ghost Mother crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes slightly. She was clearly puzzled as to why the other party would say such unbelievable words. The two of them were both experts at the peak of the Mahayana Realm. Why did she only capture him? Did he think that he was easier to deal with?

Actually, the moment the two of them approached her courtyard, she had already sensed that the black-clothed man was a Holy Demon Fusion. Not only could such a person move freely in the Demon Clan, but he could also be like a fish in water in the Holy Land, unlike the orthodox cultivators whose strength would be limited when they went to the Demon Clan. Even when demonic cultivators came to the Holy Land, they could not fully unleash their realm.

However, this was the Netherworld. It was useless even if the Holy Demon

Fusion came. The three of them were actually of the same realm, but the Netherworld was her home ground. Her strength could increase by ten times or a hundred times here, but they were much weaker.

"Whose is this?" The Demon Lord lit up the jade flute floating in his palm.

Ghost Mother narrowed her eyes slightly and said calmly, "Isn't this your Demon Clan's Dharma artifact? I'm not from the Demon Clan, so how would I know?"

Your Demon Clan? Yan Xiaosi blinked. Did this Ghost Mother treat the two of them as demons?

What she did not know was that Ghost Mother did not treat them as demons, but recognized the Demon Lord's identity.

"Is that so?" The Demon Lord curled his lips casually. He suddenly clenched his palm, and the energy on the jade flute exploded, emitting a shrill flute sound. At the same time, a suppressed groan came from Ghost Mother's courtyard.

"There's a sound!" Yan Xiaosi's almond-shaped eyes widened.

The Demon Lord sneered as he looked at Ghost Mother's courtyard. "Ghost Mother, you're a famous person in the Netherworld after all. You actually dare to collude with a demonic cultivator. You're really bold!"

When Ghost Mother saw that the matter had been exposed, she immediately couldn't care less. With a flick of her sleeve, she released countless ghosts. Taking advantage of the time when the ghosts were blocking the two of them, she rose into the air and put the entire courtyard into her huge wide sleeve before disappearing into the boundless fog.

The Demon Lord took out a golden flute and used the flute as a sword. This flute seemed to have some terrifying power, and all the ghosts who touched it were instantly reduced to ashes.

After dealing with the last ghost, the Demon Lord handed the flute to Yan

Xiaosi. "Take it to protect yourself."

"Oh." Yan Xiaosi gripped the golden flute tightly. "What a beautiful flute."

Demon Lord: "Shouldn't you say that it's a powerful flute?"

Why did she have to pay attention to whether it was beautiful or not?

"Yes." Yan Xiaosi nodded seriously. "It's also very powerful. Speaking of which, what were those black shadows just now? They looked so ugly!"

The Demon Lord : '

Shouldn't it be so terrifying, difficult, and strange? It turned out that in this girl's eyes, there was only beauty and ugly. Was there nothing else?

The Demon Lord patiently explained, "Those are Ghost Mother's children. They're commonly known as Ghost Children. It's rumored that Ghost Mother will give birth to ten children every morning and eat them all at night." "Huh?" Yan Xiaosi hugged the flute in her arms tightly in shock.

When the Demon Lord saw how frightened she was, he thought to himself that he shouldn't have told her such a cruel story. In the next second, he heard Yan Xiaosi say, "It's so ugly. How can she eat it?"

The Demon Lord : '

Yan Xiaosi hugged the flute and muttered, "But then again, she's so good-looking. Why are her children so ugly? Is their father very ugly?" ' The Demon Lord did not know how to reply.

Actually, those ghost children were not the children of the Ghost Mother. They were just malicious ghosts sent by the Underworld to be modified by the Ghost Mother. They worshiped the Ghost Mother as their mother, and their lives and deaths were controlled by the Ghost Mother.

Every malicious ghost that was modified had corresponding merit, so under normal circumstances, Ghost Mother cherished this group of ghosts very much. However, when she pushed them out to die just now, she did not even blink.

From this, it could be seen that the demonic cultivator had a lot of weight in her heart.

After hearing his explanation, Yan Xiaosi understood the general situation.

However, she still felt that there was something suspicious about the incident.

“But isn’t she very powerful? Why did she run? Why did she take the house with

The Demon Lord said, “Because there’s the evidence we need in the house.” Yan Xiaosi looked at him and said, “You mean... the culprit and those missing

people?”

The Demon Lord nodded. “Yes, if we find them and hand them over to the officials of the Netherworld, the matter will be exposed. Although Ghost Mother is powerful, she can’t resist the entire Netherworld.”

Yan Xiaosi: “Oh.”

Dong!

Dong!

Dong!

The sound of punches and kicks came from the basket on the Demon Lord’s back.

“Eh? What’s wrong with the Holy Master?” Yan Xiaosi walked over curiously and was about to lift the lid to see the Holy Master’s situation when the Demon Lord grabbed her wrist.

“Someone is here!” The Demon Lord said.

Yan Xiaosi turned around and saw a black shadow rapidly approaching from the fog not far away.

“Who is killing the ghost children here?” Accompanied by an angry shout, a few meandering black lightning bolts rushed in their direction.

The Demon Lord wrapped his arm around Yan Xiaosi’s waist and jumped up the hill. The meandering lightning landed where they were just now and split the ground into a crack the width of ten people and was a thousand feet deep.

“This guard is so powerful!” Yan Xiaosi exclaimed.

The Demon Lord frowned and said, “This isn’t an underworld messenger, it’s a judge.”

The judge was an important minister of the Underworld. He could resonate with the Netherworld’s Nether Qi and had almost reached the realm of Heaven and Man Unity. This was an opponent that even the Demon Lord was unwilling to face easily.

“Let’s go.” The Demon Lord flew in the direction where Ghost Mother had disappeared with Yan Xiaosi. Before he left, he did not forget to leave the jade flute behind.

On the other hand, Ghost Mother fled all the way to an island in the River of Forgetfulness before taking out the house from her sleeve. After expanding, she landed on the island.

It turned out that her house was also a Dharma artifact.

Creak—

The door opened. A man in a black robe hurriedly walked out and held Ghost Mother’s hand. “Have we been exposed?”

Ghost Mother composed herself and shook her head. "You don't have to worry. I've already lured the judge over. When the judge sees them kill the ghost children, he won't let them off. We'll be safe after the judge kills them." "What if the judge can't kill them?" The demonic cultivator asked.

"How can they not be killed?" Ghost Mother looked at him steadily. "You recognized them?"

The demonic cultivator did not say anything. After a while, he said, "My Dharma artifact is in their hands. If they hand the Dharma artifact to the judge..."

Ghost Mother secretly pinched herself. At that time, she was so flustered that she forgot to snatch the Dharma artifact back!

"I'll think of a way to deal with the dharma artifact..." Ghost Mother gritted her teeth as she paced. "The people you brought back this time are all quite talented. Hurry up and absorb their Yang energy."

The demonic cultivator suddenly said, "There's a child in their basket."

"Child?" Ghost Mother was stunned. Back then, most of her attention was attracted by the sissy handsome man, so she really did not notice the black-clothed man's basket.

The demonic cultivator clenched his fists and said, "That child has a lot of Yang energy. If I absorb hers, I won't have to absorb others in the future.."

Chapter 1244: Untitled

Ghost Mother went to look for the judge to see if she could get the children and artifact before the judge killed the two men. The demonic cultivator turned around and entered the house.

This house did not look big from the outside, but after entering, there were many sinister and cold rooms. Every room had a living person locked up or a corpse that had not been dealt with in time.

The demonic cultivator came to the last room and paused for a while.

“Damn it! Don’t even think about plotting against me! I’m not someone a scum like you can scheme against!”

A roar of boundless spiritual energy came from the room. It was the Great Void Stage old man.

The demonic cultivator had spent a lot of effort to capture him back, even though he was injured. His injuries were not serious, but it was very troublesome to recuperate. The Great Void Stage old man was a tough nut to crack. It was a little troublesome to eat him now. The demonic cultivator decided to wait for him to be weak for a few days in the Netherworld before taking action.

The demonic cultivator was not afraid that he would die just like that. After all, his realm was there, and the old man could struggle at death’s door for a long time. On the other hand, the disciples of the Holy Sects were not used to the nether energy of the Netherworld and were about to die.

Before they died, he had to suck their Yang energy.

The demonic cultivator turned around and came to the second last room. The three disciples of the Holy Sect were all locked inside. The door was opened, and a weak light shone in and shone on three Holy Sect’s disciples in green. The three of them fainted because they were too weak.

The demonic cultivator came to the three of them and squatted down. He grabbed a disciple of the Holy Sect by the neck with one hand and was about to suck his Yang energy into his body. However, at this moment, a golden flute flashed in and suddenly hit the demonic cultivator’s back.

The demonic cultivator was knocked to the ground by a huge force. Black smoke appeared from his back.

He gritted his teeth and suddenly turned around to glare fiercely at the uninvited guest at the door.

“Aiya!” Yan Xiaosi covered her eyes. “Why is it so ugly?”

The green-faced man with fangs should be referring to the man in front of him. Before coming in, Yan Xiaosi had imagined the culprit's appearance countless times. Due to the fact that the ghost children were very ugly (although they were not born from Ghost Mother), this made Yan Xiaosi seriously doubt Ghost Mother's aesthetics. Therefore, she did not have any illusions about the culprit covered by Ghost Mother.

But... she had still underestimated Ghost Mother's aesthetics.

Yan Xiaosi hid behind the Demon Lord and grabbed his sleeve tightly. She stuck her head out and used only one eye to look at the demonic cultivator on the ground. The flute had seriously injured him. He lay on the ground panting and sweating profusely, making his appearance even more ferocious.

Yan Xiaosi looked at his two big fangs and could not help but touch his teeth. "How can someone's teeth grow so big?"

"Because he's not human," the Demon Lord said as he looked down at the heavily injured demonic cultivator. "To be precise, he's not a living person."

The secret had been discovered, and a trace of extreme fear flashed across the

demonic cultivator's eyes. However, this seemed to not only come from the secret being exposed. He looked at the Demon Lord and began to tremble uncontrollably.

"Xiao Zhao, he seems to be very afraid of you," Yan Xiaosi said.

"Mm." He was the Demon Lord and had absolute pressure on all demonic cultivators. Of course, demonic cultivators were afraid.

The demonic cultivator had probably recognized him the first time they fought Ghost Mother.

"You're quite bold." The Demon Lord walked up to the demonic cultivator step by step like a demon god in charge of life and death.

The demonic cultivator cowered and lowered his head to hide the abnormality that flashed across his eyes. He slowly reached into his sleeve. With a loud crack, the Demon Lord stepped on his hand bone and immediately broke his wrist.

The Demon Lord's shoe ground on the broken bone of his hand. "You even dare to have designs on her. I think you're really tired of living."

The flute had been enlightened. Although it was powerful and could scare away the souls of malicious ghosts that touched it, the demonic cultivator was still not a malicious ghost. The flute's effect on him was limited. The reason why he pretended to be so weak was because he wanted to lower his vigilance so that he could snatch the child in the basket.

Although the Demon Lord did not care about the life and death of the Holy Master, that small body belonged to Yan Xiaosi.

The demonic cultivator's eyes widened in pain, but he could not scream at all.

When Yan Xiaosi thought about how he had injured so many innocent lives, she no longer had any sympathy for him. Yan Xiaosi walked over and asked, "Xiao Zhao, what did you mean by he's not alive?"

The Demon Lord said, "He's already dead. He relied on absorbing Yang energy to maintain his current appearance."

"Ah? This... this is a corpse..." Yan Xiaosi was not afraid of corpses. In fact, other than being ugly, she was not afraid of anything. "Then is he still a demonic cultivator?"

The Demon Lord said, "He was once a demonic cultivator. Now... he's a dead demonic cultivator."

Yan Xiaosi nodded. "I understand. He's dead, but he's unwilling to reincarnate, so he absorbed the young man's Yang energy to extend his life?"

The Demon Lord's voice deepened. "There is no reincarnation for demonic cultivators.'

“Huh?” Yan Xiaosi looked at him in confusion.

He muttered, “Once you fall to the demonic path, you will never have a chance to reincarnate. After you die, your soul will dissipate and you will completely disappear from the six worlds.”

Yan Xiaosi scratched her little head. “In that case... aren’t the demons miserable? Then why are there still people who have become demons?”

The Demon Lord pondered and said, “Because they’re powerful. Demonic cultivators are stronger than righteous cultivators of the same realm. Some of them are born from mental demons, and...” He paused, not saying what else.

“Anyway, there are many reasons.”

“Oh.” Yan Xiaosi nodded in enlightenment.

The Demon Lord looked at the demonic cultivator who was struggling desperately. He was about to die, but he was still struggling in vain. “From the moment you became a demon, you should have understood your outcome. To think that you haven’t been mentally prepared to turn to ashes after cultivating for so many years?”

The demonic cultivator lay on the ground in pain.

Yan Xiaosi could feel the pain he emitted, as if he was enveloped by a huge sorrow. Did he not want to die so much?

The Demon Lord placed his hand on the demonic cultivator’s head. Yan Xiaosi understood that Xiao Zhao was going to end the other party.

Logically speaking, if they caught the culprit, they should bring him back and hand him over to the Holy Sect to deal with. However, she did not feel uncomfortable at all when Xiao Zhao killed him here. It was as if... he had more absolute and orthodox power to deal with demonic cultivators.

The demonic cultivator did not resist. However, Yan Xiaosi clearly saw that his eyes were filled with tears. At this moment, a chain shot in, wrapped around Yan Xiaosi's waist, and pulled her out of the room.

Ghost Mother stood at the gloomy door and grabbed Yan Xiaosi's throat with one hand. She said coldly, "Let go of Heng, or I'll kill your friend!"

The Demon Lord narrowed his eyes and looked at her. His figure suddenly flashed.

Before Ghost Mother could even blink, she felt the other party appear in front of her like a ghost. Then, the person she was holding disappeared, replaced by her being grabbed by the neck and slammed into the cold wall.

It was not that the wall had collapsed, but that it had destroyed eighteen houses and eighteen walls. In the end, it pressed her against the edge of the Dharma artifact. She was the Ghost Mother. In the Netherworld, she had an immortal and indestructible body. However, at this moment, the bones in her back were shattered.

She spat out a mouthful of black fog. This was her soul energy. In the human world, she had vomited blood.

Ghost Mother had never known that this man was so powerful. He was clearly in the same realm as her, so how did he still defeat her in her territory? No, not win, crush her.

Ghost Mother's soul aura overflowed. The people of the Netherworld did not have blood, so their soul aura was their blood. Once their soul aura dissipated, they would be reduced to ashes.

The demonic cultivator staggered through the large holes and came to the

Demon Lord's side. He knelt down with a thud. "Master, please spare Ghost Mother. It's all my fault. Ghost Mother was coerced by me. I'm willing to be punished. Master, please punish me!"

Master? Ghost Mother was dumbfounded. This young man who looked to be less than twenty years old was actually the new Demon Lord of the Demon Clan? That young man who was rumored to be even more talented and intelligent than the former Old Demon Lord?

How could it be him? He was even stronger than the rumors said.

“Xiao Zhao! Cough, cough, cough...” Yan Xiaosi also walked over. She had walked over with her legs. After crossing eighteen walls, she choked on the wall ash. “Xiao Zhao, where are you? Are you alright?”

The Demon Lord coldly threw down Ghost Mother and wiped his hands with a handkerchief. After wiping them clean, he reached out and held Yan Xiaosi, who had almost hit the wall.

Women were always especially sensitive in this aspect. When Ghost Mother saw how carefully the Demon Lord protected this young man, she felt that their relationship was probably not simple.

He did not expect the all-powerful Demon Lord to like men. At the critical moment of life and death, Ghost Mother couldn't care less about the surprise in her heart. She only knew that all her hopes were on this man in white.

She melted in front of Yan Xiaosi and cried, “Young Master! Please let us go! We know our mistakes! We won't dare to do it again!”

Yan Xiaosi said seriously, “Let you go? How can that do? You've harmed so many people!”

Ghost Mother burst into tears. “Young Master! It's all my fault! If you want to kill me, kill me! Let Heng go! He's innocent! I taught him to do this! I let him suck their Yang energy!”

“Stop talking!” The demonic cultivator stopped her. “I'll take responsibility for my own actions. I'm the one who deserves to die, and I'm the one who should be reduced to ashes. You... you have to live.”

Ghost Mother cried, “What's the use of me living alone? I...”

The demonic cultivator suddenly gave her a look, indicating for her to stop.

Yan Xiaosi suddenly realized that these two people were hiding something from them..

Chapter 1245: Untitled

Yan Xiaosi was not a bodhisattva. If she was, she would not have caused such a disaster to the town. She wanted to make her benevolent with a few tears, right?

Yan Xiaosi was unmoved as she looked at Ghost Mother kneeling in front of her. With someone backing her up, she put on airs. "I..."

She originally wanted to say Miss, but when the words reached her lips, she realized that something was wrong. She had an idea and said, "I'll give you a chance to confess. Remember, you only have one chance. You better think carefully before answering."

Ghost Mother looked at Yan Xiaosi and then at the Demon Lord guarding behind him like a demon god. In an instant, she understood that this seemingly innocent young man had already discovered that she and Heng were hiding something from them.

When ordinary people found out that the Netherworld Ghost Mother had an unclear relationship with a dead demonic cultivator, they would fall into a huge shock and not have the time to wonder about anything else.

This young man looked innocent, but his brain was calmer than most people.

Ghost Mother felt sorrow from the bottom of her heart and suddenly smiled with trembling shoulders. When the demonic cultivator saw her like this, he knew that she had given up resisting. He shouted, "Ghost Mother! No!"

Ghost Mother raised her hand to wipe the hot tears off her face. Actually, these were not tears. Ghost cultivators did not even have blood, so how could they have tears? This was the transformation of soul energy that was even more precious than the soul energy around their bodies. Every drop was a ten-year cultivation.

Ghost Mother said bitterly, "At this point, what else can't be said? Anyway, we can't care less... We can't care anymore..." In the end, she covered her face and cried.

"Can't care about what?" Yan Xiaosi asked.

Ghost Mother looked at the demonic cultivator. The demonic cultivator turned his face away sadly, as if he had compromised. No matter what Ghost Mother wanted to say next, he would not stop her.

Ghost Mother stood up with the help of the wall and glanced at the Demon

Lord and Yan Xiaosi. She slowly said, "Please follow me."

Yan Xiaosi walked over, not caring if the Demon Lord followed her.

The Demon Lord looked at her back as she shuttled through the walls and felt a little bitter. Ah Wan had never done things her own way. When she was with Yan Jiuchao, she would look at him first no matter what decision she made. She was not waiting for his affirmation, but telling him that she wanted to do this.

"What a heartless little thing." The Demon Lord muttered.

"Xiao Zhao, hurry up! This place is so pungent!" Yan Xiaosi ran and jumped in front. She did not look back, but she made the most beautiful sound in the world.

The Demon Lord's red lips curled up slightly as he quickly followed.

"You already know that my house is actually a Dharma artifact," Ghost Mother said.

“Yes.” Yan Xiaosi nodded.

The two of them came to the original corridor. Ghost Mother looked at the wall at the end and paused. “Actually, it’s not only a Dharma artifact, but also a passageway to the Netherworld.”

“Oh?” This perked Yan Xiaosi up. “You mean we can walk out of the Netherworld from here?”

“That’s right,” Ghost Mother said slowly. From the corner of her eye, she noticed that the demonic cultivator and the Demon Lord had already followed her. She raised her hand and took out a key.

The moment the key appeared, a lock appeared on the dark wall. Ghost Mother inserted the key into the lock and turned it gently. The wall in front of her disappeared, and a small white path appeared in front of them.

Ghost Mother walked over first. Then, it was the demonic cultivator.

The Demon Lord grabbed Yan Xiaosi’s hand, not letting her jump too quickly.

After crossing this path, they came to another courtyard. The furnishings of this courtyard were actually the same as Ghost Mother’s courtyard. There were flowers competing for attention in the courtyard. The sun was bright and the fragrance of flowers wafted. There were bees and butterflies chasing each other in the flowers.

“Is this still an illusion?” Yan Xiaosi asked the Demon Lord softly. She was very close to him, and her breath landed beside his ear. It was so hot that the tips of his ears burned.

The Demon Lord’s throat moved as he said, “It’s not an illusion. We’re already out of the Netherworld.”

“So fast? Then what is this place?” Yan Xiaosi looked around.

Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator stood in the courtyard without moving. The two of them stared intently in the direction of the room and could not help but clench their fists.

Yan Xiaosi took in the strange expressions of the two of them and blinked strangely. She followed their gazes and was stunned. It was a comfortable and open room. In the middle was a short table with a few exquisite and delicious snacks on it. A four-year-old boy was kneeling on a cushion beside the table.

He was wearing simple clothes. He was small and thin. His face was paler than the other children Yan Xiaosi had seen. There were some snacks on the table, but he did not eat any of them. Instead, he fumbled around with his hands and took a piece of snack to feed a little rabbit in his arms.

For some reason, Yan Xiaosi felt that his movements were a little clumsy.

Yan Xiaosi stared at him for a long time. She tugged at the Demon Lord's sleeve and whispered into his ear, "Why do I feel that this child is strange?"

The Demon Lord glanced at the demonic cultivator behind him and said indifferently, "He can't see."

"What?" Yan Xiaosi was stunned. Such a beautiful child was actually blind?

Ghost Mother waved her hand and set up a soundproof array. She took a few steps forward and came to Yan Xiaosi's side. She choked and smiled. "His name is Little Stone. He just turned four the day before yesterday." "Is Little Stone your and Heng's child?" Yan Xiaosi asked.

Ghost Mother nodded.

Yan Xiaosi frowned in confusion. "You're a ghostly cultivator and he's a demonic cultivator. Can the two of you... give birth?"

Ghost Mother shook her head bitterly. "Originally, I couldn't, but I had accumulated a lot of merit in the Netherworld and was quite important to the Underworld. Coincidentally, a big case happened in the Netherworld, and a malicious ghost escaped from the Underworld and committed crimes in the human

world. I was sent to the Netherworld to investigate this case thoroughly. In order to make it easier to walk outside, the Underworld gave me a body. That was when I met my Heng.”

Yan Xiaosi crossed her fingers. “Then the two of you fell in love at first sight, admired each other, and gave birth without hesitation?”

“That’s right.” Ghost Mother nodded. “I originally wanted to stay outside for a few more years so that I could accompany Little Stone to grow up. However, after that malicious ghost was captured, I had no reason to stay outside and could only return to the Netherworld.”

Yan Xiaosi sighed inwardly. She did not expect Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator to have such a lingering story.

Although I can’t always be loitering in the outside world, I can visit the father and son from time to time. However, after I lose my human body, I’m just a pure ghost cultivator. I can’t get too close, nor can I talk to them in case they get poisoned by the nether energy in my body.”

Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaosi warily pulled Xiao Zhao a step away from her.

Ghost Mother smiled. “Young Master, don’t worry. With your current realm, you don’t have to be afraid of the nether energy anymore. As for the child in the basket, although I don’t know what realm she’s in, she’s been in the Netherworld for so long and doesn’t feel any discomfort at all. She should be born with a special constitution, and the nether energy can’t hurt her.”

“How did you know that there was a child in the basket?” Her aura would not be easily sensed.

Ghost Mother smiled. “After all, one of us is Ghost Mother and the other is a corpse. How can we not notice the aura of a living person?”

“Oh.” Yan Xiaosi was relieved. “Then what’s wrong with the two of them?”

“Young Master, you want to ask how they died?” Ghost Mother’s smile became bitter again. “An accident, it was an accident.”

That was a year ago. A righteous cultivator successfully broke through to the Lesser Mahayana Realm and attracted three bolts of lightning. He blocked the first two bolts, but he was really powerless to resist the third bolt. Coincidentally, Heng passed by with Little Stone.

When the orthodox cultivators saw that they were demonic cultivators, they grabbed them to block the lightning without a word.

The two of them were struck by the lightning before they could react. The moment the lightning struck his body, Heng protected his son tightly in his arms and poured all his demonic energy to protect him.

“I know that the Holy Sect and Demon Clan are irreconcilable. If he fights with Heng openly, I’ll respect him as a man! But why did he capture Heng to block the lightning for him? Why didn’t he even let a four-year-old child off?! What did our son... what did my and Heng’s son do wrong? Just because he was born a demon, so he should be captured and die? Should he become a stepping stone for you so-called righteous cultivators? Little Stone was born blind, but he never complained. He’s very kind... very considerate... He dotes on his father very much... When he was alive, he couldn’t even bear to step on an ant... Why did he treat him so cruelly? Why?!”

Ghost Mother roared in pain.

Yan Xiaosi realized that her beautiful face gradually became ferocious. Her edges were hard, her cheekbones were high, her lips were black and purple, and her demonic eyebrows were raised. That was the true face of Ghost Mother, as terrifying as a malicious ghost.

At this moment, Yan Xiaosi finally seemed to understand Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator’s intentions. They sucked Yang energy not because the demonic cultivator was afraid of death, but because they could come back every day to take care of their child..

Chapter 1246: Untitled

“He seems to be sick and won’t live for more than a few days,” the Demon Lord suddenly said.

Yan Xiaosi looked at him in a daze before turning to look at the demonic cultivator and Ghost Mother.

Extreme pain appeared on their faces.

Ghost Mother said, "That day, Heng and Little Stone were struck by lightning. Although Little Stone was protected in Heng's arms, he was still injured. Heng

held on with his last breath and brought Little Stone to the medical center. Do you know the outcome?"

One could imagine what would happen if a demonic cultivator brought a child of a demon to the medical center of the Holy Land.

Yan Xiaosi barely needed to listen to understand what had happened to them.

The physique of a demonic cultivator was stronger than that of a righteous cultivator. Moreover, Heng's realm was not low. If it was not to protect his son, he could completely withstand the lightning. However, he did not do so. He used all his strength on his son.

Even so, he did not die on the spot. But he was seriously injured and was no longer a threat to the righteous cultivators.

However, the orthodox cultivators would not let him off just because he was injured. They beat him up, bullied him, picked up their weapons, and wanted to kill him. When their snowflake-like fists landed on him, he did not fight back. He only knelt quietly in front of the medical center and begged the doctors to save his dying son.

Until now, Ghost Mother could still name those medical centers and all the cultivators who had participated in beating them up.

"All... the commoners and cultivators you captured... were they the ones who stood by and beat them up back then?"

“It’s more than that...” Ghost Mother took a deep breath and laughed until tears fell. “I’ve let go of ordinary people. They’re not obligated to save the dead and help the injured, but why are the people from the medical center... Aren’t they doctors? Aren’t they good at saving the dead and helping the injured? And those cultivators...”

Yan Xiaosi understood. Back then, there were many people present, and there were also many people who beat them up. However, she only punished the people from the medical center and cultivators with cultivation.

Whether it was the ordinary people who stood by and did nothing, or the father and son who were beaten up, Ghost Mother did not touch them.

“Heng didn’t have to die... My son didn’t have to be so seriously injured... If it weren’t for them... If it weren’t for them...” Ghost Mother screamed hysterically.

“Stop talking! Stop talking!” The demonic cultivator hugged Ghost Mother’s shoulder, hot tears gushing out of his eyes.

Little Stone was born a demon. Like demonic cultivators, he could not enter reincarnation. Once he died, he would completely disappear from the six worlds.

Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator hoped to be able to accompany their son on the last journey of his life. They would send their son away first before Ghost Mother sent him away.

Ghost Mother grabbed the demonic cultivator’s wrist and leaned against this man’s chest. She looked at the Demon Lord and Yan Xiaosi. The Demon Lord’s hand was already covered in blood, but this young master’s eyes were clear.

Ghost Mother laughed self-deprecatingly and said to Yan Xiaosi, “Perhaps Young Master will think that those people don’t deserve to die, but what I want to say is that I don’t feel any guilt at all after killing them!”

Yan Xiaosi opened her mouth, not knowing how to answer. She, Yan Xiaosi, was not a noble person. She did not sympathize with those people. She just felt sorry for that child. In the entire matter, no one was innocent, except him.

Yan Xiaosi looked at the human and rabbit in the room. The first piece of carrot snack had been finished. The little boy fumbled for a second piece to feed it. Only then did Yan Xiaosi realize that there was a strange scar on the rabbit's body.

Ghost Mother choked and said, "He picked it up from the road. At that time, the rabbit was shot by an arrow and he saved it. I don't remember how many little things he saved.. He always saves this and that, but who will save him?"

Chapter 1247: Untitled (1)

"Why? Are you very sad?" The Demon Lord looked at Yan Xiaosi, who had suddenly fallen silent.

Yan Xiaosi nodded. She was not sad for those who deserved it. Whether the retribution they received exceeded their sentence, they were indeed in the wrong first. "What's wrong with Little Stone? It's already very pitiful that he couldn't see when he was born.

The Demon Lord did not say anything. His heart was as hard as iron and he was no longer moved by such a thing. He was still young at that time. When Yan Xiaosi and his family walked into his heart, there was still one last soft spot in his heart.

She was different.

From the beginning to the end, she was an innocent and righteous little girl.

"Although I don't have a way, but... he should have one." The Demon Lord gestured at the basket behind him with his eyes.

“You mean the Holy Master?” Yan Xiaosi blinked.

The Demon Lord said indifferently, “I hope he does. Otherwise, it would be a waste of my high opinion of him.”

Yan Xiaosi’s eyes darted around. No matter what the Holy Master could do, she could not let Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator know that her identity had been swapped with the Holy Master. She coughed lightly and said to the two of them, “You guys stay here and reflect on your mistakes. We’ll go in and see if there’s a way to save Little Stone.”

When Ghost Mother heard that they were saving her son, her eyes lit up. “Really? Young Master! ”

Yan Xiaosi said, “I didn’t say I could definitely save him. Don’t be happy too early! Also, when we’re treating Little Stone, you’re not allowed to peek! Otherwise, if I find out, I might kill him too!”

This should involve personal cultivation techniques and the inheritance of the sect. It was a heinous crime to plagiarize others’ abilities. Ghost Mother still had a bottom line, so she hurriedly agreed.

Actually, whether they could treat him or not, she had to make a Hail Mary effort. Anyway, other than the two of them, no one else was willing to treat Little Stone.

The Demon Lord casually removed Ghost Mother’s soundproof array and set up a new one. This way, even if Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator wanted to spy, they would not be able to.

Footsteps sounded at the door.

The little boy turned his head. “Dad, are you and Mom here?”

When the demonic cultivator came to visit Little Stone, as long as Ghost Mother was with him, he would tell the little boy that his mother was also there. However, his mother could not speak or carry him because... his mother was sick and she was afraid that she would pass her illness to him.

Ghost Mother could not speak or approach the little boy, but she could make footsteps. As long as he heard footsteps other than his father, the little boy would habitually think that his mother had come too.

The reason why he did not have any other guesses was because other than his parents, no one else in the world would accompany him. His words stumped Yan Xiaosi and the Demon Lord.

.” The Demon Lord had only accompanied Yan Xiaosi in, but he had inexplicably been recognized as a wild father. Of course, he did not accept it.

Yan Xiaosi tugged at his sleeve and looked at him pleadingly. The Demon Lord shook his head. Yan Xiaosi puffed up her cheeks and acted cute!

Please.

The Demon Lord set up another soundproof barrier. “Call me Brother Xiao

Zhao, and I’ll promi—”

“Brother Xiao Zhao!” Yan Xiaosi called without hesitation.

The Demon Lord, who had a hundred threats and temptations flashing across his heart: “...

The Demon Lord removed their soundproof barrier and said to the little boy in a demonic cultivator’s voice, “Yes, it’s me. Your... mother and I are here to see you.”

Yan Xiaosi gave the Demon Lord a thumbs up!

In order not to scare this little fellow, he lowered his cultivation when he entered. In order to obtain the little fellow’s trust, he slightly released some of his demonic energy. It was this familiar aura that made Little Stone even more certain that the person who came was his father.

“Hug.” Little Stone stretched out his little hand in the direction of the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord had a toothache. It was fine if he was recognized as a wild father, but why did he have to hug him?

The Demon Lord especially didn't want to hug him!

Yan Xiaosi tugged at his sleeve and looked at him adorably. She called out silently, “Brother Xiao Zhao This tone... was really fatal!

The Demon Lord picked up Little Stone in a second!

Little Stone did not play for long before he fell asleep in his “father's” broad arms.

“But how are we going to save Little Stone?” Yan Xiaosi looked at her hand and asked with a frown, “I don't know the Holy Master's ability.”

“You can ask him.” The Demon Lord took out the little Holy Master and placed him on the fruit plate he had emptied..

Chapter 1248: Untitled (2)

The Little Holy Master looked at the Demon Lord resentfully.

“He doesn't know how to speak.” Yan Xiaosi pinched the Little Holy Master's cheek.

The Little Holy Master's gaze became even more resentful.

“Who said he has to speak?” The Demon Lord’s red lips curled up as he tapped the space between Yan Xiaosi’s eyebrows and the Little Holy Master’s.

Yan Xiaosi felt her entire body tremble. In the next second, she heard the Little Holy Master complain, “Don’t be too arrogant. When I recover, you’ll be in trouble!”

“I really heard it!” Yan Xiaosi’s eyes lit up.

“What did you hear?” The Little Holy Master’s face was cold.

“I heard you talking!” Yan Xiaosi looked at him in surprise. “I can hear what you’re thinking!”

The Little Holy Master looked at the Demon Lord coldly. “You used a psychic technique?”

This was what he was thinking. The Demon Lord could not hear him, but Yan

Xiaosi could. Yan Xiaosi was enlightened. “So this is called a psychic technique. Impressive. Brother Xiao Zhao, can you teach me when we get out?”

“Can’t I teach you? Do you have to consult this bastard!” Inadvertently, the Little Holy Master’s thoughts appeared in his mind again.

Yan Xiaosi looked at him with wide almond-shaped eyes. “Holy Master, so you know how to curse too.”

The little Holy Master was silent.

“No, I didn’t. You heard wrongly. So what if I scold him? This bastard deserves a scolding!”

Damn it! Stop it, brain!

The Little Holy Master silently chanted the Prajna Paramita Heart Sutra in his heart.

Yan Xiaosi : "..."

Actually, Yan Xiaosi felt that this psychic technique was quite cool. When she learned it later, she would use it on Brother Dabao and see what he was thinking every day.

"By the way, Holy Master, do you have a way to save Little Stone?" Yan Xiaosi asked.

"Xiaosi is so beautiful..

"Huh?" Yan Xiaosi was stunned.

The Little Holy Master's hair stood on end! He hurriedly read it in his mind. "Yan Xiaosi isn't beautiful!" Yan Xiaosi's face darkened.

The Little Holy Master : '

Fifteen minutes later, the fair and fat little Holy Master on the plate became a bruised and swollen little Holy Master.

Little Stone was injured when he was captured to block the lightning. He was very seriously injured. Ordinary people really could not save him, but he was not a Holy Master.

"Brother Xiao Zhao, the Holy Master said that he needs your help." Yan Xiaosi relayed the voice in his mind to the Demon Lord. "Let him say it himself," the Demon Lord said.

Yan Xiaosi: "Huh?"

The Demon Lord looked at the Little Holy Master calmly. The Little Holy

Master was benevolent. Of course, he would not refuse to treat it. The Little Holy Master clenched his chubby little fists and let out his first fat voice in humiliation. “Waah!”

The Demon Lord laughed hysterically.

The Demon Lord followed the Little Master’s instructions and used his strength to protect Little Stone’s heart. The Little Holy Master guided Yan Xiaosi to force the power of lightning out of Little Stone’s body bit by bit and into the Demon Lord’s body.

After all, this was heavenly lightning. If it was not completely shattered, it might spread out and cause very terrifying damage to innocent people.

The Demon Lord was not worried because he originally had a thunder spirit root. The heavenly lightning was actually a tonic for him. After removing the remaining power of lightning in Little Stone’s body, the Little Holy Master repaired his dantian and meridians.

After doing this, the Little Holy Master stopped thinking about anything and just stared straight at the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord understood and sighed. He cut his fingertip and dripped a drop of blood into Little Stone’s mouth. He was the Demon Lord and had the body of a Blood Rakshasa. His blood was the spiritual liquid of all the demons.

“His eyes...” Yan Xiaosi held the sleeping Little Stone in his arms and looked at the Little Holy Master and the Demon Lord. Although she knew that she shouldn’t be too greedy, she really hoped that she could let him see the light again.

The two of them shook their heads. He was born with it and there was no way to treat it.

If he cultivated to a supreme realm and opened his Heavenly Eye, he might be able to see it, but it was not like a normal person. There was only black and white, and only a mirror-like scene.

“Is it difficult to open your Heavenly Eye?” Yan Xiaosi asked.

“It’s as difficult as ascending to heaven,” the Demon Lord said.

Yan Xiaosi nodded and told Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator the truth about Little Stone. The two of them were not sad for too long that Little Stone could not see. After all, they were grateful that Little Stone could keep his life.

Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator knelt down and kowtowed heavily to

Yan Xiaosi.

It was for both her and the other two benefactors in the room..

Chapter 1249: Untitled (3)

Yan Xiaosi looked at Little Stone in her arms and said to Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator, “Little Stone is innocent, but you two are not.”

“We all understand...” Ghost Mother turned around and smiled at the demonic cultivator. “Just now, Heng and I had discussed that no matter what the outcome of Little Stone is, we won’t go outside to suck Yang energy anymore. Heng... he’ll take one last look at Little Stone before he leaves. I... I will also go to the Manor of the Dead to receive my punishment. ‘

Once a demonic cultivator lost his Yang energy, his soul would dissipate, and Ghost Mother’s outcome would probably not be any better than his.

Yan Xiaosi’s voice lowered. “I heard that... the punishment in the Manor of the Dead is very heavy. The ghostly cultivators who commit crimes usually don’t have a chance to turn over a new leaf. They’re either destroyed or thrown into the Fengdu Purgatory, never to be reincarnated.”

Ghost Mother smiled and nodded with tears in her eyes. She had long known that this would be the outcome, but even if she was given another chance to do it again, she would still do it. So what if she was consigned to eternal damnation for the sake of her sweetheart and her sweetheart's child?

"Do you... want to hug him again?" Yan Xiaosi looked at the sleeping Little Stone and said.

The demonic cultivator and Ghost Mother looked at each other. The desire in their eyes was obvious. But Ghost Mother could not touch him.

Yan Xiaosi narrowed her eyes and said, "You can have my body."

"This... this will damage Young Master's Yang energy. Young Master will be weak."

"I'll just be weak for a few days. I've already discussed it with..." The Holy Master. Yan Xiaosi stopped in time and said seriously, "Are you going to do it or not? If not, I'll leave."

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" Ghost Mother hurriedly pounced over and got on Yan Xiaosi's body.

Ghost Mother's cultivation was powerful, and ordinary cultivators could not withstand her nether energy. If she possessed someone, it would be easy for her to take the other party's life. People who were killed by the nether energy were very much taken seriously by the Underworld. Once they investigated, they would find out that it was her. Therefore, even though she had wanted to use the method of possessing someone countless times in the past to hug her son, she held back.

At the Holy Master's realm, Ghost Mother actually could not possess him. However, Yan Xiaosi was willing, so she easily possessed him.

There was a real touch in her arms again. That was her and Heng's son, the person she doted on the most in the world.

“The last time I hugged him was when he was a month old... After that, I returned to the Netherworld...” Ghost Mother hugged her son in her arms and was trembling with excitement. The demonic cultivator also walked over. She hugged her son and the demonic cultivator hugged her.

She had never known that there would be a day when she could carry her son with her own hands. Such a small, small thing had already grown so big that it hurt her hands to carry him.

She couldn't hug him enough. She lowered her head and kissed his forehead. Hot tears smashed into Little Stone's face. Little Stone woke up faintly and looked ahead with a pair of clear and bright eyes. “Mother, is that you?”

“Yes...” Ghost Mother nodded vigorously, and large drops of tears fell. She hugged her son tightly, as if she wanted to remember this moment forever. For the rest of her life, she would be consigned to eternal damnation in the Fengdu Purgatory.

Little Stone was very weak and quickly fell asleep again. Ghost Mother understood that her time had come. She left Yan Xiaosi's body.

Yan Xiaosi said to the two of them, “Don't worry, I'll entrust him to a suitable family and let him grow up safely.”

Ghost Mother and the demonic cultivator kowtowed to Yan Xiaosi three more times.

The demonic cultivator's Yang energy was exhausted. He disappeared in Ghost Mother's arms. His body was annihilated into ashes inch by inch. Powerful demonic energy overflowed and fed back to the entire Demon Domain.

Every time a cultivator died, their cultivation would be used to nourish this land. This was probably the endless law of the Shengze Continent.

“I should go too...” Ghost Mother said to Yan Xiaosi. “But before I leave, I have something to give...”

Ghost Mother originally planned to say Demon Lord, but when the words reached her lips, she smiled and shook her head. This young master in white did not seem to know the identity of Demon Lord. She did not want to let it slip. There were some things that were between the two of them, and it was best for others not to interfere.

Ghost Mother said, "Can I see that young master one last time? I want to thank him in person."

"Oh, alright." This request sounded very reasonable, and Yan Xiaosi agreed readily!

Ghost Mother went to the inner room to meet the Demon Lord and the fair and fat little Holy Master sitting on the plate.

Ghost Mother did not ask for the Little Holy Master's exact identity. She only knelt down and kowtowed to the Demon Lord. "I'm here because I have something for the Demon Lord.."

Chapter 1250: Untitled (4)

"Would I care about your things?" The Demon Lord said indifferently.

Ghost Mother smiled and said, "It's indeed not a powerful thing to others, but it's what the Demon Lord needs."

"Oh?" The Demon Lord's eyebrows twitched.

Ghost Mother looked at the fair and fat little child and said, "There seems to be a restriction in this child's body. The fact that she can't be invaded by the nether energy means that her body should be stronger than most people. Under such circumstances, they even set a restriction on her. It shouldn't be purely to protect her, but... when she's too powerful and needs to be suppressed. Am I right?"

How would I know if it was right? I got separated from her when I was three!

However, Ghost Mother's words seemed to have reminded the Demon Lord.

Not only was her body planted with restrictions, but even her soul was also planted with it. He was not protecting Yan Xiaosi, but guarding against her. Moreover, after Yan Xiaosi's soul left her body, the restrictions in her body immediately compressed her back to the appearance of eight months. It was because after losing the restriction on her soul, her strength could no longer be suppressed by just one restriction. She had to return to her baby state immediately to suppress it.

Otherwise, once her aura was released, it would tear apart the space of the entire holy land. At that point, all the spiritual energy and demonic energy would dissipate, and the air would be sucked dry. Everyone would be finished.

She was not sick.

She was too strong.

"The Holy Land is still too weak. It can't withstand her strength, but our

Netherworld can. Among the six worlds, only the Netherworld is endless. The Netherworld can store as much energy as it can."

As Ghost Mother spoke, she slowly spat out a black bead. "This is my soul bead. It's equivalent to a cultivator's inner core. As long as she brings the soul bead with her, the soul bead will automatically open a passageway to the Netherworld and can lure her excess strength into the Netherworld at any time."

"Will the Netherworld really be fine?" The Demon Lord asked meaningfully.

Ghost Mother understood what he meant. "No one will discover it in the Netherworld. Even if they do, they won't know where it came from, let alone absorbing her power and raising an unknown enemy. I can promise you these points. Little Stone still needs your protection. I care about your safety more than anyone else."

The Demon Lord did not doubt her sincerity. "Then where will her power go?"

Ghost Mother looked at the boundless sky with a trace of holiness and longing. "Her power will become the stars on the River of Forgetfulness, illuminating the entire River of Forgetfulness."

The Demon Lord accepted the bead. He put on the bead with a rope and hung it around the Little Holy Master's neck. Since this bead was for Yan Xiaosi, it should be hanging on Yan Xiaosi's main body.

However, the Demon Lord waited until he was sleepy, but the Little Holy Master and Yan Xiaosi did not come back.

At this moment, the Demon Lord suddenly realized something. Ghost Mother only said that this bead could help Yan Xiaosi absorb her extra power, but she did not say that it could turn Yan Xiaosi and the Holy Master back.

Their soul teleportation was the effect of the heavenly lightning. Then, they might have to strike another heavenly lightning to be effective.

"Can ordinary lightning work?" The Demon Lord pondered and called Yan Xiaosi over. Before Yan Xiaosi could ask what was wrong, two bolts of lightning struck down, one on the Little Holy Master and the other on Yan Xiaosi.

The two of them were instantly turned into charcoal.

"Yan Xiaosi!" The Demon Lord looked at the two of them and shouted. Yan Xiaosi spat out a mouthful of black smoke. "Why did you hit me?" F*ck! It was still the body of a Holy Master!

"Could it be that there isn't enough lightning?" Since the Demon Lord knew that Yan Xiaosi couldn't be killed by lightning, he felt relieved and went to strike. Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh! Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

In any case, the excess power would be sucked into the Netherworld, so there was no need to worry about where it would collapse. However... Yan Xiaosi and the Little Holy Master were both charred black, but they still couldn't change.

"Could it really be heavenly lightning?" The Demon Lord gritted his teeth and circulated all the power of lightning to suddenly blast towards the dome.

The dome trembled, and indeed, a bolt of lightning was attracted. The Demon Lord hurriedly grabbed the two of them and raised them above his head. "Brother Xiao Zhao—cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck—"

"Waah—Waah wah wah wah wah wah—"

The two of them stuck out their tongues and trembled.

Yan Xiaosi was still the Holy Master, and the Holy Master was still Yan Xiaosi. The two of them had already been turned into salted fish. They lay on the ground in unison and were extremely dizzy.

The Demon Lord came to the two of them with heartache. He looked at the fair and fat... Uh no... He should be considered a black and charred little Holy Master now. Then, he looked at the charcoal Yan Xiaosi and knelt on one knee. He gently hugged Yan Xiaosi and said domineeringly, "Listen carefully. Even if you can't exchange it back for the rest of your life, even if you can only be a man from now on, you... are still my man!"

With that, as if to prove his determination, he closed his eyes and kissed the little black man in his arms. He kept hypnotizing himself.

This was Xiaosi, this is Xiaosi, this is Xiaosi...

"Brother Xiao Zhao, what are you doing?"

A blurry voice sounded from behind the Demon Lord. It carried the gentleness and sweetness of a young girl, like the sound of nature.

The Demon Lord's body froze. He widened his eyes and looked at the Holy Master, who had also widened his eyes. Then, he turned around and looked at the slender girl who was rubbing her eyes. His face turned pale.

He suddenly stood up and the Holy Master fell to the ground. In the next second, the two of them turned their heads at the same time and covered their chests.. "Urgh—"