

## Toddler 591

### Chapter 591 Mighty Little Rakshasa!

After becoming pregnant, Yu Wan became more sleepy than before, but this day, she still woke up early. For nothing else, the materials in Chaoyang Hall were almost gone, and she needed to go down the mountain to buy them. The matter between Feng and the disciples was due to the fact that the group of them needed too many things, so Yu Wan decided to go to the market in person.

When she opened her eyes, Yan Jiuchao was no longer by the bedside. You didn't have to guess to know that he was going to learn the secret of longevity. Yu Wan asked Sikong Changfeng privately how long it took her great grandfather to break through from the sixth level to the first. In the eighth layer, the answer given by Sikong Changfeng was ten to twenty years in the first layer.

Yu Wan immediately gave no hope to her husband...

Yu Wan was neatly dressed and was packing up her travel stuff when she felt a shock from the Mingshan Mountain, and a frost-like coolness instantly enveloped the entire Chaoyang Hall, powerful and wanton, with a hint of familiarity.

She paused: "This is..."

Before she could think about the reason, Qingyan's excited and excited cry came from the yard: "Nine dynasties break through the seventh stage of the longevity formula!"

Yu Wan: "Uh..."

What about ten or twenty years?

Little Treasure and Er Bao were still sleeping soundly. Big Treasure got up, touched Xiao Bao's bald head, and looked at his mother with a cute face.

Yu Wan walked over and pinched the tip of his nose dotingly: "Daddy has made a breakthrough, why don't you talk?"

Dabao tilted his head and looked at Yu Wan blinking.

Yu Wan lost to him, that's all, it's a long way to come in Japan, and things like talking should be taught slowly.

Yu Wan put a shirt on Dabao and handed him a pair of trousers. Now he can put on his trousers awkwardly. After he put it on, he magically went for a walk in the yard.

"What are you wearing?"

is Qingyan's voice.

Dabao nodded.

"Dabao is awesome!" Qingyan smiled and rubbed his head.

He went to Ying Thirteen and Ying Six's house again.

Shadow Six: "Dabao is amazing!"

Then they went to the house of the old Cuitou and grandma respectively.

"Oh, how can my big treasure be so capable?" Old Cuitou praised him from beginning to end.

After showing off his pants-wearing skills, Dabao returned to the house contentedly.

The two younger brothers also got up, and were also wearing trousers awkwardly, but they were not as lucky as Dabao, one was wearing it upside down, and the other was putting his two little fat legs into one trousers.

Dabao looked at his younger brothers who were struggling with their trousers, and walked out of the steps of disrespecting six relatives!

"Master Awei is in retreat. After breakfast, he will go to Uncle Qingyan's place, you know?" Yu Wan took the \*\*\*\* and put them on for Erbao and Xiaobao.

When Xiaobao heard this, he opened his eyes wide and said, "Where is Mother going?"

Yu Wan said warmly, "Mother is going down the mountain..."

Xiaobao hugged Yu Wan's thigh: "We're going too!"

"Go." Erbao said coquettishly.

"Hmm." Dabao's old cadre nodded.

Yu Wan couldn't beat the three little guys, and finally agreed to bring them with them, but the premise was not to be crazy and not to leave her sight. The three patted their little chests and agreed.

Jinghong is the most clever little disciple of Chaoyang Hall. He and Yu Wan accompanied him. He prepared two carriages, one for mother and son, and the other for buying supplies. The driver was him and his senior brother.

The most dangerous place right now is Mingshan. After all, the Sang family has been eyeing it. In comparison, the city of Mingdu is very safe.

Mingshan has a secret exit. It is neither in Sikong's house nor in the Hall of the Holy Maiden, but can be reached by following the small river near Chaoyang Hall and passing through a small pine forest that has been blocked. Awei is the lost person. At this point, I accidentally entered the Mingshan Mountain.

"There aren't many people who know about this exit. Apart from Senior Brother and me, there is only Young Master Changfeng." Jinghong explained to Yu Wan while carrying the little black eggs into the carriage.

"Why did you tell me such a big secret?" Yu Wan teased him.

Jinghong scratched his head: "You... aren't you a descendant of the ancestor? I heard you call the ancestor great grandpa that day."

Ah, this kid, Ganqing already knows her life experience, so it's a bit outrageous to say how diligent these days are.

Yu Wan didn't ask him where he heard it, it didn't matter, if she wanted to hide it, she could hide it no matter what, so that he could hear it, she could only say that she subconsciously didn't want to hide her life experience.

"By the way, Madam, what do you want to buy?" Jinghong asked.

Yu Wan said: "I want to buy some medicinal materials, ready-made clothes, and some spices and ingredients."

Jinghong thought for a while and said, "Medicines and spices can be bought in the same shop. It's best to go to the market for the ingredients. For ready-to-wear, it's better to go to the embroidery building."

"You look at the arrangement." Yu Wan said, and when she finished speaking, seeing the three little guys kept silent and only looked at herself with a look of incomparable anticipation, she sighed amusingly, "And the sugar gourd."

The wheel of the car moved, and it slowly drove out of Chaoyang Hall.

When the carriage passed by Xiao Rakshasa's yard, Xiao Rakshasa was standing on the windowsill, holding the iron window with both hands. It heard their laughter and conversation, as well as the turning of the wheels.

"I saw my brother yesterday!" Xiaobao said.

"Where's the younger brother?" Yu Wan rubbed his little head.

Xiaobao argued: "Yes! I gave him candy!"

Xiao Rakshasa looked at the tasteless candy in his pocket, blinked his big eyes, and in the next second, it disappeared in a swish, and only a string of cold black iron chains remained on the windowsill.

The carriage was driving on the busy street. The three little guys hadn't come to the market for a long time. They couldn't contain their excitement, and they squeezed their heads to the window, and Baba looked out.

Yu Wan was worried that they would fall, and grabbed the clothes of the three of them with her hands.

"Mother, what is that?" Xiaobao asked, pointing to the little monkey in the hands of a Jianghu artist.

Yu Wan said: "Little monkey."

"What about that?"

"lantern."

"that?"

"Sugar shop."

"that?"

"Baozi Shop."

"that?"

"green....."

building.

Yu Wan hurriedly dragged Little Treasure in, and pressed Da Bao and Er Bao to sit on the stool.

The hearts of the three of them have already flown out of the carriage, but they are good babies who keep their promises. They promised not to make trouble or run around, and they did what they said.

"There is a pharmacy there, let's go down to buy herbs and spices first!" Jinghong said to Yu Wan.

"Okay." Yu Wan replied.

Jinghong parked the carriage into an alley next to him, and the big brother stayed behind to guard the two carriages. He took Yu Wan and the little black eggs to the pharmacy. Halfway through, he turned his head inadvertently, and found that there was something on the other end of the alley. A vendor selling candied haws.

He pointed out: "Madam, candied haws!"

The eyes of the three little black eggs lit up instantly!

Yu Wan smiled and said, "Then go buy the candied haws first."

The little black eggs jumped to catch up!

Not far away, the little Rakshasa quietly followed.

They walked slowly, and it also slowed down, always keeping a short distance from them.

This became a very strange thing in the eyes of passers-by.

"Where did the child come from?"

"Yeah, did you get lost with your family? Why are you walking on the street alone?"

The little Rakshasa changed into the clothes of the little black eggs, and the clothes were luxurious, but the hair that was gnawed in a mess and the thin body really didn't look like a child from a rich family.

A kind-hearted aunt stepped forward: "Child, where are your parents?"

The little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely, and his fierce look like a small beast made the aunt stunned, and the people watching on the side were also terrified. like them!

No one dared to come forward and talk to it.

Yu Wan instinctively sensed something, turned around and looked at the endless crowd.

Little Rakshasa flashed up to the roof.

Yu Wan only saw a group of stunned pedestrians, shook her head strangely, and didn't care about it anymore, she led her sons to buy candied haws.

"Hey? Where was the kid just now? Where did you go? Did you see it?"

"No! Are we dazzled? We were here just now! Did you see it?"

"I see!"

"No no no...Isn't it a ghost?"

Everyone's faces turned pale. They really thought this place was not clean, so they hurriedly dragged their family members away.

Little Rakshasa jumped from the roof to the tile closest to Yu Wan and the little black eggs. It slowly fell down and looked at them without blinking.

"I want, I want...I want the biggest!" Xiaobao said, pointing to one of the candied haws.

"I also want the biggest." Erbao said.

"It's all the biggest!" the hawker said with a smile.

Yu Wan opened the purse: "Give me three strings."

"Okay!" The hawker picked out three best-looking candied haws and handed them to the three little black eggs. Such cute triplets are really rare in his life, and he would be happy to give them away!



Yu Wan gave the money and walked to the pharmacy with the little black eggs.

Little Rakshasa also walked back.

When the group came to the door of the pharmacy, Xiaobao grabbed the candied fruit with one hand, and suddenly covered his crotch with the other hand, and jumped up on the spot: "Pee, I want to pee!"

Yu Wan took his candied gourd and handed it to Jinghong: "Mother will take you there, Jinghong, look at Dabao and Erbao."

Jinghong smiled and said, "Don't worry, Madam, I will be optimistic about them!"

Jinghong was young, but he was smart and attentive. There was nothing to worry about handing the child over to him. Yu Wan took Xiaobao to the toilet behind the pharmacy.

Yu Wan untied Xiaobao's belt: "Go in."

"Yeah!" Little Treasure dragged his trousers and went in without hesitation!

...

"Are you okay?" Yu Wan asked.

"Okay! I...I...I can't wear my pants!" Xiaobao said anxiously.

Yu Wan said: "You come out, my mother will dress you."

Little Treasure came out with his trousers.

Yu Wan squatted down and lifted Xiaobao's trousers up. Just as she was about to fasten his waistband, something unexpected happened. A hair thief from nowhere suddenly came over and took Xiaobao away. !

Yu Wan was stunned by this scene. In broad daylight, there were people who openly robbed children?

"Mother--" Before Xiaobao finished speaking, the man covered his mouth with a handkerchief sprinkled with sweat medicine, his little head tilted, and he fainted.

This hairy thief seems to be an old hand, and a set of movements is smooth and smooth. When he crosses the alley, he has already changed his clothes, and Xiaobao is also wrapped into a zongzi.

But just when the thief thought he had successfully got rid of Yu Wan and his party, he did not know that a small figure was chasing him precisely and without error.

The small movements he made to change his shirt were too fast to catch with the naked eye, but in the eyes of Little Rakshasa, it was just a few slow movements.

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth, flew over the eaves and walked on the wall, jumped onto his back, opened his \*\*\*\* mouth, and bit his neck fiercely!

The hair thief never expected this change. He could feel a small thing jumping up his back, but he never thought it would be a Rakshasa. The light weight made him think it was some kind of small thing. Monkey, when the neck was bitten open, he didn't even have time to react, and all the blood was drained.

He opened his eyes wide and fell straight to the ground.

Xiaobao was still held in his arms. This fall, 80% of the time, Xiaobao will be crushed into serious injuries.

No one saw how Little Rakshasa moved, only that the moment the thief fell to the ground, Little Treasure had been dragged out by Little Rakshasa.

All the pedestrians who witnessed it were stunned by this cruel and heaven-defying scene.

What did they see?

A three-year-old child killed a big man... Bitten into a mummified corpse?

Xiao Rakshasa placed Xiao Baoping on the floor warmed by the sun, and his movements were a little cautious.

When Yu Wan arrived here, what she saw was Xiaobao fainted on the ground, Xiao Luosha knelt on Xiaobao's body, fixedly looking at Xiaobao, blood dripping from her mouth.

Will Yu Wan misunderstand Little Rakshasa?

Chapter 592 Little Scourge of the Underworld

"Eat people!"

"What kind of evil is that? It actually eats people!"

"...even the children are not spared!"

An uncontrollable scream broke out from the crowd.

Xiaobao's neck was covered in blood and passed out again.

Yu Wan didn't forget the way this little guy was drooling to herself when she saw her for the first time. At that time, she thought it was a real child and even gave it candy, and only later did she realize that it fell in love with her. Blood.

Yu Wan walked over almost without hesitation, and hugged Little Treasure, her fingertips showed a few darts made of black iron, and looked at it coldly: "Don't come here!"

Little Rakshasa stopped walking towards her.

Little Rakshasa is small, even smaller than Little Treasure. Only by raising his little head high can he see Yu Wan.

It has a much thinner body than ordinary children, and a pair of eyes much larger than ordinary children, coupled with its mouth full of blood, it is indeed scary and frightening.

Yu Wan felt that she should not be able to win it. If it insists on messing up, then she has no choice but to fight...

Yu Wan was calculating in her mind how to send Little Treasure out, when she heard a slap, and someone in the crowd threw a rotten egg at Little Rakshasa.

However, the little Rakshasa swiftly avoided it. The rotten egg did not hit it, but fell on the blood-stained street. This scene seemed to open a vent, following the first stinky egg. After the egg, the second, the third... smashed over, and the stinky sour water also poured over the little Rakshasa.

The little Rakshasa bared his teeth angrily, revealing a bloodthirsty gleam.

"Go away!"

"Where's the little beast, get out of here!"

No one saw Xiaobao being kidnapped by the thieves, nor why Xiaobao fainted. Everyone only saw that this little evil thing sucked the man's blood and put the child in a man's arms on the ground. Son, clearly intends to \*\*\*\* the blood of this child.

What kind of evil creature is this raised by? How could it be such a scourge to the Underworld?

Little Rakshasa glared at everyone fiercely, and his anger was about to explode.

Yu Wan looked at it vigilantly.

It also gave Yu Wan one last look, gritted its fangs, and the flash disappeared!

Determined that it had left, Yu Wan secretly breathed a sigh of relief, this little thing was clearly locked in Chaoyang Hall, but it followed silently, the blood Rakshasa's strength is really terrifyingly powerful.

"Is the child okay?" A kind uncle stepped forward and asked Yu Wan.

"I don't know yet, I'll take a look first." Yu Wan said, sticking out her fingertips to examine Xiaobao's neck, but unexpectedly found that the blood on the neck was not Xiaobao's, and Xiaobao had no wounds! She hurriedly took Xiaobao's pulse again, and looked at her whole body carefully. Xiaobao had neither trauma nor internal injury, and only got some sweat medicine.

Blood Rakshasa can't give Xiaobao the sweat medicine, one is that it does not have this medicine, and the other is that it is unnecessary.

It's just a matter of moving your fingers to kill King Shura, let alone a child like Xiaobao.

Yu Wan remembered that Little Treasure was kidnapped by an adult man, and she chased after her, but in a corner, the man seemed to disappear out of thin air and could not be found.

Could it be that--

"Oh, stop caring about your child, look at that man! Is he a servant of your family?" the old man sighed.

The next person?

Yu Wan frowned strangely, followed the direction of the old man's finger, and saw a corpse lying on the ground. Because it was blocked by a stone lion in front of a money shop, Yu Wan didn't even see it at first sight. he.

Yu Wan walked over with the sleepy little treasure.

This man was lying face down on the ground, his head was tilted to one side, his eyes were wide open, and his blood had been sucked dry.

Rao is that seeing this scene in broad daylight can still send a chill down one's back.

But soon, Yu Wan noticed something was wrong.

This is not the younger disciple Jinghong, nor the eldest disciple Jingchen, there is no doubt, but this man's sleeves are bulging as if stuffed with something.

Yu Wan pulled out the things from his sleeve, which happened to be a familiar set of clothes and a handkerchief with sweat on one side.

is this man!

It was he who kidnapped Xiaobao!

The old man tutted: "Oh, you didn't see how fierce that evil thing was, and it came up and killed your servants!"

Little Rakshasa killed the thief who kidnapped Little Treasure...

She misunderstood Xiao Rakshasa, Xiao Rakshasa didn't want to hurt Xiaobao, it saved Xiaobao...

Yu Wan straightened up and turned around, looking around.

Little Rakshasa?

Where did it go?

Little Rakshasa did not go far, but sat on a high roof, spread out his calves, and looked in the direction of Yu Wan and her group.

Yu Wan searched for a long time but couldn't find the little Rakshasa, thinking that the little Rakshasa was no longer here, so she had to get on the carriage and leave with the three children.

This time, Little Rakshasa did not catch up.

Until the carriage went far away and disappeared at the end of the street, Little Rakshasa neatly turned over and fell to the ground.

It drooped its little head, took out the candy in its pocket, glanced at it lightly, and threw it away expressionlessly.

It passes through the quiet alleys, through the noisy streets, and squeezes into the endless crowd.

The clothes are already big, and they are rubbing and lying down, and they have already become loose and baggy.

The sky was getting darker and darker, its out-of-place hair and big eyes were hidden by the night, and no one took a straight look at a thin little thing.

"Mother, I'm hungry!" In a rice shop, a four-year-old girl in a skirt walked to the door and grabbed a woman's sleeve.

"A total of ten pennies." The woman settled the bill for the guest, turned her head and held the little girl's hand, "Okay, mother, I'll go serve the meal!"

The little girl sat on the chair happily. The woman went to the kitchen and brought a bowl of hot dishes over. When she looked up, she saw a skinny little beggar. She put down the bowl and grabbed the broom: "Where's the beggar? Go out quickly. !go out!"

Little Rakshasa was blasted away.

The next second, the little Rakshasa folded back again, swooped into the room, and sat on the chair, the little girl bared her teeth fiercely, and the little girl cried loudly!

"You bastard!" The woman grabbed the broom and hit the little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa's flash disappeared.

"Daddy, I want to eat, candied gourd!" said a little boy riding on the man's neck.

"Okay!" The man smiled dotingly, walked to the stall selling candied haws, bought a bunch of bright candied haws, and handed them over his head, "Here."

The little boy took the candied gourd and was about to stuff it into his small mouth, but suddenly, a hurricane blew past, and the little boy's hair was shaved into a chicken coop. When the little boy came back to his senses, he found himself in his hands. The candied haws are gone.

The little boy also cried out loudly——



Little Rakshasa took the candied haws and walked out of the steps that the six relatives of the same style as Dabao did not recognize.

As he walked, he took a bite of the candied haws.

"Bah ah ah!"

It spat out in disgust, and threw the candied haws without a word!

"Fourth brother, that's him!"

Behind the little Rakshasa, a young voice suddenly sounded, it sounded only seven or eight years old, but the boy he called Fourth Brother was twelve or thirteen years old.

These are several beggars who wandered around the underworld, and they were called the fourth brother because of their little head.

The fourth brother strode over: "Hey! Where is the wild boy? Do you know that this is Lord Tiger's territory? If you want to beg, go somewhere else!"

Little Rakshasa didn't understand, so he walked forward.

The teenager was angry: "Hey? Lao Tzu is talking to you! Are you deaf or stupid? Who brought you here? This is Lao Tzu's place!"

Little Rakshasa still walked forward with his head lowered.

Being slapped in the face by a little beggar, the young man became angry, raised his foot and kicked the little Rakshasa. He clearly saw that he was about to be kicked, but the little beggar who really kicked up disappeared in a flash!

The boy was startled fiercely!

Almost at the same moment, a small figure rushed towards him from the front and threw him to the ground.

The little beggar accompanying him saw this scene and ran away in a rage!

The young man was pinned to the ground, and at such a close distance, he finally saw Xiao Rakshasa's face clearly. It was a face that was a little scary, but he had a pair of big copper bell-like eyes, and the corners of his mouth were glued dry. Bloodstained, with a fierce look on his face, like a little devil who is ready to bite him at any time!

"What, what are you going to do?" the young man asked timidly.

Little Rakshasa opened his \*\*\*\* mouth, bared his teeth, and bit down toward the boy's neck——

"younger brother!"

A carriage stopped at the entrance of the alley, Xiaobao jumped to the ground, and ran towards Xiao Luosha.

Little Rakshasa looked at Little Treasure, and then at the boy who was trembling all over by himself, with a swoosh, he disappeared!

Chapter 593 Witty Yan Xiaobao!

Xiaobao paused and blinked: "Huh? Where's my brother?"

He stepped forward and asked the terrified young beggar, "Little brother, have you seen little brother?"

The young beggar was frightened to death by the little thing, and when he saw a child of about the same age, he was about to lose his mind. He didn't even hear what Xiaobao asked, he screamed and ran away rolling and crawling. !

"Huh?" Xiaobao scratched his head and looked in the direction of the carriage with a bewildered face, as if he didn't understand what was going on. How could the little brother suddenly disappear? Why did that little brother suddenly run away?

Yu Wan also got off the carriage and walked towards Xiaobao.

Xiaobao spread his hands and said, "Brother is gone!"

"Well, I saw it." Yu Wan nodded, stroking Xiaobao's head, and looked in the direction where Xiaoluosha was leaving. It's hard to say where it went.

Yu Wan took Xiaobao's hand and walked towards the carriage.

Xiaobao turned around three times, but he didn't see his little brother until he got on the carriage.

The fact that something evil appeared in the city of Mingdu and sucked an adult man into a mummified corpse could not be concealed from the eyeliners of the Sang family distributed in the city. Almost as soon as the people were restless, the eyeliner of the Sang family got news, and the little Rakshasa came and went quickly. , When the Sang family's eyeliner arrived at the scene, there was no sign of the little Rakshasa, but the mummy was still there. They transported the corpse back and carried it to the head of the Sang family in person.

Sang Patriarch looked at the corpse in the yard and frowned deeply: "Is this found in the city?"

"Yes." A Sang family guard dressed as a businessman said, "Just in front of a tea shop on Baishui Street."

"Baishui Street?" Sang Patriarch frowned, squatted down, and examined the corpse carefully. Judging from the wounds and the death of the corpse, it seemed that it was written by the Blood Rakshasa. However, the Blood Rakshasa was at a critical juncture in breaking through. , it is impossible to leave the Sang family.

"Who is the murderer?" asked the head of the Sang family.

The guard dressed as a merchant said: "My subordinate asked the people present, and they all said that it was a child, about three years old, thin and thin, wearing inappropriate clothes, and the material was very luxurious."

The back is all nonsense, the front is the point.

Patriarch Sang's brows furrowed even tighter: "What did you say? Is it a child?"

"Yes!" said the guard dressed as a merchant.

"How could it be a child?" The Sang family head murmured suspiciously, this is even more absurd than the Sang family ancestor quietly leaving the forbidden area, that is, the other party turned out to be a child, so, is that a little Rakshasa?

The owner of the Sang family was puzzled and said, "Strange, the secret to cultivating the blood rakshasa is in the Sang family. Only the Sang family can train the blood rakshasa. Where did that little thing come from?"

"Could it be... that Sikong's family also made a blood rakshasa?" asked the guard dressed as a merchant.

This speculation was quickly denied by the Sang family: "Impossible, there is only one secret book, and it has been obtained by the Sang family. It is impossible for the Sikong family to train the blood rakshasa! Besides, even if they want to practice, the Sikong family will not take a child. to practice..."

"But we... haven't trained the second blood rakshasa..." The guards dressed up by the merchants are also the confidants of the Sang family, otherwise they would not hold important positions. He knows everything about the blood rakshasas, and he really can't remember them. When did you train another blood rakshasa?

If you want to try it, it's not that you haven't tried it, but... the blood rakshasa has a strong sense of territory and will not allow a second kind of person to appear around him. .

The Sang family has always firmly believed that except the Sang family, no one can cultivate the blood rakshasas. If it is not for them, there is only one possibility.

Sang Patriarch looked in the direction of the forbidden area, squinted his eyes and said, "I just said how he went mad a few days ago, and yelled at me to let him out... So it turns out that the Rakshasa he raised was lost? Oh, you can't hide it. It's so tight!"

The guard dressed as a merchant looked strangely at the forbidden area, and then looked at the Sang family head, his eyes glared: "Patriarch, what do you mean..."

Patriarch Sang didn't answer his words, and didn't think about how the blood rakshasa raised a little rakshasa under his own eyes. These processes are not important, but the results are important.

He smiled smugly: "Thanks to that little thing running away, it was anxious to find it, and suddenly let itself break through... When such a big thing happened, our Sang family got news, and the Sikong family must know about it soon. Now, the little Rakshasa can't fall into their hands, otherwise it will be troublesome, you quickly bring someone to find the little Rakshasa, no matter what method you use, be sure to bring it back to me!"

"Yes!"

"Wait!"

Patriarch Sang thought of something, and exhorted: "Work in secret, don't startle the snake, let the Sikong family find out."

The Sikong family may not have guessed the matter of the little Rakshasa so quickly, but if they look for it with great fanfare, it will make the Sikong family suspect.

The guards dressed as merchants weighed it, selected a few clever guards and the mid-level Shura King who suppressed their strength, and went non-stop.

Since the Sang family has made a blood rakshasa, they have a way to find the blood rakshasa. Sure enough, within half an hour, they found the trace of the little rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa is sitting on a desolate ancient well, with his calves hanging in the well, swaying from time to time.

If it wasn't for the movement of the blood compass, it would be almost impossible for the Sang family guards to imagine that this thin and pitiful little Rakshasa would be a cruel and violent little Rakshasa.

Everyone exchanged a look, and took out the blood pills prepared in the morning and placed them on the ground one by one.

The little Rakshasa smelled the aroma of the blood pill, turned his head with a swipe, and saw that it was the blood pill, and the queen jumped up numbly, and picked up the blood pills one by one with a small hand. It glimpsed an iron cage.

It went berserk in an instant, and it threw all the blood pills out!

But it was too late, the black iron net on the top had already fallen towards it.

In its heyday, such a net could be torn with bare hands, but now its power has been blocked by the longevity formula, and it has to roll down and roll out from the bottom!

The masters of the Sang family did not know the original strength of the little Rakshasa, and they were still lamenting their speed, but they still let this little thing escape.

Fortunately, they still have a back-up move.

The masters pulled out the bows and crossbows they carried with them. This was a weapon specially used to restrain the Blood Rakshasa. The overwhelming arrows shot out, forming a dense rain of arrows in the air.

The little Rakshasa was hit by an arrow in the back, fell heavily to the ground, and threw a full seven or eight feet forward, his body was worn out, and he finally hit the corner and stopped.

The pain that the black iron arrow brought to Little Rakshasa was fatal. Little Rakshasa's entire face turned white and his body shook slightly.

The masters of the Sang family stepped forward and looked at it blankly. For fear that it would fight back, they did not grab it with their hands, but took a black iron hook, hooked its pipa bone, and dragged it on the ground. stand up.

Blood was strewn all over the floor.

Little Rakshasa hurts.

Just when the masters of the Sang family were about to drag the little Rakshasa into the iron cage, the little Rakshasa, who was about to faint, suddenly grabbed the hook and jumped up, knocking the masters of the Sang family down!

It snapped and snapped the chain on the hook and escaped with a swoosh!

"Come on!" shouted the guards dressed as merchants!

Little Rakshasa was dripping with blood, which was not difficult to track.

When Little Rakshasa crossed an alley, when he reached the entrance of the alley, he was suddenly beaten down by an iron rod!

The master of the Sang family jumped up, and the little Rakshasa gritted his teeth and jumped onto the roof.

The masters all chased after them.

The little Rakshasa lost too much blood and fell from the roof. The black iron arrow on its back and the iron hook on the pipa bone were embedded deeper into its body.

It was half lying on the ground, struggled a few times, and couldn't get up again.

It whimpered in despair.

The masters of the Sang family followed the \*\*\*\* smell in the air and came to the place where the little Rakshasa fell. However, they were annoyed to find that someone had stepped up first. They saw a carriage parked in front of the alley, and the driver jumped to the ground and wrapped himself in a coat. Little Rakshasa, hugged Little Rakshasa into the carriage.

The four horses used in the carriage were all high-class Maxima. They chased hard, but they caught up.

They blocked the carriage's way.

The guard dressed as a merchant said: "Hand over the person! Otherwise, you are welcome!"

"Pay... What are you paying?" Jinghong's younger disciple asked with a guilty conscience, he looked at the people around him, and said boldly, "This, this, so many people are watching, which one do you belong to? Stop my carriage to do it. what?"

The guard dressed as a merchant didn't want to talk nonsense with him, he stepped into the carriage, opened the curtain, and coldly took off the coat that covered the little Rakshasa!



Xiaobao stuck his tongue out at him.

Larry lol lol!

The guard's eyes sank: "Oops! It's a trick!"

Chapter 594 New small group pet!

The masters of the Sang family can certainly arrest the child and the driver in front of them, but they don't know Xiaobao and Jinghong, and they are not sure which way they are, and what is the relationship between them and the mastermind who robbed Xiao Luosha? If it's just casual servants and children, it's not a big deal to catch them.

The master of the Sang family did not expect that Xiaobao was the great-grandson of Sikong's ancestor, so he missed the opportunity to threaten the Sikong family in vain.

The masters of the Sang family spared no effort to hunt down the little Rakshasa, but unfortunately, they were tricked by Yu Wan again.

After a lot of tossing, Yu Wan has successfully returned to Mingshan with Xiao Rakshasa and a few others. Xiaobao and Jinghong went to the Lan family nearby, and were escorted back to Sikong's family by the Lan family's elder.

Yu Wan carried the blood-covered little Rakshasa to the yard of the old Cuitou. The old Cuitou was taking a bath when the door was kicked open with a clatter. Go go go go go... what are you doing! In broad daylight! Do you still have any sense of shame?!"

"No." Yu Wan said, strode into the house, put the \*\*\*\* little Rakshasa on the bed of the diagnosis and treatment, grabbed a piece of clothes and threw it to him, "The situation is very critical! It's gone!"

"You, you, you...you go out!" Old Cui took over the clothes, blowing his beard and staring.

Yu Wan pulled the screen and placed it between her and the wooden barrel. Then she opened Old Cui Tou's medicine box and cut off the clothes that had been glued to the little Rakshasa.

Old Cui Tou rarely saw Yu Wan look so serious. Knowing that it was a big deal, he immediately turned his heart away, his old face was smashed, and he came out neatly dressed!

When Old Cuitou saw that the injured person was actually a little baby under three years old, he was instantly stunned: "This... Where did the child come from?"

"Little Rakshasa." Yu Wan said.

Old Cui was stunned: "It...is the little Rakshasa?"

No wonder Old Cui Tou was so surprised. It was because the little Rakshasa had a fierce reputation. Although he lived with it in Chaoyang Hall, he didn't have the guts to go and admire its appearance.

Yu Wan cut off her clothes.

Old Cuitou took a closer look: "It's not badly injured."

The arrow on the back made Yu Wan break the body of the arrow, and only one arrow was left in its back. The hook on the pipa bone didn't dare to move, just hooked it so brightly that Old Cui's head hurt. I really don't know how this little thing got here.

"Is there a way to treat it?" Yu Wan turned her head and asked him.

Old Cuitou stroked his beard: "If an ordinary child was injured like this, it would have been lost long ago. I'm glad it's a Rakshasa. I still have a breath. I'll try it."

Yu Wan gave up her seat and attacked Old Cuitou.

Old Cui Tou first aimed at the iron hook on its pipa bone, and the hook hooked the bone, and only a genius doctor like Lao Cui Tou could be sure to take it out smoothly.

"Stopping the blood!" Old Cui Tou said.

Yu Wan poured the hemostasis onto Little Rakshasa's wound.

"Needle!"

"Medicinal wine!"

"Scissors!"

Yu Wan methodically handed the things to the old Cuitou, and the old Cuitou meticulously dealt with the wound in front of the little Rakshasa.

is followed by an arrow, which is more troublesome.

The arrow is barbed, and pulling it hard will bring out the flesh, but it cannot be pushed out from the chest, which will cause a second injury.

Old Cui Tou scolded: "Who did it!"

"Can you take it out?" Yu Wan asked.

Old Cui Tou snorted: "If you don't take it out, won't the signboard of my genius doctor be smashed?"

Having said that, it is by no means easy.

Old Cui Tou was busy for half an hour. Halfway through, Xiao Luosha woke up once and glanced at Yu Wan dizzily. Yu Wan held its small hand with one hand and stroked its forehead with the other, and said softly. : "Does it hurt?"

Little Rakshasa whimpered and fell asleep again.

Yu Wan frowned and said, "Is it alright when it passed out?"

"It's a Rakshasa..." There is nothing they can do. In this situation, they can only do their best to obey the destiny.

"All right!"

Old Cuitou collapsed on the ground after finishing the last stitch.

He was not tired, but frightened. The devil knows how tricky the arrow is. If there is a slight error, he will gouge out the little guy's heart.

Yu Wan called hot water, carefully wiped the uninjured areas, and put on a set of dry clothes for Xiao Luosha, which was still Xiaobao's.

Then, she took the little Rakshasa back to the house.

Ying Thirteen and the others didn't know that Little Rakshasa had returned to Chaoyang Hall. They were still searching for Little Rakshasa's whereabouts in Mingdu City, and three little black eggs walked in.

Little Rakshasa lay quietly on the bed.

The three little black eggs unconsciously lightened their pace and walked over on tiptoe.

Xiaobao whispered to Yu Wan: "Is little brother asleep?"

"Well, I fell asleep." Yu Wan nodded.

"Then we won't quarrel with him." Er Bao Mengmeng said.

Dabao gave a serious hum.

Yu Wan curved her lips: "Are you hungry? Mother asked the kitchen to cook something to eat?"

"I want to eat Fu Yuanzi." Little Baote whispered, lest it disturb his "sleeping" brother.

"I think so too." Erbao said more quietly than him.

Ok! Dabao said in his heart.

Yu Wan went to the kitchen and asked someone to make a few bowls of Fu Yuanzi.

The three little guys were in no hurry to eat.

Yu Wan said in surprise: "What's wrong? Aren't you hungry?"

Er Bao said sweetly, "We want to leave it to our younger brother."

Yu Wan's heart was melted, she touched their little heads and said, "You guys eat first, little..."

Yu Wan thought about her words, and in the eyes of the little black eggs that were clean and free of any impurities, she smiled slightly: "My little brother is going to sleep for a long time. When my little brother wakes up, let the kitchen make a hot bowl."

"This will be cold, and it won't taste good when it's cold." Er Bao was worried that his younger brother and elder brother would not understand what his mother meant, so he explained it very kindly.

"Yeah." Yu Wan nodded, "It won't taste good when it's cold, little brother has something to eat."

Besides, it doesn't seem to like this either.

The three of them obediently ate the Fu Yuanzi in the bowl.

At night, Ying Thirteen and Ying Six returned to Chaoyang Hall, and they were both startled when they heard the news that Little Rakshasa was injured.

"That little thing can still be hurt?" Ying Liu expressed inconceivable.

What's even more incredible is that it was actually carried back to her house by Yu Wan.

Ying Liu was dumbfounded: "Uh... Does the young lady know that it is a ferocious little evil? The young master has retreated, so the young lady is not afraid that it will go crazy and hurt her own people?"

The murderous little evil thing woke up early the next morning.

With such serious injuries, Old Cui Tou speculated that it would not be out of danger for at least three days, but as soon as it opened its eyes, it was able to sit up.

Yu Wan guarded it in the middle of the night, and fell asleep right now.

Little Rakshasa opened his big eyes, looked at the unfamiliar room, looked at Yu Wan who was lying beside him, and finally looked at the three little black eggs scattered all over the place, and opened his small mouth in astonishment.

Little Rakshasa looked left and right, his eyes fell on Yu Wan's slightly bulging belly.

seemed to sense something unusual, it crawled over curiously, staring at Yu Wan's belly without blinking.

Suddenly, Yu Wan's stomach moved.

Little Rakshasa jumped up in shock and jumped to the table half a zhang away, his feet hit the teapot, the teapot fell down, and then touched the teacup, the cup rolled a few times, and Little Rakshasa hurriedly went robbed, but there was still a "fish that slipped through the net" and smashed to the ground.

Yu Wan was awakened, opened her eyes abruptly, and found that the little Rakshasa on the bed was gone. She sat up and looked in the direction where the teacup fell, and saw the thin little Rakshasa shed half a sheet to avoid it. With the tea on the tablecloth, Jin Rooster stood on the table independently, holding two cups in his left hand, two cups in his right hand, and a cup in his mouth, looking confused and guilty.

Yu Wan let out a chuckle.

Little Rakshasa stood there blankly.

Yu Wan lifted the quilt and went to the ground, put on her shoes and walked towards it.

Little Rakshasa took two steps back in a daze, realizing that Yu Wan was still walking towards her, baring her teeth fiercely!

Yu Wan stretched out her hand and gently stroked its forehead: "It's not hot anymore, it's getting better soon."

Little Rakshasa's body froze.

Accidentally, the cup in his hand and mouth fell with a bang, it flew to grab it, but was hugged by Yu Wan.

Yu Wan said softly: "Don't move around, be careful to pull the wound."

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely!

Yu Wan looked at it tenderly.

Little Rakshasa is baring his teeth again!

Yu Wan still looked at it tenderly.

Little Rakshasa... Little Rakshasa bared his teeth, but he wasn't fierce at all.

Chapter 595 Invincible Little Rakshasa! Beat up the Sang family!

The cup fell to the ground with a bang, smashed into pieces, and the little black eggs were not woken up.

Yu Wan covered the three of them with a quilt and went to Lao Cuitou's house with Xiao Luosha in his arms.

Old Cuitou was getting dressed when the door of the room was suddenly pushed open. He staggered in shock and fell down from the edge of the bed.



He tugged at his pants with one hand and pointed at Yu Wan with the other, and said angrily, "You, you, you, you...you want me not to guarantee the evening!"

"I knocked on the door." Yu Wan said.

"Knocked with what? Eyes?!" Old Cuitou pulled his pants and stood up.

Yu Wan coughed lightly, yes, it's just her eyes, how do you know?

But you can't blame her, who knew that he didn't sleep on the bed in the inner room, but wanted to sleep on the Jane couch in the outer room? Isn't this unexpected?

Yu Wan said, "I'm here to change Xiao Rakshasa's medicine." This matter was urgent, and Xiao Rakshasa moved so hard just now that the wound was pulled, and some blood was oozing.

Old Cuitou ran into the back room to make some repairs, then pulled the curtains and came out, and said to Yu Wan angrily, "Put it up and I'll take a look."

Yu Wan put the little Rakshasa on the small bed in the diagnosis and treatment.

"The complexion is much better." Old Cuitou glanced at Xiao Luosha.

Mentioned this, Yu Wan smiled: "You didn't see it, it's already alive and kicking, otherwise how could it tear the wound?"

If you are injured like that, you can jump around all night, which is too heaven-defying.

Old Cuitou stepped forward and started to undress the little Rakshasa, but was bared fiercely by the little Rakshasa, the old Cuitou's old heart trembled, and his eyes widened: "I will heal you. , you still murdered me?!"

Little Rakshasa murdered him! Can be fierce can be fierce!

Yu Wan curved the corners of her lips: "I'll come."

Old Cuitou snorted and stepped aside: "You little thing with no conscience!"

When Yu Wan came to undress the little Rakshasa, the little Rakshasa also bared her teeth, but it was really not fierce at all.

Yu Wan untied Little Rakshasa's clothes and gauze. It had three wounds in total, two on the pipa's bone. The wound caused by the iron hook was not large, but it was very deep. It almost dug through its chest. This was the most fragile and easiest. Infected, but surprisingly, the wound has begun to heal.

"This, this..." Old Cui Tou was so shocked that he was speechless. He has been a genius doctor for so many years. It's not that he has never seen someone with a strong physique, but not so strong. With the medicinal materials in their hands today, this kind of injury will definitely happen. It was red, swollen and purulent, but this little thing was almost growing!

"The back...the back...the back?" Old Cuitou stammered.

Yu Wan hugged the little Rakshasa and turned around, exposing its back. It was this wound that was torn this morning. Because of the larger size of the wound, it was easier to tear, but it was all scabbed.

"What the \*\*\*\* is this little Rakshasa..." Old Cuitou spent his entire life amazed. He felt that he had discovered a miracle in the history of medicine, and he couldn't wait to give the little guy a pulse.

However, at this time, the little Rakshasa quit.

After being awake for so long, he didn't eat anything, he was hungry.

There were ready-made snacks in the room, Yu Wan took a plate for it, it took a bite and spit it out, Yu Wan then gave it another bottle of blood pills, it was holding the small bottle, serious ate.

When it was eating, it was much more cooperative, so Old Cuitou took the opportunity to give it a pulse.

"How?" Yu Wan asked.

"Try it yourself," said Old Cuitou.

Yu Wan pinched the little guy's pulse and said in surprise, "It's really okay."

Old Cuitou said: "Don't be too happy, it can recover so quickly, the Sang family's big Rakshasa will only recover faster than it. If there is a fight in the future, we can't be injured, and the injury will be over." In contrast, the speed of recovery of the Great Rakshasa is a bit terrifying.

Yu Wan tucked Little Rakshasa's messy hair behind her ears: "Wait until that day."

"Hey, you girl." Old Cuitou shook his head, not knowing whether to say she had a big heart or a good attitude, "Okay, it's recovering so quickly, half of it is old Cuitou's credit, and I have to continue. Medication!"

Yu Wan said amusedly: "I know, you are a genius doctor! The medicine will cure the disease, and the wonderful hand will rejuvenate!"

Thousands of wear and tear, but the flattery does not wear it, Old Cui Tou proudly went to dispense the medicine: "Wan girl, come here too."

"Hey!" Yu Wan responded, and said to the little Rakshasa who was squatting on the blood pill seriously, "You just wait for me here, don't run around, you know?"

Little Rakshasa doesn't know, and it doesn't understand human speech.

Yu Wanquan thought it understood, and went to the ear room to help Lao Cuitou dispense medicine.

Outside the room door, Qingyan and Yingliu exchanged glances after peeking for a long time, and they both saw the uncontrollable inconceivable from the other side's eyes.

Each of them held a black iron chain in their hands.

Yingliu whispered: "Is it really okay, Madam? If you don't tie it up, will it really not cause trouble?"

Qingyan rolled his eyes: "Didn't you say you couldn't attack a child?"

"Then I didn't expect it to be so powerful." Ying Liu saw that it looked like a child, so he took it as a child, but it turned out that this was not a child, but a murderous little killer! Although the Mummy Shadow Six has not seen it with his own eyes, it is not difficult to imagine it.

"Why don't we tie it up..." Ying Liu said cautiously.

Qingyan nodded in agreement.

The two made a gesture, stood up tacitly, grabbed the black iron chain and walked into the house step by step, when they got close to the little Rakshasa, the little Rakshasa was still eating what was in their hands seriously, and the two hooked proudly. Hooking the corners of his lips, he tied it to Little Rakshasa—

Yu Wan was dispensing medicine in the room when she suddenly heard the sound of iron chains and something seemed to fall to the ground. She hurriedly put down the herbs, opened the curtain and looked into the outhouse, and saw Qingyan and Ying Liu were tied to the ground by black iron chains. , Little Rakshasa rides on Qingyan's body, baring his teeth, his eyes are fierce!

Yu Wan looked at the iron chain on the ground and understood what was going on. She walked over, bent down and hugged Little Rakshasa.

It's strange to say that the little Rakshasa, who is so powerful that he can punch out a hole even on a hill, is so easy for Yu Wan to pick it up.

Qingyan, whose flesh and bones were almost crushed, was stunned.

"Stop tying it with chains." Yu Wan said to Qingyan and Yingliu first, and after that, she looked at Little Rakshasa, "Don't kill them anymore."

Little Rakshasa could not understand.

Xiao Luosha paused and bared his teeth at Yu Wan!

Yu Wan shook her head.

Little Rakshasa withdrew his murderous aura, jumped back to the bed where he was sitting, and continued to eat the blood pill.

Qingyan and Yingliu looked at each other, it...it understood that it couldn't be fierce towards them in the future?

The little Rakshasa changed his dressing very well. He didn't cry or make trouble. Although he was recovering very well, he was in pain, but he didn't seem to care, and he didn't even frown.

Maybe this kind of pain, it's used to it.

"Are you full?" Yu Wan asked it.

Little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan blankly.

Yu Wan bent down and touched its round belly: "I'm full."

Little Rakshasa was stunned for a while, and touched Yu Wan's belly.

Yu Wan's stomach moved.

It was the second time he moved. Little Rakshasa didn't react as much as before. It just looked at Yu Wan's belly and then looked down at his own.

Yu Wan poked its belly and said, "I have a little brother or little sister in my stomach, but you don't."

Little Rakshasa began to study his stomach.

Yu Wan laughed until she leaned back and forth, laughing enough, took the little Rakshasa back to the house, and cut his uneven hair that seemed to have been bitten by a dog. irritable.

Yu Wan had an idea and shaved it a little bald head, and now it finally stopped making trouble.

The three little black eggs also woke up. The first thing they did when they opened their eyes was not looking for their mother, but for their younger brother. Seeing that the younger brother also shaved his head and became just like them, the three of them were overjoyed.

After breakfast, the three of them took the little Rakshasa to play.

"Brother, brother, you are the youngest, you come first." Little Treasure put the big red cloth that should have been covering his eyes on Little Rakshasa's eyes, making sure that Little Rakshasa couldn't see, yes It said, "Okay, you can come and catch us! If you can't catch it, you-"

Before he finished speaking, the little Rakshasa swishly caught the three little black eggs hidden in different places!

Three little black eggs who don't understand how they got caught: "..."

"I, I, I... I saw a bird's nest on the tree." Xiaobao pointed to a tall and large plane tree and said.

The three little black eggs lit up their tree-climbing skills, but after only two steps, the little Rakshasa swooped on the branch and brought down all seven or eight bird nests!

Three little black eggs: "...!!"

The three went to fish again.

Erbao was lying on the shore, and his little hands reached into the water to grab: "Aiya! I caught it! Aiya! It ran away!"

The little fat fish swung its tail, and threw Er Bao with a face, and swam away.

The little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely, jumped up, and swept up to the surface of the water. His little hands dipped up in the water, and a pond of fish was dug ashore by it!

Little Fat Fish shivered: I offended one of your brothers, you need to kill all my nine clans...

...

On this side, when the little Rakshasa and the three little black eggs were playing with each other, the Sang family on the other side finally found the clues of the little Rakshasa.

The guard dressed as a merchant went to the study to meet the Sang family owner: "Patriarch, we have found the whereabouts of the little Rakshasa."

"Oh? Where is it?" Sang family master asked in a tone of voice.

"At Sikong's house!" said the guard dressed as a merchant.

Patriarch Sang's big palm was a single grip, and he said solemnly, "Damn the Sikong family, you have to intervene in everything! Didn't you tell you to be careful? Why did the Sikong family discover its existence?"

The guard dressed as a merchant lowered his head and said, "My subordinates don't understand what's going on. Obviously they are very cautious, and I don't know why they are being targeted by the Sikong family!"

Patriarch Sang said coldly, "With all the half-assed members of the Sikong family, can we still steal people from you?"

The guard dressed as a merchant said embarrassedly: "Subordinate... subordinate is in trouble when the tiger leaves the mountain."

"Trash!" The Sang family slapped the table with a slap!

He completely forgot that he had also fallen for the other party's plan to attack the west.

"Patriarch, what should we do next?" asked the guard dressed as a merchant.

The head of the Sang family glanced in the direction of the forbidden area: "King Rakshasa is about to be born, he raised this little thing carefully, and he kept it from us, it shows that he cares about it very much. Threatening him, the situation is probably not good for our Sang family."

"Then..." The guard looked carefully at the Sang family.

Sang Patriarch squinted his eyes and said, "You go to prepare the car, and I will go to Mingshan myself!"



At noon, the Sang family's carriage arrived at Sikong's house.

"Go and report, I want to see your head." The head of the Sang family lifted the curtain and said to the guard of the Sikong family.

In any case, he was Mrs. Sikong's father, and the Sang family guards didn't embarrass him much and passed it on for him.

Although the Sang family has ambitions, Mrs. Sikong is innocent. The family master of Sikong did not let her know about the grievances between the two families, so she avoided her and went to meet the family master Sang outside the gate of the Sikong mansion.

Patriarch Sang was still sitting on the carriage, and smiled indifferently: "What is the meaning of this, son-in-law? Don't you invite my father-in-law to sit in the house?"

Family Master Sikong said neither humbly nor arrogantly: "What's your father-in-law's opinion? Don't you have to get off the carriage and salute when you meet the City Lord of the Underworld?"

Patriarch Sang choked, a cold light flashed in his eyes, he lowered the curtain lightly, and stepped out of the carriage, but he did not salute Patriarch Sikong, but said arrogantly, "To be honest, I am here today to greet You Sikong's family want something back."

"Oh? What?" the owner of Sikong asked knowingly.

Sang Patriarch sneered: "You don't have to pretend, as the Patriarch of the little Rakshasa, wouldn't you know about it?"

"So the Sang family master admits that the Sang family made evil things privately?" Sikong family master even changed his title.

The Sang family master didn't care that he didn't call him father-in-law. After all, when it came to this, no one would believe it if the two families said that they didn't tear their faces. He said fearlessly: "What is the rule of the Ming family that does not allow the family to refine it? Blood Rakshasa?"

That's not... Really, the blood Rakshasa is the secret of Sikong's family, and no one expected it to fall into the hands of others. Therefore, the Sikong family only has ancestral teachings and no city regulations.

"You steal the secrets of the Sikong family, this is always punished!" The Sikong family leader said coldly.

Patriarch Sang sneered: "What evidence do you have to prove that the secret recipe belongs to your Sikong family?"

This... It really doesn't exist, it's still the same sentence, the blood Rakshasa is the secret of the Sikong family. Except for the people of the Sikong family, no one knows this secret book. Both sides insist on their own words. .

The Sang family master said slowly: "So, you have no evidence to prove that I stole, and I did not violate the city regulations, then please return the Sang family's Rakshasa to the Sikong family!"

The owner of Sikong also sneered: "What evidence do you have to prove that Rakshasa is in Sikong's house?"

"Do you dare to let me search?" said the head of the Sang family.

"You can also search for Sikong's family?" said the head of the Sikong family.

The head of the Sang family smiled: "Well, you are stubborn and insistent on occupying the things of my Sang family. My status is not as good as yours, and I can't disobey you. Why don't I invite the people of Mingdu to come and judge and see if I just need to fight. With the identity of the city owner, can you wantonly plunder the things of the major families?"

"You!" Sikong Patriarch was impatient.

Patriarch Sang threatened: "I don't mind telling the truth about your grandfather's forcible occupation of Saintess Lanyi back then."

Family Master Sikong's face turned green, and his fists were clucking.

His grandfather framed Saintess Lanyi's husband and tried to forcefully marry Saintess Lanyi. This was a stain that the Sikong family couldn't erase. In the past, this family would have been ugly, but now, the Sang family is clearly not pregnant. Well-intentioned, I want to take this opportunity to attack the Sikong family, so that the Sikong family can be squeezed out to become the new Mingdu City Lord. The Sang family is not a thing.

"What? Do you still have to think about it?" The Sang family head looked at the Sikong family head with a smile. There is a saying that Jiang is still old and hot, and he is his father-in-law, so how can he even deal with a kid like him?

Patriarch Sikong gave him a deep look and said, "I can promise you to see the little Rakshasa, but I have a condition."

"Oh?" The head of the Sang family raised his eyebrows.

"You can't force it," said the head of the Sikong family.

Sang Patriarch narrowed his eyes slightly: "What do you mean by this?"

"It means, if the little Rakshasa is willing to leave with you, we will never stop it, but if it insists on staying, you can't take it away!" Yu Wan appeared behind Sikong's patriarch at some point, and looked at Sang carelessly. The owner came over.

The mask on Yu Wan's face has come off, revealing her original appearance.

Isn't this the same face the saint wore that day? Patriarch Sang gave Yu Wan a thoughtful look. Although they had the same face, they felt completely different on the Saintess and Yu Wan.

Sang Patriarch felt as if he had seen this face somewhere: "You..."

"What am I? Didn't the Sang family come to look for the little Rakshasa?" Yu Wan interrupted his thoughts, "If you agree, I will let the little Rakshasa come out to see you, but if you don't agree, you just have to take all the people of Mingdu. Call, you said that Rakshasa belongs to your family, and I also said that it belongs to my family!"

Patriarch Sang suddenly realized something and said, "Little girl, you have the courage, you were the one who pretended to be the saint that day, right?"

"It seems that you don't want to see Rakshasa anymore, so say goodbye." Yu Wan didn't bother to talk to him about this, so she turned around and left.

Sang Patriarch stopped Yu Wan: "Wait, I promise you, I will never force it."

What are you kidding?

took down the Rakshasa, can this group of people still stop his high-level Asura King?

Yu Wan waved in the direction of Sikong's house.

A thin figure came over.

"Is this the little Rakshasa?" The Sang family murmured. It was the first time he saw the little Rakshasa. He only felt that the other party was more normal than he imagined. If he didn't feel its breath carefully, it would be difficult not to regard it as a An ordinary baby.

The Sang family master took the blood elixir. This was not an inferior elixir made by Yu Wan and the others using animal blood. It was a high-level blood elixir that even the ancestors of the Sang family could not resist. Small things would definitely be salivating.

As expected, Xiao Rakshasa smelled the aroma and saliva flowed out.

"Give it." The Sang family handed the blood pill forward.

Little Rakshasa sucked in his saliva and walked towards the Sang family master.

Patriarch Sang shook the bottle in his hand and coaxed: "Go back with me, this bottle is for you."

Little Rakshasa blinked and looked at the Sang family, and licked the corner of his lips.

In the next second, it stood on tiptoe, took the bottle, and sent the Sang family master flying with a fist!

This is the word count of two updates. Do you want to watch the plus update?

\*

Recommend Yuliang's new article "Be careful, my lord, I shoot you on the wall"

(Huan Chongwen, Shuangjie, one-on-one!)

There is a legend in the capital that the third princess, who has the title of the first beauty in Shuhe Kingdom, was put into a cold courtyard on her wedding night.

There is still a legend in the capital that the third princess was humiliated, her mind was damaged, and she was crazy, and even the second prince, who was a childhood sweetheart, could not tell the second prince, who saw the fifth prince and called the second prince, and saw the second prince and called the third prince——

The beauty queen who was busy counting the money sneered at the rumors.

Whoever made the rumors, greet his eighteenth generation ancestors!

What's wrong with selling the dowry? She wants to run away, why should she leave the valuables to others?

What happened to admitting the wrong person? The original Ye Qianyuan is dead, she is a modern person, who knows those princes of Luo Shizi!

Everything was well prepared, but the night of absconding was blocked by demons——

"It's very inconvenient for the princess to travel with a huge sum of money. Why don't I give you a ride, how about it?"

“...”

Chapter 596 Little Rakshasa and Rakshasa King!

Sang Patriarch's strength is equivalent to that of a fourth-rank Shura King, but he was sent flying by this little thing. Compared with why it called him, everyone seemed to want to know where their esteemed Patriarch was called. .

Patriarch Sang's body drew a graceful parabola in mid-air, everyone's eyes chasing after him, chasing after the person and turning into a dot, and then the little black dot disappeared.

So, what about the owner of the house?

The experts of the Sang family were stunned.

Qingyan and Yingliu, who were not far away, were also stunned. ?

"Young little... Is the longevity secret that the young master encapsulated in its body gone?" Ying Liu asked dumbfounded.

Qingyan nodded in horror: "I don't have much left to see."

Otherwise, how could one punch call people to the ends of the earth.

The masters of the Sang family originally came well prepared, but unfortunately, the unexpected situation of the Sang family leader messed up everyone's positions, and they became panicked instantly after losing their backbone.

The little Rakshasa looked at them with fangs, like a small cannon barrel, slammed into them!

I saw this group of masters who were all over the world being knocked out one by one. There was no one in the worst torture scene in history.

The dignified master, he didn't even have a chance to make a move, so he was hit so that his parents couldn't find it, miserable, really miserable!

Qingyan covered her eyes and couldn't bear to look directly.

At the end, when only the guard dressed as a merchant was left, the guard stretched out his hand solemnly: "Don't come here! I... I, I, I... I fly by myself!"

After saying that, he gave himself a slap and knocked himself away without hesitation.

The head of the Sang family was found on a distant tree branch by guards who came to look for him. When he was found, his clothes were all torn, and he was miserably tied to the branch by a vine. The child shone in the setting sun.

All guards: "..."

Did they pretend not to see or did they pretend not to see?

Patriarch Sang gritted his teeth and said, "What are you doing standing still? Why don't you get the Patriarch down soon?!"

Two daring guards got him down.

As a result, I also looked at the front.

What's worse, the Sang family owner saw that they saw it.

All guards: "..."

Is it too late to pretend to be blind now...

Sang Patriarch has lived for most of his life and has never been so humiliated. He not only suffered physical abuse and injury, but also suffered an unprecedented impact on his mind and heart.

These people who have seen him in decline must die!

But reason tells him that his masters have died too much, and they can't be wasted any more.

The Sang family master resisted the urge to run away, and under the blind eyes of everyone, he blushed and returned to the Sang family.

"Home... the head of the house." Li Guard dressed as a merchant limped into the house. The masters who were knocked away by the little Rakshasa today are still in the process of further searching and salvaging. Luckily, he came back lame.



Today, not only has he lost face in front of his subordinates, but he has also lost face in Sikong's house. Thinking of this, Sang's clan master can't wait to pass out. However, this also made him realize one thing, that is, the strength of the little Rakshasa is no trivial matter. If it can be used for its own use, it will definitely make the Sang family even more powerful, and if the little Rakshasa falls into the hands of the Sikong family, the Sikong family will have a bargaining chip to compete with the Sang family.

This little thing is so important!

Sang Patriarch's expression turned cold, and said, "Go and prepare, tonight, be sure to bring back the little Rakshasa for me!"

Li Guard hesitated: "If...you can't catch it?" That little thing is too strong, isn't it?

Patriarch Sang said with a gloomy look: "If you can't catch it, you will destroy it!"

"This..." Li Shiwei was shocked, "Let the ancestors know..."

The Sang family sneered: "How did the ancestor know? He is the Sang family, does he believe in the Sikong family or not in us?"

Guard Li paused: "Having said that, this subordinate still thinks it's a pity to kill the little Rakshasa."

Sang Patriarch looked at him coldly: "So just grab it! Don't force this Patriarch to kill it!"

Li Guards thought of another way: "Patriarch, why don't you wait for the ancestor to leave the customs, let him kill himself to the Mingshan Mountain, and \*\*\*\* the little Rakshasa back? He will not miss the old man's action."

The head of the Sang family said impatiently: "Don't you see that the little Rakshasa has been coaxed into obedience by the people from Mingshan? You let the old ancestor kill him, is the old ancestor killed, or is he a guest? "

"This..." Li Guards choked, they don't know what the relationship between the little Rakshasa and the ancestor is, but judging from the various reactions of the ancestor, he is very concerned about the little Rakshasa, if... the little Rakshasa He was really subdued by Mingshan, so will the ancestors be invited to Mingshan by Xiao Luosha as well?

The Blood Rakshasa Ancestor is their biggest bargaining chip to win, and they must not fall into the hands of the Sikong family, otherwise all their plans for so many years will be wedding dresses for others!

"Do you understand now?" Sang Patriarch looked at him and asked.

Guard Li clasped his fists: "Yes! This subordinate will bring someone to the Ming Mountain!"

"Wait." The head of the Sang family stopped him meaningfully.

...

That night, the Sang family's masters gathered again. Because of the importance of the matter, all the masters who went to the Sikong family this time were all King Shura who were not lower than the seventh rank. They all felt the shock of that coercion.

Family Master Sikong was negotiating with Sikong Changfeng about dealing with the Sang family in the study, when suddenly a powerful pressure surged from the surroundings, the air was condensed like a substance, and the two of them were breathing stagnant.

"What's going on?" The head of the Sikong family frowned.

Sikong Changfeng came to the door, looked at the boundless night, and said solemnly: "The master of the Sang family is here again."

The head of the Sikong family was furious and said, "Is the Sang family going to revolt blatantly?"

Sikong Changfeng murmured: "I'm afraid yes, the little Rakshasa falls into our hands, they can't wait."

The father and son left Sikong's house and came to the gate of the mansion. As expected, the masters of the Sang family were already waiting.

is headed by Li Weiwei, a confidant of the Sang family.

He rode on a high-headed horse and looked arrogantly in the direction of the Sikong family. When he saw the city lord of Mingdu and the eldest son coming, he did not dismount. Surrounded by an airtight carriage.

Sikong Changfeng said calmly: "What? Has your family master been found?"

The head of the dignified Sang family was beaten up by a little baby. This joke made Mingdu laugh for the first half of the year.

Guard Li's face became a little ugly. He grabbed the reins and said, "The person sitting in the carriage is not our owner, but someone you didn't expect."

Sikong Changfeng frowned and looked at the carriage together with the Sikong family.

Li Guard rode his horse to the side of the carriage, opened the curtain with a spear, and saw Sikong Yun was \*\*\*\* with five flowers in the dimly lit carriage, covered his mouth with a cloth, his eyes widened in shock and anger.

The head of the Sikong family changed: "Yun'er!"

Li Guard sneered: "Hand over the little Rakshasa, and I will return your son to you."

Family Master Sikong glared angrily: "He is the young master of your Sang family!"

Li Shiwei said with a sinister smile: "It's the son of your Sikong family! If you still want your son's life, you can exchange it for the little Rakshasa! I've only called a dozen times, and ten times have arrived, if you still can't see Xiao Luosha. Rakshasa, I can't guarantee that I will do anything to Young Master Ling."

The owner of Sikong was trembling with anger!

Despicable!

is too despicable!

Even the pro-grandson can use it without any ambiguity, it is really inferior to a beast!

Li Guard raised his finger and counted slowly: "One, two, three..."

"Uh-uh-" Sikong Yun looked at his father for help.

Family Master Sikong got angry and said: "The little Rakshasa is not in my hands! It is in the Mingshan Mountain. My son has offended the people in the Mingshan Mountain. They will not hand over the little Rakshasa in order to save my son!"

Li Shiwei said lightly: "That's your own business, and it has nothing to do with me. I only know that after ten times, your son's life may be gone... Four! Five!"

"Ten!" Sikong Changfeng said the last word for him, drawing his sword and stabbing Sikongyun in the carriage.

The owner of Sikong suddenly changed color!

Rao is a master of the Sang family and did not expect that Sikong Changfeng would suddenly attack his younger brother. Could it be true as the rumors say, the brothers have been at odds for a long time, and they both wished they could kill each other?

Sikong Yun was their bargaining chip. Before the family head of Sikong made it clear that he would give up on him, Li Weiwei would not allow him to have an accident for the time being. As soon as Sikong Changfeng drew his sword, he stopped counting, waved his spear, and talked to Chief Sikong. The wind crossed hands.

Family Master Sikong saw this and gave an order: "Give it to me! Kill them!"

The masters of the Sikong family are all in action!

A good coercion scene disturbed Sikong Changfeng, and the two sides fought fiercely. However, due to the disparity in strength, the chaos did not last long, and all the masters of the Sikong family were suppressed by the Shura king of the Sang family. .

"I count the last!" Li Weiwei's spear rested on Sikong Changfeng's neck, "...Ten!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the Sikong family reached out his hand and was about to say the word "slow". Unexpectedly, at this moment, a small lightning-like figure came galloping, leaving behind afterimages in the air, and slammed into Li Weiwei. .

Li Guards didn't even have time to scream, and fell to the ground with no blood in the stool.

The afterimage did not stop because of this, and was still swaying around at an unpredictable speed.

If it weren't for Li Guard's body falling down so straight, everyone would probably not believe that the afterimage was real.

"what--"

A seventh-order Shura king also fell.

This is the seventh order, the seventh order!

"what--"

Another seventh-rank Asura King fell. This Asura king had reached the peak of seventh-rank, and was only one step away from breaking through eighth-rank.

At this point, the masters of the Sang family all felt an unspeakable panic.

Suddenly, an eighth-order Asura King stepped forward!

A coercion that destroyed the sky and the earth was released from him, and the powerful internal force spread to the surrounding like a torrent. The Sikong family master had never felt such a terrifying power. Immediately, there was a pain in the chest, and blood flowed from the seven orifices. .

Sikong Changfeng not to mention, his ribs were crushed.

The masters of the Sikong family all fell down almost instantly.

The eighth-order Shura King, that is not much worse than the adult saint king, his strength can be imagined, the speed of the small figure has finally slowed down.

The eighth-order Asura King saw that he had successfully restrained it, smiled proudly, stretched out his palm, and slapped the little figure fiercely!

He's going to kill this little thing!

Everyone thought that the little Rakshasa would die, but the next scene made them all dumbfounded.

The palm of the eighth-order Asura King was indeed shot, and it also hit the little Rakshasa, but in the next second, the little Rakshasa was like a small cannon barrel, knocking out a hole in his indestructible body!

The eighth-order Asura King lowered his head in disbelief, looked at the big hole in his chest, and fell down with a bang...

Patriarch Sikong's legs were weak and he almost fell to his knees!

This is the eighth-order Asura King, almost infinitely close to the existence of the rumored Asura Holy Emperor, and it was solved with a single move in the hands of this little guy.

No, that's not a move.

It has no moves.

Patriarch Sikong touched the cold sweat on his forehead and swallowed, not knowing how to describe his mood at the moment. Fortunately, this little thing is not their enemy, otherwise...

The eighth-order Shura kings are all dead, and the masters of the Sang family are completely panicked, and they flee one by one.

Just when it was about to crush another high-rank Asura King, a sound similar to a low roar suddenly came from the direction of the Sang family, and an incomparably thick \*\*\*\* smell surged in the air.

Little Rakshasa's body slammed into the air, looking at the Sang family and making a whimper.

The low roar approached, the \*\*\*\* aura thickened exponentially, the black clouds in the sky were dyed red, and the surroundings seemed to be plunged into a sea of blood.

"What's going on?" Sikong Changfeng felt that he was out of breath.

The head of the Sikong family paled in horror: "Not good! It's the Blood Rakshasa... No, the Rakshasa King... The Rakshasa King is here!"

## Chapter 597 The Rakshasa King is here! Destroy the Sang family!

The first person to sense King Rakshasa's movement was the Sang family. As early as a few days ago, there were signs of a breakthrough in the blood Rakshasa, so he was extra careful. When he closed his eyes in the wing to recover from his injuries, he first felt the ground. With a shake, there was a suffocating \*\*\*\* smell in the air, and he knew that King Rakshasa was about to break through.

The blood pond and palace forged for Sang Qiuhan at that time were all made of ten thousand years of black iron, the hardest and most capable of suppressing the strength of the blood rakshasa. Originally ten successful powers, under the suppression of black iron, only less than 50% remained. Therefore, in order to break free from the shackles of the blood pool and the palace, he must possess the strength of the Rakshasa King.

But, how could King Rakshasa be able to practice it casually?

In order to help Sang Qiuhan, the Sang family racked their brains, did everything possible, and even did not hesitate to raise them with human blood. This time, they practiced the most yin and evil martial arts. After many years of hard work, they were successful in one day. The things that have not been recovered are put aside for the time being.

The Rakshasa King broke free from the black iron chains tied to his feet, destroyed the Xuantie Palace and the Blood Pond, and all the forbidden areas of the Sang family collapsed. The other Ming Mountains felt it.

Patriarch Sikong looked at the cloud of blood above his head, feeling the \*\*\*\* aura around him that was getting stronger and stronger, and frowned: "Oops, he is absorbing the blood of Mingshan Mountain!"

As soon as the words fell, all the masters of the Sikong family were surprised to find that their companions began to bleed from the seven orifices, and fine blood beads ooze out from the skin, as if they realized something, they looked at themselves again, and then, everyone broke out. Frightened cry.

Patriarch Sikong also felt that his blood energy was leaving his body little by little. At this moment, he did not care about self-protection, but took a big step and walked to Sikong Changfeng who was



supporting his body with a sword. He opened his big acupuncture point to protect his heart, and then he slapped Sikong Changfeng's back with a palm, and continuously injected his internal energy into his body.

Sikong Changfeng's rapidly escaping blood was relieved a little, but the price paid was huge. After a while, Sikong's patriarch became a \*\*\*\* man.

Sikong Changfeng looked at him in disbelief: "Father..."

"Don't talk!" Sikong's internal strength is still deep, but in front of the powerful Rakshasa King, it seems a little underwhelming. He almost tried his best to save half his life for his son.

Sikong Changfeng wanted to stop his father. This was a pointless sacrifice. He was just slowing down the speed of being sucked dry, and his father might have died for it.

Sikong's face gradually turned pale: "In the past, my father was so sorry for you, in the future, you will have to take care of yourself."

Is this your last words before you die? No matter how much he complained, at this moment, it seems to have disappeared. He is his father and the closest person in the world to him. It is because he failed to level a bowl of water between his two sons, but in the end He did not hesitate to sacrifice his life in order to save himself, Sikong Changfeng no longer complained, no longer hated.

"Father....."

"In the grievances between the two families, your mother is innocent. I don't ask you to treat her kindly. I just ask you not to embarrass her when you inherit the throne of the family in the future..."

"Father I..."

"Your brother is not a weapon, but he is your close relative after all. You discipline him properly on my behalf, and don't ask him to make mistakes again..."

After saying the last word, Patriarch Sikong was exhausted and fell to the ground with a bang.

There were also many masters of the Sikong family who fell with him, as well as the disciples in Chaoyang Hall.

Mingshan... has fallen!

Little Rakshasa swept up in the air, pointed in the direction of Sikong's house, and fluttered his teeth and claws: "Gurgling, screeching..." I don't know what to say.

Chaoyang Hall, the three little black eggs were sucked up by the huge internal force.

Little Rakshasa called out a few times, swooped over, and grabbed the little black eggs floating in the air.

"Gurgling, screeching!" Little Rakshasa jumped!

Yu Wan was also sucked into the air.

The little Rakshasa pulled Yu Wan down again. Then, it looked in the direction of the Sang family, akimbo, and continued to murmur. I really didn't know what to say, but it was so angry!

In the little Rakshasa's murmur, the figure of King Rakshasa finally appeared.

The blood cloud in the sky seems to have condensed into a real blood jade, and the river at the foot of the Mingshan Mountain is almost blood red. The Rakshasa King is wearing a wide robe of demon red. Blood-colored serum.

His appearance is definitely not good-looking, although due to his strong skills, he still retains a black hair after a lot of years, but his skin is as white as a ghost, his face is interlaced with blue veins, and his eyes are blood red and sunken. The blue sky looks a little scary too.

The only one who is used to his appearance is probably the little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa rushed towards him when he saw him!

He stretched out his fingertips with black nails and pointed in the air. The blood around him instantly condensed a three-foot-wide blood path in the air. Little Rakshasa jumped too fast and fell, hitting several times on the blood path. Xiao Gun, Kankan stopped in front of him.

Then, the little Rakshasa started its performance.

It pointed at the masters of the Sang family, and gestured to draw a bow and arrow, it fell to the ground, and gestured to take out a hook, it fell to the ground again, its head tilted, its eyes rolled, and its tongue stuck out!

The masters of the Sang family were shocked!

Before they could explain, the Rakshasa King moved his fingertips, and their blood was drained.

King Rakshasa condensed their blood into a black-red blood pill and threw it into the hands of the little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa held the blood pill and played with satisfaction.

Sikong's family and Chaoyang Hall's people breathed a sigh of relief. Forgiving them for being fools also saw that Xiao Rakshasa was on their side. King Rakshasa was from the Sang family, but he didn't say anything to avenge Xiao Rakshasa. The master of his own got rid of it, which shows how much he cared about the little Rakshasa. The little Rakshasa was their friend. If he wanted to come to the Rakshasa King to see the Buddha's face instead of the monk's face, he would not embarrass them.

What no one expected was that before their breath was over, King Rakshasa took action on Mingshan.

Little Rakshasa jumped up, opened his arms, and stood in front of the Mingshan Mountain, preventing the Rakshasa King from attacking the Mingshan Mountain, but this time, the Rakshasa King did not do what he wanted.

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely at him! If you want to move Mingshan, you will step over from it!

King Rakshasa didn't even lift his eyelids, he waved his big hand, and the little Rakshasa disappeared.

He naturally won't hurt Little Rakshasa, but he won't allow Little Rakshasa to stop it. "

In the Chaoyang Hall, Qingyan, who was evacuating his disciples from the Mingshan Mountain, felt the murderous aura of King Rakshasa, and was so angry that he beat and scolded: "Oh, this lunatic! He he he... he shot again!"

Old Cuitou hid on the table: "Xuanxuan Xuanxuan... Xuan Tie! Don't you have that kind of Xuan Tie?"

"Yes, Xuan Tie!" Qingyan strode back to the house and took out the Xuan Tie weapons prepared earlier in the morning, but before they could be shot, all the weapons shattered into a puddle of powder.

This is ten thousand years of black iron. It can be crushed into this with just a little internal force. What kind of perverted existence is King Rakshasa...?

Before he could come up with an answer, Qingyan was sucked out by a huge suction force.

"Qingyan!"

When he passed Yu Wan, Yu Wan quickly grabbed his arm.

The internal force also fell on Yu Wan's body without any accident. Seeing that she was about to \*\*\*\* the blood energy from Yu Wan's body, Yu Wan's stomach suddenly moved, and the pressure of the Holy King burst out, and the internal force was released. blocked back.

Rakshasa King was stunned for a moment.

"Saint... King..."

An unpleasant and hoarse voice, with a rusty tone, as if a monster was whispering.

King Rakshasa's coveted gaze fell on Yu Wan's stomach unabashedly.

The holy king is a great tonic for the blood rakshasa, especially when he is the queen of the rakshasa, the blood of ordinary people can no longer enhance his skill, and Yu Wan's pure yin blood is good, and the blood of the holy king in her stomach is worth it. It can at least raise his skill to another level.

The Rakshasa King decisively put aside his grievances with Ancestor Sikong, and reached out his hand and grabbed the chubby little girl.

However, just as he grabbed it, a small figure flashed over!

He grabbed the little Rakshasa.

Xiao Rakshasa faced down, stretched out his head, and looked at him cutely from under his crotch.

King Rakshasa frowned and threw the little Rakshasa away again.

But when he grabbed Yu Wan for the second time, the little Rakshasa rolled back again.

He looked at the little Rakshasa who was caught in his hands again, and finally got angry.

Chapter 598 Nine brothers are here, the ancestors are out!

The Rakshasa King roared at the little Rakshasa, used his inner strength to pick up a black iron chain, tied the little Rakshasa upside down and hung it on a branch.

Little Rakshasa shook his head down, and finally he could no longer be a demon.

Little Rakshasa can't come out to make trouble, and the Rakshasa King can let go of his hands and feet to deal with Mingshan.

Before he became the Rakshasa King, Sang Qiuhan was not a kind person. After so many years of perverted cultivation, he had already cultivated himself into a monster that was neither human nor ghost. How could he have any compassion in his heart?

Everyone could feel the murderous aura in his eyes. Regarding the grievances between Sang Qiuhan and Ancestor Sikong, the masters of the Sikong family and the disciples of Chaoyang Palace knew a little bit about it, but they didn't know that King Rakshasa was from that year. Sang Qiuhan, Yu Wan and the others knew about it, so they were even more desperate.

Qingyan scolded: "He's planning to wash Mingshan with blood... What a lunatic!"

Blood-washing the Nether Mountain is the second step, and getting the Holy King is the first step now.

The Rakshasa King lifted it lightly with one hand, and Yu Wan's body flew towards him.

Ying Thirteen pulled out the black iron chain and entangled Yu Wan's ankle. Ying Thirteen firmly grabbed the other end of the black iron chain. Upon seeing this, Ying Six rushed over and grabbed Xuan Tie with him. chain.

Qingyan and Yuehook rushed over at the same time, and all the disciples of Chaoyang Hall tried their best to grab the black iron chain.

Old Cuitou stuck out a head from under the table: "This, this... can this hold it?"

Grandma stood in front of the window and shook her head solemnly.

If      can hold it, he is no longer the Rakshasa King.

The Rakshasa King and the Blood Rakshasa are just a few words apart, but their realms are thousands of miles apart. The power of the Rakshasa King, let alone their group of fledgling boys, is the supreme martial arts ancestor Sikong, and they may not be his opponents. .

The Rakshasa King is an existence that is difficult to die. There is only another Rakshasa King who can kill the Rakshasa King. Is there a second Rakshasa King in the underworld? the answer is negative.

"Hey! Don't stop talking, and you're still pretending to be slaughtered by others!" Old Cuitou made his grandmother's despairing expression make his heart skip a beat, and he said disobediently, "I, I... Isn't there a lot of masters?"

Grandma said: "You said that you are in retreat, or are you not in retreat?"

Grandma's words made Old Cuitou shut up.

Their most powerful strengths have all gone through retreat and breakthrough, and it is also the time when the blood rakshasa of the Sang family will pick, and catch up with the breakthrough at this juncture.

A mere black iron chain was nothing to the Rakshasa King. The Rakshasa King snorted disdainfully, and with the movement of his fingertips, the black iron chain broke into pieces.

"Ah—" Yu Wan, who lost her restraint, hurried towards the Rakshasa King.

Everyone wanted to rush up to save Yu Wan, but no one could move.

The coercion of the Rakshasa King is really terrifying!

Rakshasa King's claws aimed at Yu Wan's stomach.

Xiao Luosha covered his eyes!

Yu Wan also covered her eyes!

...No, what is she doing with her eyes covered? This guy is obviously aimed at the fetus in her womb, she should cover her stomach!

Yu Wan covered her stomach, but it was of no use. The claws of the Rakshasa King were definitely not something that a mere weak woman could contend against.

Are they really going to die at the hands of this bastard?

King Rakshasa's breath suddenly enveloped Yu Wan.

Yu Wan closed her eyes in despair, and finally called out, "Yan Jiuchao—"

An icy aura pierced through the air like a sharp blade, directly hitting the Rakshasa King's eyebrows, tearing a hole in his coercion!

The Rakshasa King raised his eyebrows, grabbed Yu Wan's hand, and flicked the breath with his fingertips. He didn't use much effort, but Yu Wan was sucked by another powerful internal force. past.



Yu Wan fell into a familiar embrace, a manly scent that belonged to him alone, mixed with a faint orchid scent and a faint medicinal scent, Yu Wan's heart instantly calmed down.

"Yan Jiuchao..." She looked at him, the scene just now was really dangerous, no matter how calm she was, she was scared into a cold sweat, but all this disappeared in the moment of seeing him, as long as he was here, No matter what she does or not, or what she will face, she is fearless.

"You're out of the customs." There was a hint of grievance in her voice unconsciously.

Yan Jiuchao said coldly: "It's so loud, you won't be able to cultivate if you don't get out of the gate."

Yu Wan burst into tears.

Yan Jiuchao hugged Yu Wan and fell back to the ground. Under the powerful Wei Ya of King Rakshasa, his movements were still smooth and graceful like a fairy.

"Wait for me here." Yan Jiuchao put Yu Wan down.

"Yes." Yu Wan nodded obediently.

Yan Jiuchao flicked his broad sleeves, tapped his toes, and leaped onto the roof in the air, standing on the corner of a raised eaves, fixedly looking at the Rakshasa King who landed on the opposite eaves.

looked at each other, and an astonishing murderous aura erupted in the air.

The Rakshasa King's scrutiny eyes fell on Yan Jiuchao's face. Yan Jiuchao's body exuded the breath of longevity, and his realm was not low. Rao was locked in the forbidden area of the Sang family. The Rakshasa King also knew that there was only Sikong in the whole Sikong family. Ye has mastered the longevity formula alone, but Sikong Ye is not a young boy in his early twenties.

"You...not...is...si...kong...ye?"

After being a mute for many years, the ability of the Rakshasa King to speak has deteriorated sharply.

"Of course I'm not." Yan Jiuchao said lightly.

In front of the Rakshasa King who could destroy the entire Hades with a single fist, Yan Jiuchao's reaction was too calm, and even the Rakshasa King himself was a little incredulous.

Little Rakshasa heard Yan Jiuchao's voice, took away the little hands covering his eyes, and screamed at King Rakshasa!

The Rakshasa King didn't look back at it, but just hit an internal force with his backhand to seal its dumb hole.

Little Rakshasa's mouth was still croaking, but there was no more sound.

Rakshasa King said domineeringly and slowly: "Si...kong...ye..."

Yan Jiuchao said arrogantly: "After so many years, your skills have not improved much, Sikong Ye doesn't want to see you!"

King Rakshasa was angry, and a terrifying coercion pressed towards Yan Jiuchao.

Yan Jiuchao urged the longevity formula and blocked it back without changing his face.

"Young... young master he..." Ying Liu widened his eyes in surprise.

Grandma said: "He broke through the eighth level."

This is really unexpected. The Ghost King spent half his life trying to train the longevity art to the sixth level, but Yan Jiuchao broke through the second level in just ten days. This is simply a miracle. Not to

mention that he is still so young, even Sikong Ye took decades to break through to the eighth level. Mamma believes that if Yan Jiuchao is given a few more years, he may really become the one who defeats the Rakshasa King. Existed, but...not now.

Yan Jiuchao's tendons suffered a huge wave of destruction, but he didn't show any strangeness on his face.

He said domineeringly: "You pick me up with three palms. After three palms, if you can still stand here intact, I will let you see Sikong Ye."

Qingyan worried: "What do you want to do in the Nine Dynasties? Not to mention three palms, just thirty palms, and King Rakshasa will be fine..."

Yan Jiuchao continued: "Dignified Rakshasa King, won't you be able to catch my three palms? If you are afraid of losing, just say it!"

Rakshasa King hooked his index finger at Yan Jiuchao angrily, as if to signal him to do something.

"First palm!"

Yan Jiuchao moved his wide sleeves and released a sharp and powerful palm.

The Rakshasa King didn't take a kid in his eyes at first, so he didn't use much skill to resist, but when the opponent's palm fell on him, the Rakshasa King's eyes seemed to pass a trace of surprise.

This palm, even if it didn't hurt him, did hurt him.

"Second palm!" Yan Jiuchao didn't hesitate at all, and immediately hit the second palm. This time, the palm was three times more powerful than before, and King Rakshasa's body was really shaken.

A tendon was broken.

Although it is only a small muscle, it is beyond the Rakshasa King's expectations.

This is like thinking that the other party was an ant, but it turned into a young eagle and pecked him to the point of bleeding.

I want to kill him, drain his blood, and train him into a blood pill!

Yan Jiuchao rubbed his wrist, looked at him indifferently and said, "Third palm, I won't be merciful anymore, you have to be careful."

Although the ants have turned into young eagles, they are only young eagles. It is not so easy to hurt King Rakshasa.

Rakshasa King looked at Yan Jiuchao fearlessly.

Yan Jiuchao stretched out his arms, swept into the air, and looked down at King Rakshasa: "As I said, this palm is a very powerful one, you'd better take it carefully."

"Humph!" The Rakshasa King was full of disdain.

Yan Jiu tickled the corner of his lips and moved aside, revealing the white-robed man who was standing behind him at some point.

Sikong Ye flew up and slapped the king Rakshasa's heart with his palm!

Chapter 599 The witty ancestor! Little Rakshasa!

This palm was fast, ruthless, and unexpected, and King Rakshasa tasted the fate of underestimating the enemy almost effortlessly. Those who witnessed this scene widened their eyes.

What should they say?

King Rakshasa was attacked? This wave of operations is too awesome?

"This...this is too treacherous..." Qing Yan couldn't bear to look directly, co-authoring was rubbing the IQ of King Rakshasa on the ground.

"What do you know? It's called a soldier who never tires of deceit!" Ying Liu Yu Yourong said, the young master is always right, and everything is right!

Qingyan rolled his eyes, thinking of something, and then stared at Sikong Ye who was aloof and said: "By the way, did the ancestor break through the ninth level? Can he deal with the Rakshasa King?"

The ninth level of Longevity Art, in terms of realm, is not much different from that of Rakshasa King, but there will be differences in specific strengths of one good and one evil.

The Rakshasa King practiced evil arts, and he made himself into an evil creature that was neither human nor ghost. Under the same realm, the evil creature was much stronger than the master, but this kind of power was not without a price, after the war, the backlash that evil creatures endure will be much more terrifying than that of masters. In other words, when both of them are exhausted, Sikong Ye can still use his moves to make a final counterattack against King Rakshasa, but King Rakshasa is almost impossible to resist.

This is one of them, and the other is that in the future, King Rakshasa will have more difficulty than Sikong Ye in improving his realm.

Of course, the first and second things are for later, and there is no master of the same realm who can consume the evil things to the end, because they are often killed by the evil things before that.

Today was doomed to be an accident, because a certain Rakshasa King underestimated his enemy, and he was injured by Sikong Ye. In this way, the Rakshasa King's innate advantage in the practice method was gone, and the strength of the two was basically equal. Let's see if King Rakshasa killed Sikong Ye with a quick knife, or if Sikong Ye exhausted his oil lamps by his ability.

Another wave of high-level Asuras from the Sang family rushed over, but unfortunately, with Yan Jiuchao present, no one could get close to Mingshan.

In the duel of masters in this realm, just the collision of internal forces is enough to destroy the entire Mingshan. In order to prevent the Mingshan from being affected, Sikong Ye led the Rakshasa King to a high place and fought him fiercely.

The three little black eggs were fished into the house by Old Cui Tou and hid under the table.

The three were dishonest, and they were scrambling to sneak out. Old Cui head hurriedly held him down. Old Cui said with a headache: "What kind of children are these? Didn't you see it outside like this?"

"Mmmm (fourth sound)!" Dabao struggled to climb out.

Old Cuitou grabbed him with one hand, and soon Erbao also crawled out. Old Cuitou had to free up his other hand to hold him, and when there was little treasure left, he had no hand: "You, the surnamed Qiu, are Help me!"

Grandma sneezed!

The duel between the two peak masters, aside from the risk of life and death, the fight itself is extremely exciting. Since the annihilation of the Wu clan, the Sikong family has never produced a master of the ninth-level longevity art, not to mention the blood rakshasa. People in Wumingdu have never even heard of it, so let's not talk about what they saw with their own eyes.

This is a visual feast!

Many people secretly swallowed their saliva, saying that they would have no regrets if they saw this once in their life.

"You said... who will win?" Ying Liu asked in a low voice, the two of them have already tried hundreds of moves, but they still can't see who has a better chance of winning, "Isn't the Rakshasa King of the Sang family injured? Can you fight like that?"

Qingyan sighed: "That's an evil thing. Haven't you heard the word that the Tao is one foot tall and the devil is one foot tall?"

Yingliu pouted and said, "It seems that he is from the Central Plains."

Qingyan said slowly: "I'm not from the Central Plains, but I am more literate than you."

"Cut~" This time, the shadow changer rolled his eyes.

Shadow Thirteen decisively changed positions, standing between Shadow Six and Qingyan.

Qingyan glanced at Ying Thirteen indifferently, do you need to protect Xiao Liu like this? When no one looks like an old man!

"Moon Hook!" Qingyan raised his arm and put it on Moon Hook's shoulder.

Yuegou glanced at Qingyan lightly: "I'm not used to you."

The disgusted Qingyan: "..."

Yu Wan looked at the two who were fighting in mid-air for a moment, and murmured, "Grandpa, you must not lose..."

lost, with the fierceness of King Rakshasa, none of them could survive.

King Rakshasa called at Sikong Ye with a palm, and Sikong Ye swiftly avoided him. On one side of his body, he gave him a palm from a very tricky angle. This time, King Rakshasa did not underestimate the enemy and took it seriously. .

Sikong Ye suddenly looked behind King Rakshasa: "Nine Dynasty, attack him!"

King Rakshasa turned his head suddenly.

But where are there nine dynasties and ten dynasties?

Si Kongye slapped the Rakshasa King on the shoulder with a palm, and the Rakshasa King suffered and was knocked back dozens of steps.

King Rakshasa was angry, and charged towards Sikong Ye roaring.

Sikong Ye suddenly stretched out his hand: "Hold on! We can't fight like this! Do you still remember the promise you made with me?"

Covenant... fixed?

Sikong Ye said sternly: "You promised me, have you forgotten?"

He... promised... yes... he... what... what?

Sikong Ye moved his two fingers, and there was a black pill on the tip of his two fingers: "You said that anytime I take it out, you will promise me something."

Rakshasa King looked at Sikong Ye strangely.

"If you don't believe me, see for yourself and see if you can remember it." Sikong Ye lightly threw it to King Rakshasa.



The Rakshasa King took the pill in his hand, looked left and right, and heard a bang, the pill exploded!

King Rakshasa was blown up, his face was blackened, and his hair was burnt.

Sikong Ye sneaked past with another palm, and the sneak attack was successful again.

Yu Wan could see that King Rakshasa was using his skill to fight, but her great-grandfather was using his brain to fight. If the two of them had blood on their heads, then after being attacked so many times, King Rakshasa's blood was slashed. It should be half off.

So, where is the absolute strength gap? The tactics are good, and the opponent can't find the north in the same fight!

Of course, this is also based on the premise that Sikong Ye's realm is high enough. If he were someone else, King Rakshasa would be able to crush him with a single pressure.

"Nine Chaos, attack him!" Sikong Ye looked behind King Rakshasa again.

Replay? King Rakshasa said he would never be fooled!

As a result, Yan Jiuchao slapped his back with a palm.

King Rakshasa who was attacked again: "...!!!"

The Rakshasa King was completely furious, and he used his ultimate move, only to see him rise into the sky, spread his arms, palms up, and condensed two hurricane-like murderous auras.

Everyone thinks that he has been attacked so many times, and that he will be seriously injured, and that defeat is only a matter of time. How could he have expected such a powerful skill? Sikong Ye, who had been with him for a long time, couldn't help showing a solemn expression.

Although \_\_\_\_\_ was incredible, he had to admit that Sang Qiuhan was not the defeated general who could easily be dealt with before. His realm and strength were enough to make Sikong Ye treat him differently.

If everything Sang Qiuhan did was just to make Sikongye really notice him, or even fear him, then he did it.

Seeing the traces of blood gradually emerging in the air, Sikong Ye sank his face: "Sang Qiuhan, don't be impulsive, the grievance between you and me is the matter of the two of us, and it has nothing to do with the disciples of Mingshan. It has nothing to do with the people of Mingdu. If you want to fight, I will fight with you. Let's find a place where no one is around and have a hearty fight! Fight until you are satisfied! I have nothing to say about life and death!"

King Rakshasa did not speak, but his eyes gave his answer.

Back then, when King Rakshasa was still Sang Qiuhan of the Sang family and Sikongye's companion, he wanted to have a hearty battle with Sikongye countless times, but it was a pity that Sikongye didn't give him this chance at all, and Sikongye disdained him. Hand in hand!

Even if they exchanged opinions once or twice every now and then, Sikong Ye was very perfunctory, but Sikong Ye didn't even look at him!

A martial arts genius like him, in the eyes of Sikong Ye, is not even qualified to be looked at!

If \_\_\_\_\_ said those words to him decades ago, he would have responded ecstatically, but now, the person who is not qualified to negotiate conditions is Sikong Ye!

The Rakshasa King's inner strength was shocked, and a blood mist filled the sky over the entire Underworld. This was the blood energy from the people of the entire Underworld, which was being sucked into the air by the Rakshasa King little by little. Drain it, and Mingdu will completely become a dead city.

Mingshan suffered the most, and some disciples had already passed out due to excessive blood loss.

"Jinghong!" Yu Wan looked at the little disciple who fell in front of her, and hurriedly fed a blood coagulation pill into his mouth, but this was only a drop in the bucket, and the efficacy of the blood coagulation pill was far behind that of his blood loss. speed.

Sikong Ye said coldly: "Sang Qiuhan, you can't do this! It's not because I'm afraid of you, but because you were not my opponent before, and you won't be in the future! If you are wise, stop quickly, otherwise I won't give it to you. Live!"

Rakshasa King You said fearlessly: "Let... the horse... come over... come..."

Si Kongye's eyes narrowed, and he took the longevity formula to the extreme, and used his internal strength to draw a sharp blade: "Nine-level longevity formula, you are optimistic."

Sikongye's blade of inner strength attacked King Rakshasa fiercely. Just as King Rakshasa flicked his sleeves to resist, Sikongye fired another hidden weapon, catching up with his own sharp blade that condensed Sikongye's strength. He slammed into a corner and missed the Rakshasa King. With a swish turn, he stabbed the little Rakshasa who was hanging upside down under the branch.

This is the Nine-layered Longevity Technique, once the little Rakshasa is hit, there is absolutely no possibility of surviving.

And the Rakshasa King also used most of his strength to resist, and his internal strength was also evacuated by most of it, and there was no way to condense the internal strength enough to block this sharp blade in such a short period of time.

Little Rakshasa opened his eyes wide in horror.

Yu Wan didn't expect her great grandfather to come, so she took a deep breath and held her breath.

Rakshasa King's remaining internal strength is not enough to launch offense and defense, but it can stimulate Qinggong. At the critical moment, he dodged under the tree and blocked Sikongye's fatal blow with his flesh.

The internal force of Longevity Art had invaded the Rakshasa King's body, and exploded like ice flowers in his veins and internal organs. The Rakshasa King spat out a mouthful of blood, the pressure was exhausted, the blood mist gradually dissipated, and his momentum was gone!

Little Rakshasa cried when he saw King Rakshasa who was vomiting blood!

The Rakshasa King flew up, broke the black iron chain, and carried the little Rakshasa to perform light work and left the Mt.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Qingyan said: "Did we win?"

Yu Wan stared blankly at the direction in which the little Rakshasa left, but did not speak.

"If King Rakshasa doesn't die for one day, the Underworld will never have a peaceful day." Sikong Ye fell back to the ground and looked at the direction where King Rakshasa left. He really broke through to the ninth level, but Sang Qiuhan was not. , He forcibly improved his skill and broke through to King Rakshasa, but his realm was not stable. Rao was unstable, and he had to use deceitful methods to defeat him. It's hard to hurt him again.

How to say something?

Take advantage of your illness and kill you!

"Grandpa, where are you going?" Yu Wan called and asked Sikong Ye, who was also planning to use Qinggong to leave.

"I'm going to kill King Rakshasa, and now he's seriously injured, it's a good time to do it!" Sikong Ye is not a kind person, and he will feel pity and let him go because he is seriously injured. He understands better than anyone else. King Rakshasa is no longer the original Sang Qiuhan. He has no humanity anymore. When he recovers, the first thing he will do is to destroy the Mingshan Mountain. By then, many people will die.

"Grandpa... Grandpa, too..." Yu Wan failed to stop Sikongye.

King Rakshasa was seriously injured, and it was not difficult to catch up with Sikong Ye's light work.

About half an hour later, Sikong Ye stopped the Rakshasa King who was vomiting blood near the forbidden area of Sang's house.

Sikong Ye smashed the Rakshasa King to the ground with one palm.

King Rakshasa fell some somersaults on the ground, and the little Rakshasa in his arms rolled out.

"Sang Qiuhan, what are you doing wrong? You have to make yourself into a blood rakshasa. If I don't kill you today..." Sikong Ye didn't say anything after that. He and King Rakshasa knew each other very well. If King Sha does not die in the hands of Sikong Ye today, the entire Underworld will be destroyed in the hands of King Rakshasa in the future.

Si Kongye urged the longevity formula, turned his internal strength into a blade, and stabbed the Rakshasa King fiercely in the heart.

Unexpectedly, at this moment, the little Rakshasa rushed over and lay on the body of King Rakshasa——

Chapter 600 Choice, Little Rakshasa's life experience

"Grandpa! Don't—"

Yu Wan's screaming voice suddenly sounded behind him, Sikong Ye heard the voice of the little great-grandson, and understood the appeal in her words, but unfortunately, the move was already out, and it was too late to withdraw it, so he chased after him with internal force and hit him. The distance is too close, and the two internal forces may be plunged into the body of the little Rakshasa.

Sikong Ye couldn't, so he had to hit his arm with a palm, the sharp blade deflected, and wiped it against the back of the little Rakshasa's head.

The sharp blade hit a hundred-year-old banyan tree, and the big tree, which was difficult for several people to hug, collapsed with a loud bang.

Yu Wan's legs are going to soften, such a powerful longevity formula, fortunately did not fall on the body of the little Rakshasa, otherwise it must have died.

Yu Wan walked over and wanted to see how Little Rakshasa was, but was stopped by Sikong Ye.

Sikong Ye grabbed her wrist: "Don't go there, it's dangerous!"

Yu Wan said: "Little Rakshasa is not dangerous."

Great Rakshasa was also almost injured by your great grandfather. At this moment, he is suffering from the backlash from the practice, and he is powerless to deal with himself.

Children are always like this. They don't listen to the old man. Sikong Ye can kill the Rakshasa King if he wants to, but he can't even keep his face up to his little great-grandson. He shook his head and said helplessly: "Why are you here?"

As soon as 's voice fell, Sikong Ye saw Yan Jiuchao who was walking towards him in a hurry.

It's right to think about it, it's not this kid, who has the ability to bring a fat girl to catch up?

Little Rakshasa seemed to be afraid of Yan Jiuchao, and the moment Yan Jiuchao appeared, the little hands that were going to pull Yu Wan back were all pulled back.

It jumped back into the arms of the Rakshasa King who had fallen to the ground, stuck out half of its small head, revealing a pair of big eyes like copper bells, and stared at the three of them.

Its vigilant and scared look made Yu Wan sigh, Yu Wan looked at it and said softly, "Don't be afraid, it won't hurt you."

Little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan with normal eyes, but when his eyes touched Yan Jiuchao, who had sealed his inner strength, and Sikong Ye, who had injured Rakshasa King, he became extremely vigilant and fierce.

"This little thing is quite fierce." Sikong Ye said.

Yu Wan glanced at it and said to Sikong Ye: "It's very good, before my grandfather and Yan Jiuchao left the customs, Dabao Erbao and Xiaobao almost killed the blood rakshasa, and it saved us. , and once on the street, Xiaobao let the hair thief kidnap him, and it was also that he subdued the hair thief and rescued Xiaobao."

The process of uniforming Yu Wan did not go into details.

Otherwise say it, it \*\*\*\* up the blood and energy of the human being, and the grandfather should worry that it is an evil thing and stop himself from getting close to it.

Sikong Ye didn't expect this kind of experience to happen again, and when he looked at Xiao Luosha again, there was a layer of scrutiny in his eyes, and he said with a complicated expression: "Even if it really did that, it is always an evil thing. "

Yu Wan paused and said, "But evil things... also have feelings, don't they?" Today's matter, I am afraid that all people with discerning eyes will see it in their hearts. King Rakshasa was injured to save the little Rakshasa, and the little Rakshasa was injured in order to save the little Rakshasa. Don't let Grandpa kill

the Great Rakshasa, and don't care about his own safety. How many people in the world can be so affectionate? Sometimes a person is not as good as a Rakshasa.

Si Kongye shook his head: "They are both Rakshasa, so naturally they cherish each other, but our lives are worthless in Rakshasa's eyes."

Yu Wan understands that Grandpa is for their good, so even though she doesn't agree with Grandpa, she doesn't fight with Grandpa, but turns to look at the Rakshasa King who is enduring the backlash from internal force, and asks, "Little Rakshasa is you. Who? You protect it so desperately, is it your son?"

King Rakshasa was silent.

The little Rakshasa blinked. Although he didn't understand it well, he understood that Yu Wan was talking to the Rakshasa King. It looked at Yu Wan and then at the Rakshasa King, tilting its head, as if wondering why Luosha was here. Why did King Sha ignore her?

"Isn't it?" Yu Wan captured the subtle expressions on King Rakshasa's face.

The Rakshasa King was imprisoned in the forbidden area of the Sang family. If he passed the Ming Road and got a son, he would not let the Sang family notice, but Yu Wan would feel weird.

When a woman gives birth to a child, there will be movement, and when the child is born, there will be a sound. How much ability can she hide from so many eyes of the Sang family.

"Blood... pond... come... people..." King Rakshasa could no longer express himself very fluently. He stumbled and said a lot of words. Yu Wan guessed it, and made a rough idea of the little Rakshasa's life experience. .

The Sang family is prosperous. There are many house owners and many servants. Some of them are servants of the Ming Dynasty. These people do not know the secrets of the forbidden area. Home forbidden.

Among them, there was a maid who was a sweeper in the courtyard of King Rakshasa.



That maid was confused. She didn't know which man she would be pregnant with. She planned to use an abortion pill to hide it from the sky, but she didn't know that she didn't abort the fetus. When she was in the seventh month of her pregnancy, her belly could no longer be hidden. , She wrapped a quilt and rolled down the steps. She wanted to knock the child to death, but the fetal gas really moved. She was born prematurely, but the child was alive.

Fortunately, the child was small and the cry was weak, and it coincided with the thunder and lightning, which covered up the child's cry.

Afterwards, in order to deal with the trouble at hand, the maid threw the child into the blood pool.

She knew that there was an evil creature living in the pool, and if the child was thrown into it, he would most likely be killed if he didn't drown.

But in order to keep her secret, she couldn't take care of it so much. She abandoned the child ruthlessly and prayed that it would be best left behind.

When Blood Rakshasa found it, it was almost drowning, but as long as there was still a breath, the blood was fresh.

Blood Rakshasa wanted to drain its blood, but the child suddenly grabbed one of his fingers, opened his mouth on his body, and found something to eat.

Maybe it was because he was a little soft-hearted at that moment, maybe it was because he was locked in the forbidden area for too long, and the blood rakshasa was a little lonely. The only way to keep it alive is to turn it into a blood rakshasa.

If a blood rakshasa is so easy to cultivate, it is not a blood rakshasa.

Over the years, the Sang family has tried many times to refine new blood rakshasas, but unfortunately it failed.

The kid succeeded.

It survived tenaciously.

Of course, it is not excluded that the blood rakshasa voluntarily used his own blood to feed it. This condition cannot be met by the Sang family, so no new rakshasas can be cultivated.

As for why the Blood Rakshasa did not let the Sang family know about the existence of the little Rakshasa, the Rakshasa King did not say.

Yu Wan guessed that Rakshasa Wang was a little stupid, but subconsciously she could understand that the Sang family had always been malicious. At that time, the blood rakshasa had not broken through and could not leave the forbidden area. If the little rakshasa was taken away, he would not be able to chase the little rakshasa back.

"If the Sang family got the little Rakshasa, what would they do to the little Rakshasa?" Yu Wan looked at Sikong Ye.

Sikong Ye said thoughtfully: "It depends on what the Sang family plans to do, someone like Sang Qiuhan who makes a rakshasa by himself... It's too rare, if the Sang family gets a little rakshasa, they can use its blood to try it out. To feed more rakshasas, you can also directly dig its inner elixir to turn a top master into a very powerful blood rakshasa, or, turn itself into a more powerful blood rakshasa, the last one, under the circumstance that it is obedient. But when I look at this little thing, it does not seem to be at the mercy of others."

Therefore, once the little Rakshasa falls into the hands of the Sang family, the consequences are unimaginable. In this way, Yu Wan can easily understand why the Blood Rakshasa is so anxious to break through to the Rakshasa King. He is worried that something will happen to the little Rakshasa. ...

Little Rakshasa was just an ordinary child at first, and King Rakshasa didn't kill it. It can be seen that he still has a little conscience, but his obsession and killing thoughts are too heavy, so let him reform his face from now on and be a better man. It is also unlikely that an honest person will not be a disaster for Mingdu.

Sikong Ye sighed: "Awan, I can not kill this little one, but I absolutely cannot keep Sang Qiuhan, but even if he still has the last trace of his conscience, he is still too dangerous."

I don't know if I felt Sikongye's murderous aura again, and the little Rakshasa turned over and lay on the body of King Rakshasa.

Its meaning is obvious, no one is allowed to hurt the Rakshasa King, it does not have too strong a view of right and wrong, it grows in the darkness, the Rakshasa King is the only one who accompanies it through the endless darkness, perhaps in its heart , King Rakshasa is its father.

"Good, come here and take you to find your brother." Yu Wan tried to coax the little Rakshasa over.

Little Rakshasa does not move.

Yu Wan turned over her pockets and took out one of her favorite blood pills: "Give it to you."

Little Rakshasa didn't move, it just lay on King Rakshasa's body, never leaving him for a moment.