

Toddler 561

Chapter 561 Ancestor Sikong, **** the little Gu Gu

Yan Jiuchao was accompanying the three black-eyed little black eggs in the room. The little black eggs had just taken a bath, so they didn't dress properly and ran around the room with their bare bottoms.

Yan Jiuchao carried one in each hand and carried it to the stool.

"Sit down," he said calmly.

After saying that, he took a few small clothes and began to put them on carefully for his son. Rao became a ghost king, and some things were also imprinted in his instinct, such as loving Yu Wan, and taking care of a few black eggs.

While Daddy Smelly dressed Dabao, Little Treasure stretched out a small foot and slowly touched the ground, he slid down the stool and glanced at Daddy Smelly, seeing that Daddy Smelly didn't pay attention to him, whoop Run to the door!

He stepped out with one short leg, and when he was about to step out of the other, a powerful internal force sucked him back and firmly grasped it in Father Smelly's hand.

Yan Jiuchao grabbed the clothes on Yan Xiaobao's back like he was holding a cub.

Xiaobao sighed helplessly, lowered his head, and gave up resistance.

Yan Jiuchao put Little Treasure on the stool and began to dress Er Bao.

Xiaobao ran away again cheaply.

As a result, Yan Jiuchao caught him again.

Daddy or something, it's so uncute!

The three little black eggs got dressed, held hands, and jumped to find their mother.

When Ying Shisan entered the room, Yan Jiuchao was flipping through a few books from the library of Sikong's house. Even though this identity seemed absurd, it actually gave him a lot of convenience. The secret of Shura that no family can find.

Their Shura is the most talented Shura, but if there is no martial arts secret book suitable for him, he is like a piece of rough jade that cannot be carved, and it is always difficult to exert his maximum strength.

"Young Master." Ying Shisan bowed, "What are you looking at?"

Yan Jiuchao closed the book and handed it to him: "Give it to grandma."

"Yes." Ying Thirteen took the secret book over.

"Anything?" Yan Jiuchao asked when he saw that he hadn't left.

Ying Thirteen told the story of Ancestor Sikong and Saintess Lanyi: "... Concubine Yun's father may not be the Shen family, but the ancestors of the Sikong family. The subordinates are worried that the saintess also discovered this secret, I will pretend to be a young lady and enter the Ming Mountain to recognize my relatives."

Recognizing relatives is still a trivial matter, and I'm afraid that she will use Patriarch Sikong to turn against them after she recognizes them.

With the face she is wearing now, the possibility of passing the test is not small.

The three little black eggs can recognize Yu Wan because Yu Wan has not changed in the slightest in terms of body shape or walking posture, even if it is just a back figure, they can still recognize her.

Ancestor Sikong may not be gone.

Yan Jiuchao tapped lightly on the table with his fingertips: "Prepare the car."

The moon is bright and the stars are sparse, and the Mingshan is silent.

Under the support of Huazhi, the Holy Maiden successfully entered the Sikong Mansion and came to the foot of the Mingshan Mountain through the secret road of Mingshan Mountain.

Huazhi bowed and said nervously: "Holy maiden, the servant will send you here. You must be careful. If something is wrong, don't fight and leave as soon as possible."

Love battle?

Who would have the guts to fight with Patriarch Sikong?

Even if the skills of those group of people add up to the ancestors, it is not enough to see.

Thoughts flashed, the saint raised her hand lightly: "You step back, he doesn't like being disturbed by outsiders."

"Yes." Huazhi withdrew wisely.

Saintess originally had the qualification to enter the Mingshan Mountain, but it was the first time to walk in the secret passage. She looked around, found the direction of Chaoyang Hall, and walked over.

In order to play that girl better, she has gained a lot of weight and stuffed a few more clothes. She does look a little chubby. That girl did not grow up with the ancestors, and the ancestors did not care about

her body and breath. I don't understand, the only proof is this face that is somewhat similar to Saintess Lanyi.

As for the aura of a saint, the saint is not worried. Who made that girl carry a saint in her stomach? To a certain extent, the breath of the two of them is enough to be fake.

As long as she does not reveal the martial arts of the temple, she will not let the ancestors find the flaws.

Of course, there is still the possibility of being seen through, so what awaits her will be an extremely cruel ending, but at this stage, she has no way out, not to mention that she has never been a timid person, the greater the risk, the greater the benefit, she understands the rules of the game better than anyone else.

Saintess continued to walk towards Chaoyang Hall.

As she walked under a banyan tree, she heard a familiar footstep.

She hurriedly dodged behind the banyan tree, calmed herself, stuck her head out to take a look, and saw Sikong Changfeng waving a lantern, strolling in the courtyard.

He was dressed in white, handsome and suave in the night.

The saint suddenly thought of how the two of them looked when they were young. Compared to Sikong Yun, Sikong Changfeng was much more of a gentleman. She always took care of her very much, being considerate and meticulous. Unfortunately, she was born ruthless and ambitious. Too kind and honest, not easy for people to control—

"Hey!"

Sikong Changfeng's cry interrupted the saint's thoughts.

The Holy Maiden looked towards Sikong Changfeng.

At this hour, Sikong Changfeng should not have appeared in Mingshan, but who would make Xiaohua hungry again?

Mingshan Gu Kings are all over the place, and each one is not low in rank. They are all raised by Sikong Changfeng to Ten Thousand Gu Kings. Since the little Gu Gu came, they have become the food of the little Gu Gu.

Of course, the little Gu Gu is just a young Gu, not the opponent of this group of old thousand Gu kings, but with the ten thousand Gu kings in charge, the thousand Gu kings dare not defy its coercion, and can only obediently let the fox fake tiger prestige. The little Gu Gu ate his companions one by one.

Little Gu Gu eats and drinks enough, and progress becomes very fast.

Sikong Changfeng still remembered that when Chu entered Ming Mountain, Xiaohua couldn't even beat one of the Gu Kings here, but now he can beat several by himself.

Every time it kills one, it will show it off in front of the Ten Thousand Gu King, and the old monk of the Ten Thousand Gu King is in meditation and doesn't even bother to look at it.

The little Gu Gu sucked the Thousand Gu King away in front of the Ten Thousand Gu King!

Sikong Changfeng said: "Okay Xiaohua, I will eat here today and come back tomorrow."

After eating several, Sikong Changfeng was worried that the supplement would be too much.

The little Gu Gu smacked his mouth with a sigh of relief and jumped onto the body of the King of Ten Thousand Gu, the little claws were paralyzed, and he was lying on his stomach and couldn't move.

Sikong Changfeng put the two Gu Kings into the jade bottle, turned and went back to the secret passage of Sikong Mansion, but suddenly, his eyes narrowed: "Who?!"

Holy Maiden's eyebrows jumped!

"Eldest son, it's me. You have something left in Chaoyang Hall during the day, and I'm about to send it to you." A young disciple from Chaoyang Hall came over with a jade fractured fan.

Sikong Changfeng dissipated his vigilance and said gently, "Thank you."

The younger disciple cupped his hands and said, "You're welcome, it's getting late, I'll go back to serve the ancestors, eldest son, farewell."

"Farewell." Sikong Changfeng took the jade bottle and the folding fan and walked over to the other side of the banyan tree.

Until he completely disappeared into the night, the Saintess breathed a sigh of relief.

However, the sigh of relief was not over, and the Holy Maiden suddenly felt a suffocating coercion, as if a heavy mountain was pressing down! The clouds on the horizon rolled over, obscuring the stars and the moon, the surroundings became bleak, the leaves were rustling, the birds fluttered, and the worms shrank!

The Holy Maiden didn't even have time to react, so she felt a pain in her chest, her muscles and veins reversed, and crimson blood flowed from her seven orifices.

In order not to expose her power, the saint took short-acting Hua Gong San before she came, and now she has no power, so she can't bear this destructive aura.

Her knees bent and she fell to the ground with a plop. She covered her chest that was about to burst with one hand, and firmly supported the ground with the other.

Click!

Her ribs were broken.

I expected the ancestor to be strong, but I didn't expect it to be so terrible.

She felt that she was going to live and die under this pressure in the next second, she tried her best to lift it up, and tremblingly touched the portrait in her arms.

With just such a simple action, her hand bones were broken.

She was in a cold sweat from the pain, and squeezed out a few words from between her teeth: "...Old...Old Ancestor...I am...Lanyi's..."

Before she finished speaking, she couldn't hold it any longer, her eyes darkened and she fainted!

A strong **** smell permeated under the banyan tree, and the surroundings fell into a death-like silence.

A tall shadow came over, his sharp eyes moved, and the portrait flew up and slowly spread out in the air.

The tall shadow stared blankly at the portrait in the air, and after a while, he made a voice as old as Hong Zhong: "Lanyi..."

Chapter 562 Recognition

The saint was awakened by a nightmare. She dreamed that she was seen through by the ancestor Sikong. The ancestor grabbed her throat and stabbed her in the heart with a dagger.

She exclaimed and sat up suddenly!

She was born a saint, and received training that was different from ordinary people. She had already developed a temperament to deal with things without fear, but she still had a nightmare that scared her into a cold sweat. It can be seen that the strength of the ancestor last night was left in her heart. What a terrible shadow.

Soon, however, the saint found herself in an unfamiliar room, and the golden morning light came in through the window lattice, and shone on the tables and chairs that exuded a strong simple atmosphere.

The furnishings of the house are not complicated, but they are all made of high-quality golden nanmu, which is rumored to be immortal for thousands of years, so it is a style from many years ago, and at first glance, it is still not worn out.

There was obviously no one in the room, but the Holy Maiden had an illusion that she did not dare to make mistakes.

"Where is this place?"

The Holy Maiden whispered.

As soon as the voice fell, there was a knock on the door.

Immediately afterwards, a young disciple asked, "Miss, are you awake?"

A look of vigilance appeared in the eyes of the saint: "I'm awake."

"Then I'll bring the ginseng soup to the girl." The little disciple said, waiting quietly outside the door for the saint's instructions.

The saintess' eyes flashed, and she lowered the curtain and said, "Okay."

crunch——

The door was pushed open.

The younger disciple walked in with a bowl of steaming ginseng soup, and a tempting aroma filled the room immediately.

The younger disciple put the ginseng soup on the table, and said without looking sideways, "Miss, please drink some ginseng soup first. This soup is made with bamboo chicken and snow ginseng from our Mingshan Mountain. It is nourishing and delicious. You can't drink outside!"

The Holy Maiden stroked the veil with her hand and was about to pull it away. She paused, then pulled her hand back and asked through the veil, "You just said...this is Mingshan? Where is Mingshan?"

"Chaoyang Hall!" said the little disciple.

The pupils of the Holy Maiden shrank!

Chaoyang Hall, the site of Ancestor Sikong, she came here by accident?

No, it wasn't a mistake. She vaguely remembered that she was severely injured by the pressure of Ancestor Sikong.

Why are you in Chaoyang Hall as soon as you wake up?

Listening to this little disciple's tone, he seems to be very respectful to himself.

Could it be that... Ancestor Sikong saw the portrait of Saintess Lanyi and already guessed that she was the descendant of Saintess Lanyi?

In order to confirm her guess, the saint slowly lifted the curtain, looked at the little disciple standing by the table, and said softly, "Who brought me here?"

"It's the ancestor." The younger disciple said.

When referring to the ancestor, the younger disciple's expression was more respectful than before, and at the same time, a trace of doubts that could not be suppressed appeared on his face.

The Holy Maiden understands what he is wondering. The ancestor never allowed outsiders to enter the mountain, but now he has brought a girl back, and he has made people wait for him. Everyone here is going to be shocked, right?

The Holy Maiden doesn't care if they are stupid or not, as long as the ancestor recognizes himself, it is enough.

The little disciple did not lie to her. The taste of this bamboo chicken and ginseng soup is extremely delicious. It has nothing to do with cooking skills.

Then she remembered that she had broken many bones in her body, but now there was no pain at all.

"Who healed my wounds?" she asked the little disciple beside her.

The younger disciple thought about it and said, "It should be the ancestor, right? We have never healed the girl."

Now, the saint is almost certain that the ancestor recognized her.

I thought I would die, but unexpectedly... I put it to death and came back to life.

The Holy Maiden pressed down the corners of her lips raised in pride, took a few more sips of ginseng soup, and then calmly looked at the little disciple who looked at the nose and the heart: "What's your name? How old are you this year?"

The younger disciple replied, "My name is Jinghong, and I am fourteen this year."

The Holy Maiden squeezed out a gentle and harmless tone and said, "Then I...will I call you Jinghong in the future?"

Young disciple Jinghong scratched his head and said with a naive smile, "Okay."

"How long have you been in Mingshan?" asked the saint.

The younger disciple said, "It's been five years."

Five years, so he is very familiar with the ancestors.

The Holy Maiden stirred the ginseng soup in the bowl with her spoon, and didn't ask about the news of the ancestor. Although she didn't think this little disciple would hide herself, she couldn't eat hot tofu in a hurry. Picture it.

Saintess don't eat meaty meat. It's because the chicken soup is so delicious. After eating a few more bites, she feels her stomach tumbling. The chicken soup is finished.

The little disciple was very obedient and quietly guarded by the side. When she asked questions, he answered, never asking her.

Saintess joked: "Aren't you curious about who I am?"

The little disciple scratched his head and smirked.

Curiosity is sure, but they didn't have the guts to ask about the ancestors.

The Holy Maiden is more and more certain that she is holding the right thigh, and with the support of her ancestors, is she afraid that she will not be able to deal with the mere "Saint Maiden" and the "Second Young Master" of Sikong's family? Even now, when the current Patriarch Sikong arrives in front of his ancestor, he has to obediently call out his uncle and grandfather!

The little disciple said, "Girl, do you have any other orders here? If you don't order, I'll go to the kitchen to see if breakfast is ready?"

The Holy Maiden returned to the cage and shook her head politely at him: "No, you go."

"Hey!" The little disciple brought the bowl and was about to leave. Just as he reached the door, he was stopped by the Holy Maiden.

The saint asked softly, "Jinghong, do you know where the ancestor is?"

The younger disciple turned his head and said, "The old man is practicing martial arts, if the girl feels that the room is stuffy, you can go for a walk in the garden, but don't leave the garden, there are many Gu worms in Mingshan, and the girl does not know martial arts, so she may be bitten by the worms. ."

"Thank you." The saint nodded approachably. After the little disciple went out, she also stood up and walked around the courtyard.

Naturally, she would not listen to the little disciple obediently, so she left the yard unintentionally without taking a walk twice.

Chaoyang Hall is very big, she chose a direction at will, and dared to hang out.

This is Patriarch's site, she didn't believe that she was injured on his site, and he could not notice it.

She wanted to see how much weight her great-great-granddaughter held in the minds of the ancestors.

While thinking about it, the Holy Maiden walked towards the dangerous Gu Garden, where the lowest-level Gu insects are kept, but it is also full of insects and snakes. She walked in cautiously, and suddenly, a huge poisonous snake flew towards her. jumped over.

"what--"

She screamed and fell to the ground.

The imaginary heavy damage did not come. The moment the poisonous snake bit her, it was shaken away by an invisible force. Then, the insects and snakes around seemed to feel a fatal threat and fled back to their lair. .

The Holy Maiden slowly removed the sleeves that blocked her eyes and looked at the man who fell in front of her.

That is a burly master, dressed in black, with white hair like snow, and a powerful aura.

But it is also because it is so powerful that people dare not look directly at his face.

The saintess' eyes went from bottom to top, and when they landed on his tight neckline, they didn't dare to go up again.

She looked away and looked timidly at the side of the hillside.

She was like a little girl who was so frightened that she couldn't speak. She didn't ask who he was, and she didn't say thank you. She just shrank back, and when she shrank, it happened to reveal her sprained foot from a fall.

Sikong Ye glanced at her swollen ankles, bent over, and stretched out his arms towards her.

The saint's body trembled in fear.

His hand stopped, as if hesitating.

The Holy Maiden bit her lip and leaned towards him.

Sikong Ye hugged her lovingly.

Saintess felt his love for her, and her dangling heart gradually returned to reality. She leaned on the other side's arms obediently, and let the other side carry her back to Chaoyang Hall.

"What's it called?" Sikong Ye asked.

"Lan, Lan Yu." She whispered.

That girl seems to be talking about this name, don't care if it's true or not, let's talk about it after using it!

"Who are you, Lan Yi?" Sikong Ye asked again.

"Great-grandmother," said the saint.

Sikong Ye took a step.

The saint blinked. At this point, she was not worried that the ancestor would doubt herself, so she dared to ask: "You... Are you my great-grandfather? Before my great-grandmother died, let me come to Mingdu to find you. , I...I don't know if I've found the right one."

Sikong Ye didn't answer her question directly, but said, "What's the matter with the injury on your body?"

The saint would not think that he was referring to the injury caused by his coercion last night. She fought against Yan Jiuchao a few days ago and suffered a lot, and even the old injury still hasn't healed. The ancestor must have healed her injury. It was noticed, and she simply healed her injuries.

"Being beaten," she whispered.

"Who?" A strong murderous aura burst out from Sikong Ye's body.

Saintess pursed her lips, lowered her head and said, "Saints."

Chapter 563 Fat Wan and Patriarch, Favoring Sun Kuangmo

The Holy Maiden is a divine envoy from the heavens, and she is a very transcendent existence in the entire underworld. However, with Sikong Ye's strength, she did not put the divine envoy that everyone sought after in her eyes.

When he heard that the person who hurt his little great-grandson was the Saintess of the Underworld, Sikong Ye didn't lift his eyelids, and there was a disdainful snort from his nose.

The saintess naturally understands where this humming sound comes from. It is nothing more than the saintess who everyone is afraid of. In the eyes of the ancestors, she is like an ant that can be pinched to death with one hand. If not, why does she have the qualification to enter the Mt. Mingshan is chaotic, always staying in his own temple with restraint? Do you really think she's lazy and can't walk?

"Why did she hit you?" Sikong Ye asked coldly.

Saintess said: "Her mother stole my things, I went to the door to ask for it, and she was injured."

This matter is not a fabrication of the Holy Maiden. After all, when Yu Wan first entered the Underworld, she did let Lan Jiao **** a Gu King, and Yu Wan did come to ask for it, and she was indeed the recipient of that night. injury.

The only difference is that when she was injured, she was a saint, but now she has become "Lan Yu", but the old ancestor would not know this, the old ancestor would only know that he had injured the stinky girl.

Sikong Ye frowned and said, "Don't you even have a bodyguard? Can that kind of three-legged cat's kung fu hurt you?"

After all, she was one of the top five masters in Mingdu, but when this old ancestor said it, she became a three-legged cat. The saint took a deep breath, suppressed the urge to vomit blood, and whispered, "My family is poor, I can't afford it. Guard, I still borrowed from the villagers to come to Mingdu."

The bones and blood that strayed from the people had to be strayed, so that this ancestor could be more cherished, right?

Sure enough, after listening to the saint's words, Sikong Ye hugged the saint's arms even tighter: "Who else is at home?"

"No, I'm the only one left." Saint Ann choked.

Sikong Ye returned to Chaoyang Hall with the Holy Maiden in his arms.

The disciples in the hall were all very frightened when they saw that their god-like ancestor actually came back with a girl.

After Sikong Ye entered the room, the disciples fry.

"Who is that girl?"

"Is it the one who was brought back by the ancestor last night? The ancestor also brought her back last night..."

"The old ancestor will not reach this age, and finally the iron tree blooms, and he has a crush on a little girl?"

Si Kongye only instructed his disciples to serve the girl he brought back, but he did not reveal her identity, so no one guessed on the little great-grandson, only that the girl was very good, and she was afraid that she would be their grandmother in the future.

"Are we finally going to have a mistress in Chaoyang Palace?"

"Shh! Be quiet! Don't tell the ancestor to hear it! It's all gone, the ancestor's affairs are not something we can speculate on, let's do our part with peace of mind and try our best to be loyal to the ancestor!"

The disciples dispersed.

Sikongye carried the saint back to her own room. Her foot was sprained a little seriously, and her entire ankle and instep were swollen high. Sikongye used her internal strength to dissipate the blood stasis for her, almost in the blink of an eye. The feet are back to normal.

"Get up and take two steps." Sikong Ye said.

"Yeah!" The saint stood up obediently and walked a few steps. It really didn't hurt anymore!

Guru~

The Holy Maiden's stomach growled.

I only drank a bowl of bamboo chicken and ginseng soup in the morning, and I went outside and got injured again. At this time, I was inevitably hungry.

"Eat first." Sikong Ye said.

The implication is that after eating, take revenge.

The Holy Maiden had no reason not to agree, nodded and said with a well-behaved look: "I'll listen to you."

Sikong Ye asked his disciples to prepare the meal, but he didn't want to eat, he just sat there watching the saint eat.

When the saint eats slowly, he will frown. When the saint eats more chopsticks, his brows stretch.

The saint has the illusion of being deeply loved. She was born to be the most powerful saint in the Lan family. Holding it, the meaning is incomparable.

Ancestor Sikong is an existence that can compete with the rumored Pluto. If it wasn't for the accident of Saint Lady Lanyi, he might be the real Pluto.

The Holy Maiden couldn't help but be jealous of Yu Wan again, what kind of **** did that girl have, why did the good things in the whole world spread to her? No one knows better than her how inhumanely old Ancestor Sikong is, but because of this, his favor is so precious, not to mention that he doesn't look old at all. Unparalleled elegance, like a **** of the nine heavens.

Saintess couldn't think any more, the more she thought about it, the more jealous she became.

"I'm full," said the saint.

Sikong Ye frowned slightly, as if he was not satisfied with her appetite.

Maybe in the eyes of outsiders, the Holy Maiden is a girl who is already married, but in Sikong Ye's eyes, she is still a little girl. It's not good for a baby to eat so little.

Sikong Ye pushed the bowl of rice in front of him to the Holy Maiden: "Eat."

The saint, who had never eaten much, was startled: "Huh?"

Other people's children are fat and round, and their own dolls are thin and shriveled. At first glance, they have not been fed properly. Sikong Ye is a competent elder, and his little great-grandson will never be allowed to starve into a small skinny monkey.

"Eat it." Sikong Ye said without hesitation.

In order to play a good great-granddaughter who has endured hardship in the folk and is not picky about food, she has already eaten all the rice in the bowl. You must know that when she was still a saint, her three meals combined were not enough. many.

She had already eaten a little: "Ancestor, I..."

"Eat it, don't let me say it a third time!" He is an elder who loves his children, but he will never allow his children to be picky eaters!

The Holy Maiden took the bowl of rice and ate it with her life.

Sikong Ye found that she didn't eat vegetables, but only ate rice with her head down.

Si Kongye took some chopsticks for her, the fat and greasy braised pork.

The vegetarian saint saw those quivering fat meat, and she wanted to die!

Si Kongye didn't have enough fat, so he even smashed two big drumsticks and rolled his eyes from the Holy Maiden.

Seeing that she was panicking even with such a small thing, you can see how hard she lived in the folk before, and she was hungry and small, didn't she? Sikong Ye became more and more certain of his determination to raise and strengthen his baby.

After a meal, Saintess Half-Life was gone.

After a few more meals, she felt that she could die here alive.

"Old... Old Ancestor, are we..."

Time to seek revenge for the "Saint"?

Sikong Ye understood what he meant, but he didn't have any doubts because of her anxiety. If she was bullied, she should fight back. This is only right and proper, and he planned this way originally, but now, he has more important things to do. things to do.

He summoned the disciples of Chaoyang Palace and asked them how they should raise their children. When he was the young master of the Sikong family in his early years, he had seen quite a few children, but seeing them was one thing, and raising them himself was another. .

The disciples were stunned. The ancestors did not call them for hundreds of years, but when they called, they asked them how to raise their children? !

"Although the disciple has not given birth, but there is a younger brother in the disciple's family..."

is the little disciple named Jinghong. He gushed about his parents' parenting classics, nothing more than eating well, drinking well, dressing well, and sleeping well.

Si Kongye frowned deeply, there were no women in Chaoyang Hall, and his little great-grandson didn't even have a change of clothes.

At this moment, Sikong Ye took the saint who lost half of her life due to the support out of Mingshan and went to the market to buy.

The saint was paralyzed on the carriage, not wanting to move.

She is really dying, her belly is about to burst!

"Sugar gourd feed - candied haws -"

On the street, passing a vendor selling candied haws, Sikong Ye saw an aunt walking over with a seven-year-old girl. The aunt bought a bunch of candied haws for the little girl. Sikong Ye nodded after being taught, and jumped out of the carriage. I also bought a bunch of candied haws for my doll.

Just as he turned around with the candied haws in his hand, he caught a glimpse of a chubby little figure on the stall beside him.

Looking at the side, it is a girl about the same age as her own baby. There are several bowls of dumplings in front of her. Four of them have been dried up. She is eating the fifth bowl. Soon, the stall owner presented her again. A large plate of kebabs.

She had a mouthful of salty barbecued meat and a mouthful of sweet glutinous rice balls, and she ate so much~

Sikong Ye is very envious, look, this is someone else's child.

It would be great if my own doll could be raised so white and plump.

was thinking about it, the fat girl said: "Another bowl of dumplings!"

The saint on the carriage heard this familiar voice, and a jerky sat up!

She lifted the curtain and followed the sound.

From her point of view, she could only see the other person's back, but it wasn't in vain for more than ten days, she almost recognized who the other person was at first sight.

It is really hard to find a place to break through the iron shoes, and it takes no effort to get it.

The Holy Maiden smiled coldly: "Don't you think it's not good for you to stay at Sikong's house obediently? If you can live for a day or two, don't blame me for being rude!"

The Holy Maiden got off the carriage, came behind Yu Wan, and patted Yu Wan on the shoulder lightly.

She just waited for Yu Wan to turn around, and then loudly told the ancestor that this was the murderer who hurt her.

Unexpectedly, before she could speak, Yu Wan threw herself into her arms: "Sister—I've had a hard time finding you—"

Chapter 564 Fatty Abuse of the Holy Maiden

The Holy Maiden ate Hua Gong San and suppressed her power. Yu Wan was caught off guard and rushed towards her, but she really didn't escape.

But, she heard right?

What does this girl call her?

elder sister?

The Holy Maiden looked at the fat girl who held her tightly and didn't let go, raised her hand and pushed her away, but the more she pushed, the tighter Yu Wan wanted to be wrapped around her.

"Sister - I've had a hard time finding you - God has eyes - we finally reunited our sisters - woo woo woo -" Yu Wan cried without tears!

The Holy Maiden was shocked by this wave of posture, where did this stinky girl have the courage to recognize her as her sister in the street? Do you think she'll be fooled? Didn't she dare to let the ancestors kill her?

Innocent!

The Holy Maiden raised her hand to grab Yu Wan's hair instead.

But before she touched a strand of Yu Wan's hair, Yu Wan straightened up from her arms and looked at her with tears in her eyes: "Sister...Why don't you speak? Don't you recognize me?"

Saintess... Saintess was shocked.

Not by her words, but by her face.

She, how could she change her face back?

This ancestral disguise technique of the Lan family will not drop for at least ten days and a half months. What is wrong? where? !

Yu Wan saw her doubts and smirked in her heart. Of course it wasn't the Lan family's disguise that had a problem, but she put a human skin mask on her face again. It is damaged, so often after the mask is

dropped, the skin will become fragile, and you can no longer use the disguise technique in the short term, but if you stick another one on the fake face, it will be another matter.

It's fake anyway, no matter how much you post!

Of course, it still requires a little bit of technical content to be seamless.

The second face also uses the Lan Family Disguise Technique. As long as the mask underneath doesn't fall off, this one won't fall off either. It doesn't matter if it does fall off. If she falls, the Holy Maiden will fall too, and her face is real. Yes, the Holy Maiden is revealed.

I'm so smart! Yu Wan proudly puffed out her small chest, leaned into the ears of the dazed saintess, and whispered, "What's wrong, sister, haven't you guessed what's going on?"

The Holy Maiden touched her face subconsciously. As things progressed to this point, she couldn't tell if she couldn't guess.

There are thousands of calculations, but this girl has thought of such a cunning way!

Look at this face, if you say it's not your own sister, I'm afraid you won't believe it!

Yu Wan smiled and said: "Originally, I didn't plan to meet you so soon, but you said, why don't you stay in the carriage properly? What do you have to do?"

This is the truth, she is not a fairy, how could she have guessed that the Holy Maiden would suddenly come here? She just went to the second grandmother's yard to put on this human-skin mask, and planning to eat something, she went back to Sikong's house to see her ancestor.

But they met in advance.

Therefore, it was not Yu Wan who really delivered to the door, but the saintess.

On the other side, Sikong Ye walked towards his granddaughter, holding a string of bright candied haws in his hand.

Yu Wan watched him get off the holy maiden's carriage. He had the appearance of a goddess with white hair, and he could guess that he was the supreme ancestor of the Sikong family.

Yu Wan wiped away tears that did not exist, and plunged into the arms of the saint again: "Sister—"

Sikongye heard Yu Wan's voice, and Sikongye saw Yu Wan's face.

Saintess opened her mouth: "Old Ancestor, listen to me..."

Before the explanation was finished, Yu Wan turned her head and threw herself into Sikong Ye's arms: "Grandpa—"

Sikong Ye, who was petrified on the spot: "...!!!"

Yu Wan complained about her experience with snot (nothing) and tears (even less): "The great-grandmother is gone, they are all gone... I came with my sister to look for the great-grandfather, but we got lost accidentally... My sister must think I'm dead... I've had a hard time finding you..."

I thought my sister was dead, no wonder there was no one at home.

Sikongye had no way of doubting this face that looked like twins, not to mention Yu Wan also took out a token of Saintess Lanyi—a love letter that Saintess Lanyi didn't have time to send to Sikongye back then.

This is more than a portrait with a real hammer.

Si Kongye looked at the familiar handwriting and the full of affection in the letter. He couldn't hold back, turned his back on the tall and majestic body, raised his head, took a deep breath, and cried like a sieve...

...

With a face and evidence, Sikong Ye firmly believes that this is his second little great-grandson!

You don't have to envy other people's children anymore, they are very fat!

Yu Wan continued to complain about her miserable experience: "...I really suffered a lot..."

This clumsy acting is really a bit hot, not to mention being so fat? Do you mean to say that you have suffered? When the ancestors are blind?

Sikong Ye said reproachfully: "...You have been wronged."

Speechless to the saint: "..."

The Holy Maiden looked at Sikong Ye's attitude of recognizing Yu Wan, and said coldly, "I don't have a sister!"

Yu Wan said aggrieved: "I know you are still complaining that I robbed your beloved man."

The Holy Maiden was annoyed: "You!"

Si Kongye raised his hand and said with a serious tone: "Men are like clothes, sisters are siblings, you two sisters don't have a quarrel over a man."

Yu Wan raised her eyebrows at the saintess.

The Holy Maiden is so pissed!

This girl is really good at making up, and if I don't recognize her, the ancestor will only think that he is angry with this girl!

"What's your name?" Sikong Ye asked.

"Awan." Yu Wan said.

Then, Yu Wan's eyes stared at the candied haws in Sikong Ye's hand without blinking.

Sikong Ye noticed her greedy appearance and asked dotingly, "I bought this for your sister, do you want to eat it too?"

"Well, I want to eat, grandpa!" Yu Wan nodded.

"Grandpa is going to buy it for you." This child is not only fat, but also sweet and sweet, so cute.

Sikong Ye went to buy candied haws again, but he not only bought a bunch, he bought the whole stick, which was full of bright candied haws.

The corner of the Holy Maiden's mouth twitched, why should I buy her only one bunch and buy a stall for that girl?

Sikong Ye is not sincere and partial, but his little one is obviously better than the boss.

"Thank you, Grandpa!" Yu Wan grabbed a bunch of candied haws and gnawed on them. The candied haws in Mingdu were more sour than Nanzhao, which was just right for her taste during pregnancy.

"What else do you want to eat?" Sikong Ye asked.

Yu Wan shyly smiled: "It's nothing, let's just have some... Roast duck, beggar chicken, sheep scorpion, braised pork, stir-fried tripe, etc. is enough."

The Holy Maiden staggered and almost fell down!

What is this called?

Then how do you usually eat? !

Si Kongye took his two little babies to the largest restaurant in Mingdu.

Yu Wan naturally won't eat alone. She is now a sensible and kind sister, and she never forgets to give her good sister a share of everything.

The Holy Maiden had a hard time eating at noon, and she still can't digest it, let alone eating, just looking at it is uncomfortable.

"Sister, eat it! Eat it!" Yu Wan kept adding vegetables to her bowl, "Don't be mad at my sister, my sister will treat you well in the future!"

This girl must be doing it on purpose, she wants to kill her!

"Hurry up and eat." Sikong Ye said, "Let it pass over what has already passed."

If she doesn't eat it, it's because she doesn't give face to this sister!

The Holy Maiden was full of anger, but she didn't dare to really anger the ancestor, so she had to bite the bullet and eat.

She only tasted one bite of each dish, but Yu Wan couldn't stand it and ordered a large table. After tasting dozens of dishes, she almost didn't go to see the Buddha...

After eating, Sikong Ye took the two sisters to buy some high-quality rouge gouache and clothes, and then returned to the Chaoyang Hall of Mingshan.

The disciples of Chaoyang Palace saw that the ancestor brought back another woman, and they were so shocked that they couldn't close their mouths, so they went out and brought one back.

Si Kongye took the two to the most elegant and clean yard in Chaoyang Hall, pointed to one of the rooms and said to Yu Wan, "Your sister lives here, how about you live next door to your sister?"

Yu Wan smiled and said, "Don't bother, my sister and I are enough to live in one room! Besides, my sister and I have been separated for so long, I miss my sister, and I want to talk to her!"

This girl is obviously not skilled in martial arts, but she dares to live in the same room with her, if something goes wrong, there will be a monster!

The saint said lightly: "I don't sleep well..."

Yu Wan interrupted her: "I won't despise my sister! Didn't we all slept together when we were young? Or is my sister still unwilling to forgive me? I really know I'm wrong, sister, don't be mad at me. "

Sikong Ye said: "Ayu, you are your sister, don't always care about your sister, she already knows it's wrong."

Yu Wan took the Holy Maiden's arm: "Yes, sister, I know wrong, please, let me sleep with you! I promise to be obedient at night, and I will definitely not disturb you!"

The Holy Maiden was about to refuse, but Sikong Ye was moved by the sincerity of his little great-grandson, and asked someone to move Yu Wan's things into the Holy Maiden's house.

Chapter 565 Mighty Yan Xiaosi

Yu Wan got her wish and lived in the house of the saint.

The Holy Maiden was upset, she let this girl hold on for a whole day, and her internal organs were uncomfortable everywhere. At this moment, she only hoped that this girl could go as far as she could!

Yu Wan didn't seem to see her dislike, so she straightened up her clothes: "It happens that there are two cabinets here, the one on the left belongs to my sister, and the one on the right belongs to me. Does my sister have any opinion? If you have any opinions, I will ask my great grandfather to send another one. Come in the closet."

The saint gave her a disgusting look, squinted her eyes slightly and said, "What trick are you playing?"

"Oh, look at what my sister said, isn't this sister missing me, I moved here specially to relieve my boredom?"

"The ancestors went to practice, there is no one else here, you don't need to be so pretentious!"

Yu Wan shrugged.

The Holy Maiden was furious when she saw her ignoring her, walked over and said, "Why did you move into my house?"

Yu Wan put the clothes in the cupboard for a while, turned her head to look at the saint, smiled and said, "Correct you first, this room belongs to me, I am the great-grandfather's great-grandson, you are a great-grandfather. You know something in your own heart, so let alone this room, even the entire Chaoyang Palace is mine."

"You..." The Holy Maiden made her blushed from choking, thinking of something, and sarcastically said, "Then you didn't steal my identity as a saint and even pretended to be me to marry into Sikong's house, what do you say about this? I'm not thing, are you?"

Yu Wan wouldn't be led by her nose: "Ah, if you don't tell me, I'll forget that I'm also the daughter of the Sikong family. If I disagree with your marriage with the second son, I wonder if the Sikong family will consider breaking up. about you?"

The Virgin's face paled: "You dare?!"

Yu Wan said arrogantly: "It doesn't matter whether I dare or not, it's good to have my great grandfather to support me. If I guess correctly, you must have sued the great grandfather, saying that the saintess bullied you, right? You want me to die at the hands of my great grandfather, but unfortunately, I am no longer a saint... Oh, there is no need to divorce you from the Sikong family."

Speaking of this, Yu Wan paused, "When your human skin mask falls off, your life will be my great-grandfather's."

The Holy Maiden was trembling with anger, but also uncontrollably filled with worry. The stinky girl was right. After the human skin mask expires, she will reveal her true shape. At that time, Ancestor Sikong will definitely not let him go.

So before that, she has to get rid of this girl!

"You want to solve me?" Yu Wan broke her mind with a single word, "In order not to be noticed by your great grandfather as a saint, you suppressed the martial arts of the temple? Without martial arts, aren't you the same as me? "

Saintess threatened: "The same can kill you!"

"Really?" Yu Wan raised her eyebrows.

Of course it is, just relying on this girl's three-legged cat kung fu, what if she has no inner strength? It's easy to put her to death with just a move.

The Holy Maiden thought so, and indeed she planned it.

She secretly took out the sweat medicine prepared in the morning and sprinkled it in Yu Wan's bath soup. Yu Wan sucked the sweat medicine, fell out of bed and fell asleep.

The Holy Maiden looked at someone who was sleeping soundly on the bed, and a sneer appeared on the corner of her lips: "You dare to fight me with your pig brain?"

The Holy Maiden took out an exquisite dagger from the cabinet. This was Sikongyun's dagger. When she used it to kill her, she would put the blame on Sikongyun who was pretending to be Yan Jiuchao. If the ancestor asked him, he would say, Sikong Yun pretended to be a disciple and got in.

If Patriarch asked Sikongyun's motive for committing the crime again, it would be more obvious, wouldn't it?

"She" was once taken to Sikongyun's yard by the Holy Maiden, and Sikongyun fell in love with "her". These things are no secret in Sikong's family. If you catch any of Sikongyun's servants, you can identify Sikongyun to the ancestors. .

She would tell the ancestor that Sikong Yun wanted to kidnap her, she would rather die, and even threatened to expose him. Sikong Yun wanted to kill her in a guilty conscience, but her sister blocked her.

Then, Sikong Yun escaped.

In order to avenge the beloved little great-grandson, the ancestor will definitely go to Sikong's house to kill that fake Sikongyun!

In this way, all those who have insulted her disappear into the world!

What a seamless plan!

Saintess thought triumphantly, and clenched her dagger and walked towards Yu Wan.

Just when she was about to stab her with a knife, there was a sudden cramp in her stomach, like a sharp awl, revolving wantonly in her internal organs.

She covered her stomach and bent over.

Goo~ Goo~

is bowel sounds...

She...she eats too much...she has a stomachache...

I couldn't hold back for a moment...

The saint hurriedly put away her dagger, and swishly flashed towards the thatched hut!

After half an hour, she returned to the bed.

But before she raised her dagger, she experienced another wave of colic pain. She grimaced, covered her stomach and went to the thatched hut.

After running seventeen or eight times, she almost lost the strength to climb back. She struggled to cross the threshold, leaning on the wall and the furniture in the room, and staggered to the bed.

The moonlight shone on her weak and pale face.

She picked up the dagger tremblingly: "I'm going to kill you...kill...kill..."

Boom!

She fainted...

Yu Wan slept until dawn, sat up, stretched out comfortably, looked at the side of the bed, the Holy Maiden was not there, but when her eyes fell on the stool opposite, she almost stood up in fright !

I saw a holy woman sitting on the stool like a ghost, with huge dark circles under her eyes, white lips, haggard, and looked at Yu Wan resentfully.

Yu Wan's heart was full: "You, have you hit a ghost?"

Isn't it a ghost?

She wanted to kill this girl, but she lost her strength to run to the toilet, and finally made it to the last step, and she fainted abruptly. Just want to get a good night's sleep.

But as soon as I lay on the bed, this girl flew with a kick.

Lie down on the bed again and kicked him again.

She sat on the stool, the other side motionless.

As soon as she lay on the bed, this girl practiced the magic of flying feet.

Seriously suspect she did it on purpose! ! !

This is really wronging Yu Wan. Yu Wan's sleep is already excellent, and she inhaled a small amount of sweat medicine.

The movement made her uncomfortable, so she turned over a few times or something.

Could it be that she was the only one who turned over the body and scared the saint so much that she didn't dare to sleep with her?

"You're so timid! You're still a saint!" Yu Wan pouted, got up and went to the clean room to wash up.

The saint was so angry that she spat out a mouthful of old blood—

However, the Saintess is not a dull person after all. After successive setbacks, she gradually realized that she had used her method wrong. In terms of luck, she was no match for that girl, and in terms of food intake, she was by no means a match for that girl.

Although the palms and backs of the hands are full of meat, the flesh of the palms is thicker, so even if she and the girl are both little great-granddaughters recognized by the ancestors, the ancestors will inevitably have a preference for one of them.

Since no matter how hard you fight, you can't compete with that girl, why don't you just... find a new way!

Yu Wan finished washing up and went to the kitchen to find something to eat.

As soon as he came out of the clean room, he heard Yingying's laughter from the outhouse, and Sikong Ye's rare praise.

Yu Wan walked over curiously, and saw Sikong Ye sitting in the room, with a dazzling array of delicacies on the small table in front of her, the saintess said to Yu Wan while laying out the tableware: "Sister is here, just in time, waiting for you. What about dinner?"

This woman smiled so brightly at her? Isn't she dazzling?

Yu Wan sat there oddly.

The saint gave Yu Wan a bowl of porridge enthusiastically, and added a lot of dishes to Yu Wan's plate: "The porridge and pasta are made by the chef in the kitchen, and the cold dishes and stewed vegetables are cooked by me, I don't know if they are compatible with Grandpa Appetite with my sister."

Sikong Ye's eyes were full of relief. Although this child was not the strongest, he was diligent and capable.

"Your hand..." Sikong Ye noticed the wound on the Holy Maiden's finger.

The Holy Maiden smiled: "It's okay, I accidentally touched it when I was cutting vegetables. It hurt a little, I'm used to it."

is used to it, what kind of suffering did this child have in the past?

Sikong Ye frowned.

As an elder, although he likes well-behaved and strong children, he will inevitably feel more distressed for the weak and sensible one.

This little one can eat and sleep, but he is heartless and has nothing to worry about. The boss is too weak. heartache.

Yu Wan glanced at the saintess, this guy actually knows how to use bitter meat?

She understands Grandpa's feelings. She is also a person with children. Among the three sons, she was the most partial to Xiaobao at first, because Xiaobao was the one who was bullied the most by Yan Ruyu, but then the three of them grew up slowly. , looks like a normal child, and she feels more distressed for Dabao who can't speak.

Yu Wan pinched the little fat on her stomach.

added too much fat, grandpa doesn't feel bad for her anymore.

"Actually, I'm satisfied to see that my sister is doing well." The saint gave Yu Wan another chopstick dish, as if she would have no regrets as long as Yu Wan was full.

Chapter 566 The Secret of the Witch Race

Yu Wan sighed secretly, she is indeed a saint, and in one day, she took her superb acting skills and tricks without any leakage.

Yu Wan also packed a big bowl of vegetables for the saintess, eat and eat, I will kill you!

The Holy Maiden didn't bite the bullet and eat it like yesterday, but pulled out a handkerchief and said with a look of crying: "I can't eat it, sister eat it by herself."

Sikong Ye asked, "But where is the discomfort?"

"No." The saint shook her head and choked up, "Today is the death anniversary of Lan Yi's great-grandmother, I...I...I think that her old man is gone...I just..."

Grandma Lanyi's birthday? Why doesn't she know?

This guy must be making up!

Yu Wan said: "Sister, did you remember wrong? Today is not the birthday of the great-grandmother."

Edited, she edited too!

The Holy Maiden said with tears: "Sister, you and I have been separated for many years. Maybe you don't remember clearly about the family. Today is indeed the anniversary of the death of my great-grandmother. I will never forget it."

Yu Wan wanted to say something, but Sikong Ye had put down his chopsticks and stood up in disbelief: "Eat yourselves, I'll go out."

It is not important whether the anniversary of his death is not death, the important thing is to evoke Patriarch Sikong's memory of Saintess Lanyi. When Patriarch is gone, Saintess doesn't have to bite the bullet and eat the meals Yu Wan gave her.

After Sikong Ye left, the saint put down the chopsticks in her hand, and the tenderness on her face disappeared.

She looked at Yu Wan lightly: "Don't think that you are the only smart person in this world."

Yu Wan took a bite of the fat but not greasy braised pork, and said with a smile, "What if you're smart? Haven't you heard the saying that being smart is being mistaken for being smart?"

The Holy Maiden sneered: "The tongue is like a reed!"

Yu Wan said slowly: "Lan Ji, don't think that if you fool the ancestor once, you can fool the old man for the rest of his life. Don't blame me for not reminding you, your face doesn't seem to have a few days left, right? I don't know what you will do at that time. Facing my great-grandfather's anger?"

The saint said disdainfully: "You have a life to live until then, let's talk about it!"

Yu Wan approached her and said, "It's not that easy for you to kill me."

"Humph!" The saint rolled her eyes, got up and left the room.

She naturally understands that it's not easy to get started, but if she can't get it right now, she won't have a chance after her identity is revealed, so if you can't kill it, you have to kill it!

All day long, Ancestor Sikong did not appear again.

After dinner, Yu Wan strolled in Chaoyang Palace, Sikong Ye gave the sisters absolute freedom, and no one stopped her anywhere.

She walked and came to a place that looked like an ancient tomb. The huge ancient tomb was like an upside-down bowl. Yu Wan walked over curiously, raised her hand and touched the tomb door, which opened with a bang.

She stumbled and fell in.

The walls are inlaid with several huge luminous pearls, emitting a quiet light in the tomb.

Yu Wan looked outside and inside, hesitating whether to leave or stay, when she heard an uncomfortable voice from the end of the tomb.

"It sounds like a great grandfather's voice..." Yu Wan blinked oddly and asked inside, "Great grandfather, is that you?"

That uncomfortable voice came out again, and now Yu Wan was sure that it was Sikong Ye.

Although the ancient tomb was gloomy, but the grandfather was inside, Yu Wan bravely went to the end of the tomb.

She walked a long way to a secret room at the end.

Sikong Ye was paralyzed on the cold ground with his dying breath, bleeding from the corners of his mouth and cold sweat pouring out.

"Grandpa!" Yu Wan's expression changed and she stepped forward, knelt down on one knee, and helped him sit up, "Grandpa, what's the matter with you?"

Si Kongye raised his hand to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth, and said with restraint, "I'm fine...why are you here?"

"You still say it's alright? You're all like this! I just walked here and came here..." Yu Wan took Sikongye's pulse and found that his pulse was very disordered and his breath became weak a little bit, she couldn't help but worry Get up, "Grandpa, why is this?"

Sikong Ye gasped: "Don't worry... I'm fine... I'm so happy to see you these past few days, I forgot to be fifteen..."

Yu Wan frowned: "What is it? Why can't I understand it?"

Sikong Ye calmed down, made a handprint on his hands, suppressed the turbulent aura, and explained to Yu Wan: "I am practicing the Sikong family's unique mind method of longevity. This mind method has a fatal flaw, that is, it is near On the night of the full moon, the power will become very weak, and on the night of the full moon, the martial arts will be lost."

Yu Wan asked inexplicably, "Since you have such a big flaw, why do you still practice? Does Sikong's family have any other ideas?"

Sikong Ye said: "Yes, of course there are, there are also better than the longevity formula."

"Then why..."

"Because only the longevity formula has the secret of immortality."

"Longevity?" Yu Wan was startled, there are still such powerful exercises in the world? Don't be bluffing, right?

Sikong Ye saw the disbelief of his great-grandson, he smiled and said, "You only know that the Lan family is the descendant of the saintess, so do you know who the Sikong family is?"

Yu Wan shook her head.

Sikong Ye said: "The ancestor of the Sikong family came from the Wu clan."

Yu Wan's eyes instantly lit up: "Wizard, that witch tribe of wizards?"

"That's right." Sikong Ye only thought she was a child and heard the rumored character, so she was so excited.

Yu Wan is more than excited, if she hadn't supported her great-grandfather, she would have jumped up? Yan Jiuchao's last medicine lead was only the sorcerer's tears. If Sikong's family was the descendant of the sorcerer, so the sorcerer's tears also fell? !

Yu Wan blinked at Sikong Ye: "Grandpa, are you a wizard?"

Looking at his doll with such expectant eyes, Sikong Ye couldn't bear to say: "I'm not, the inheritance of the Wu clan is different from that of the holy clan, it does not come from blood. Although the Sikong family is descendant of the Wu clan, there are no wizards anymore. It's gone." Sikong Ye didn't know that Yu Wan needed the wizard's tears, so he didn't talk much about the wizard, and only continued what he said just now, "The ancestors left behind the secret of immortality. It is said that there is a secret of immortality hidden in it. I have already practiced the eighth level before, but twenty years later, the ninth level has never been able to break through, and I don't know what step I made wrong. The qi reversed, and it was only injured."

"Is it serious?" Yu Wan asked, looking into his eyes.

Sikong Ye has not felt this kind of heartfelt worry for a long time, he raised his eyes and looked at the chubby face of his great-grandson: "This little injury is not in the way, once the full moon night is over, the great grandfather will be healed. already."

Yu Wan suddenly thought that what the ghost king was practicing was also the longevity formula. Yan Jiuchao absorbed the power of the ghost king. I wonder if he would become extremely weak on the night of the full moon, just like his great grandfather?

Tomorrow is the full moon night...

Yu Wan touched her chin and asked, "Grandpa, do you need me to get you some medicine for internal injuries?"

Sikong Ye waved his hand: "No need, this is the backlash of the longevity formula, and the medicinal pill is useless. Even the previous patriarchs of the Sikong family don't know this secret. You have to keep it a secret for your great grandfather."

Yu Wan patted her little chest: "Don't worry, Grandpa, I won't say it!"

The ancestor, who can't be killed, has such a huge weakness, and if he spreads it out, he may provoke the pursuit of his enemies.

Now, Yu Wan finally understands why the great-grandfather kills all the strangers who break into the Mingshan Mountain. This is to prevent the slightest, but also to create a deterrent, in case someone happens to come to assassinate him when he is weak.

Yu Wan rolled her eyes and said sternly, "By the way, grandpa, don't tell my sister about this. My sister is not healthy, soft-hearted, and likes to think wildly. If she knew this, she would definitely be worried. dinner."

"Okay." Sikong Ye pondered for a while, then went down.

Si Kongye stayed in the tomb to retreat, and Yu Wan returned to her yard.

Not long after Yu Wan left, a plain white figure flashed from behind the tomb.

If she is not a saint, who is she?

The saintess glanced at the gloomy tomb, and raised her lips proudly: "The ancestor who destroyed the world has such a big weakness... Yan Jiuchao must have it too, it's really sleepy to send a pillow... ..I'm also worried about letting you see through ... But you guys, I'm afraid you won't have this chance."

Doesn't that stinky girl always feel that she is lucky? When she kills the ancestors and Yan Jiuchao, who else will... support that girl! ! !

At the end of the month, the ticket is cleared

Chapter 567 Killing a little expert

The moon was dark and the wind was high, and the Holy Maiden quietly left Sikong's house and came to a luxurious mansion in the south of the city.

In the house, Sikong Yun was drinking and having fun with the newly bought maid, when the door was kicked open suddenly, and the two were stunned for a while.

The handmaiden sat in Sikong Yun's arms and glanced at the icy-looking saintess. She didn't recognize that she was a saint. She thought she was a new handmaiden. Huh? Barging in rashly, you won't knock on the door... ah-

The last interjection became her last scream in the world.

The Holy Maiden pulled out the dagger stuck in her heart, and the blood on the dagger dripped on the ground. After Sikong Yun was so frightened that she pushed the maid away, the blood dripped again on the maid's face.

Si Kongyun looked at the scene in front of him, his face turned pale with fright: "You... Lan Ji, you are crazy!"

This is a top-level dagger, and all the bloodstains dripped down in a short while, the saint put the clean dagger back into the scabbard, and said coldly: "The crazy person is not me, it's you, when is this, you still in the mood to have fun with people?"

Si Kongyun cleared his throat: "No... why don't you just drink two glasses of wine?"

The Holy Maiden said coldly: "Are you really in no hurry about someone occupying your identity?"

Sikong Yun snorted: "What's the urgency? Didn't you say it? Your Lan family's disguise technique failed in ten days and a half! And you can't use it again in a short period of time! That is to say, wait. After these days, whoever is real and who is fake will find out!"

The Holy Maiden could not agree with Sikongyun's concept, mainly because Sikongyun and Yan Jiuchao didn't have too many festivals. Even if Yan Jiuchao figured it out, it was not a life-and-death feud. The Saintess were different. Thanks to Yan Jiuchao's gift, her innocence was not only destroyed in the hands of a waste like Sikongyun, but her self-esteem and self-confidence were also trampled on the soles of her feet.

There is also Yu Wan, she is pregnant with the Holy King, which will directly threaten her status in the Underworld, so she must get rid of her no matter what!

The saint placed Sikongyun's dagger on the table.

Si Kongyun glanced at his dagger, he had gone to many such divine weapons, and he didn't care that the saint took one.

The Holy Maiden sat down on the chair beside Sikongyun. Seeing Sikongyun's stinky face, she raised her hand to hold the jug and poured him a glass of wine: "Do you have a master left by your grandfather in your hand?"

Sikong Yun's expression softened when she saw her pouring wine for him. In fact, how could a mere maid be more important than his new wife? If I die, I will die. I am angry because this woman is too fierce and doesn't take him seriously.

Sikong Yun took a sip of wine and said lightly: "Yes, yes, what are you doing?"

"Lend me a favor," said the saint.

"No." Sikong Yun refused without thinking.

"Why?" asked the saint.

Sikong Yun snorted: "That's what my grandfather gave me to save my life, even my father doesn't know, if my father finds out that I have such a powerful master hidden in secret, he will definitely suspect that I have ulterior motives! Doubt me. It's small. If I suspect my grandfather, it will be big. My grandfather sent me such a powerful expert. What do you think my father will think about it? Does my father dare to pass on the position of the head of the family to me? ?"

The Holy Maiden said calmly, "Then you are not afraid that your family will pass on the position of the head of the family to your elder brother in the few days you are away?"

Sikong Yun snorted and drank the wine in his glass: "How is that possible? My father loves me the most!"

Saintess covered him again: "If you don't want it, why don't you just give it up?"

"How could I not..." Sikong Yun suddenly realized something in the middle of his words, and said with rounded eyes, "You mean... Yan Jiuchao put my face on my face and deliberately let my eldest brother be wise?"

The saint said lightly: "Yes, otherwise why do you think he entered Sikong's house? He pretended to be you, and his sin is unforgivable. If you become the head of Sikong's house, what should you do if you go

back and clean him up? You can let your eldest brother Being the head of the house is different, your eldest brother will protect him and use the power of the entire Sikong family."

Sikong stood up abruptly: "This shameless one!"

Yan Jiuchao would not interfere with Sikongyun's internal affairs. Everything was just a malicious fabrication of the Holy Maiden, but it seemed enough to fool Sikongyun.

The saintess persevered and persuaded: "You and I are on the same boat, one is prosperous and one is lost, and your worries are also mine, don't worry, I will not let the master show up at Sikong's house, I will lead him come out."

Sikongyun hesitated.

The saint looked at him and said, "What are you still hesitating about? If you don't take the opportunity to kill Yan Jiuchao, will it be possible to wait for him to give up the position of the head of the family to your elder brother?"

Si Kongyun frowned: "That Yan Jiuchao looks quite powerful... If he kills it, that's fine. If... he doesn't kill him, what should I do if I ask him to go to my father and complain?"

Saintess smiled coldly: "You don't have to worry about this. These days, he is so weak that he can't even beat a child. It's the best time to take his life!"

...

In the east courtyard of the city, the little black eggs are holding the small milk bottle. You and I are feeding the baby brother in the swaddle. Awei is cooking a pot of goat milk. Qingyan and Yuehuo are performing martial arts in the courtyard. Old Cuitou went to Lan's house to treat her with acupuncture and moxibustion. As for Ma'am, he was studying the classics that Ying Shisan brought from Sikong's mansion.

He discovered a magical secret, the ancestors of the Sikong family came from the Wu clan.

In this case, it is not difficult to explain why the Holy Maiden and the Sikong Clan have no descendants.

It is rumored that the saints and witches were once cursed, and their bloodlines could not be merged with each other. However, this curse seems to have finally been broken.

Mamma is not concerned about this, but the inheritance of the Wu clan. According to the records in the classics, the inheritance of the Wu clan does not depend on blood. To become a wizard, you must practice the magic and sorcery of the Wu clan, but these things Can't find it anymore.

"Didn't Grandma also know witchcraft?" Ying Thirteen asked.

Grandma shook her head: "My people are just skins, they can't even be considered entry-level. The witchcraft is so powerful that even I can't imagine it."

"Then... what about the exercises?" Ying Shisan asked again.

Grandma said: "The ancestors of the Sikong family have handed down a lot of exercises, but which one is the orthodox, I don't know for the time being. The inheritance of the Wu clan largely depends on chance."

Shadow Thirteen said: "Then I'll go and get more books tomorrow."

Grandma was about to nod her head when suddenly a fierce murderous aura came from all around!

Grandma's eyes sank.

Shadow Thirteen pushed him away!

咻! call out! call out!

A row of arrows broke through the window, passed through the place where the two of them stood murderously, and nailed them to the wall with the map hanging. So fast, if they didn't dodge in time, they would be pierced by these arrows!

The same situation happened in the yard and in the little black egg's house.

Awei flew up and kicked away the arrows shot in the face.

The overwhelming pressure, like a big mountain, rumbled down on everyone, the ground was fractured, and their feet fell into the cracks.

A shadow flew towards Awei and the black eggs.

Xiaobao and Erbao screamed: "Oops—"

Just as the shadow was about to grab the three little black eggs, a black figure descended from the sky and slapped the opponent away with one palm.

Xiaobao shouted: "Daddy!"

Yan Jiuchao was suspended in the air, holding up a blade of light transformed by internal force in his palm, and slammed into the shadow.

The shadowy flash is gone!

seems to be integrated into the night, and it seems to disappear out of thin air.

Qingyan frowned: "This, this is..."

Grandma said solemnly, "The fifth-rank Shura King."

Qingyan's complexion changed greatly: "What? Fifth-order?"

They also came to Mingdu, and gradually they realized that the Shura King also has different realms. Earlier, the one in Lan Jiao's hands was the third-order Shura king, and his own Shura just broke through, not even the first-order. The killer turned out to be Tier 5? This is too scary!

Each time King Shura advances to the first rank, his strength will undergo earth-shaking changes. If he can reach the realm of the fifth rank, it is almost the top power of the Underworld.

"You go first!" Yan Jiuchao said.

Ying Shisan's heart fluttered a little. After spending so long with Yan Jiuchao, he naturally understood Yan Jiuchao's temperament. If he could beat him, he would never say that. Even the young master has no absolute confidence in dealing with the fifth-rank Shura king? ?

"What are you still doing!" Yan Jiuchao said coldly.

Ying Thirteen exchanged glances with A Wei, and no longer hesitated at the moment, took a big basket and stuffed the three little black eggs and the baby boy in it.

Shadow Thirteen said: "Awei, I'll leave it to you."

Awei nodded, put the basket on his back, and performed light work to sink into the night.

Yuegou and Qingyan entered the house and carried Grandma and Lan out, and Ying Shisan brought old Cuitou and Ziyang.

The fifth-order Asura King released a terrifying pressure, Ying Shisan and others just walked a few steps, and their legs were almost broken on the ground.

Yan Jiuchao flicked his sleeves and blocked the pressure of the fifth-rank Shura King.

Everyone hurriedly performed light work and left.

The fifth-order Asura King smiled coldly, his face did not change his face, no one could see that he had not used half of his skills yet, but Yan Jiuchao, on the other hand, had almost tried his best, and he was almost unable to hold on.

Yan Jiuchao's skill was greatly reduced, and beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

The fifth-order King Shura was like a lazy big cat, teasing a dying mouse. He was not in a hurry to squeeze Yan Jiuchao to death, but casually added a bit of strength.

In the upper half of the moon, Yan Jiuchao's power completely disappeared, the pressure of the severe pain was like a big stone rolling over, and he fell from the air with a pain in his chest.

Ying Shisan just turned his head and turned pale: "Young Master!"

The fifth-order Asura King stretched out his sharp claws, turned his claws into fists in mid-air, and thumped Yan Jiuchao's chest fiercely!

said it was too late, Ying Shisan flashed over, and tightly protected Yan Jiuchao with his body.

Click——

The fist smashed on Ying Shisan's body, and his bones were like falling jade... shattered.

The fifth-order Asura King threw away the guy who was in the way unceremoniously, and smashed another fist at Yan Jiuchao.

"Roar--"

In the sky, there was a sudden roar, and a powerful Shura King coercion blocked his fist like a barrier.

There was a trace of surprise in the eyes of the fifth-rank Asura King. It was obviously the breath of the first-rank Asura king, but he actually blocked the fifth-rank Asura king's blow?

Qingyan said: "It's Shura! Shura is out!"

Asura found a hidden place to retreat after being injured. They searched for a lot of secrets suitable for Shura from Sikong's house, and successfully made their Shura break through to the first-order Shura king.

Qingyan quickly realized something and frowned: "It's not good, he left the customs early!"

The fifth-order Shura King saw that this opponent was the realm of the first-order peak of the Shura King, and there was a faint trend of breaking through. That is to say, he forcibly suppressed himself at the breakthrough point, which was very dangerous.

He suppresses himself, which will result in the inability to fully display his strength.

But this is so, and he actually took a blow from his nearly five successes.

This Asura King is not yet ready, if it does, who can be his opponent?

The fifth-order Shura King immediately had the intention to kill the milk Shura!

On this side, when the fifth-order Asura King started killing Yan Jiuchao and his party, the ancient tomb on the other side also ushered in its murderous intention.

Si Kongye sat on the round altar in the center of the secret room, closed his eyes and meditated.

In order to let him practice with peace of mind, Yu Wan closed the stone gate.

The secret room was quiet, only the faint sound of his breathing could be heard.

With a bang, the stone gate opened.

"Awan, is that you?" Sikong Ye slowly opened his eyes, thinking that it was his younger sister, but what he saw was a slender older sister.

He was taken aback: "Yu'er? Why are you here?"

The saint smiled slightly: "I'll come and see the ancestor."

This title made Sikong Ye frown slightly.

The Holy Maiden walked over slowly, raised her hand, and gently patted Sikong Ye's shoulder: "Ancestor, are you weak?"

She pressed Sikong Ye like this, and Sikong Ye couldn't resist.

She laughed: "It seems to be true, Old Ancestor, you have lost all your martial arts."

Sikong Ye's eyes narrowed slightly, and he instinctively sensed something was wrong: "You are not Yu'er!"

"Of course I'm not Yu'er, there is no Yu'er in the world, unfortunately, you know it too late."

The Holy Maiden sneered, grabbed his shoulders, and threw him to the ground!

Chapter 568 The Power of the King of Ten Thousand Gus

The higher the realm of the longevity art, the stronger the skill and the longer the lifespan obtained, but at the same time, the greater the backlash suffered by the full moon night.

In the realm of Sikong Ye, the full moon night is as fragile as a baby these days.

When the saintess threw him down, he didn't even have the strength to resist, all the pain that he couldn't feel in the past was pressed down exponentially in an instant, and cold sweat quickly broke out on his forehead.

However, Rao was in such an embarrassing situation, and his eyes still burst out with an uninhibited cold light: "Are you a saint?"

The Holy Maiden was surprised.

The efficacy of Hua Gong Powder in his body has not yet expired, yet Patriarch Sikong could detect her breath?

No, he didn't notice it, he saw it.

With just a casual action, she can see her martial arts skills. She is indeed an ancestor. Her attainment in martial arts has reached the peak, but so what?

He will die soon.

In this world, there will be no ancestor Sikong anymore.

"That's right, I'm the saint." The saint said recklessly. What could she hide from a dead person? Could it be that he was afraid that he would turn his back on him and take revenge on him? Does he have the patience?

However, before killing him, the saint has one thing to do.

The Holy Maiden crouched down and gently patted his face with a dagger. This seemingly harmless action was the ultimate insult to a master.

Sikong Ye looked at her coldly.

The saint smiled lightly: "Don't look at me with this kind of eyes, you can't even squeeze an ant to death, could it be that I'm afraid of you? I ask you, where is the longevity formula? It's not the one offered by the Sikong family. This is the one you perfected!"

The longevity formula left by the ancestors of Sikong's family is a fragment. After so many years, the Holy Maiden has only seen two people who have practiced it. One is Yan Jiuchao and the other is Sikong Patriarch. The advantages of age and resources have a higher realm, so the longevity formula in his hand is bound to be more complete and better.

Sikong Ye said weakly and sarcastically: "I want the longevity formula... dream!"

The saint smiled and said, "Aren't you afraid that after I kill you in a while, I will turn around to deal with your little great-grandson? I am fake, but that one is genuine."

Sikong Ye moved back, as if trying to avoid her dagger: "I'll give it or not, you won't let her off otherwise?"

has been fooled once, let him be fooled a second time, it is not so easy!

The saint said again: "Why don't we make a deal, you give me the longevity formula, and I will let that girl die."

She let it go, it doesn't mean that the masters under Sikongyun will let go.

But this, there is no need to let Ancestor Sikong know.

Si Kongye's sharp eyes stared at her for a moment: "Do you think I will still believe you even now?"

Saintess narrowed her eyes: "On a condition, how can you be willing to hand over the longevity formula?"

"Your life." Sikong Ye said word by word.

The holy girl's eyes sank, and she stood up and said sternly: "It doesn't matter if you don't eat or drink for a toast, I'll kill you first, then kill that girl, and when I turn the entire Mingshan upside down, I don't believe I can't find a book. Longevity!"

As soon as the voice fell, the saint clenched the dagger in her hand and stabbed Sikong Ye.

And just as he was about to succeed, Sikong Ye touched the mechanism in the dark place, he pressed it down sharply, the floor cracked, and he fell.

The Holy Maiden reached out to grab it, but the floor closed with a bang. The Holy Maiden pulled her hand back in time. It was too dangerous. If you were one step later, I was afraid that her hand would be cut off!

No wonder the old guy kept moving backwards, she thought he was scared and wanted to avoid her dagger, but she didn't expect him to be approaching this organ.

The Saintess also pressed the switch with her bare hands. Unfortunately, this is a self-help mechanism. Once it is locked from the inside, it can no longer be activated from the outside.

"Damn!" The Holy Maiden gritted her teeth and stood up. She looked at the tightly closed floor and said disdainfully, "Do you think I can't catch you like this? Lord Mo, you can come in."

After that, a man in a dark red cloak slowly entered the secret room.

He is seven feet tall, with a strong body and a strong aura. He is one of the three masters given to him by Sikongyun's grandfather. away.

When he walked into Mingshan, the vegetation on Mingshan withered.

He stepped on the icy bluestone floor step by step, the floor seemed to be hot from his inner strength, and hissing black smoke came out.

The saintess have never seen such a master in Sikong's family, except for the ancestor of Sikong, no wonder Sikongyun's grandfather repeatedly told him, don't let the family of Sikong find out, Sikongyun's grandfather's family is really daring, even hiding it from Sikong The family has cultivated such a terrible master!

If she controls Sikong's house in the future, she must protect Sikongyun's grandfather's house well.

But right now, they are grasshoppers on a rope.

The saintess said to him: "Sikong ancestors hid them underground. The stones here are all made of the Sikong family's Panlong stone, which is indestructible. I wonder if there is a way for Lord Mo to smash them?"

"Humph!" The fifth-rank Asura King, who was called Zunzhu Mo, gave the saintess a look of indifference, walked directly to the organ, waved his hands, and motioned the saints to push away.

The saint made this act of dismissing the man a little annoyed. After all, she was the saint of the Underworld, and he didn't take himself seriously. If she didn't ask him, she would punish him.

The Holy Maiden reluctantly retreated into the secret room.

Mo Zun's anger sank into his dantian, raised his hand and shot a domineering qi into the ground. The qi was so powerful that even the entire tomb shook, but the Coiling Dragon Stone did not crack at all.

The saintess was surprised, thanks to herself not listening to Sikong Yun's words, and quietly brought the master to Mingshan, otherwise, with the power of the dragon stone, she would not be able to catch the ancestor Sikong for three days and three nights.

And once two days later, Patriarch Sikong recovered, what awaited her was not a good fruit.

Lord Mo had only used 30% of his skill, and he wasn't in a hurry if he didn't open it. He added another 20% of his internal strength. This time, although the Panlong Stone still didn't leave, it shook with the naked eye.

Holy Maiden's eyes lit up

has moved, and the Coiling Dragon Stone has moved!

is expected to open!

Lord Mo shouted loudly, and with seven successes, he smashed the Coiling Dragon Stone under his feet with a fist!

Click!

The Coiling Dragon Stone was smashed with a tiny crack!

The Holy Maiden was overjoyed!

As expected of the Asura King at the pinnacle of the fifth rank, he could even crack the Coiling Dragon Stone that was rumored to be invincible!

As Zunzhu Mo slammed down with each punch, the cracks on the Coiling Dragon Stone gradually became larger—

However, after Yu Wan returned to the yard, she went to pack some clothes for her great-grandfather, and then went to the kitchen to get some food. Sikong Ye didn't tell the third person about her weakness, so Yu Wan didn't say anything. She could eat, and everyone could see it. , only when she took it for herself.

After she finished packing, she wondered if she should go to Yan Jiuchao's place for a while, and suddenly felt that something was wrong...

Eh?

What about the Saintess?

I have been here for so long and have not seen her.

Doesn't she want to kill her all the time? Why did it suddenly disappear?

"Hey." Yu Wan stopped a disciple of Sasao, "Have you seen my sister?"

The disciple shook his head.

Yu Wan asked, "Have you not seen her all day?"

The disciple thought for a while: "I saw it just now."

"When?" Yu Wan asked.

The disciple said: "It was evening, not long after you went out, she also went out."

Yu Wan said again: "And never came back?"

"Yeah." The disciple nodded.

"Inexplicably disappearing, it's not a good thing to see! No, I have to find her!" Yu Wan turned to look for the saint, but just as she crossed the threshold, the ground suddenly trembled, and Yu Wan stumbled. , almost fell!

She hurriedly held onto the door frame, and just as she stabilized her body, the ground shook again!

She frowned: "What happened?!"

Sikong Changfeng's courtyard.

The little Gu Gu is lying on the back of the King of Ten Thousand Gus, doing a fortune.

呔!

It flipped!

Hoohoo!

It packs a nice little fist!

The old monk, the King of Ten Thousand Gus, entered into meditation and did not move at all.

Small Gu pulls out its beards!

Little Gu Gu pulled its horns!

The little Gu Gu aimed at its worm shell and sent eighteen punches!

Shoo!

The King of Ten Thousand Gu opened his eyes, and a light as sharp as an ice blade instantly filled the surroundings.

Little Gu Gu Rao was on its back, and was instantly stunned by the pressure of the forest cold.

The King of Ten Thousand Gu looked in the direction of Ming Mountain, and with a move of pressure, the jade bottle exploded!

Yeah!

The little Gu Gu was so frightened that he hugged the horns of the Ten Thousand Gu King.

The King of Ten Thousand Gu flew out domineeringly, so fast that he didn't even leave an afterimage.

The little Gu Gu, who was blown away, shivered...

The Panlong Stone was completely cracked, and the pressure from the fifth-order peak Shura King caused Sikong Ye's tendons to reverse, and his bones were broken!

Lord Mo used his internal strength to grab the seriously injured Sikong Ye, and grabbed his neck in the air.

He is an unreachable **** and an invincible king. It is the wish of all masters of the underworld to defeat the ancestor Sikong with his own hands!

Sikong Ye's life is passing rapidly.

Lord Mo's right hand controlled the internal force and pinched him, and the palm of his left hand held a dagger and stabbed it towards Sikong Ye's heart!

At the moment of the close call, a scream sounded from the back of the tomb.

The mighty Gu King's pressure swept like a wave, and the dagger that was about to stab Sikong Ye's heart was crushed into a curved bow, and fell to the ground with a bang!

Chapter 569 Brave King of Ten Thousand Gus, Invincible Milk Shura

There was a trace of suspicion in Zunzhu Mo's eyes. Although the move just now didn't use ten successes, it was a blow that couldn't be ignored. The mud is not much worse than the Coiling Dragon Stone, but it is so hard to bend the force?

This is.....

The screams continued to sound, and ordinary people couldn't hear them. However, for experts, it was like a sharp awl, poking straight into their minds.

"Ah—" The Holy Maiden covered her head and fell to the cold ground in pain.

Lord Mo is the strength of King Shura's fifth-rank peak, although he couldn't stop the scream, he still felt a little discomfort.

In the tomb, the coercion of the Gu King is everywhere.

Lord Mo concentrated his energy, he could tell that the Gu King was still far away, but that was the case, its coercion still protected Sikong Ye.

I heard that Sikong Ancestor had a powerful Gu worm in his hand, but he never expected it to be so powerful.

If he didn't feel wrong, this Gu King is only afraid of the strength of the fifth-order Asura King.

Although I am not afraid of it, it is a little tricky. It is best to kill Sikong Ye before it arrives!

Lord Mo no longer had to use weapons, and a powerful internal force gathered in the palm of his hand, and he was about to slap Sikong Ye's life gate with the palm of his hand.

"what--"

But it was the Holy Maiden who let the pressure of the Ten Thousand Gu King cause internal injuries, and the whole person crawls on the ground, the muscles and veins reversed, and the blood vomited wildly!

She is the wife of Sikong Yun and the saintess of the Underworld. She still has considerable value. Lord Mo would not really let her die in the hands of the King of Ten Thousand Gus.

Lord Mo had to devote an internal force to stand in front of the Holy Maiden to resist the pressure of the King of Ten Thousand Gu for her.

The speed of The King of Ten Thousand Gus was faster than expected, but with such a distraction, it has already flashed into the ancient tomb like a ghost.

The Ten Thousand Gu King knocked away the internal force that Lord Mo Zun used to restrain Sikong Ye, and Sikong Ye fell to the ground.

The King of Ten Thousand Gus stopped in front of Sikong Ye, as if he had not opened his eyes for ten thousand years. At this moment, he stared at Lord Mo for a moment, like two openings in hell, emitting a soul-eating cold light.

The little Gu Gu was blown all the way by the gust of wind, and the little insect whiskers were all blown up. If it wasn't for its tight grip, I don't know how many times it fell.

The finally subsided, the little Gu Gu was lying on the back of the Ten Thousand Gu King, so tired that he stuck out his tongue and rolled his eyes!

Good gas!

Flying without saying hello!

The little Gu Gu showed a small fist, facing the hard shell of the Ten Thousand Gu King, down, insect, ten, eight, fist!

咻咻咻! shhhhhh!

Lord Mo's eyes narrowed.

So there are two Ten Thousand Gu Kings.

That little one, even though it is a baby Gu, but... aptitude is no worse than this old one.

Master Mo said proudly: "It's just right, I will take you all today, the King of Ten Thousand Gus is a great supplement for martial arts practitioners, when I **** this old man, I will catch this little one! "

The higher the strength of the King of Ten Thousand Gu, the more effective the improvement of his skills will be. He has been wandering in this realm for more than three years, and he has not been able to break through. When he reaches his realm, the pills in the capital are no longer a big deal. But Gu Wang

couldn't find any qualified ones. It's not that he didn't know that Sikong Ancestor had Gu Wang in his hands, but who would dare to attack him?

He didn't look for them, but they were delivered to his door automatically for him to enjoy. He didn't want to accept them.

Lord Mo suddenly raised his coercion to the extreme.

The duel between the masters does not require too fancy moves. He will use coercion to suppress it until it surrenders to himself.

The little Gu Gu, who is the best in the world, is also very embarrassed in front of the masters. When the powerful coercion swept over, it immediately received a small fist and hugged the horn of the Ten Thousand Gu King!

Although he is also the strength of the fifth-order Asura King, he is the realm of the fifth-order peak, which is by no means comparable to the masters who have just entered the fifth-order.

Lord Mo swept his sleeves wide and said imposingly: "A worm, can you dare to be presumptuous with the Lord? It's beyond your own power!"

The pressure of the fifth-order peak, like the vast sea, drowned the entire ancient tomb. Only the saint was not affected under his blessing, and the rest...

He stretched out his hand, ready to take the severely injured Gu King into his pocket at any time.

No, at this moment, something incredible happened.

Originally, there were only ten thousand Gu Kings in the early stage of the fifth order, but the breath suddenly began to soar, the middle stage of the fifth order, the late stage of the fifth order, the peak of the fifth order, the great perfection of the fifth order... the sixth order!

But it hasn't stopped yet!

The early stage of the sixth order, the middle stage of the sixth order... the peak of the sixth order!

The King of Ten Thousand Gus has improved to a level one level!

This is something that many peerless masters have been unable to do for decades, yet it can be done so easily...

Could it be that this is the true strength of the King of Ten Thousand Gus? It had been hidden before? !

The fifth-rank Asura King actually had the idea of the sixth-rank Gu King, I'm afraid he didn't even know how to write the word "dead".

Lord Mo finally realized this and ran away!

Unfortunately, he couldn't escape.

The King of Ten Thousand Gu screamed, the pressure was like an invisible wave of light, and it slammed into his back. The fifth-order peak Shura King fell to the ground and twitched twice.

Click! clack clack...

The King of Ten Thousand Gu continued to exert pressure and crushed all the bones in his body.

The torture that Sikong Ye suffered was still on the body of King Asura, the fifth-order peak.

When the kung fu was unable to protect the body, he would no longer be able to resist the pain. When the pain hit, he let out a shrill scream: "Ah—"

The screams were so terrifying, the little Gu Gu covered his eyes with his small claws, and after a while, he took a peek at the gap between the little claws and saw that the big **** fell to the ground, unable to fight back. It ate the bear heart and leopard gall at once! The aura is ten meters high!

It jumped onto the body of the fifth-order peak Shura King, took out a small fist, and slapped it!

...

In the east courtyard of the city, the fifth-order Shura king had the intention of killing the milk Shura who was killed halfway. Killing a first-order early-stage Shura was as easy as the palm of his hand. Yan Jiuchao's men were crushed to death!

Nurse Shura also knew that his realm was not as good as him, so he did not fight with him.

"Want to run away?" The fifth-order Asura King snorted coldly, and flew after him.

His target was Yan Jiuchao and Nian Shura. As for the rest of the group, other killers would take care of them.

Sure enough, not long after he left, a wave of black-clothed killers poured into the courtyard. Awei had already left with the little black eggs. Yuegou and Qingyan took their grandmother and Lan grandma and the others, and they had no time to separate.

Seeing that the group of people were about to slash at Ying Thirteen, who was lying in a pool of blood, a wave of deadly plum blossom darts galloped forward, with tremendous force, violently overturning the five men in black. on the ground.

Plum darts were poisoned, and five men in black died on the spot!

Shadow Thirteen lay dying in a pool of blood, unable to move. He turned his face sideways and looked in the direction where the man appeared. Blood dripped from his forehead, blurring his vision.

Shadow Six does not like to kill.

At least, do not love such massacres.

But right now, he seems to be a beast that has lost his mind. The knife is deadly, and the blood seals his throat.

Shadow Thirteen opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but couldn't make a sound.

Don't kill anymore...

He didn't feel bad for the lives of those people, but he didn't want them to dirty Ying Liu's hands.

After killing the last man in black, Yingliu had no clean place on his body. It was as if he had been soaked in a pool of blood, dripping blood all over his body.

He came to Ying Shisan and knelt down on one knee.

click.

Something hot dripped onto Ying Thirteen's pale and bloodless face.

Shadow Thirteen's throat pain: "Shadow... Shadow Six..."

"Stop talking!" Ying Liu knelt down on one knee, wiped the surging tears, stretched out his arms and hugged him carefully, "I'll take you to find Old Cui Tou."

Shadow Thirteen said weakly, "Go and save... Young Master."

The moon was dark and the wind was high, and the night was like a natural curtain, obscuring the figures of Nian Shura and Yan Jiuchao, but the sounds they made through the air were still hidden from the ears of the fifth-order Shura King.

The fifth-order Shura king was in hot pursuit.

However, what surprised him was that the realm of the first-rank Asura King was not high, but Qinggong was not low. Even with a big man, he was still unable to catch up.

Every time he thought he was going to catch them, the other party suddenly disappeared with a strange pace.

The fifth-order Asura King frowned: "What kind of Qinggong is this?!"

Nurse Shura turned around and stuck out his tongue at him.

However, Mingdu is so big, there is always a place where people have nowhere to run. The milk Shura rushed into an alley, the fifth-order Shura king smiled coldly, took a shortcut and bypassed another alley, at the end of the road. Blocked the way of Nian Shura and Yan Jiuchao.

This is an old street that has long been abandoned. The houses on both sides are empty and no people live, so it looks particularly eerie in the dark night.

The fifth-order Asura King walked towards them slowly, and said defiantly, "Do you still want to escape?"

Nanny Shura glanced at him innocently and took two steps back.

The fifth-order Asura King asked: "Tell me, what kind of light work did you use just now?"

Nanny Shura didn't speak, and continued to look at him cutely. He walked forward, and Nanny Shura stepped back. When forced to retreat, Nanny Shura pursed her mouth in grievance.

The fifth-order Asura King threatened: "Hand over your secrets of light energy, I will let you die happily, otherwise, I will break your bones one by one, and then bite your flesh and blood bit by bit, let you die. Know what is life, no, such as, death!"

Milk Shura was unmoved.

The fifth-order Asura King sneered: "Alright, I'll abolish you first, and then slowly torture you, see if your mouth is tough, or my fist is tough!"

After saying that, he was about to make a move, but Nian Shura suddenly stretched out a hand and made a "slow down" gesture.

The fifth-order Asura King thought he had compromised and looked at him with a half-smile.

Nurse Shura caressed his head in a dashing manner, took out a small bottle from his arms, took a sip, and then threw the person on his back to the fifth-rank Shura King, and he fled away!

The fifth-order Asura King looked at the dummy in his arms, realized that he had been tricked, and immediately became angry: "You will pay the price for fooling the deity master!"

The fifth-rank Shura King was so angry with the milk Shura that he didn't care where the real Yan Jiuchao went, so he chased after him desperately.

This time, he didn't fight with the opponent, and directly released the pressure of the fifth-order Shura King, pressing the milk Shura to scream, and fell from the air.

Nanny Shura fell to the ground with a bang.

The fifth-rank Asura King fell steadily beside him, walked towards him step by step, gritted his teeth and said, "You don't cherish the opportunity that gave you the chance!"

Nanny Shura suddenly stood up, raised his hand, and made a gesture of surrender.

The fifth-order Asura King narrowed his eyes slightly: "Finally willing to hand over the secret?"

Nanny Shura nodded in grievance.

The fifth-order Asura King stretched out his hand: "Bring it here!"

Nurse Shura took out a lot of things from his arms and sleeves: small feeding bottles, small pot lids, small beads, small red strings, small handkerchiefs, small diapers...

The fifth-order Asura King's eyes twitched fiercely.

You, a big man, don't even need a handkerchief, how come there are diapers? !

Uh... Little milk friend's diaper is wrong.

Nanny Shura stuffed the small diaper back into her arms, and after emptying out all her family property, she finally found a boxy box, which Nanny Shura carefully handed to him.

The fifth-order Asura King will not be so easy to say to him: "Open it and see!"

Nurse Shura obediently opened the box, and there was nothing in it except a folded secret.

The fifth-order Asura King was preventing him from sneaking up on him in a moment, and said coldly, "Throw it here."

Nanny Shura threw the box over with a reluctant look on his face.

As soon as he finished throwing it, Nanny Shura ran away!

The fifth-order Asura King frowned, wanted to run?

Wait, no!

The fifth-order Asura King suddenly looked at the box in his hand.

Thousand receivers exploded with a bang!

The fifth-order Asura King didn't even have time to exclaim, and was exploded into a pool of flesh and blood by the collective self-destruction of a thousand organs...

Chapter 570 [425] The power of black eggs!

After the milk Shura blasted the fifth-order Shura king, he quickly returned to the street blocked by the fifth-order Shura king for the first time. He jumped into a dilapidated room, opened the cabinet door, and rescued Yan Jiuchao, who was hidden in it by him. came out.

He matched his fingers, not knowing where to go.

Yan Jiuchao slowly opened his eyes and said weakly, "Go to Ying Shisan."

Nurse Shura had Yan Jiuchao on his back, and was about to use his Qinggong to fly in the direction of the east courtyard when he saw Ying Liu hurried over.

Ying Liu didn't know where the young master and his Shura went, but he came here after hearing the huge movement. He was not sure if it was the young master, so he wanted to try his luck, but he found it.

"Young Master!" His eyes lit up and he strode forward.

Yan Jiuchao glanced at him: "Where's Ying Shisan?"

When Ying Shisan was about to die, he was thinking about the young master. He didn't expect the young master to be hurt like this. The first person to think about was also Ying Shisan. At the same time, Ying Liu felt relieved for the love and righteousness of the two, and at the same time had a little food. He didn't know why.

Ying Liudao: "The courtyard in the east of the city is safe for the time being. I left him there, but... his condition is not very good..."

Yan Jiuchao resisted the severe pain in his tendons and dantian, and took out a small medicine bottle from his arms: "Take it to him."

"What is this?" Ying Liu took the small medicine bottle over, opened it, and found a black pill inside.

"Sikong's family's medicine pill." Yan Jiuchao's situation was not very good.

But he didn't say it, Ying Liu could also guess that, with the temperament of his own young master, general curative things couldn't get into his eyes, and what he could carry with him at all times must be a life-saving medicine.

The young master obviously lost his memory, thinking he was the ghost king, and only agreed to pretend to be their young master just for the sake of planning, but at such a critical moment, he gave the last life-saving medicine to Ying Shisan.

Shadow Six was moved to tears...

Such a good, such a good young master...

They must...

Ying Liu had not finished being moved, but Yan Jiuchao took out seventeen or eight small medicine bottles from his wide sleeves.

"..." Shadow Six instantly petrified!

Mingdu killed two fifth-order Asura kings one after another. Naturally, such a huge movement did not hide from the masters of Mingdu, and Sikong's family was at the foot of Mingshan Mountain.

The ancestor has been practicing in Mingshan for many years, and it is not without big movement, but the breath does not seem to come from the ancestor.

Did someone break into Mingshan?

Although Patriarch Sikong has confidence in his ancestor's martial arts, he did not feel the pressure and breath of his ancestor from beginning to end. Why? Could it be that the ancestors have encountered an accident?

Family Master Sikong's expression became solemn.

However, he did not have the qualifications to enter the Mingshan Mountain, so he had to call over the eldest son who had never been loved by him.

"Father." Sikong Changfeng gave a polite and distant salute.

Patriarch Sikong was worried about the situation of Mingshan, but he didn't care about his son's alienation from him, and said sternly: "Did you hear the movement of Mingshan?"

More than hearing? He also saw that the King of Ten Thousand Gu suddenly broke out of the bottle and took Xiaohua to Mingshan. He intuitively told him that something had happened to the ancestor of Sikong, and he was going to Mingshan to see what happened. Called the library.

"I hear you, father," he replied.

Family Master Sikong said again: "Do you know what happened? Did someone break into Mingshan? The ancestor..."

Sikong Changfeng can enter and exit Mingshan freely, but he never discloses everything about Mingshan to outsiders, so even if his biological father asks him, he just replies: "My son doesn't know."

Family Master Sikong knew that the son's tone was tight, and he couldn't get a word out. He said impatiently and helplessly, "Then go and see", and let him back down.

When Sikong Changfeng arrived at the Mingshan tomb, the fifth-rank peak Asura King had already been beaten to death by Xiao Gu Gu's invincible small fists. Xiao Gu Gu wanted to bite him but was restrained by Yu Wan who arrived in time. .

Yu Wan said: "He is also Shura, and his power can be used by Shura."

Little Gu Gu patted the little claws and jumped back on the back of the King of Ten Thousand Gu.

The King of Ten Thousand Gu returned to the state of the old monk's meditation, silently lying on the cold ground, guarding the dying Sikong Ye.

Sikong Ye was injured by the fifth-order peak Shura King while almost losing his internal strength. His life was passing by rapidly, and his breath was becoming weak.

"Grandpa!" Yu Wan walked over in three steps and two steps, helped Sikong Ye up, and leaned against the wall of the secret room.

Yu Wan clearly remembered that she was very careful. After leaving the tomb, she did not mention the weakness of her great grandfather, but unexpectedly, it still made people take advantage of it!

Sikong Ye's condition was not very good, his face had completely faded from the color of blood, Yu Wan pinched his pulse, and found that the pulse was never disordered before, and bloodshots continued to overflow from the corners of his mouth.

"Grandpa, hold on... I have a life-saving medicine... Yan Jiuchao gave me... Said to be the best medicine in Sikong's family... It can bring back the dead..." This medicine is better than grandma's. The medicine made at the bottom of the cliff was even better, so Yan Jiuchao not only stocked up a bunch, but also stuffed a lot of it on her.

Yu Wan took out all the medicine bottles on her body: "Look at Grandpa! So many medicines! You will be fine!"

Yu Wan picked up a medicine bottle, removed the stopper, and poured out the pills inside.

Si Kongye shook his head slightly, and said in a weak voice, "It's useless... these medicinal herbs... can't cure grandfather..."

Yu Wan said anxiously, "No, try it!"

Sikong Ye raised his hand, gently pressed the little hand she was feeding himself with medicine, and said, "If I fall into this realm, these medicinal pills... will be useless..."

This is not a polite word, it is a fact. With the financial resources and ability of the Sikong family, it is not enough to be stingy with a few medicinal pills to bring back the dead. It is just that after the cultivation of the longevity art to the eighth level, there will no longer be medicinal pills that can be used against him in Mingdu. have any effect.

"But..." Yu Wan was unwilling to give up the last glimmer of hope.

Sikong Ye looked at her with a pale face: "Listen to my great grandfather."

Yu Wan's throat was a little sore, and the circles around her eyes turned reddish.

Sikong Ye squeezed out a weak smile: "It's grandpa, fool."

Yu Wan was taken aback.

what.....

Grandma's father... It seems that he is really a grandfather...

She didn't turn around. It took two days for grandfather and grandfather...

Sikong Ye was amused by her silly appearance. In his heart, he was unwilling to add a foreign word to his and Lan Yi's descendants. She was his little great-grandson and always will be.

He raised his hand and stroked her head: "...you have been wronged."

Up to now, what else could he not understand? This girl is tit-for-tat with the Holy Maiden. In fact, they are protecting him. He is too stupid to see that she is his only little great-grandson.

"Grandpa has never regretted anything in his life... Now... Grandpa regrets not being able to leave with Lan Yi back then..."

If he did, he wouldn't have found out that Ran Yi was pregnant.

He wanted to accompany Lan Yi to give birth to the child and raise her to grow up by himself.

He also wanted to watch her get married and find the best man in the world for her. If that man dared to bully her, he would beat him hard!

And her children, children's children... He wants to always protect...

"Grandpa can't be with you anymore..." Sikong Ye coughed out a mouthful of blood and took out a secret book from his pocket, "This is...the perfected longevity formula...it contains my whole life's hard work...you take it with it..."

"I don't want the longevity formula!" Yu Wan choked.

Sikong Ye wiped away her tears with a wry smile: "Actually, as early as a few days ago... I felt that my deadline was approaching... I was reluctant to accept it... I think... maybe it was just to be able to wait until I was reunited with you... .. Now... Grandpa has no regrets... You can go with confidence..."

Yu Wan was shocked: "Grandpa!"

Sikong Ye lay peacefully on the ground.

Yu Wan's tears fell with a click: "Grandpa... Grandpa! Grandma——"

!

Before she could finish her sentence, a tall figure smashed in from outside the tomb holding three small black objects.

But it turned out that it was A Wei who escaped from the courtyard in the east of the city with his three little apprentices. They fled, got lost, got fascinated and broke into the Mingshan Mountain, and even rolled into a gloomy tomb.

Awei used his body to make a meat pad.

The three little black eggs first hit him, and then rolled to the ground.

Sikong Ye opened his eyes, this was just the last glimpse before dying.

But...what did he see?

Three chubby, fleshy, fat little, black, and eggs? !

"Son!" Yu Wan shouted.

This, this, this... This group of cute and bloated little guys are his little great-grandsons?

Sikong Ye's eyes widened all of a sudden...

He grabbed Yu Wan's hand and said with the last of his strength, "I think... I can still save it!"