

## Toddler 581

Chapter 581 Nine brothers against the sky, the king is back!

Sikong Changfeng's situation has been completely controlled, the demonic energy in his body has been removed, and even the internal injuries caused by Sangjia Shura King's Yin evil internal force have been repaired. Everyone feels incredible, only the Sikong family master Understand what's going on.

Everything also benefits from the longevity formula handed down from the ancestors. The ancestors of the Sikong family are from the Wu clan, and they hold part of the inheritance of the Wu clan. To restrain all evil spirits and demonic energy, of course, the other party's longevity art realm must be high enough, otherwise, the endangered Sikong Changfeng cannot be saved.

"Patriarch, who is that son? He looks the same as the second son, and has the same aura as the ancestor..." A guard from Sikong's family couldn't help expressing his doubts.

The head of the Sikong family shook his head: "I don't know his origin, but he is the uncle of our Sikong family."

"Ah? Uncle?" The guard was shocked, "Does our Sikong family have such a young uncle?"

No wonder the guards were so surprised, the fact is that the head of the Sikong family has no sisters, and there are only two sons, Sikong Changfeng and Sikong Yun, and there are daughters from concubines, but they are all in their 30s or 40s. Whose uncle would be in his early twenties? What about young talents?

The owner of Sikong didn't go any further, he was the descendant of the ancestor, and it was the ancestor who decided whether or not to announce their identities.

Patriarch Sikong instructed: "Everything will be decided by the ancestors after leaving the customs, so don't make rash discussions."

The guards saluted: "Yes, my subordinates take orders!"

However, after Yan Jiuchao treated Sikong Changfeng, he went back to the house alone and was very embarrassed. He managed his emotions and expressions, and went to Ying Shisan's house calmly.

Ying Liu had woken up and returned to the house, and was standing in front of Ying Thirteen's bed to wash Ying Thirteen's face. When Yan Jiuchao came over, he hurriedly got up and gave a salute: "Young Master."

Yan Jiuchao looked at Ying Thirteen who was in a coma, and Ying Six who was dumbfounded. Another memory that he couldn't bear to look at directly came to his mind.

"What? Are you thinking about your little white face again? You are already this king's woman, and you will never have a chance to see him again in your life! If you are acquainted, just listen to this king, otherwise, this king will kill your two subordinates!"

"Which two subordinates?"

"Those two are called Ying Six and Ying Thirteen!"

Yan Jiuchao closed his eyes, his hands buried under his wide sleeves clenched tightly into fists.

Ying Liu called his young master but didn't respond, and saw the young master who was holding back, blinked, realized something, and said hurriedly and solemnly: "Young master... uh, no... Wang, forgot the secret. It's time for you to be called like that. Wang disguised himself as the young master of Yancheng so that he would not reveal his identity as a ghost king in the Underworld! Please rest assured, Wang Xian, I remember Ying Shisan and I! We won't call it wrong again!"

Yan Jiuchao wanted to die even more...

...

After using the longevity formula to rid Ying Shisan of the evil spirits that the master of the Sang family had left in his tendons, Yan Jiuchao resisted the urge to hit the wall every minute, and silently walked

back to his room, where three little black eggs One after another woke up, sitting on the bed like a fat dumpling, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Daddy!" Erbao saw Yan Jiuchao, slipped out of bed with his bare ass, and ran towards him.

Dabao and Xiaobao also ran over.

The three little guys raised their heads, opened their black eyes, and looked at him without blinking.

"Elder Yin, do you have a son?"

"If I return to the king, I don't have it."

The corner of a ghost king's lips ticked: "This king has it."

Elder Yin with an arrow in his heart: "..."

"Elder Mo, do you have a son?"

"If you return to the king, I have two."

The curvature of a certain ghost king's lips is even bigger: "This king has three!"

Elder Mo, who was also shot in his heart: "..."

"King, King!" Elder Jin raised his hand with a smile, "I have five sons!"

A certain ghost king sank his face instantly: "...You are no longer the elder of the ghost clan! Drag it down!"

Elder Jin was stunned: "King! King! What did I do wrong?!"

Yan Jiu twitched the corner of his mouth and grabbed a rope in shame.

Er Bao asked: "Daddy, what are you doing?"

Yan Jiuchao: Hang in place!

...

Yu Wan walked around the Chaoyang Palace and thoroughly inquired about the situation last night. The Sang family really sent experts to come to Mingshan to assassinate. Now, I want to take advantage of the last chance on the night of the full moon to kill the ancestor and Yan Jiuchao.

There are not many people who know this weakness. Apart from the parties, there are only her and the Saintess. The Saintess is now imprisoned in the Hades Prison, and there is no way to communicate with the outside world, unless—the Saintess had leaked the news before she was imprisoned. .

As for who it leaked to, it goes without saying that it is Sikongyun.

And Sikong Yun was “taken” away by the Sang family master again. With his sloppy temperament, wouldn't it be easy for the Sang family master to speak out of his mouth?

"He's really a guy who has more than enough success. He was sold, and he even paid for it."

As for a few Shura kings who felt the aura of the holy king and turned to arrest the holy king, they were not noticed by the disciples of the Sikong family and Chaoyang Palace. In their opinion, they were going to assassinate Yan Jiuchao, so Yu Wan I don't know that I almost became the prey of the Sang family.

When Yu Wan returned to the house, the three little guys had already dressed, had breakfast, and ran off to play. Yan Jiuchao sat by the window with a cold and arrogant look.

Yu Wan walked over with a half-smile, holding onto the back of his chair with one hand, and said narrowly, "I've been married three times, is it fun, Young Master Yan?"

"It's not this..." Yan Jiuchao stopped in time when he was halfway through.

"Ben what?" Yu Wan raised her eyebrows and looked at him, motioning him to continue.

Yan Jiuchao snorted and turned his face away.

Yu Wan didn't miss this opportunity to tease him, hehehe leaned over: "This young master or this prince? Huh?"

Yan Jiuchao looked at the face she was leaning towards her, her eyelashes fluttered, she looked forward, and said solemnly and coldly without squinting, "Bright day! Bright sky! What a formality!"

Yu Wan snorted and squinted at him and said, "I don't know who asked me to make up a bridal chamber for him in the daytime...and made it up several times..."

"Yu Awan!" Yan Jiuchao's ears turned red.

Yu Wan then hurriedly said: "And show me the sunrise... Said that I would never want to leave someone for half a step in my life..."

Yan Jiuchao held back!

Yu Wan bent down, rested her elbows on the table, and looked at him with her hands on her cheeks: "Yan Jiuchao, do you like to kill me?"

Yan Jiuchao didn't look at her, and said solemnly: "That is the ghost king against Jiang Batian!"

Yu Wan pouted: "The words are right and wrong."

Yan Jiuchao looked out the window and said expressionlessly, "This young master doesn't have it!"

"No good! No good! An accident happened in the dungeon!"

While the two of them were bickering, a young disciple who was patrolling the dungeon came over in a hurry.

The little couple gathered their thoughts in unison, and walked towards the door.

Family Master Sikong also came out of Sikong Changfeng's house. The three of them looked at each other and looked at the little disciple in unison.

"What happened?" asked Patriarch Sikong.

The younger disciple said, "The woman in the dungeon injured my senior brother and escaped!"

"Where did you escape? Is it the temple?" Yu Wan asked.

The little disciple shook his head: "No, she didn't go to the temple. Senior brother chased her for a while, but didn't catch up, but senior brother said that she seemed to be going in the direction of the Sang family."

"The Sang family?" Yu Wan frowned, "She's not stupid, and she knows how to go to the Sang family. With the sins she committed, the Sikong family and the temple can't tolerate her no matter what. Lan Sooner or later, the family will abandon her and Lan Jiao, and now only the Sang family has the ability to protect her."

Patriarch Sikong said with a cold gaze, "I'll send someone to chase her!"

"No need."

It was Yan Jiuchao who opened his mouth.

Family Master Sikong and Yu Wan looked at him puzzled.

Yan Jiu looked at the Sang family and said, "Let her go."

...

The Sikong family did not pursue the saintess, and the saintess successfully arrived at the Sang family. She was covered in blood and didn't even have any decent clothes. The Sang family's guard looked at her with disgust: "Where are the beggars? "

The efficacy of Hua Gong San has passed, and the Holy Maiden's power has recovered. This person is so rude, she must teach her a lesson.

She raised her hand and slapped the opponent flying.

The guard fell heavily to the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood.

His companion was stunned and looked at this embarrassed woman in disbelief: "You... Who are you? How dare you make trouble at the Sang family?"

The saint said coldly: "Go and tell your master, and say that the saint is here!"

"You? Saintess?" The companion looked at her with contempt.

The Holy Maiden urged her inner strength: "Do you want to eat my palm too?"

The companion felt a huge murderous aura, and he was startled. He didn't dare to neglect it any longer, and went to the bottom of his feet.

About half an hour later, a man who looked like a butler came to the gate and took the saint to the front hall.

Sang Patriarch sat high on the throne, looking at the saintess's appearance casually: "You said you are a saintess? What evidence?"

The Holy Maiden walked to the screen inlaid with the Holy Maiden Stone, put her hand on the Saint Maiden Stone, and saw that all the Saint Maiden stones on the screen were glowing with a faint green light.

The most powerful saint in the history of the Lan family, the green-robed saint Lan Ji!

Sang Patriarch's eyes narrowed slightly: "You are indeed a saint, why do you disguise yourself as someone else?"

"It's none of your business," said the saint impatiently.

Sang Patriarch's eyes flashed a hint of coldness, but he smiled on his face: "I don't know if it's a saint, but Sang has lost his way."

He said, stood up, and bowed his hands to the saint, giving her his seat, "Please take your seat."

The Holy Maiden said proudly: "Sit and don't sit, give me a yard, let someone prepare water, find some clean clothes, I need to take a bath."

Sang Patriarch touched his chin and smiled: "It doesn't seem right to do this... It's not that Sang is unwilling to entertain the saint, but..."



The saint raised her chin and interrupted him: "You don't need to say the hypocritical words, I know that Sikong Yun is in the Sang family, and I also know that you and the Sikong family have completely torn apart your face. The movement of Mingshan last night was caused by you, it didn't work. Right? You have to deal with the Sikong family, so do I. We have a common enemy, why not join hands?"

The owner of the Sang family said slyly: "You are just a lost dog now, what can you do for us?"

The saintess' eyes turned cold, and she said sternly, "You guys want to replace the Sikong family to become the royal family of the Underworld. Without the approval of the temple, you won't be right even if you win!"

Patriarch Sang lowered his eyes and pondered for a moment: "Okay, I promise you, I will join hands with you."

The Holy Maiden turned and walked out of the flower hall.

"Take it." The owner of the Sang family threw a small medicine bottle to her.

"What is this?" The Holy Maiden took the medicine bottle and turned around and asked.

Sang Patriarch said lightly: "It's an elixir that can increase the power of your bloodline. I don't want my ally to be just a mere green-clothed saint."

Merely? Does this person know how precious the Saintess in Green is? The Lan family has been inherited for many years, and she is the most powerful saint!

"Don't think that I don't know that your Lan family has a holy king." He was near Mt. Ming last night, and he also sensed the aura of the holy king.

The Holy Maiden squeezed her fingers tightly, holding back her jealousy and said, "So what? Do you think the Holy King can be used for you?"

Sang Patriarch smiled lightly: "So you can't be too bad, don't lose too much to the Holy King."

"Humph!" The saint rolled her eyes angrily, took the medicine pill and walked away.

Sang family's medicinal pills really had a miraculous effect. That night, the saintess felt that her bloodline had changed. The saintess stone changed from green to blue, from blue to blue, and at dawn, there were a few lines of purple light faintly emitted.

The saint sat cross-legged on the ground and looked at her hands in disbelief: "I... I'm the saint in purple?"

She is the purest purple-clothed saint!

She is the Holy Maiden in Purple!

The Holy Maiden was mad with surprise, not noticing that the maid who was guarding the door left silently.

The maid came to the house of the Sang family head, bowed respectfully, and said, "The head of the house."

"How is it?" asked the Sang family leader.

"The Elementary Lady in Purple," the maid said.

Sang Patriarch hooked the corners of his lips meaningfully: "I can really touch the barrier of the purple-clothed saint. It is indeed a bloodline that has not been encountered in a thousand years...bring people here."

"Yes!" The maid led the order back to the yard of the saint, and reported from outside the door, "Your Highness, the head of the family has a request."

The bloodline of the saintess has undergone earth-shaking changes. This is simply impossible, but after thinking about it, the impossible has also happened. That girl can be pregnant with the holy king. What is strange about her becoming a purple-clothed saint? of?

"The Holy King is not yet ready. With my current strength, I can kill him with a single coercion!" The Holy Maiden was immersed in great joy, and she even had a good look on the Sang family master who helped her turn over. Hearing that he wanted to see her, she went without saying a word.

"Patriarch Sang." She greeted with a smile.

Patriarch Sang looked at her up and down, and smiled with satisfaction: "I haven't seen her for a night, it seems that the saintess's skill has improved again."

The saint nodded with a light smile: "As the power of the bloodline increases, the skill will naturally increase."

Not only has her power improved, but her breath has become much more rosy. She has never felt so energetic before.

"Is the Holy Maiden hungry? Can I have something to eat?" The head of the Sang family asked with concern.

Look, look, her realm has improved, this old man's attitude towards her is very different from yesterday, the saintess Yun said casually: "I'm not hungry, the Sang family master came to me to talk to me about the destruction of the underworld. Shan and Sikong's plan?"

Sang Patriarch smiled: "This is not in a hurry, I want to take the saint to a place first."

"Oh?" The Virgin stretched her tone.

Sang Patriarch looked at her and said, "It's the forbidden area of our Sang family. Except for me and the experts in the forbidden area, no one else has been there, not even Yun'er."

The saint raised her eyebrows and said, "Is the Sang family's head showing me your sincerity? Thank you for the Sang family's medicinal herbs, I am now a purple-clothed saint. I, Lan Ji, is not a person who is grateful and does not want to repay it. I will definitely do it. Do your best to help the Sang family!"

Patriarch Sang glanced at her, then folded his hands and bowed: "Sang Mou thanked the saint first."

The Holy Maiden said proudly: "Aren't you going to take me to the forbidden area? What are you doing? Go to the forbidden area, so I can kill the holy king!"

Sang Patriarch smiled: "Please."

Saintess entered the forbidden area of the Sang family together with the Sang family master.

The Lan family and Sikong's family also have forbidden areas, but they are far less big and mysterious than the Sang family. At first, the two entered a cave. The further they went in, the narrower the passage and the darker the light. Painted caves.

The grotto was filled with a thick \*\*\*\* smell, which was disgusting.

The Holy Maiden covered her nose: "How long do you have to go?"

"It's almost time." The Sang family head said lightly.

The Holy Maiden's stomach was tumbling violently, and the blood all over her body seemed to be stirring uncontrollably: "It smells too bad, you want to show me something, just take it out, I don't want to go in!"

"How can you do it if you don't go in?" The Sang family head turned around and gave a sinister smile.

He held a luminous pearl in his hand, and the faint light of the luminous pearl shone on his face, his gloomy appearance was like a ghost in purgatory.

Holy Maiden's heart skipped a beat!

Patriarch Sang supported her shoulder: "Do you know what's down there?"

The Holy Maiden looked down, only to realize that she was walking on a dark single-plank bridge. Under the bridge was a viscous pool of blood, strangely the smell of blood was so heavy...

Sang Patriarch said gloomily: "I originally planned to feed it with the Holy King, but unfortunately I didn't catch it. I think it would be good to come to the Purple-clothed Saintess."

The Virgin's face paled: "You!"

The saintess slammed the palm of her hand and smashed the head of the Sang family. Then she performed light work and flew away from the cave, but at the moment when she was about to fly out of the cave, a column of blood came surging, wrapped her body, and swept her away. Drag down the pool of blood—

## Chapter 582 The Forbidden Land of the Sang Family

In the afternoon, it rained on Mingshan.

The rain was not heavy or long, but the sun was shining brightly within half an hour.

After the rain, the Mingshan Mountain has a hint of soil, with lush vegetation and beautiful bells.

Yu Wan was basking in the sun in the yard with her little nephew who had hiccups in her arms. Little Treasure ran over, pulled Yu Wan's hand, waved her hand and pointed to the sky: "Mother, what is that?"

Yu Wan glanced at the situation, and the corners of her lips curved slightly: "It's a rainbow."

"It's so beautiful!" said Xiaobao, tilting his head.

"As beautiful as your mother!" Erbao came over and said cutely.

Yu Wan was amused by him and couldn't help laughing.

Xiaobao, who lost after speaking, glared at his brother resentfully, and went to find Dabao with a dark face.

"I'm going too!" Erbao stalked after him.

Yu Wan looked at her son who ran far away with a funny look, and then looked at her little nephew with a cute face in her arms, and said, "When you grow up, you can play with your brothers too."

The little nephew spit out a milk bubble.

The wet nurse came over and said to Yu Wan, "Madam, let me come, the young master is going to sleep."

This is the wet nurse that the head of Sikong asked the housekeeper to find. She has an innocent family background and is loyal. Yu Wan put the child in her hands with confidence. People worry.

The wet nurse hugged the little boy down.

Yu Wan was sitting on a rattan chair, basking in the sun comfortably, she couldn't help stretching, and suddenly, a thought flashed in her mind: "Grandpa gave me a longevity formula, but I forgot to give it to Yan. Nine dynasties! Yan nine dynasties also practiced the longevity art, which should be useful to him..."

Yu Wan said, stood up with the rattan chair, just took a step and paused, wondering, "The one who practiced the longevity art is the ghost king, and now he is no longer the ghost king, would he still be willing to practice?"

In the clear blue sky, a flock of swallows flew by.

Yu Wan touched her chin: "Don't worry, give it to him first!"

Yu Wan went back to her room and took out the longevity formula that was perfected by Sikong Ye from the drawer. She had heard Yan Jiuchao mention that the ghost clan's longevity formula was a broken copy, only at the sixth level. However, there are eight levels of the ninth level, because the grandfather himself has not practiced, so he has not yet commented, whether it can be practiced and how to practice, it is up to Yan Jiuchao to figure it out.

"Huh? Where's Yan Jiuchao?" Yu Wan took the longevity formula and left the house, intending to look around. When she just passed the small garden, a familiar figure crossed the threshold and walked over.

"Awan." Sikong Changfeng stopped her.

Yu Wan's eyes flashed with surprise, and she greeted politely: "Are you awake? How are you feeling? Is there anything else uncomfortable?"

Sikong Changfeng was recovering from a serious injury, and his face was still pale, but he shook his head and said indifferently: "I'm fine, I'm from..."

He considered the title and said, "Young Master Yan thanked me. I heard from my father. If it wasn't for him this time, I might have caused irreversible consequences."

Yu Wan thought he would say, "If it wasn't for him this time, I might be dead", but at this moment, he was not thinking of himself.

This man, why can't he take care of himself more? How can he understand that no one is more important than his own life?

"I was still too impulsive, I almost killed you all together." Sikong Changfeng said reproachfully.

Yu Wan said with relief: "Don't mention the past. Besides, the situation was critical at the time. If you didn't do that, someone might have died at the hands of the Sang family's masters."

Sikong Changfeng smiled bitterly, looked around and said, "By the way, why didn't you see Young Master Yan?"

Yu Wan spread her hands: "I'm looking for him too."

"Is this the secret of longevity?" Sikong Changfeng's gaze fell on the secret revealed by Yu Wan's hand spread.

Yu Wan nodded: "Well, do you want to see it?"

"No, I can't just look at something so important." Sikong Changfeng refused.

Yu Wan handed the secret book forward: "Grandpa has already passed it to me, it's mine, I'll show it to you, it doesn't matter!"

Sikong Changfeng lowered his head and smiled bitterly: "To be honest, I have practiced the longevity art, but...it didn't work."

That was many years ago. He raised Gu well. Ancestor Sikong was happy and taught him a few words of the longevity art. Unfortunately, he couldn't understand it, and his hard work was fruitless. At that time, the ancestor would I told him that the longevity formula also pays attention to fate. Although it is a spiritual method passed down by the Sikong family, it is not necessarily that the descendants of the Sikong family can practice it, and it is not necessarily that only the descendants of the Sikong family can practice it well.



"Actually... Yan Jiuchao's longevity formula..." Yu Wan pursed her lips, and didn't say what she said later.

Sikong Changfeng smiled knowingly: "I know, it came from the ghost king, my father told me, but my father also said that the longevity formula can't be given just by giving it, the old ancestor also tried it. I have taught the descendants of the Sikong family skills, but no one can bear the longevity formula, so it is not that Young Master Yan got the longevity formula, but the longevity formula chose him."

Yu Wan rested her elbows on the back of her hands and pinched her chin: "It seems reasonable to say that, but he was poisoned since he was a child and his muscles and veins were eroded by toxins, which is different from ordinary people. The power of the ghost king."

Sikong Changfeng smiled warmly: "So, there is a destiny in the dark, and it's not a blessing to lose a horse, isn't it?"

Yu Wan nodded thoughtfully.

Yu Wan told Patriarch Sikong about the saintess, their identities, and the purpose of coming to Mingdu. This time, Patriarch Sikong did not hide anything from Sikong Changfeng. Since he talked about the situation of Yan Jiuchao, Sikong Changfeng remembered it. Another thing: "Father said, you are still short of Yaoyin, and I don't know how I can help you. Sikong's family has a lot of books, and I don't know if I can find some useful things. I'll take you to the library to look at it later. Look."

"Thank you." Yu Wan said sincerely.

Sikong Changfeng came to thank him, but unexpectedly Yu Wan thanked him, Sikong Changfeng couldn't help laughing, and said, "Then... I won't bother you, Young Master Yan, thank him for me. ."

"Eldest son." Yu Wan stopped him.

"Huh?" Sikong Changfeng stopped and turned around.

Yu Wan hesitated for a moment, then said, "You just talked to me, and you mentioned Patriarch Sikong several times. You...you care about him, right?"

Do you care...is it important?

He was not a son that his father liked from birth. No matter how good he was, in his father's heart, he always loved Sikong Yun the most.

In Sikong's house, he was just a superfluous person.

"I'll go first," he said.

Yu Wan watched him leave, and the bell had to be tied to the bell. For so many years, the father and son couldn't solve it in a day or two. Besides, the Patriarch Sikong really loved his eldest son too little, and he had never experienced Sikong Changfeng. What he has experienced is not qualified to ask him to let go and accept it.

Of course, on the other hand, the Sang family is so sinister, they must not see Sikong Changfeng favored. The indifference of the Sikong family to him happened to be his life-saving charm.

Yu Wan looked at the back of Sikong Changfeng leaving, curved her lips, and said, "There is indeed a destiny in the dark, how can Sai Weng lose his horse and know that it is not a blessing?"

Yu Wan found out that Yan Jiuchao had gone down the mountain after a full circle of Chaoyang Hall.

Until sunset, Yan Jiuchao returned to Chaoyang Hall, and with him were grandma, old Cuitou, Yuegou and Qingyan.

The big stone in Yu Wan's heart fell, and she was afraid that this guy would become a ghost king again and get lost again.

In fact, it was Grandma's group who got lost, not Yan Jiuchao who found them. They probably didn't know which caravan they followed to leave the Underworld.

Yu Wan asked curiously, "Why did you get lost? Aren't you with the second grandma?"

The second grandma is very familiar with Ming, and the second grandma is not a Lu idiot.

Qingyan said: "We met a few clan elders of the Lan clan on the way. Grandma Lan and Zi Yan were taken away by them. Don't worry, the clan elders didn't want to lock them up, they wanted to re-examine Lan Jiao and Uncle Qin back then. thing."

"Enter the room and talk." Yu Wan led a few people into the packed room.

On the way here, they had a general understanding of the situation of Mingshan, the relationship between Yu Wan and Sikong Patriarch, and the fact that Sikong's family was at stake. As for the restoration of memory, Yan Jiuchao didn't need to say it, everyone could guess it.

After all, the ghost king will get lost!

Yu Wan poured tea for a few people: "Drink some water first, I'm still worried about whether you have been captured by the Sang family for the past few days."

Qingyan took a big gulp of tea, wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and said, "Don't say it, we really went to Sang's house!"

Yu Wan was stunned: "You...going to Sang's house?"

Qingyan's eyes flashed: "Cough, just that... accidentally passing by..."

Yu Wan ruthlessly dismantled it and said, "You got lost and lost in the past!"

From this point of view, it is considered light for Awei to get lost and get lost in the Mingshan Mountain, but these few... turned out to be lost in the Sang family!

Qingyan cleared his throat: "I... we don't know about the Sang family. If we just walk around, we... go to the forbidden area of the Sang family."

Yu Wanxing's eyes widened: "You guys are still in the forbidden area of Sang's house? Then how did you come out alive?!"

"It doesn't matter anymore." Qingyan said, glanced at Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao, her expression suddenly solemn, "Do you know what Yuegou and I saw in the forbidden area of Sang's house?"

"What?" Yu Wan said.

## Chapter 583 The Truth of the Forbidden Land

Qingyan swallowed his saliva timidly. That scene was so terrifying that he felt his hands and feet tingle even thinking about it.

Yu Wan rarely sees him like this, and it seems that he is back to the way he was when he met Shura. The difference is that Shura is the fear and crushing of his strength, and this time, Qingyan and the others are able to survive, at least it means that they are not. Those who were discovered, since they didn't find them and didn't take action against them, what was Qingyan afraid of?

Yu Wan's heart couldn't help but lift up, seeing Qingyan's face turning pale and unable to speak, she turned to look at the moon hook on the side: "Did you see it too?"

Yue squeezed her fingers indistinctly, shook her head slowly, and said, "Qingyan didn't let me see."

At that time, in order to explore the way, they hid the grandma and the old Cuitou in a tree hole, and they accidentally entered the forbidden area of the Sang family. Of course, at that time they did not know that it was a forbidden area. When Jiuchao asked, the two of them described it, and Yan Jiuchao deduced that it was the forbidden area of the Sang family.

Qingyan's five senses are naturally keen, and the moment he entered the forbidden area, he smelled a thick \*\*\*\* odor, and then he saw a pool of blood, not still, there seemed to be something in the pool slowly swimming, stirring There was a pool of blood that became thicker and overflowing.

Qingyan instinctively sensed danger and covered Yuehook's eyes.

after...

Qingyan saw two people, a man and a woman.

"Men? Women?" Yu Wan paused thoughtfully, "Patriarch Sang and the saintess?"

"I don't know that man, but that woman... should be a saint in nine out of ten." Qing Yan recalled, "She had your face on her face, I thought it was you at first glance, but her body shape and speech Her tone was not like yours, so I thought of the saint who impersonated you, and after that, the man did admit her identity as a saint, but..."

"What's wrong?"

"Isn't the saint in the Lan family not the saint in green? But I heard the man call her the saint in purple."

"Huh? How could this be?" Yu Wan was stunned.

The silent grandma spoke up: "It may be that Sang is taking some medicine to forcibly increase her bloodline power."

Yu Wan blinked: "Can you still do this?"

"It will shorten your lifespan." Grandma said, "And it will make it impossible for people to conceive offspring."

Yu Wan frowned: "If the bloodline of the saint cannot be inherited, then it is useless to become stronger. Why is she so stupid?"

Qingyan thought for a while: "Maybe... the Sang family didn't tell her the stakes, no, they definitely didn't tell her."

Qingyan thought of the conversation he heard in the cave—

"How long will we go?"

"almost."

"It smells too bad, you want to show me something, just take it out, I don't want to go in!"

"How can you do it if you don't go in? Do you know what's down there? I originally planned to feed it with the Holy King, but unfortunately I didn't catch it. It's not bad to come to the Purple-clothed Saintess."

These are the original words of the saint and the man, and Qingyan memorized them word for word.

Qingyan looked at Yu Wan and Yu Wan's belly, but hesitated.

Yan Jiuchao glanced at Qingyan and said to Yu Wan, "Xiaobao is calling you."

"Is there?" Yu Wan stood up oddly, "I'll go take a look."

Yu Wan was separated, not because they sincerely wanted to hide her, but because she was pregnant. If she told her that her child was being targeted by such a terrifying evil creature, she would definitely be worried, of course, it was more important. Yes, she always believed that she was the most powerful saint in the history of the Lan family, and they couldn't bear to break the truth and tell her...

Qingyan explained the conversation he heard in the cave.

Listening to this arrogant tone, it is undoubtedly Lan Ji, and another man, from Qingyan's description of his appearance and temperament, Yan Jiuchao concluded that he was the head of the Sang family.

The Holy Maiden was unwilling to accept the trial of the Sikong family, and did not hesitate to injure the disciples of Chaoyang Palace and escaped from the dungeon.

"Jiuchao, you don't seem surprised, did you guess it earlier?" Qingyan looked at Yan Jiuchao and said.

"I guessed a little." Yan Jiuchao said.

As early as when they encountered Yin Gu in the passage of Sikong's house, he and Yu Wan felt a very thick \*\*\*\* aura. At first, he thought it was Yin Gu's breath, but when he really took Yin Gu in his hand, he It was only then that Yin Gu itself was found to have no blood.

Then, Mingshan was assassinated by a master of the Sang family.

At a critical juncture, all the masters rushed towards his and Yu Wan's house. Others thought they were going to assassinate him. Only he understood that they were coming for the fetus in Yu Wan's womb. , which confirmed this speculation.

The saintess and the saintly king are of the same lineage. If you can't catch the saintly king, it is also good to have a saintly girl who throws himself The risk of the Sang family attack goes after her.

Doing this has both advantages and disadvantages. The disadvantage is that the evil thing has the blood of the saint, and it is bound to become stronger than before. The advantage is that it has the blood of the saint, and it will not attack the idea of the saint for the time being.

Qingyan suddenly realized that if it were him, he would have only cared about not letting the evil thing grow and chased the saint back, but the consequences of chasing it back were unimaginable, and the Sang family would definitely come to arrest the holy king again. The Sikong family won't even have a chance to breathe.

"It's still Jiuchao who can understand." Qingyan patted Yan Jiuchao's shoulder and was given a cool look by Yan Jiuchao. What kind of evil thing is the Sang family keeping in the forbidden area?"

"It's Rakshasa." Grandma said.

"Luo...sha?" Qingyan was stunned.

Grandma frowned and said: "Rakshasa, originally called Yin Shura, is a dead man who is as powerful as Shura, but more sinister and terrifying than Shura. The power to survive, and the evil things in the Sang family's blood pool are not ordinary Rakshasa, but the bloodthirsty and brutal blood Rakshasa in the Rakshasa. The blood Rakshasa is raised with the blood of ten thousand poisons, and the Yin Gu of the Sang family should be One of his offerings."

After saying this, Qingyan understood: "No wonder the Sang family wanted to \*\*\*\* the Yin Gu back even at the expense of exposing their strength... Unfortunately, they didn't get it. At this time, they discovered the Holy King again..."

Grandma nodded: "The holy king is a better sacrifice than the yin gu. If the blood rakshasa becomes the holy king, he will be able to break through the ninth level and become a rakshasa king in one fell swoop. At that time, there will be no one in the underworld. It's his opponent."

"Then what should we do?" Qingyan asked.

Grandma said: "I want to kill him before he becomes a Rakshasa King!"



Qingyan asked in a low voice, "How to kill?"

"The longevity formula could have restrained the blood rakshasa, but that is under the premise that the realm is not much different. Sikong's ancestor has left the border, maybe he can kill it, you guys..." Grandma couldn't bear to attack them, but the blood rakshasa's strength Putting it there, Rao did not enter the forbidden area of the Sang family, but he also sensed the power of the blood rakshasa. The gap between them and the blood rakshasa in realm can never be made up by numbers and tactics.

Qingyan lowered his head in frustration: "Don't we just have to wait to die?"

Grandma sighed and said, "It depends on whether the old ancestor broke through the ninth level, or whether the blood Rakshasa became the Rakshasa King first."

Once the blood Rakshasa becomes the Rakshasa King, it will become an immortal existence. At that time, even the Nine-layer Longevity Art cannot get rid of it.

Qingyan thought that the guy in the blood pool would one day become an undead monster, and couldn't help shuddering: "Grandma, who did you hear about these things?"

Grandma said: "I have recently read a lot of Sikong's books, and there are records about the blood rakshasa."

Qingyan asked in distress: "Is there really no other way?"

"Yes." Grandma said.

"What?" Qingyan looked at him.

Yan Jiuchao also moved slightly.

"The Witch King." Grandma said, "The Witch King can kill the Rakshasa King."

Qingyan was downcast again: "That's fine, we haven't even found a wizard, what about the wizard king? I'll go and see how the old ancestor's retreat is going, I hope he can get out of the retreat as soon as possible, before the blood rakshasa becomes climate. He was killed!"

Everyone got up and went back to their respective rooms. Yu Wan fell asleep on the couch, holding a copy of the longevity formula that Sikong Ye left her in her hand.

Yan Jiuchao first gently carried Yu Wan back to the soft bed, pulled the quilt to cover her, then took the longevity formula in her hand, and read it page by page.

#### Chapter 584 Blood Rakshasa!

It was night, and Sikong Changfeng came to Mingshan. He came to send a collection of books to Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao. He didn't know about the Sang family's Rakshasa, and all the books he sent were related to the inheritance of the Sikong family. Although the medicine lead is important, what is imminent now is to solve the Rakshasa problem, otherwise they may not live to find the medicine lead at all.

"Excuse me, may I go to the library of Sikong's house?" Grandma said.

"Of course." Sikong Changfeng agreed without hesitation, and regardless of his relationship with Yu Wan, just because the Sang family is now their common enemy, there is absolutely no reason for the Sikong family to hide their secrets.

Sikong Changfeng took grandma to the library.

The Sikong family has so many books that even the children of the Sikong family have not read all of them. The two stayed in the library for a long time, and didn't get up until the middle of the night to leave. I made a list, and ask Sikong Changfeng to do the things above as soon as possible.

Sikong Changfeng called the best masters and craftsmen of Sikong's family, and made the items on the list overnight.

In the evening of the next day, Yan Jiuchao left the secret room.

Grandma has been waiting for him for a long time, and after finally waiting for him, she hurriedly stepped forward and stopped him: "Nine Chaos."

"Grandma." Yan Jiuchao nodded.

Grandma looked at the house behind Yan Jiuchao. He had just passed by here, but he didn't go in. It looked like he was going to go out: "Are you going down the mountain?"

Yan Jiuchao said, "I'll go to the forbidden area of the Sang family."

Grandma paused, then frowned, "You want to kill Rakshasa?"

"If you have a chance, kill it." Yan Jiuchao said.

Grandma looked at the endless mountains and said, "I was far away at the time, so I couldn't accurately perceive the realm of Rakshasa, but I guess his skill is not inferior to the ghost king, so we should be careful."

"Young Master, I'll go check the truth first."

A familiar voice sounded from Yan Jiuchao's side, Yan Jiuchao turned his head to look, and saw Ying Shisan, who had been in a coma for several days, standing straight down the corridor, looking at him eagerly.

Yan Jiuchao glanced at him: "Awake?"

"Yes." Ying Shisan bowed and said, "The skill has also recovered."

Yan Jiuchao looked at him fixedly, flicking his sleeves, an internal force hit Ying Shisan's chest, swam around his dantian and tendons, then withdrew his internal force, put his hands behind him, and turned to enter. He said lightly, "Let Ying Liu go with you."

Shadow Thirteen surrendered: "Yes!"

...

After half a quarter of an hour, Ying Shisan returned to Ying Liu's house, and Ying Liu rushed over: "What did the young master say? Did he promise?"

"I promise, you and I will go to the forbidden area of Sang's house tonight." Ying Shisan was also worried that his skill was not enough, and the young master would not agree with him to go. In fact, it was compared to being a wounded person who stayed in the room and did nothing. He is more willing to die for the young master.

"We'll go when it gets dark," he said.

Ying Liu nodded: "Well, then you eat something first, I'll ask Qingyan Sang's house how to get to the forbidden area."

"What are you asking? Wouldn't it be enough for me to go with you?" Qingyan strode in, carrying a heavy bag in his hand.

Ying Liu's gaze fell on his bag: "What is this?"

"What I'm going to use tonight, isn't it going to the Sang family's forbidden area to explore the realities of blood Rakshasa? Why do I have to get some self-defense treasures." Qingyan raised her eyebrows and said, and put the items prepared by Sikong Changfeng one by one. He took it out, "This is the talisman water, which can cover up the aura of the dead on your body; this is the blood pill, when necessary, feed it to the blood rakshasa, so as not to let him eat it as a sacrifice; and this, it is a special

trip The iron chain used to bind the Rakshasa, but we had better pray that we don't get to the step of the chain, after all, that means that we and Rakshasa are on the front line. Whether we die or not is the second priority, mainly to frighten the snake, and think about it in the future. It's hard to sneak attack."

"Oh, well, I've written it down." Ying Liu divided the Fushui and the Blood Pill into three parts, and one person carried one part. There was only one iron chain, so Qingyan carried it on his back.

"I almost forgot about this." Qingyan took out a small porcelain bottle from his bosom, "This is the blood coagulation powder, sprinkle it into the blood pool, if it is already the king of Rakshasa, then the coagulation powder will be useless to it."

As the saying goes, knowing oneself and knowing the enemy is one hundred battles and one hundred victories. Facing the enemy, the victory or defeat is not big, only sneak attacks, but sneak attacks also have to figure out the habits and residence of the Rakshasa. The blood pool is just a place for him to practice, not necessarily all the time.

And after the sneak attack, how do they leave is also a very important problem. Tonight they have to find out the details of the Rakshasa and the terrain of the Sang family forbidden area.

Shadow Thirteen looked at the dark sky: "It's getting late, let's go!"

Several people changed into night clothes and performed Qinggong to go to the forbidden area of the Sang family.

The forbidden area of the Sang family is located on the west side of the Sang family, next to the Sang family mansion on one side and the Yuxiu mountains on the other.

Qingyan and Yuehook were the ones who entered the forbidden area by mistake in the mountains.

"I remember there was a river..." Qingyan recalled.

"Over there!" Ying Liu found a stream across the mountains.

Several people walked across the stream.

Qingyan had no memory of the road after that, but because they passed by, Ying Liu found his and Yuehook's footprints on the ground, and followed the footprints all the way into the forbidden area of Sang's house.

Qingyan is not a dead man, the Asuras of the Sang family are not sensitive to his breath, Ying Six and Ying Thirteen are different.

Ying Liu was so choked by the choking smell that tears came to his eyes: "By the way, what is this talisman made of? Why does it taste so strange?"

Qingyan thought for a while: "It seems like... horse urine?"

Shadow Six: "?!"

The three continued on their way.

Ying Thirteen suddenly stopped Ying Liu and Qingyan, and said in a low voice, "Don't bring the fire book, and the night pearl is also thrown away."

"Why?" Ying Liu asked in confusion.

"Rakshasa doesn't like it." Shadow Thirteen said.

"How do you know?" Ying Liu looked at him blankly.

Shadow Thirteen frowned: "Intuition. Throw it away, don't startle the snake."

"Oh." Ying Liu obediently threw it away.

Qingyan curled his lips: "If he tells you to throw it, you throw it away, so obedient? It's not his little daughter-in-law!"

Shadow Thirteen looked over coldly: "If you talk more, I will throw you away!"

Qingyan closed his mouth angrily.

After throwing away all the shiny things, the three came to a seemingly inconspicuous hole.

was getting closer and closer to the forbidden area of Sang's house, and the three of them held their breath.

is it here? Yingliu asked Qingyan with his eyes.

Qingyan frowned and thought about it, it seemed like it was, but it didn't seem like it...he didn't remember it...don't all the caves in the world look the same?

Ying Six and Ying Thirteen exchanged glances, Ying Thirteen nodded, and made a pressing gesture, Ying Six understood, opened Qingyan and Ying Thirteen, and walked in first.

Qingyan tugged Ying Thirteen's sleeve, how did Ying Liu go in first? If there is danger inside, he will be the first to die!

This is the difference between a scout and a killer. Pathfinding is a scout's job, and Ying Shisan is responsible for the attack. During the mission, if only one person can survive, that person will be the killer, because even the killer cannot bring the news back. , a scout with less martial arts is even more impossible.

However, Ying Thirteen did not let Ying Six take risks because of this consideration.

There are clues left by Qingyan and Yuehook in it. He doesn't understand this, and walking ahead will easily destroy the scene.

Facts have proved that Ying Shisan's decision was right. The cave looked small, and after walking for a while, he entered a huge cave. There were five small caves in the cave, each leading to a different place.

Shadow Six surveyed, and still got into the third cave on the left.

Shadow Thirteen and Qingyan took steps to keep up.

They walked all the way, and they didn't even see a mouse, which shows how terrifying the monsters in the blood pool are.

I don't know how long I have walked, and a thick \*\*\*\* aura started to flow from the cave. Qingyan covered his chest and gestured, saying that the \*\*\*\* aura was stronger than the last time.

Shadow Thirteen frowned. It seems that the sacrifice of the purple-robed saint has indeed made the blood rakshasa stronger.

Several people involuntarily clenched the blood pill in their hands. The blood pill is made of animal blood, which is not comparable to the sacrifice, but it can also be used as a tooth sacrifice.

After taking another three or four steps, a few people came to a huge cave. What came into view was a blood pool of blood, and there was a lonely single-plank bridge on the blood pool.

Qingyan was stunned, the color of the blood pool was even darker...

Suddenly, footsteps came from the other entrance of the cave, and the three hurriedly dodged behind a rock.

"Really, every day you have to bleed into it!"



"Don't talk about it, I will anger that thing later, you and I can't eat it and walk away!"

"It's not there again!"

are two seventh-order Shura kings.

The two of them were holding two buckets of blood in their hands, and poured them into the blood pool. After doing this, the two left without looking back.

Ying Liu and the three people looked at each other, two seventh-order Asura kings could not beat a single blood rakshasa, which was too terrifying.

"Just now they said that the Blood Rakshasa wasn't there?" Qingyan whispered.

"Yeah." Ying Liu nodded, "That's what you said."

"Just right! Try Coagulation Powder!" Qingyan said.

Shadow Six took out the medicine bottle.

"I'll come." Ying Shisan said.

He took the medicine bottle from Shadow Six, removed the cork, and crouched down by the pool.

Just as Ying Shisan was about to scatter the blood clot into it, a \*\*\*\* hand suddenly stretched out from the blood pool and pulled Ying Shisan down from the blood pool!

## Chapter 585 Little Black Egg and Blood Rakshasa!

This sudden scene stunned the people on the shore. Didn't the two Shura kings just say that the blood rakshasa was not there? Did they hear it wrong...or did King Shura of the Sang family get it wrong?

No one expected that there was a danger lurking in the blood pool, so when Ying Shisan was dragged down, no one reacted immediately, even Ying Shisan himself didn't understand how all this happened, until he returned. When he came to his senses, he had already been dragged to the bottom of the pool.

Ying Liu jumped down without thinking, he jumped down faster than Ying Thirteen was dragged down, Qing Yan couldn't stop him, so he got angry in a hurry: "You, you are really his little daughter-in-law. Ah! He dances and you dance too!"

This is good, one cannot be rescued, and the other is also caught up, no one leads the way, how will he go back to Mingshan in a while? !

Qingyan was so angry that his heart pumped!

But he said that after Ying Thirteen was dragged into the blood pond, he immediately began to struggle, but the blood pond was different from the ordinary lake water, so thick that he could hardly move, and most of his strength was blocked, and his skills could not be displayed smoothly.

In comparison, the thing that was pulling him was much more comfortable.

The \*\*\*\* hand wasn't really that big. Because it was bloody, fast and ruthless, Ying Shisan didn't see it very clearly, but now that it was dragged by it, Ying Shisan felt that it was not a normal size. The hand, of course, is not of normal size.

Shadow Thirteen was dragged all the way to the bottom of the pool without any resistance.

The thick blood made him unable to see anything even if he opened his eyes. He could only touch the intuition of a dead man and sense the approaching danger. The thing swam above him and rode on him. Aiming at his neck is a bite!

Goo! Goo! Goo!

A few bubbles spit out in the blood pool.

Shadow Thirteen felt that the guy had vomited and was pooh pooh in the blood pool.

He remembered that before they entered the forbidden area, they smeared the talisman made of horse urine on their bodies. Could it be that this thing is very disgusting and smells like horse urine?

After thinking about it, Yingliu swims down.

That thing immediately gave up Shadow Thirteen and swam towards Shadow Six.

Although Ying Thirteen could not see, it was not difficult to capture Ying Liu's aura. He could die himself, but he could not let Ying Liu have an accident. At six o'clock, I grabbed its legs.

This, this is not a human leg, right? Why is it so thin, so small?

Shadow Thirteen couldn't take care of sorting out his doubts, and slammed the thing into the bottom of the pool!

Shadow Thirteen planned to press down on it with his body.

Guru~

Ying Liu spat out water bubbles, grabbed Ying Thirteen's wrist, shook his head at him, and pulled him to the shore.

Qingyan took out all the blood pills and sprinkled them on the other side of the blood pool as if they didn't want money: "Eat the blood pills, eat the blood pills, don't eat them..."

The things at the bottom of the pool really smelled the smell of blood pills, so they stopped chasing Ying Liu and Ying Thirteen. The two swam to the shore, Qingyan breathed a sigh of relief, and slumped on the wooden bridge: "Then... What about that thing?"

Yingliu gave him a horrified wink.

Qingyan looked at Ying Liu, and then looked at the place where he had sprinkled blood pills, and saw something swimming under the blood water, Gulu one, Gulu another, and ate all the blood pills he sprinkled.

That thing was so close to him that the hairs on Qingyan's whole body stood up.

He straightened up trembling, and threw down the blood pills in his pocket one by one. The thing swimming under the water wave was faster, as if he was impatient with Qingyan feeding slowly, but the blood Dan is gone...

Qingyan walked out quietly as he took out the last few pieces. Just as he took out the last few pieces, a blood bamboo spewed out from the pool, and Qingyan was so frightened that he threw all the blood pills over!

Ying Thirteen grabbed Qingyan with one hand and Ying Six with the other, and swooped out of the cave!

The three of them escaped for a while. They thought they were finally safe, but a cold wind suddenly blew in the cold passage. The wind was mixed with a thick \*\*\*\* smell, and everyone's heart suddenly tightened!

"Not good! It's chasing!" Qingyan frowned.

"You guys go first!" Ying Thirteen pushed Ying Six and Qingyan to the front, and stayed behind.

Shadow Six: "But..."

"But what? Don't hold him back!" Qingyan grabbed Ying Liu and dragged him towards the outside of the cave.

Ying Shisan didn't really plan to confront him, the blood pills and coagulation were scattered in the blood pool, but he still had a few bottles of sealed talisman water, he poured out all the talisman water and sprinkled it on the passage , it took a long way.

The smell of horse urine was so pungent that he couldn't smell it, so he put away the bottle and chased in the direction of Ying Liu and Qingyan.

Originally thought that that thing hated the smell of Talisman water and would obediently return to the blood pond, but unexpectedly it chased after him abruptly.

At this time, the three of them had completely escaped from the cave and ran in the silent jungle.

Feeling the thing getting closer and closer to them, everyone's scalp tingled.

Qingyan screamed: "What's going on? Why does it keep chasing us?"

"Do you still want to eat blood pills?" Ying Liu asked.

Qingyan said in distress: "But the blood pill is gone!"

"I think I still have a few more!" Ying Liu took out the remaining small porcelain bottle from his bosom while performing light work, and threw the blood pills in different directions with his internal force.

That thing really turned around and chased after the blood pill.

The three of them did not dare to take it lightly, and they still took lightness to the extreme.

Qingyan asked: "How many did you throw?"

Shadow Six thought for a while: "It seems... eight."

Qingyan patted his little chest: "That should be enough to find that thing for a while."

As soon as the voice fell, there was a loud roar, and the rich \*\*\*\* aura was carried over by the night wind.

Qingyan was stunned: "This, this, this... so fast!!!"

Shadow Thirteen's eyes narrowed: "Separate action!"

The three people who were originally side by side separated!

Qingyan chose a direction to the south. He wanted to see which direction Ying Six and Ying Thirteen went, but he turned his head to look, and was instantly dumbfounded!

What about splitting up? How did you two escape to one place? Just leave me alone if you dare? !

As soon as the three parted ways, the thing stopped, squatted on the ground and looked at the direction where the three were leaving, as if thinking about who to pursue.

"Don't chase me, don't chase me, don't chase me..." Qingyan muttered silently and turned around, "Ah! I said don't chase me!!! There are two over there! You are blind!"

Qingyan was running away with his life. He had never been so precise in finding his way. Under the pressure of that thing, he returned to the Mingshan Mountain accurately!

However, that thing was getting closer and closer to him. Qingyan felt that the blood in his body was out of his control. He began to bleed from his seven orifices. The skin was not damaged, but fine blood beads were also oozing out.

He had never seen such a wicked practice, and if he went on like this, he would become a mummified corpse before he was caught.

In fact, not only Qingyan, but even the disciples of Chaoyang Hall also appeared strange.

"Big Brother! Your eyes!"

The eldest disciple of Chaoyang Hall touched his eyes: "Blood?!"

"Second Senior Brother! You..."

That thing is actually quite a distance away from Chaoyang Palace, but despite this, the disciples of Chaoyang Palace began to bleed one by one.

Everyone fell into endless panic.

Suddenly, Qingyan remembered that he had a black iron chain on his body that was specially used to deal with the blood rakshasa. He wiped the blood on his face, took out the iron chain wrapped around his waist with his \*\*\*\* hand, shouted, and turned towards the blood rakshasa. The blood shadow behind him was thrown fiercely.

That thing probably thought it was a blood pill. It didn't dodge it, and it didn't use any strength to resist it.

Qingyan heard the sound of falling water, slammed into the air, turned around, and saw that the thing fell into the water, he pulled out his dagger, he was very sure that the thing was entangled in the black iron chain, and now is a good time to deal with it!

If I could kill it...

Qingyan clenched the dagger in his hand, took a deep breath, and swept to the river in the air. He stared at the rippling river surface for a moment, and he would not dare to let him go down. I am afraid it is not its opponent underwater, and of course not on water, but at least his five senses are sharper on the water.

He just waited for the guy to surface before slaughtering it!

I don't know that he waited left and right, until the water surface was quiet, and he didn't see the thing for a long time, not even the movement under the water.

"Could it be that he was entangled in the black iron chain and couldn't swim up... drowned?"

Apart from this explanation, Qingyan couldn't think of any other possibilities.

Besides, he also stopped bleeding and seeping from the seven orifices. This is not the death of the blood rakshasa, what is it?

Being cautious, Qingyan waited by the river for a while, making sure that he couldn't sense the breath of the blood rakshasa, so he took the dagger and returned to Chaoyang Hall with his head held high.

Shortly after Qingyan left, a series of water bubbles suddenly appeared on the calm water. Then, a small shadow surfaced, grabbing the water plants on the shore with bony hands, and slid up...

Qingyan was the first to arrive at Chaoyang Hall, Ying Six and Ying Thirteen were still on their way.



Yu Wan only found out later that they had gone to the forbidden area of the Sang family. Seeing that he was the only one back, she hurriedly asked, "Where are Ying Six and Ying Thirteen?"

Qingyan patted his chest and said cheerfully: "They are all right, don't worry, the blood rakshasa is dead!"

"What? Blood Rakshasa is dead?" Yu Wan looked at him in disbelief.

Qingyan raised his eyebrows: "Of course, I killed it myself! Thanks to Grandma's black iron chain, otherwise I wouldn't be able to kill it!"

Yu Wan touched her chin: "Is the blood rakshasa so easy to kill?"

Qingyan said with a smile: "Actually, it's a coincidence. It thought I gave it a blood pill, so it didn't dodge it. As a result, the black iron chain was injured."

Yu Wan stretched out her hand: "Where's the corpse?"

Live to see people, die to see corpses.

Otherwise, such a powerful guy, how could she believe that it was killed by someone all of a sudden?

Qingyan said: "It's in the river under the Mingshan Mountain. If you don't believe me, send someone to salvage it! It's entangled in the black iron chain, and it won't float far!"

Yu Wan really sent someone to go, and the disciples of Chaoyang Hall salvaged for a long time, but only a few broken black iron chains were recovered, and there was no trace of the blood rakshasa at all!

Qingyan was dumbfounded: "Why, how could this be? I clearly saw it..."

Yu Wan stared: "The fact that the black iron chain is broken like this shows that there is no threat to it at all. This blood rakshasa is more powerful than we imagined."

Qingyan held his forehead and seemed to understand why it pretended to be dead underwater. This is a blood rakshasa with a brain!

Qingyan is like a big enemy: "Oops, it got into Mt. Nether!"

...

"Dabao! Come here! Erbao can't be found! You you...you are with me! We won't play with Erbao today!"

Xiaobao, who was still holding grudges, pulled Dabao, who was confused, and hid behind a big tree.

"Dabao~Xiaobao~Where are you?" Erbao grabbed his baby bottle, stood outside the back door of Chaoyang Hall, and looked around cutely.

Xiaobao smugly sticks out his tongue at Erbao, chattering! Can't find can't find!

Erbao's ears perked up: "I heard Xiaobao's voice!"

Xiaobao hurriedly covered his mouth, looked at Erbao who was looking for him, gave Dabao a small wink, pointed to the big tree on the other side, and motioned Dabao to hide with him.

Dabao nodded.

Xiaobao took the lead, swooped after another big tree, and then waved to Dabao, come here! Come here!

Er Bao got closer.

This tree is no longer safe.

Xiaobao sauntered to another big tree, hiding behind the tree and laughing badly.

A small figure about the same height as Little Treasure slowly leaned over, dripping with water.

Xiaobao grabbed his hand and ran forward without looking back: "Quick! Erbao is here! Hurry up!"

The little figure looked at the little hand that was pulling his own flesh, and slowly licked the corner of his lips.

#### Chapter 586 Conquering Little Rakshasa

Little Treasure still doesn't know that he has pulled the wrong person, so he just wants to get rid of Er Bao quickly, don't ask Er Bao to catch up with him and Da Bao!

He huffed and ran forward, holding the little hand tightly.

However, in the end, he noticed something strange.

"Dabao, why are your hands so wet?" he asked, but he didn't look back because he was in a hurry to recognize the way.

The little figure did not respond.

Xiaobao sighed, forgetting that Dabao can't speak!

"Xiaobao~Xiaobao~"

There was Erbao's cute call from behind, Xiaobao ran forward with all his strength, and when he came to a fork in the road, he turned decisively and climbed up a small hill: "Here, here!"

There is a small cave on the hillside. It was first discovered by Dabao. Dabao brought Xiaobao here once, but he didn't have time to bring Erbao over, so Xiaobao was sure that Erbao did not find the secret between him and Dabao so quickly.

The cave was pitch-dark, and you couldn't see your fingers. The entrance of the cave was facing away from the bushes where they were playing hide-and-seek, but in the direction of the bushes, there was a small vent the size of a head, a foot and a half above the ground.

Xiaobao let go of "Dabao"'s hand, pouted his little butt, knelt on the ground, and looked down from the air vent.

He was looking at Erbao, and he was laughing, unaware that the little figure showed him a greedy and cruel expression.

The little figure came slowly behind him, and opened his \*\*\*\* mouth towards him.

However, just when the little figure was about to take a bite, Xiaobao's body suddenly froze, his little face wrinkled, and his expression became particularly painful.

just heard a porphy sound——

The little stinky fart came out, and Xiaobao felt comfortable.

The little figure never expected such a situation, and the sound was stunned for a moment. The little stinky fart was long and loud, all smoked on the little figure's face, and the little figure's bloodthirsty eyes stared and turned backward He took a few steps back, then rolled his eyes, stuck his tongue out, and rolled down the hill...

Little Treasure is immersed in his own world, not knowing that "Da Bao" has been smoked down the mountain by himself.

Erbao is getting closer and closer, but Xiaobao is not afraid!

"When Erbao arrives, I'll show him my Ming, Shan, Wu, Ying, and feet!" Xiaobao kicked out his little feet!

The little figure who finally climbed into the cave with his dazed head, let Xiaobao's shadowless feet kick down.

"Huh? I seem to have kicked something?" Xiaobao retracted his little feet, scratched his head, and looked around, "Where's Dabao?"

Xiaobao ran down the mountain and went to the bushes to find Dabao.

The little figure stood up supporting the dizzy little head. Little Treasure had already disappeared, but Er Bao was approaching step by step.

"Xiaobao~ where are you?" Erbao looked around.

The small figure flashed behind Er Bao, followed Er Bao step by step, and a bloodthirsty gleam appeared in his eyes.

He gradually approached Erbao, five steps, four steps, three steps, two steps...

When he was a step away from Erbao, the little figure opened his \*\*\*\* mouth again, revealing sharp and sharp teeth.

Click!

Er Bao stepped on a stick under his feet. He stepped on the head of the stick. The other end of the stick swung up and hit the small crotch of the small figure!

The little figure felt the pain from the soul!

It clamped its calf and covered its small crotch, petrified in place for three seconds, and fell straight down—

...

The final target of the little figure was the big treasure squatting on the ground to dig Gu Gu.

This time, it didn't intend to get close to the other party. It spread out its small palm, and the mighty Rakshasa coercion was imminent, but suddenly, a beautiful figure came behind it.

"Huh? Whose child?"

Yu Wan walked towards the little figure, the blood rakshasa entered the Mingshan Mountain, she was leading people to search all over the mountain, she heard Erbao's voice nearby, and learned that several little guys had slipped out of Chaoyang Hall again, she was busy coming to pick up a few. The little guy grabbed it back, but the little guy didn't touch it, but saw a thin and pitiful little guy.

Little Pity is wearing tattered clothes. Judging from the size and style, it doesn't look like a child's, but like an adult woman's cloud dress. Is this so poor that she can't even wear a single piece of clothes?

Yu Wan judged him poor, not only because of the ragged clothes on him that neither fit nor fit, but he was about the same size as the three little guys, but he was skinny and skinny. Eat on your stomach.

"Your clothes are all wet, have you fallen into the water?" Yu Wan squatted down and brushed away the wet mess of hair on his forehead, "Aiya, your forehead is broken, you are injured."

Yu Wan said, lowered her head, and untied the ribbon of the cloak.

The little figure licked the corner of his lips and slowly opened his mouth.

Shoo!

Yu Wan took off the cape and put it over his cold little body, opened her purse, took out a clean handkerchief, wiped his wound first, then wiped his face and hands: "Where do you live? Why are you here?"

Although the appearance of the little figure is very strange, even if Yu Wan was killed, he would not have expected that the rumored Blood Rakshasa would be a three-year-old child.

Little Rakshasa didn't speak, just stared at the blood vessels in Yu Wan's neck for a moment.

Yu Wan finished wiping him, stood up, held his little hand and said, "Can you still go? I'll take you back."

Little Rakshasa was holding a small hand for the second time, which was different from the feeling of being held by a little stinky fart.

Yu Wan is pure yin blood, and has the breath of a holy king in her body. It can be said that her temptation to the blood rakshasa is fatal.

Yu Wan didn't know that this guy was drooling over her own blood. Seeing his drooling appearance, she guessed that the little guy was hungry. She came out in a hurry.

She handed him the bottle: "Here."

The goat milk has been boiled to remove the odor and fishy smell. It has a faint sweetness, and children like it very much.

Little Rakshasa had never drank from a small bottle, so he didn't know it was going to be put in his mouth, so he squeezed it rudely with his little hand, and a stream of goat milk came out and splashed on his face.

It didn't like the smell, so he frowned in disgust, and threw the small bottle on the ground!

Yu Wan was rummaging in her purse for the medicine for golden sore. Seeing that the little guy threw the bottle away, she murmured strangely, "Don't you like it?"

She bent over and picked up the small bottle. The little Rakshasa looked at her back, licked the corner of her lips greedily, and rushed towards her—

However, the little Rakshasa did not flutter, it was knocked away by an extremely strong internal force.

It stared at the tall figure who had ruined his good deeds, bared his teeth, and rushed towards him fiercely.

Yan Jiuchao was afraid of hurting Yu Wan, so he swept into the sky and led the little Rakshasa to another hill.

When Yu Wan finally found a bottle of golden sore medicine from her purse, she unexpectedly found that the little guy was gone: "Strange? Where did you go?"

Little Rakshasa and Yan Jiuchao fought.

Qingyan and Chaoyang Hall's disciples and grandma all came after hearing the news. The two were so fast that they were difficult to catch with the naked eye. They could only vaguely see the phantoms passing by in the air. After a short while, the cold air pressure of the Longevity Art was pressed down.

Little Rakshasa got angry, roared, and slammed into Yan Jiuchao's heart!



This scene made Qingyan's heart jump to his throat: "Then...is that the Blood Rakshasa? Why...it looks a little small..."

Grandma said solemnly, "This is a little Rakshasa."

"Little Rakshasa?" Qingyan was taken aback.

Grandma's eyes flashed with surprise: "Such a small blood rakshasa is really rare in the world..."

Qingyan couldn't believe that he had chased him all the way, just such a small thing!

seemed to have guessed Qingyan's disdain, and grandma said lightly: "Don't think it's small, the entire Sikong family's masters together are not enough for it to see."

"This, so powerful?" Qingyan shrank his neck in fright, thinking of something, and then said, "Is it the blood rakshasa we met in the forbidden area for the first time?"

Grandma shook her head: "No, it's not it."

Qingyan: "Is there more than one blood rakshasa in the Sang family?!"

Before Grandma could answer, that little Rakshasa was trapped by Yan Jiuchao's inner strength, and the breath of the longevity formula was like a whip that smothered the soul, lashing at the little Rakshasa one after another.

Little Rakshasa cried out in pain.

Yan Jiuchao stretched out his hand and was about to smash it with a palm. Just as the call was about to die, Yu Wan came over with the medicine for golden sore and a small feeding bottle.

Yan Jiuchao gave an internal force.

Seemed to see that Yan Jiuchao didn't want to hurt Yu Wan, Little Rakshasa rushed over, jumped into Yu Wan's arms, grabbed the small bottle that he disliked so much, and started drinking!

Yu Wan, who was confused: "..."

Yan Jiuchao, who was more confused than Yu Wan: "..."

Chapter 587 Life and Truth

"What's going on?" Yu Wan asked in confusion.

"It is a Rakshasa." Yan Jiuchao explained.

"No..." That's not what she asked. Did this little guy hate drinking goat's milk and threw the bottle on the ground? Why didn't you see him for a while, but he jumped into her arms and kept drinking?

"Wait, what did you just say he was?" Yu Wan finally reacted that her husband seemed to have revealed some amazing news!

"It is a Rakshasa." Yan Jiuchao said again.

Yu Wan's chubby body trembled: "Luo... Rakshasa? Blood Rakshasa in the forbidden area of the Sang family?"

"That's right." Yan Jiuchao said calmly.

Yu Wan looked at Yan Jiuchao in disbelief, making sure that he wasn't teasing her, and then she looked at the little guy who was drinking milk in her arms, and he was not feeling well.

This scrawny little thing... She thinks it's a poor little thing from a poor family... It's actually a terrifying Sang family Rakshasa?

She simply didn't know how to react.

She looked at the little Rakshasa with a dark face: "Are you really a Rakshasa? Did you just eat me?"

Yan Jiuchao picked up the little Rakshasa with one hand.

Little Rakshasa hummed, grabbed the small feeding bottle and fluttered towards Yu Wan.

Yu Wan ruthlessly turned her face away, the appearance of this little Rakshasa is too deceptive, and she, a mother-in-law, can't bear to look at her like this...

"No more noise, I'll kill you!" Yan Jiuchao said coldly.

I don't know if I understood what Yan Jiuchao said, or just felt the huge killing intent from Yan Jiuchao.

Qingyan and the disciples of Chaoyang Hall rushed over. The news about the Sang family Rakshasa had already spread in Chaoyang Palace. The disciples all knew that the Sang family raised such an evil creature, but it was the first time that they had seen it with their own eyes. I didn't expect it to be such a little guy.

The little Rakshasa was thin and thin, with a small face, and only one pair of large eyes. When he did not exude the breath of a blood Rakshasa, he looked like an ordinary child, even weaker, but under this weak skin, hidden it is enough to destroy the entire Ming Mountain.

Yan Jiuchao threw the little Rakshasa to Qingyan.

Qingyan held the little Rakshasa in his arms with aversion to the cold.

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely at Qingyan, so scared that Qingyan almost threw Little Rakshasa out!

Yan Jiu moved his fingertips, urging the longevity formula to condense an internal force, and the little Rakshasa instantly felt motionless.

Yan Jiuchao collected his inner strength and walked back to Chaoyang Hall. The three little black eggs had already been retrieved by the disciples of Chaoyang Hall. They were sitting obediently on the threshold, drinking milk while waiting for their mother.

Seeing her son's moment, Yu Wan's whole heart seemed to be filled, and she couldn't help showing a gentle smile on her face.

Xiao Rakshasa saw the smile in her eyes, and blinked in amazement.

Yu Wan walked over and rubbed the heads of the three little black eggs: "Where did you go before? Mother has been looking for it for a long time!"

"No, it's nearby!" Xiaobao said sarcastically, "If you don't believe me, ask Erbao."

At this moment, I remember to unite with Erbao.

Erbao looked at his mother cutely, intending to use his invincible coquettish and cute skills to fool their "crimes", but inadvertently glanced at the little Rakshasa in Qingyan's arms, Erbao's eyes Yiliang: "Brother?"

Xiaobao snorted, stood up, and looked on tiptoe: "Where is the younger brother?"

Qingyan coughed lightly, and quickly flashed into another yard with a small Rakshasa in his arms.

Yu Wan understood, Yu Guang glanced at the direction Qingyan was leaving, turned to his sons and said, "That's not my brother, well, it's getting late, let's go take a bath."

"Ok!"

The three nodded in response, and scrambled to grab Mother's hand and let Mother take them for a bath.

The three of them jumped into the house, Yan Jiuchao wanted to change clothes, and went back to his house first.

Without Yan Jiuchao in front of him, Qingyan couldn't restrain the little Rakshasa, and the little Rakshasa jumped down from Qingyan's arms, and flashed into the yard where Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao lived at the speed of changing shapes. .

Yan Jiuchao went to change his shirt, three little black eggs sat cross-legged in the small wooden basin in the outhouse, each holding a small water ladle in his hand, and awkwardly scooped water over his head.

Yu Wan brought Xiaotanzi and sat behind the three of them, and took the rose-scented saponin and rubbed them on their heads. The three of them were accustomed to this matter, and they closed their eyes very familiarly.

Yu Wan rubbed her head one by one.

Little Rakshasa stared blankly, widening his eyes that were already big enough, raised his small hands, followed Yu Wan's movements, and rubbed his head.

"Don't hit me!" Erbao turned his head, glared at Xiaobao, and said to Yu Wan, "Xiaobao hit me!"

"I don't!" Xiaobao shook his head in denial.

Little Rakshasa also shook his head and shook his head.

Yu Wan said solemnly, "Little Treasure, don't make trouble!"

Xiaobao stuck out his tongue.

Little Rakshasa stuck out his tongue.

"Close your eyes, the soap horns will go in after a while." Yu Wan said to Er Bao gently.

Er Bao obediently closed his eyes.

When Yan Jiuchao changed into clean clothes and came out, he saw the little Rakshasa who was peeking outside the door. The ground flashed back to the yard next door, into Qingyan's arms.

When Little Rakshasa and Yan Jiuchao fought, they released the breath of Blood Rakshasa for a short time. Patriarch Sikong and Sikong Changfeng did not rest, and they were keenly aware of the strangeness. However, the two of them still didn't know what it was. Chaoyang Hall was only told that it was a blood rakshasa.

In the room lit by oil lamps and candles, Yan Jiuchao sat on the main seat with a calm expression, and the little Rakshasa sat honestly on the tuck in the center. Grandma, Qingyan, and Sikong and Sikong Changfeng were also there.

"Is it... the Rakshasa raised by the Sang family?" The head of the Sikong family looked at the obedient little thing in disbelief and asked.

No wonder he was so surprised, it was because he couldn't sense any Rakshasa's aura on it, and of course he didn't believe that Yan Jiuchao couldn't make a mistake, so there were only two possibilities. It's not enough to feel its breath, or the little Rakshasa's skill is too strong, and he can freely retract his breath. If it is the second type, this little Rakshasa is too scary.

Yan Jiuchao didn't say a word, he just condensed an internal force on his fingertips and slapped the little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa jumped into the air in order to protect himself, and a powerful blood Rakshasa breath was instantly released, and Patriarch Sikong only felt his heart shake, and cold sweat broke out.

After Little Rakshasa dodged a blow, he looked at Yan Jiuchao vigilantly, as if he was certain that he had no plans to take another shot, so he obediently crawled back to the cradle and sat down.

Although Patriarch Sikong has not practiced the longevity formula himself, he is not unfamiliar with it. Yan Jiuchao seemed to have no force with the blow just now, but none of the masters present could dodge it, and the little Rakshasa of the Sang family was not only unscathed It avoided it, and seemed to be able to fight back. It didn't do this because it was not Yan Jiuchao's opponent. It knew that it was useless to counterattack. However, if it encountered a strong enemy, it must be the last among them. a dead one.

To be so capable at such a young age, the Sikong family master was simply amazed.

"Is it a blood rakshasa from birth?" asked Patriarch Sikong.

Grandma nodded: "It may be born, or it may be... fed by the blood of Rakshasa after birth."

The head of the Sikong family clenched his fists: "The Sang family is really unconscionable! Even such a young child is not spared!"

Qingyan frowned and said thoughtfully, "I think... the Sang family may not know the existence of Little Rakshasa."

"Oh? How do you say this?" The head of the Sikong family looked towards Qingyan.

Qingyan recalled: "When I went to the forbidden area with Ying Liu and Ying Thirteen, I heard the two masters of the Sang family say, 'He's not here'. There was no Rakshasa in it. When a Rakshasa appeared in the blood pool, I once suspected that they were mistaken, but after thinking about it, I felt that they should not be mistaken for such a big thing."

Grandma pondered for a moment: "Blood Rakshasa cherishes their own blood very much, and it is very difficult for outsiders to force them to feed other Rakshasa with their own blood, unless it is voluntary. Moreover, the blood Rakshasa has a strong sense of territory and will not allow it. Other rakshasas stay in the same place as me."

"So, it..." Qingyan pointed to the little Rakshasa and whispered, "Is it the son of the blood Rakshasa?"

Only a son would be willing to feed with blood, and only a son would be willing to stay by his side.

Chapter 588 Blood Rakshasa shows power, tearing up the Sang family

Sang family.

On the branches of the moon, the head of the Sang family sat quietly in the study, looking at the plans presented by the advisors about controlling the Mingdu. As the new royal family, the position of the city lord of the Underworld is his.

Some things, adapt in advance and be prepared.

Patriarch Sang was looking very good when suddenly, a guard walked over in a hurry: "Report to Patriarch..."

As soon as the guard opened his mouth, the Sang family head frowned in displeasure.

The guard was stunned for a moment, then realized that he had disturbed the cleanliness of the Patriarch, and hurriedly backed out with a light cough, and reported in a low voice, "Patriarch, this subordinate has something to ask for."



The Sang family is a newly promoted noble, and the rules were not so big originally, but seeing that they were about to replace the Sikong family, the Sang family master brought over the set of the Sikong royal family early.

Patriarch Sang put down the pamphlet in his hand, took a sip of tea, and asked casually, "What's so panic?"

The guard touched his nose, but he didn't dare to touch it a second time, and replied respectfully, "If you go home, there is something wrong with the forbidden area."

"Forbidden land?" Patriarch Sang paused while drinking tea, and wanted to scold him for such an important matter, why didn't he say something so important, and when he reached his lips, he remembered that he was making rules here, and coughed softly, "Yin Gu has been taken. It was stolen, what else could happen?"

Of course he wouldn't have expected that something happened to the blood rakshasa. After all, the blood rakshasa was so powerful, he was the least likely person in the Sang family to have an accident.

The guard said timidly: "The blood Rakshasa went mad and killed many masters of the Sang family!"

"What?!" The owner of the Sang family stood up with a sigh, and the city owner finally couldn't hold it anymore, and he hurriedly went to the forbidden area.

In the forbidden area, the Blood Rakshasa has killed three sixth-order Asura Kings in succession, and is about to kill the fourth one. You must know that although the Sang family used the secret medicine to improve the Asura King's realm, they did not mean to catch a dead man. A person who can become an Asura King, especially an Asura King above the fifth rank, kills one less than one, and it is by no means that they can cultivate new ones in three or five years.

When dealing with the Sikong family's group, he had already damaged several, and now he has let the blood rakshasas kill three of them, and the Sang family master died of pain!

"Stop!" The Sang family head stepped onto the single-plank bridge and stopped the blood rakshasa who was twisting the neck of the fourth sixth-order Asura king.

Most of the blood rakshasa was soaked in the blood pool, and there were three corpses of sixth-order Asura kings floating around. When they were salvaged, they didn't even dare to take a step closer.

That's why the Sang family owner has the courage.

Unfortunately, the Blood Rakshasa ignored him.

"I told you to stop, do you hear me?!" The Sang family leader said coldly.

This time, the Blood Rakshasa finally reacted, he slowly turned around, and looked at the Sang family without blinking with green eyes like a ghost.

"Let him go!" The Sang family master ordered again.

Blood Rakshasa was released, but in the next second, he tore the man in half with his bare hands.

The head of the Sang family fell to his knees in anger!

The blood rakshasa has been raised for so many years, it is impossible to say that it is impossible to kill a person by mistake. When their supply is insufficient, the blood rakshasa will grab a master of the Sang family to absorb the blood of the other party, but since the blood rakshasa has been found out After the temperament and the number of sacrifices he needed, the Sang family never made a similar mistake again.

This time, it was obviously not caused by insufficient supply. The blood rakshasas did not absorb their blood energy, and the blood rakshasas were more like venting their anger.

Strange, what could he be angry about?

Didn't you just sacrifice a purple-robed saint to him a few days ago? The purple-clothed saint is much more than Yin Gu, he should be very happy and satisfied.

Patriarch Sang couldn't figure it out, so he could only go on to guess: "What's wrong with you? Do you want sacrifices so soon? Didn't you say that it will take some time before I can give you the Holy King?"

There was a hint of anger on the blood-red face, and then, an extremely hoarse voice that was hard to hear, said in a tone that was not very smooth: "Let--I--go--go--"

This is hardly a human voice.

Patriarch Sang can't remember the last time the Blood Rakshasa spoke, ten years ago? Fifteen years ago? He hadn't spoken for so long, and Wei Dao didn't sound like a human being anymore.

Patriarch Sang took a long time to realize what words he said, and there was a trace of confusion in his eyes, but he didn't hesitate for too long, and looked down at him and said, "You can't go out, have you forgotten?"

Blood Rakshasa roared and his body shook!

The masters of the Sang family made him jump back in fright with his murderous attitude. Only the master of the Sang family stood there without changing his face.

The Sang family is famous for making weapons in the Underworld. This blood pond is the greatest weapon of the Sang family. The walls and bottom of the pond are made of black iron. There is a passage below the blood pond, which leads to a courtyard where blood rakshasas live. The yard is also made of black iron. In fact, it is more suitable to be a prison cage. On the right foot of Blood Rakshasa, a black iron chain is tied. From the blood pool to the yard, the other end of the chain is always in the ropeway. , this is a complex and huge project, only the Sang family can do it.

The Sang family looked at him calmly, neither timid nor sympathetic: "This is your own decision, whether it is a blood pond or a cage, it is all tailored for you. You once said that only by becoming On the

day of King Rakshasa, you were able to break free from the chains and leave the cage and the blood pool... Have you forgotten all this?"

Blood Rakshasa let out an angry roar!

Patriarch Sang frowned in confusion. After so many years, he had never been able to wait for a blood rakshasa. Seeing that he was only one step away from the king of Rakshasa, why did he suddenly want to go out earlier?

The Sang family called for the guard: "You guys, search the forbidden area for me!"

Blood Rakshasa must have been stimulated by something, otherwise, it would not be so abnormal!

"Yes!" The guard took orders and searched the forbidden area of Sang's house.

"Wait." The Sang family stopped them again. He looked at the other direction of the blood pond. There were unused caves and barren mountains. It is reasonable to say that no one will enter indiscriminately, but to be cautious, let people also search. A good one, "After searching the inside of the Sang family, send someone to search the caves and barren mountains."

"Yes! The head of the house!" The guards went non-stop.

Patriarch Sang glanced at the manic Blood Rakshasa and left the forbidden area with a cold face.

Shortly after everyone left, Ying Six and Ying Thirteen, who were hidden behind a large rock at the other end of the cave and barren mountain, breathed a sigh of relief.

After        and Qingyan parted ways, they turned back to the cave.

They originally planned to see how the Sang family would react after Rakshasa disappeared, but unexpectedly, they encountered such an incredible secret.

When they first saw this Rakshasa, they thought it was a Rakshasa chasing Qingyan back, but after listening to the words of the Sang family, it seemed that this Rakshasa could not leave the forbidden area of the Sang family. In other words, the Sang family raised two Rakshasas!

Also, this Rakshasa... turned out to be voluntary!

The third thing that surprised them was that the Sang family didn't seem to know the existence of another Rakshasa. This Rakshasa should know, after all, they were of the same kind, and he couldn't sense the existence of the other.

Then he wants to go out, is he going to find another Rakshasa?

The people of the Sang family will soon be searching, and it is not advisable to stay here for a long time. The two exchanged glances and planned to leave here, along with the clues they left behind.

Unexpectedly, at this moment, Blood Rakshasa seemed to sense an unfamiliar aura, and turned around suddenly!

Shadow Six saw his face,,,

...

It was the afternoon of the next day that Ying Six and Ying Thirteen returned to Mingshan. The two were almost discovered by the Blood Rakshasa. Fortunately, the head of the Sang family turned back again. It seemed that they had something to say to the Blood Rakshasa. They took the opportunity to leave, but after soaking in the blood pool for a while, the evil spirits invaded their bodies. When they were halfway through, they both fell into a coma. Fortunately, the Sang family who were not searched found them.

After the two entered Chaoyang Hall, they immediately found Yan Jiuchao. Yan Jiuchao discussed the matter of dealing with the Blood Rakshasa in Grandma's house. Qingyan, Yuegou, and the Sikong family were also there.

"Are you all right?"

"you are still alive?"

Qingyan and Ying Liu spoke in unison.

Qingyan's face turned black: "What do you mean I'm still alive? Is it possible that I will die if I am chased by the blood rakshasa? Also, since you know that I may die, you left me alone! Are you a brother? ?!"

Ying Liu touched his nose angrily: "Cough, aren't you all right?"

"I'm worried for you guys!" Qingyan rolled his eyes, ignoring these two maddening guys.

"Speak the business." Ying Shisan said, "We returned to the forbidden area of the Sang family last night."

Qingyan frowned: "What? You finally escaped, how dare you go back? Do you know that there is a blood rakshasa there? Even if there is no blood rakshasa, the Sang family's high-level Asura King is not something you can deal with!"

Therefore, Ying Six and Ying Thirteen definitely did not refuse to rescue Qingyan for the sake of their lives, but they had a mission, and they also went to find out about the Sang family with the determination to die.

Qingyan's reaction moved Ying Liu very much. Not only did he not blame them for leaving him, but he was so worried about them——

Shadow Six suddenly said: "Wait, how did you know that the Sang family still has a blood rakshasa?"

Qingyan raised his eyebrows: "I won't tell you!"

Shadow Six: "Hey—"

Ying Shisan was not led by Qingyan's nose, and he continued: "I feel that the blood rakshasa we encountered when we turned back is stronger than the one we chased out, and, for some reason, he went mad. "

Qingyan laughed: "His son is gone, can he not go mad?"

Yingliu was stunned: "Son? You mean... that blood rakshasa who is chasing us? Are they father and son?"

Qingyan didn't answer him, but patted his chest: "It's a male Rakshasa, God bless you, that little guy is wearing a woman's clothes, I thought the big Rakshasa was a woman!"

"What do you mean by little guy?" Ying Liu asked in confusion, didn't he just not return all night? How does it feel like they have missed a lifetime! ! !

Qingyan vividly told the two about the arrest of the little Rakshasa, and the two of them were dumbfounded. The other blood Rakshasa turned out to be a baby?

Ying Liu said in amazement: "Then... how does the young master plan to deal with him... it?" Rakshasa, strictly speaking, can no longer be regarded as a person.

"This kind of evil must be eliminated naturally." Yan Jiuchao said indifferently, "Go on, what else did you find in the forbidden area?"

Ying Thirteen said sternly: "That blood Rakshasa was voluntarily raised by the Sang family. Hearing the tone of the Sang family's voice talking to him, it seemed like an old acquaintance. Ying Liu saw him."

"Draw it." Yan Jiuchao said.

"Yes!" Ying Liu took grandma's pen and paper and drew the face in his mind.

When they saw the face on the portrait, everyone was stunned.

...

The yard with the sound of birds and flowers, the wind is bright and the sun is shining.

A few little guys were running around in the yard, knowing that they couldn't sit still in the yard, and always slipped into the depths of Mingshan. Sikong Changfeng thoughtfully found novel things for the little black eggs, and pierced them. Got a nice little swing set.

The three little black eggs love swing sets.

"It's me! It's me!" Erbao has played for ten times, and Xiaobao can't wait.

After Erbao landed, he gave Xiaobao the swing, and he and Dabao came to push Xiaobao.

Yu Wan was basking in the sun comfortably on the rattan chair beside her. She touched her gradually bulging belly with her bare hands, her eyes fell on the little guys, and she smiled softly.

In the yard next door, the little Rakshasa was bound by black iron chains and guarded by two third-order Asura kings from the Sikong family.

Unfortunately, except for Yan Jiuchao, Little Rakshasa is not afraid of anyone, they can't look down on him at all.

Little Rakshasa was overwhelmed, and the two third-order Asura kings fell asleep.

The little Rakshasa broke free from the black iron chain and swooped into Yu Wan's yard. With his small body behind the Moon Gate, he stuck out a small round head and stared at Yu Wan in the yard without blinking. Next to Yu Wan is the little black egg on the swing.



"Wow! So tall! So tall!"

Little Treasure felt like he was about to fly, and cried out in excitement.

Little Rakshasa's eyes widened, looking enviously and curiously.

"Okay, stop playing, go drink some water." Yu Wan took the sweaty little black eggs back to the house.

Little Rakshasa swishes under the swing!

Little Treasure had just left, and the swing was still a little swaying. Little Rakshasa stretched out his thin fingers, touched the swing carefully, and retracted it as soon as he touched it.

After touching a few times, he licked the corners of his lips and sat up like Xiaobao.

No one pushed the little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa used his internal force to swing the swing, once, once, and again.

#### Chapter 589 The Truth of Blood Rakshasa

In the study, except for Ying Six and Ying Thirteen, all the people staring at the portrait showed incredible expressions.

Qingyan opened his mouth and hesitated, but finally said: "Then what... Ying Liu, are you sure you drew it right?"

Yingliu put down his pen, widened his eyes and said, "How could I draw wrong? My drawing skills are very good!"

This is a big truth. In order to become a more perfect scout, Yingliu's calligraphy and painting are all inherited from famous masters in Yancheng, not to mention the true biography of famous masters, but at least one portrait is not a problem.

Qingyan thought for a while: "Then...that's why you remembered the appearance wrong?"

Qingyan still couldn't believe that the blood rakshasa in the forbidden area turned out to be the face on the portrait.

In fact, Ying Thirteen was also surprised, but he has been with Ying Liu for many years, and he understands Ying Liu's ability better than anyone else. After seeing a person's appearance, it is difficult for ordinary people to recall accurately when they close their eyes. Ying Liu is different. He has received special training. As long as he wants to, he can remember any face he has seen.

Yuegou scratched his head: "Why do I think he looks familiar?"

Qingyan said: "Nonsense! Of course it looks familiar! We have seen someone similar to him, have you forgotten?"

"Oh." Moon hook didn't remember.

On the other hand, the Sikong Patriarch said in a daze: "How could it be him?"

Yingliu heard his words, looked at Yan Jiuchao, then looked at him again: "Patriarch Sikong, do you know this person?"

Family Master Sikong didn't rush to answer Ying Liu's words, but looked at Yan Jiuchao beside him: "Jiu Chao, do you think he looks familiar?"

"Familiar." Yan Jiuchao said.

Grandma is also familiar, but unlike the rest of the people present, he has not seen someone similar to Blood Rakshasa, but has seen a portrait of this person in the library of Sikong's house.

Patriarch Sikong stared at the portrait for a long time, then Fang sighed and said, "If my guess is correct, he is the previous patriarch of the Sang family and the ancestor of the Sang family, Sang Qiuhan."

When Qingyan and Yuegou first strayed into the forbidden area of the Sang family, they had seen the head of the Sang family and the saint who had been disguised. The reason why Yuegou and Qingyan felt familiar was because the blood rakshasa in the portrait was a little older. I met the Sang family master that night.

Ying Liu and Ying Thirteen turned back to the forbidden area this time, and Ying Thirteen also saw the face of the Sang family leader, but Ying Liu, who was behind him, did not see it, so Ying Liu did not know that his portrait collided with the Sang family leader. face.

As for Yan Jiuchao, he went to the Sang family in an open and honest way and dealt with the head of the Sang family.

Yan Jiuchao's gaze fell on the portrait, thoughtfully.

Ying Liu asked strangely: "Why is this? The Sang family has turned their ancestor into a blood rakshasa? No, no, according to the Sang family, he is voluntary! This ancestor, is he crazy? Why did he make himself inhuman and ghostly? Isn't it good to live well? Do you have to be a blood rakshasa?"

This question, I am afraid that only the Sikong family can answer the question for everyone. Everyone looked at the Sikong family, expecting him to answer their questions. The Sikong family did not expect such a thing to happen to the Sang family.

The secret refining of the high-level Shura King is enough to make people stunned, and then it was revealed that he raised Yin Gu and Blood Rakshasa. The Sikong Patriarch felt that his whole life

knowledge was wasted in the Sang family, but now he has exposed an even more bizarre truth. ——The ancestor of the Sang family refined himself into a blood rakshasa!

It can be said that there is no foreshadowing.

The head of the Sikong family remembered something he heard from his father and the elders of the Sikong family when he was young: "That was when the ancestor was young, the ancestor was Wu Chi, so was Sang Qiuhan, both of them are The pride of the family, but the Sang family at that time was not as strong as it is now. Sang Qiuhan could only accompany the ancestors as a companion. The ancestors were young and frivolous. But every time he made a mistake, Sang Qiuhan took it on his behalf."

Speaking of this, the head of the Sikong family turned his attention to Yan Jiuchao: "I heard that the royal family in the Central Plains is also like this."

Yan Jiuchao hummed.

The royal son Jingui, how can there be a reason to use a whip? But it is not punishable, so there is a matter of being punished on behalf of the companion reading.

The Patriarch Sikong said, "Sang Qiuhan is not the only companion of the old ancestor, but he has been punished the most on his behalf, nothing else, just because he has the lowest status among several people. I think this was buried in the early days. There's a little danger."

Yingliu said: "Because of this, he made himself into a blood rakshasa?"

Patriarch Sikong shook his head: "These are all trivial matters, Sang Qiuhan has good qualifications, in that generation, except for the ancestor, almost no one can tie with him, you must know that everyone else has the support of the family, He secretly invited a master and opened a small stove. Sang Qiuhan practiced on his own. Gradually, he gained the respect of the masters. The masters taught him more and more martial arts, and the children of the aristocratic families became more and more. Not his opponent, but there is one person he can never beat."

"Ancestor Sikong?" Ying Liu asked.

Patriarch Sikong nodded: "That's right, I said earlier that my ancestor was Wu Chi, and so was Sang Qiuhan. In terms of diligence, my ancestor was not as good as Sang Qiuhan, but sometimes, the gap in talent cannot be made up by acquired efforts. Qiu Han has always refused to admit that he is inferior to others, he thinks that he has lost in resources, he is not the direct son of the Sikong family, so the masters still have reservations about him when they teach him."

"Then...is it actually unreserved?" Ying Liu asked again.

"Of course there are reservations." The head of the Sikong family said.

Everyone twitched the corners of their mouths, and said they didn't lose in resources?

The head of the Sikong family said: "After all, I am not a member of the Sikong family, so some things cannot be easily passed on, but the ancestor has always been generous. When Sang Qiuhan said to him that he was only lost because he did not have a good practice, the ancestor passed on the longevity art to him. he."

The corners of everyone's mouth twitched again, his old man is really... There is no way to describe it.

Patriarch Sikong continued: "It is worth mentioning that the ancestor was still young at that time, and he had not yet mastered the longevity art. He was only able to practice the first level, so Sang Qiuhan would lose to him, not because of the practice. Sang Qiuhan went back to practice the longevity art, and found that he couldn't practice it, so he suspected that his ancestor had given him a fake exercise. You must know that even the direct disciples of our Sikong family were not able to practice this exercise. Not to mention an outsider, the ancestor's kindness made him a donkey's liver and lungs. Later, Sang Qiuhan suffered internal injuries, and he even suspected that it was caused by the fake exercises that the ancestor gave him. Since then, Sang Qiuhan hated the ancestor. up.

Sang Qiuhan practiced martial arts hard. The ancestor practiced for one hour, and he practiced for two hours and three hours. Over the past few years, Sang Qiuhan's martial arts has indeed improved a lot, but he is still not the opponent of the ancestor, Sang Qiuhan Jealousy turned into a devil, sneaked into the library of Sikong's family, and stole the secret exercises that Sikong's family set as a top secret.

To be honest, I have never seen that set of exercises. The Sikong family has ancestral teachings, and all the children of the Sikong family cannot practice it. I used to wonder what that was, but now, I seem to understand a little bit. It was that set of exercises that turned Sang Qiuhan into a blood rakshasa! "

"The culprit is the Sikong family..." Qing Yan raised his eyebrows.

Sikong's family master smiled bitterly: "Our Sikong family has kept it for many years, and we have always followed our ancestors' instructions. No one has cultivated it. Sang Qiuhan's own mental skills are not right. Is this also my Sikong family's fault?"

Qingyan muttered: "But your Sikong family always wants to forcefully marry a saint, and it's not a good bird!"

The owner of Sikong choked.

To be honest, the Sikong Clan did marry a lot of saintess in the past, but forced marriage... Only his grandfather was an old and confused man. His grandfather did commit an unforgivable sin, and he repented repeatedly before dying. , I'm sorry Lan family, but what's the use? People can't come back from the dead, and everything can't go back.

"The old account will be discussed later." Yan Jiuchao said lightly, "Since the blood Rakshasa is the practice of the Sikong family, can the Sikong family deal with it?"

"No." Patriarch Sikong shook his head regretfully, perhaps, it was precisely because the blood rakshasa was too powerful and could not be suppressed, that the ancestors did not allow future generations to cultivate it, "The longevity formula can restrain one or two, but... The patriarch of the family has become a Rakshasa king, and I am afraid that even the longevity formula will be helpless."

Yan Jiuchao's slender, jade-like fingertips tapped lightly on the table a few times: "Everything is interdependent, and the Blood Rakshasa must have its weaknesses."

Qingyan's mind flashed: "Don't we have a little Rakshasa here? Try it, won't you be able to find the weakness of the blood Rakshasa?"

Shadow Six: "How do you try?"

After a quarter of an hour, Qingyan came over with a lot of sharp and cold torture tools, and there were several large bottles of poison above the torture tools.

Shadow Six picked up an iron hook and a sharp dagger, and said unbearably, "Would it be too much to torture a child with these things?"

Qingyan didn't speak, looked at Ying Thirteen who was beside him, Ying Thirteen stared and said, "It's not a child, it's an evil thing, and evil things have no humanity."

Little Rakshasa swayed on the swing alone for a while, not daring to let Yan Jiuchao find out, but before Yan Jiuchao returned to the yard, he flashed back to his house and tied himself with a black iron chain.

The two Shura kings who were in a drowsy wake up suddenly. Their first reaction was to see the little Rakshasa. When they saw it was still there, they breathed a long sigh of relief. Then they saw that it was dark again. It was time for it to eat. He took out a bottle in his arms, poured a few blood pills and threw them on the ground, and then strode out.

It's time for them to eat too.

Little Rakshasa jumped off the stool tied with the black iron chain and opened his mouth to eat the blood pills on the ground. Suddenly, a hahahaha laughter came from the yard next door, Xiao Luosha was stunned for a moment, broke free from the black iron chain and flashed out .

The little black eggs played all afternoon, and their stomachs were growling with hunger.

Yu Wan asked the kitchen to prepare food. He was their favorite Fu Yuanzi. Although he was not as authentic as Nanzhao, he was well-made, and the little black eggs liked it very much.

"I want two bowls!" Xiaobao said.

"I want three bowls!" Erbao said.

I want four bowls! Dabao said in his heart.

"It's two bowls." Yu Wan corrected Xiaobao angrily and funny, and glanced at the little guys, "I have dinner in a while, don't eat too much."

After saying that, she put a small bowl for each of the three little black eggs, took a small wooden spoon and put it in it, and said softly: "Just out of the pot, be careful that it is hot."

The stool was a bit high, and the three little black \*\*\*\* crawled awkwardly for a long time before finally climbing up. Afterwards, the three of them sat down in a row, grabbed the small wooden spoon, and stirred while whirring.

Little Rakshasa stood outside the door, stuck out a small head, widened blood-red eyes, and stared at the three little black eggs without blinking...the bowl in his hand.

Xiaobao couldn't bear his temper the most, so he scooped a small spoonful, put it to his mouth impatiently, blew it twice, and then stuffed it into his mouth.

So hot, so hot!

Huhu~

Little Rakshasa opened his mouth.

Er Bao also took a spoonful: "Mother, blow it."

Yu Wan blew it dotingly twice and patted his head: "Okay, it's not hot anymore."



"Yeah!" Er Bao nodded and fed a spoonful of delicious Fu Yuanzi into his mouth, so delicious that his eyes narrowed.

This bowl of Fu Yuanzi was nothing more than a meal for the three little black eggs. The three of them quickly finished eating. Yu Wan was in the backyard cleaning up the herbs to dry. Dear.

There was no one in the room, and the little Rakshasa rushed in and landed firmly on the chair.

It paused, didn't know what to think, then jumped down again, imitating the little black eggs, and clumsily climbed up.

It sat down, picked up a small wooden spoon that the little black eggs had eaten, scooped it from the empty bowl, and brought it to its mouth, woohoo~

took another scoop, sent it to the side, and waited for a while, as if someone was whining for it, it nodded, and then fed the empty spoon to its mouth, tilted its small head, and pretended to eat.

## Chapter 590 Little Treasure and Little Rakshasa

The three of them walked halfway, Qingyan asked Grandma to call away, and went to the library of Sikong's house to see if they could find more ways to deal with the blood rakshasa.

"Then do we still have to try?" Ying Liu looked at the poison and torture tools left by Qingyan, and was a little hesitant about what to do next.

Ying Thirteen was much harder-hearted than him, and said firmly, "Of course I have to try. If one more person thinks of a way, there will be one more chance of success."

Yingliu whispered: "Didn't you say it's a child? Is it really possible to treat it like this?"

Ying Thirteen didn't know how to answer, Ying Six was the dead man, and all the dead men were hard-hearted, but Ying Six was not.

Shadow Thirteen silently picked up the poison and torture instruments on the ground, and walked towards the courtyard where the little Rakshasa was imprisoned.

Yingliu followed with a sigh, thinking of something, and asked in puzzlement: "By the way, how could the ancestor of the Sang family have such a young son?"

"A man can have a son at any age." Ying Shisan said.

"Oh." Ying Liu seemed to understand, but he had never given birth to a son.

Ying Shisan cleared his throat: "However, it's not necessarily his own son."

Shadow Six Eyeballs rolled around: "Pick it up?"

Ying Thirteen crossed the courtyard gate: "I don't know about it. In short, that little evil thing is also a blood rakshasa. Let's just find out its weaknesses, and the rest is not important."

"Oh." Ying Liu followed behind him, walking slowly.

Ying Thirteen understood that he couldn't do it, so he didn't force it, and said to him: "You go back to your room to rest first, I'll go by myself."

Ying Liu vaguely realized that Ying Thirteen saw his resistance, and straightened his back in a hurry, and strode to follow: "I can't, let me go with you, I have never seen a little Rakshasa!"

This is the truth. That night, the little Rakshasa was chased and killed. The opponent's movement was too fast, and they couldn't even see the afterimage. How could they expect it to be a little guy?

The little Rakshasa who was "eating" in Yu Wan's room heard the movement in the yard next door, put down the spoon, and disappeared with a swoosh!

When Ying Liu and Ying Thirteen entered the house, the little Rakshasa had already tied himself up obediently and sat motionless on the chair. When it came, he was wearing a tattered woman's clothes. After entering the yard, Yu Wan. It was changed, and it was wearing Xiaobao's clothes. The two were about the same height, except that it was as thin as a wood, so the clothes were still big and looked baggy.

His hair was messy and uneven, as if it had been bitten by a dog.

This is when the hair grows and covers the eyes, it gnaws on itself.

It is thin and small, with a thin face, only one pair of eyes is amazingly large.

Ying Thirteen was hard-hearted and didn't see much reaction, but Ying Six on the side was stunned. Rao had heard that he was a little guy, and he had been fantasizing on the way here, but he really saw it Still can't help but feel astonished.

Too, too small...

Also, although those big eyes are terrifying, they are also a little cute.

Ying Liu pulled Ying Thirteen aside and whispered, "Is it...is it a blood rakshasa? It's not like that..."

"Are you doubting the young master's judgment?" Ying Shisan asked lightly.

"No no no no!" Ying Liu shook his head like a rattle.

"You go to the next room to prepare the poison." Ying Shisan found an excuse to open Ying Liu.

Yingliu went reluctantly, looking back at Little Rakshasa three steps at a time, and Little Rakshasa also looked at him blankly until Ying Thirteen slammed the door shut.

The moment the door was closed, the murderous aura around Ying Shisan burst out, and the little Rakshasa felt his murderous aura, and a murderous light flashed in his eyes.

Ying Thirteen picked up a cold black iron hook and hooked it towards the little Rakshasa's pipa bone.

Xiao Rakshasa was obviously locked by the black iron chain, but the moment he approached, it swept past his head, and the iron chain fell to the ground with a clatter.

Shadow Thirteen's eyes sank, and he attacked the little Rakshasa again.

Little Rakshasa's power was mostly blocked by Yan Jiuchao's longevity formula. Even so, it still escaped Ying Shisan's attack unharmed, and broke open the window and escaped.

Shadow Thirteen dodged to keep up, but in the blink of an eye, the little Rakshasa disappeared!

The most powerful Qinggong that Ying Thirteen had ever seen came from Nian Shura, but Xiao Rakshasa's body technique seemed to be even higher than Nian Shura's. This was still a situation where most of his skills were blocked. If it was in its heyday, I really dared not imagine it. What will be great.

It is so powerful, not to mention the big blood Rakshasa in the forbidden land.

Shadow Thirteen clenched his fists, he must... must find out the weakness of the blood rakshasa as soon as possible!

Yan Jiuchao was here, and the little Rakshasa didn't dare to escape into Yu Wan's yard. He didn't know which yard he entered. It was noisy and had a strange smell.

This is the kitchen of Chaoyang Hall, and the cooks are preparing everyone's dinner.

Little Rakshasa stood under the porch, poking his head and looking at the busy cooks.

Suddenly, a crisp voice sounded behind it: "Brother!"

Xiao Rakshasa was startled and instinctively ran up the beam on top.

Xiaobao raised his head dumbfounded and exclaimed sincerely, "Wow!"

Little Rakshasa looked at Little Treasure vigilantly.

Little Treasure is too young to read the alertness in his eyes, he just thinks that little brother is very powerful, and Qinggong is as good as Awei Shipao!

"Brother! You are amazing!" Xiaobao clapped his hands.

Little Rakshasa did not forget the experience of being smoked half to death by the little stinky fart. It bared its teeth and showed a fierce face, trying to frighten Xiaobao away.

Unexpectedly, instead of being frightened, Xiaobao bared his teeth and made a big face.

Xiao Luosha was stunned.

Little Treasure opened the pocket, took a candy, and waved at it, "Brother, come down! I'll give you candy!"

Little Rakshasa looked curiously at the candy cube in Little Treasure's hand, and it fell down.

Xiaobao broke the candy in half, half for himself and half for the little brother.

Little Rakshasa looked at the gesture handed to him, and subconsciously ducked back.

Xiaobao hurriedly said, "I won't bully you, don't be afraid!"

Xiao Rakshasa looked at the sugar cube, and after looking at Xiaobao, he finally stretched out his hand and took the sugar cube.

Little Treasure took it and sat down on the steps, licking the candy and saying, "This is delicious, my mother won't let it eat, it was secretly given by Uncle Changfeng, you are not allowed to say it."

Little Rakshasa opened his mouth wide and stared blankly at Little Treasure licking the candy bar.

"Don't watch me eat it, you eat it yourself." Xiaobao urged it, and then said, "Whose family do you belong to? Where are your father and mother?"

Little Rakshasa looked at Little Treasure blankly.

At this time, Yu Wan's dried herbs were passing by outside the kitchen.

Xiaobao pointed at Yu Wan and said, "That's my mother!"

Yan Jiuchao came towards Yu Wan.

Xiaobao continued: "That's my father!"

Little Rakshasa saw Yan Jiuchao, and the swoosh disappeared!

"Little brother, you..." Xiaobao was talking, and turned his head, "Huh? Where's little brother?"

...

Not long after Xiao Rakshasa escaped from the kitchen, he collided with Ying Shisan, and Ying Shisan hit him with a black iron whip, but he didn't hit Xiao Raksha, but he hit the candy that Xiaobao gave to Xiao Rakshasa. .

The sugar cube fell to the ground with a bang, and the little Rakshasa flew to pick it up, and received a strong whip.

Little Rakshasa suffers from pain.

Shadow Thirteen frowned, obviously hitting its dead end, but just felt pain?

Does this evil really have no weaknesses?

Ying Thirteen once again fought with Xiao Luosha. The harder Xiao Luosha moved, the more violent the longevity trick. Xiao Luosha suffered a lot and was soaked in cold sweat. In the end, he was too tired to hug him. Jukage Thirteen's whip fell asleep.

Little Rakshasa woke up an hour later.

It was locked in a dark room again, with black iron chains tied to its feet.

Guru~

It's hungry.

In his pockets, the candy cubes that Xiaobao gave him are still there.

It took it out, licked it, and rolled its eyes in disgust.

There is a blood pill thrown to it by King Shura on the ground.

It jumped to the ground, bent down, picked up the blood pills one by one with his hands, and was about to take one out and feed it into his mouth, when Yu Wan's gentle voice came from his ear.

"Cow...sheep...horse..." Yu Wan was teaching Dabao to speak.

Dabao sat obediently in his mother's arms.

Yu Wan patiently taught him over and over again: "Cow...sheep...horse..."

Little Rakshasa jumped up on the window sill, with his little hands on the window lattice, his chin resting on the window lattice, and his small mouth opened slightly: "Ma... Ma..."

For the Sang family, this night was destined to be unsettled. I don't know what kind of mad blood rakshasa killed three Shura queens one after another, and destroyed half of the forbidden area in one breath. There is no other way.

Just as the Sang family was in a state of turmoil, a shuddering aura suddenly surged in the direction of the forbidden area, and the clouds in all directions seemed to be affected, surging uneasy.

In the air, there is a \*\*\*\* smell that is like a substance.

Sang Patriarch stood up in disbelief: "This is... is this about to break through? Blood Rakshasa... finally wants to become the Rakshasa King!"