

Toddler 601

Chapter 601 Best of both worlds, cute little buns

In the face of such a small thing, even Sikong Ye is hard-hearted, let alone he is not.

Si Kongye frowned, hesitated for a while, then winked at Yan Jiuchao, motioning him to take the little Rakshasa away.

Yan Jiuchao has the ability and the will, but obviously Yu Wan does not agree to do so.

Yu Wan is a very talkative person in most cases, and respects Yan Jiuchao's decision, but this does not mean that she does not have her own perseverance. Similarly, Yan Jiuchao seems to be domineering and unreasonable, but she never really gave it to her. Yu Wan was uncomfortable. Yu Wan didn't care about his domineering, and what Yu Wan cared about, he had always been accustomed to her.

If not, the two of them would not be here at this moment.

"Grandpa." Yu Wan thought of a way to get the best of both worlds, called Sikong Ye aside, looked at the little Rakshasa who couldn't understand her words, and lowered her voice, "If King Rakshasa's martial arts are useless, is he still alive?"

Sikong Ye glanced at his little good-grandson: "Do you want to ask, can he live after his martial arts is abolished, or can he continue to do evil things?"

Yu Wansan smiled: "Ask all, all ask!"

This little girl is too perfunctory to flatter, Sikong Ye shook his head helplessly, and said, "He has become a Rakshasa King and has already broken through the limit, even if his martial arts are gone, as long as the blood pill is still there, he will not There is a life-threatening worry. As for doing something wrong, that's basically impossible."

Yu Wan opened her mouth: "That is to say..."

Sikong Ye said with a light smile, "I haven't finished speaking yet."

"You said it!" Yu Wan looked at him solemnly.

Sikong Ye turned his head, looked at the fallen Rakshasa King, and said to his little good-grandson: "Sang Qiuhan and I are also old acquaintances, he was my companion for reading for many years, and then he left the Sang family, how many times we met again. After dealing with him for more than ten years, based on what I know about him, this matter is probably a bit tricky."

"Why?" Yu Wan asked.

Sikong Ye said: "Didn't you hear that kid from Sikong's family say that Sang Qiuhan is a martial arts idiot?"

That kid from the Sikong family... Are you talking about the master of the Sikong family?

Yu Wan's mouth twitched: "I have heard a sentence or two."

Sikong Ye looked at the mountains that fell into the night and said: "A martial arts idiot without martial arts is like a musician without his hands and a dancer without his feet. This is more uncomfortable than killing him. Instead of torturing him like this, it is better to give him a happy."

Yu Wan was silent.

After a long while, she said: "Isn't there a little Rakshasa? He has to take care of it, where would he be willing?"

Sikong Ye turned his head to look at the Rakshasa King who had been looking this way: "I don't want to let me say it, why don't you ask him in person, if he agrees to be abolished by me, I will spare him not to die. "

Yu Wan didn't have to ask specifically. Although she spoke with her great grandfather in a low voice, with the power of King Rakshasa's ear, she couldn't hear her. Yu Wan just stared at him for a moment, as if waiting for him to give her. Come up with an answer.

Little Rakshasa didn't understand why Yu Wan turned to look at King Rakshasa again, and he also looked at King Rakshasa with **** eyes, full of innocence and ignorance.

"You don't think about yourself, but also think about the little Rakshasa. If you are gone, what will you do with it? It is an existence that cannot be tolerated in the world. If you abandon it, who will treat it with sincerity?" Yu Wan After all, I added a sentence in my heart with incomparable guilt, I will take it, I will take it!

On the face of her, she wouldn't let the Rakshasa King see anything different, not to mention that even if she swore to say it, would the Rakshasa King really believe it? He couldn't even trust the Sang family, let alone a foreigner?

Rakshasa King looked at Xiao Rakshasa, and then at Sikong Ye. Just as the heaven and man were fighting in his heart, the Sang family leader came with a group of masters.

"Old Ancestor!" He rushed to King Rakshasa in shock, held him up, and stared at Yu Wan and his group, "With me here, you can't even think of hurting Ancestor!"

"It's up to you?" Yu Wan glanced at him and the masters behind him, not her boasting, but the high-level Shura Kings of these people, Yan Jiuchao can deal with alone, not to mention the great grandfather.

Sang Patriarch snorted coldly: "Since I dare to come, naturally I have my reasons!"

After saying that, he snapped his fingers, and saw the masters behind him spread out to both sides, and a burly guard came over, holding a young and beautiful woman in his hand, not Zi Yan, who else?

Patriarch Sang gave the guard a wink, and the guard lifted the strip of cloth tied to Zi Yan's mouth, Zi Yan choked and said, "Awan! They arrested the Patriarch!!!"

The head of the Sang family said: "I know, you belong to the Sikong family and the Lan family. You won't disregard the life and death of your second grandmother, will you? If one of my ancestors and I fail to return to the Sang family on time today, I promise that you will My second grandmother will die horribly!"

Yu Wan said indifferently: "First Sikongyun, then Lan Qin, besides threatening people, do you have any other skills?"

Patriarch Sang said with a smile: "I don't have much ability, it's just useful. I only gave them a stick of incense, and it's already halfway through. If we don't go back, you're afraid it's too late. Of course, you can also take a gamble. Kill us, and then go to Lan Qin, I don't know... whether your actions are fast, or the speed of my men killing people is fast. "

This is a **** old thing!

Yu Wan has spent half her life on him!

How despicable a person can be, so that he can be used by grandchildren and even women and children who have no grudges? The Lan family... It doesn't seem like I'm sorry for the Sang family at all, right? It is said that Rakshasa has no humanity, but the guy who really destroys his conscience is clearly here!

Yan Jiuchao came over and gently held Yu Wan's clenched fist, without even looking at the Sang family, and said to King Rakshasa: "The Lan family is never threatened, even if the Lan family is dead, they will die properly. Now It's not whether we want to save the Lan family, but whether you want to let go of yourself. Your son has a life-saving grace for my wife and children. If you insist on leaving today, I will stop Grandpa for you desperately; if you are willing to stay , abolish the martial arts, I will find a solution for Lan's affairs."

Yu Wan looked at Yan Jiuchao movingly.

Yan Jiuchao said softly, "I won't let Grandma Lan have an accident."

Yu Wan nodded: "I believe you."

He has never let her down. He said that if there is a way, then there must be a way. Now, it is indeed the choice of King Rakshasa himself.

King Rakshasa clenched his fists.

Yan Jiuchao said again: "Don't think that you are gone, I won't be able to kill you in the future, I only promised to let you go once, but I will never let you go a second time."

"What an arrogant tone!" The Sang family head was disdainful.

The Rakshasa King finally chose to leave with the Sang family.

Little Rakshasa was also taken away by him.

Little Rakshasa was lying on the shoulders of King Rakshasa, looking at Yu Wan with baba, her eyes were a little red.

Yu Wan pursed her lips and looked at Sikong Ye: "Grandpa..."

Si Kongye looked at the direction where King Rakshasa was leaving, shook his head, and sighed: "Forget it, I don't blame you, it's his own choice, I hope he doesn't regret it."

...

said that after the owner of the Sang family brought people back to the Sang family, he immediately arranged a clean and luxurious courtyard.

The head of the Sang family pushed open the door of the upper room and said with a pleasing smile: "This is the yard prepared for the ancestors early in the morning, and the servants clean it every day, just wait for you to leave the customs and then check in, you can take a look, but it is still in your heart.?"

King Rakshasa didn't say a word, just brought the little Rakshasa into the house.

Little Rakshasa looked around curiously.

The owner of the Sang family still doesn't know the origin of the little Rakshasa, but the appearance of the little Rakshasa doesn't look like the King Rakshasa, and it is probably not his own. Could it be that those subordinates have fed the children into the blood pool and let the ancestors support them? ?

Looking at the appearance of the ancestor, it seems that he did not intend to explain the details of the little Rakshasa, and the Sang family master did not ask much.

Guru~

Little Rakshasa growled.

The head of the Sang family suddenly remembered that he let this little guy fly with a punch, just for a bottle of blood pills, he restrained his displeasure, and a smile appeared on his face: "Little son is hungry, I'll go give it now. It's ready to eat."

The Sang family head personally went to get the blood elixir for the little Rakshasa.

After he left the house, King Rakshasa cut his fingertips and fed the little Rakshasa a drop of his own blood.

When the head of the Sang family returned to the house, he happened to catch a glimpse of this action, and became more and more certain that the little Rakshasa grew up with the warmth of the Rakshasa King.

No wonder so powerful...

Sang Patriarch put the blood pill on the table.

In the past, when little Rakshasa got a good thing, he just put it in his mouth, but this time it was different. He sat there obediently and looked at the Rakshasa King cutely. After a small glance, he nodded at him.

Little Rakshasa then jumped to the ground holding the blood pill, but the first one was not given to himself, but to King Rakshasa.

We haven't seen each other for a few days. Little Rakshasa has changed a lot.

It seems... no longer like a little evil raised in a blood pool.

Rakshasa King's eyes moved slightly.

The Sang family has never seen the little Rakshasa in the past, so naturally he won't notice its changes. He just thinks that this little thing is a little clever and sensible. The little evil thing? It's puzzling!

"Old Ancestor." The Sang family master didn't forget the business, he took out another bottle of blood pills in his arms, "This is not an ordinary blood pill, it is for your healing, you take them, within three days, you will be gone. But if you recover, then we will be able to kill Mingshan and Sikong Ye. It will be a shame for you! And that little girl, she is carrying the Holy King. If you **** the blood of the Holy King, It will definitely increase in power!"

When the head of the Sang family said these words, he did not forget to observe his words. He noticed that when he proposed to kill Sikongye, the killing intent of the Rakshasa King's eyebrows was not as serious as before, but when he said that he had sucked the holy king's When the blood was full, King Rakshasa's brows were even slightly wrinkled.

Didn't the ancestor hate Sikong Ye the most, and wanted to improve his skills the most?

Why is his reaction so weird?

The little Rakshasa on the side has selected the blood pill, it jumped to the ground, and da da da grabbed two empty bowls, one big and one small, the big blood pill was put into the big bowl, the smaller one was put into another small bowl, and then It pushed the big bowl in front of the Rakshasa King and ate the blood pill from the small bowl.

Eat whatever you have, and even rush to eat it. This is the survival rule taught by the Rakshasa King to the little Rakshasa, so it would never leave him anything, let alone such a good one.

"Old Ancestor, Old Ancestor!" The head of the Sang family found that Old Ancestor was distracted by the little Rakshasa.

"I...want...rest...you...go out." King Rakshasa said in a deep voice.

"But..." Before the Sang family could finish speaking, King Rakshasa slapped the fan out, and even closed the door.

Xiao Rakshasa glanced at the closed door, flashed past with a knife, and inserted the latch!

The Sang family master who was blasted out was so angry that he could see that King Rakshasa went up to the Mingshan Mountain, and he no longer wanted to crush Sikong Ye, but if Sikong Ye didn't die, how could he destroy the Sikong family? How to sit on the seat of the city lord of the Underworld City?

"What the **** is Mingshan? How come one or two were bought by them?!"

Patriarch Sang wanted to get angry at King Rakshasa, but now he dared? Do you have the guts? The Rakshasa King... is no longer the blood Rakshasa who was imprisoned in the forbidden area!

The head of the Sang family returned to his yard angrily!

He will think of a way, there must be a way!

In the house, the little Rakshasa gnawed on the blood pill, and the Rakshasa King began to perform exercises to heal his wounds.

He sat cross-legged on the bed, mobilized his inner strength, and swam in his dantian and tendons.

He used to practice in the courtyard of the forbidden area. When the little Rakshasa was sleepy, he would huddle up and lie down alone at the foot of the bed.

That night, the little Rakshasa was sleepy again, but instead of lying on the foot of the bed, he climbed onto the lap of King Rakshasa, sat in his arms, yawned, and fell asleep sweetly.

In the dark night, King Rakshasa opened his eyes.

He is not a normal person, so naturally he will not raise children normally. Little Rakshasa is afraid of him. Except for saving him just now, he has never been close to him, and he has never been close to it.

He looked at the sleeping little Rakshasa in his arms, hesitated for a moment, slowly raised his arm, and stiffly... hugged it.

Chapter 602 A sensible little black egg, a fierce little Rakshasa

In Chaoyang Hall, the three little black eggs are also going to bed. With Sikongye's help (destruction) and help (disabled), they finished eating and taking a shower. Sikongye looked at his little masterpiece with satisfaction and wrapped the towel in his bath. The three little black eggs that turned into little silkworm chrysalis didn't even have the strength to roll their eyes.

I wrapped a bath towel over thirty times. Did the old ancestor take them, or did they bring the old ancestor?

Also, they are three years old, not three months, do you need to wrap them up like Aunt Yanran's little brother?

The three little black eggs were wrapped tightly like newborn babies. Sikong Ye happily carried the three of them to his own room, and let someone grab Yanran's son's cradle and put the three eggs into the cradle.

...Fortunately, the cradle is big enough, otherwise it would be impossible to squeeze it!

The three said they don't sleep in the cradle, they sleep in the bed, the bed, the bed!

"Good." Sikong Ye smiled and shook the cradle, waiting patiently for them to fall asleep.

Three Little Black Eggs sighed like a little adult, and I am really tired of such an old ancestor who can't take children on the stall!

The other person was made to cry by Sikongye's "Spicy Hand Destroys Flowers", so the three of them were so sturdy and easy to carry that they were wrapped like a zongzi in the cradle, and they fell asleep in a daze.

Si Kongye looked at the sleeping little fat eggs, raised his eyebrows, and said, "I just said that I am very good at taking care of children!"

Sikong Ye stared at a few little guys for a moment, and the more he looked, the more he liked it. Suddenly, he thought of the little son of the Lan family, and shook his head arrogantly. He was not as cute as his little great-grandson, and he thought of the little Rakshasa of the Sang family. , that little thing is quite...

No no no, what is he thinking! Does he actually think other people's children are as cute as his own great-great-grandson? How could he think so? ! Obviously his little great-great-grandson is the cutest and invincible in the world!

The invincible and cute little black eggs snorted, Sikong Ye covered the three of them with quilts, and then left the room. He planned to wash up, but he met Yu Wan in the corridor.

Si Kongye said in shock: "Awan? You haven't slept so late? Are you worried about Dabao and the others? Don't worry, I will take care of the children! They are already asleep."

The little black eggs wrapped like zongzi and covered with winter quilts have successfully woken up...

"It's not that." Yu Wan said, "I just wanted to ask about the Rakshasa King. Just let him go and wait until he recovers, will it become difficult to deal with?"

Sikong Ye said slowly: "If it weren't for the little Rakshasa, you and the children would have died long ago, so what's the point of killing Sang Qiuhan? This is what we owe the little Rakshasa from Mingshan, and it should be returned to him. As for the matter between me and Sang Qiuhan, that is the grudge between the two of us, but according to my observation, Sang Qiuhan cares so much about the little Rakshasa, as long as it is there, it can stop Sang Qiuhan from not moving you."

Yu Wan shook her head: "I'm not worried about ourselves, but about you, Grandpa."

Si Kongye patted Yu Wan on the shoulder and smiled dotingly: "What should I worry about? Awan thinks too much."

"Are you sure you can beat the recovered Rakshasa King?" Yu Wan asked.

"It doesn't matter if you can fight or not." He met Awan, saw Awan's child, and died without any regrets, "Okay, it's getting late, you hurry back to your room to rest, I'm going to rest too. ."

"Yeah." Yu Wan nodded and walked to her own room. After walking a few steps, she stopped, turned her head to look at Sikong Ye and said, "I didn't have time to tell you before that your daughter and granddaughter are still alive. You haven't seen them yet."

Sikong Ye frowned and walked out of the yard!

Yu Wan was taken aback: "Grandpa, where are you going?" Didn't you want to rest?

Sikong Ye said with great ambition: "I think, I can still practice!!!"

...

said that the Sang family head returned to his house angrily after being kicked out of the Rakshasa King's courtyard.

After Li Guards died in the line of duty, a confidant surnamed Huang accompanied the Sang family master.

The yellow guard stepped forward and said, "Patriarch, calm down."

The owner of the Sang family sat on the chair: "How can you let me calm down? When I became a Rakshasa King, I turned my face and didn't recognize anyone. I think he forgot his surname is Sang, and he belongs to the Sang family!"

He was in a fit of anger, but Huang Guard did not dare to answer.

"What happened to Mingshan?" The Sang family's brows were wrinkled.

Huang Guards did not participate in the attack on Mingshan, but he was not far away when the incident happened. He saw the whole process in his eyes, and combined with their experience of arresting Xiao Rakshasa, he clarified the ins and outs of the incident almost instantly: "This... I'm afraid it has to start from the time when the little Rakshasa left the forbidden area without authorization. After it left the forbidden area, it should have gone up to the Mingshan Mountain. After living in the Mingshan Mountain for a few days, the group of people coaxed it into obedience, and our people will arrest it. After arresting it, it was injured, and it should be the people from Mingshan who healed it."

"Shit luck!" The owner of the Sang family gritted his teeth.

Guard Huang continued: "When King Rakshasa attacked Mingshan, his subordinates saw with his own eyes the little Rakshasa rescued the woman and three children in Mingshan from his hands, and the subordinates thought that the crux of the matter was in the little Rakshasa. !"

Patriarch Sang said coldly: "That old man, who didn't practice properly in the forbidden area, actually secretly raised a little Rakshasa! He is obviously an evil creature, but he has to learn to be a human being, which is laughable!"

The yellow guard nodded in agreement.

The head of the Sang family said thoughtfully: "You are right, the crux is indeed on the little thing, that little thing protects Mingshan, and the Rakshasa King will not kill Sikong Ye for a day. The Sang family has already torn apart with the Sikong family on the bright side, Sikong Ye will not die, we will be the next to die."

Huang Guard hurriedly said: "What the head of the family said is very true, Sikong Ye is protecting the Sikong family, but the ancestor...but may not protect us, after all...we hurt the little Rakshasa, and the little Rakshasa also told the ancestors. It's like."

Patriarch Sang said with remorse: "If I had known this, it would have been better not to catch that little guy in the first place!"

Huang Guard said: "How can you blame the head of the family? If you want to blame it, you can blame the people in Mingshan. The head of the family had a perfect plan, and that little thing would definitely die. It was the people of Mingshan who saved it, and that's how it got there. I have the opportunity to complain to the ancestors."

The surname Huang has no other ability, but it is smooth to flatter.

Guard Huang continued: "In my opinion, the people in Mingshan did it on purpose, they wanted to use the little Rakshasa to alienate the relationship between the patriarch and the ancestor. In this way, without the support of the ancestor, Mingshan would be able to go smoothly. Kill us!"

These words speak to the heart of the Sang family. He doesn't believe that there are so many useless good intentions in the world, whether that girl, Yan Jiuchao, or even Sikong Ye are all playing on the scene, they are human, how can they Treat a little evil with your heart?

Huang guard asked worriedly: "Patriarch, what should we do next?"

Sang Patriarch said lightly: "Naturally, it is to pull the old ancestor back to our camp."

"What if...you can't pull it back?" Huang Guard asked.

Sang Patriarch smiled incomprehensibly: "Then don't blame me... Turn around and don't recognize people!"

The next day, the sky was bright.

The little Rakshasa woke up in a generous embrace, it opened a pair of eyes that were much larger than ordinary children, and looked around, it first saw itself lying in the arms of King Rakshasa, and then found it. He was covered with a small blanket.

In order not to wake it up, the Rakshasa King maintained this posture all night without changing, the thin blanket was neither thick nor thin, just right.

I have to say that when it comes to raising children, the cold-blooded Rakshasa King, who is clearly a demon, is much more talented than Sikong Ye, who is full of love.

Of course, he was only more talented than Sikong Ye, and compared with Aweiyan Jiuchao, it was still a whole distance away from Mingshan Mountain.

Little Rakshasa slept beautifully and woke up refreshed!

The owner of the Sang family also got up early. When he came to deliver medicine and greetings to King Rakshasa, King Rakshasa was drinking water with the little Rakshasa.

The little Rakshasa took a small wooden spoon and placed a bowl of cold water in front of him. It scooped a spoonful of cold water and handed it to the mouth of the Rakshasa King.

Youqian's deeds of letting blood pills come first, King Rakshasa thought that this sip of water was fed to himself first, so he opened his mouth and drank it.

Little Rakshasa was stunned.

Little Rakshasa looked at the empty spoon, jumped up, stood on the stool, akimbo, and shouted "jili, quack, quack".

Especially fierce! ! !

It was so excited that the little beads of sweat came out!

Confirmed that King Rakshasa understood, it sat back on the stool, scooped a spoonful of cold water again, and handed it to King Rakshasa's mouth.

King Rakshasa blew expressionlessly.

Little Rakshasa drank it contentedly.

"Ancestor." Outside the house, there was a pleasing voice from the Sang family, "I'm here to greet you, and by the way, I'll bring you the wound medicine."

King Rakshasa flicked his sleeves, and an internal force knocked down the latch.

Sang Patriarch walked in with a bottle of medicinal pills in his hand with a big smile on his face.

King Rakshasa thought it was an ordinary wound medicine, but when he smelled the smell emanating from the medicine bottle, his eyes suddenly stopped.

Chapter 603 Invincible Brave, Black Egg and Rakshasa!

King Rakshasa is not a doctor, but when he was a companion in Sikong Mansion in his early years, he learned a bit in various fields, so he has come into contact with a lot of medicinal herbs. The basic acuity is still there. This bottle of pills is not the ones he has eaten before.

Rakshasa King's face instantly turned cold, looking at the Sang family head bowing in front of him, a powerful coercion radiated out.

Patriarch Sang had a pain in his back and soft knees, and knelt down involuntarily. He understood that the ancestor recognized the difference in the medicinal pills, but he was not panicked. , this is a wound medicine newly developed by the pharmacist in the house. It can not only quickly treat your internal injuries, but also moisten the lungs and replenish qi, remove dampness and relieve pain. You have been practicing in Xuechi for many years. sequelae."

This is quite true. The dark and humid environment all year round did leave some illnesses on Rakshasa King's body, but this kind of illness was nothing to martial practitioners, and Rakshasa King never took it to heart. .

The head of the Sang family was concerned, and for nothing else, he wanted to pull the ancestor back to his own camp through his filial piety and filial piety.

The Rakshasa King was naturally suspicious, but no matter how sincere the Sang family owner was, he still threw an elixir to the Sang family master, so that the Sang family master could test the medicine by himself.

The Sang family shook his head and sighed, picked up the medicine pill on the ground and ate it.

The Rakshasa King waited for half an hour to make sure that the Sang family master was not poisoned, so he poured a wound medicine and took it.

The Longevity Art was originally a technique for restraining the Gorefiend, but he had to break through to King Rakshasa. Otherwise, he would have been killed by Sikong Ye.

King Rakshasa has used his gong for a while. Although he has not fully recovered, his condition is much better than yesterday.

The Sang family, who was protecting the Dharma of King Rakshasa, was secretly amazed. When he rushed to the vicinity of the forbidden area last night, he saw King Rakshasa so wounded and thought that the other party would definitely die. Unexpectedly, in just one night, he has already recovered half of it.

Although the wound medicine he presented to King Rakshasa was good, it was not enough to have such miraculous effects. It seems that the legend of King Rakshasa possessing an immortal body may not be just a legend.

When the little Rakshasa didn't see the bright red scenery outside, he let it stay in the blood pool and it could stay there, but now it's not the same. It left his sight, and finally, Little Rakshasa couldn't sit still, grabbed King Rakshasa's sleeve, and dragged him out.

Sang Patriarch saw this and hurriedly agreed: "Old Ancestor, the weather is good today, why don't you come out for a walk."

I don't know if I was moved by the words of the Sang family, or because of the stubbornness of the little Rakshasa. In short, the Rakshasa King stood up and went out of the room with the little Rakshasa.

But it would be too naive to think that the little Rakshasa is only content to wander around the house.

Little Rakshasa dragged King Rakshasa's sleeve out of the mansion, dragging it with great effort!

"Is the young master going out?" The Sang family master rolled his eyes, thinking about the winning and losing situation after being hit by the masters of the Sikong family, and came to the conclusion that the Sikong family can't beat the ancestors, and the Underworld City can walk sideways!

The owner of the Sang family prepared a horse-drawn carriage and invited the little Rakshasa and Rakshasa King to go up.

The little Rakshasa jumped on the carriage happily, but when King Rakshasa didn't come up, he went down again and dragged him up too.

The head of the Sang family rode his horse with him.

This ancestor is a first-class expert in Mingdu City, and naturally there is no need for more guards to serve them. They travel simply and quickly entered the most prosperous area of Mingdu City.

Little Rakshasa lifted the curtain of the car, leaned on the window, and watched the prosperity of the Underworld City as if watching the flowers.

Suddenly, it didn't know what it saw, and it screamed.

"Stop." Sang's main road.

The coachman stopped the carriage.

Little Rakshasa flashed out and came to a hawker selling candied haws. It jumped up and picked three strings of candied haws with a chirp!

The hawker was busy doing business at this time, and he didn't realize that his candied fruit was picked by a small thing: "...Here, you guys have it, there are four strings in total."

The little black eggs took their own candied haws, two strings of Xiaobao, and one string of Erbao and Erbao.

"Thank you little brother." Erbao said sweetly.

"Oh, so good." The hawker was delighted.

Huh?

Little Rakshasa, who was about to get into the car, heard a familiar voice, took a small step, leaned back, and looked at the little black eggs.

"Brother!" Xiaobao also saw it, holding two strings of bright candied haws, bypassing the hawker, and came to Xiao Luosha.

Xiaobao handed one of the candied haws to it: "Here! I bought it for you!"

Dabao and Erbao also walked over.

The two nodded, indicating that they bought it for him.

Xiao Rakshasa looked at the bunch of candied haws that he bought for himself, and then looked at the three bunches of candied haws in his hand that he had originally picked and planned to give them to Mingshan, and he was stunned.

"Brother, where have you been? Why didn't you go home?" Xiaobao asked crisply.

"We are going to find you today." Erbao said softly.

Little Rakshasa tilted his head, as if he did not understand the meaning of the words of the two.

He handed them the candied haws in his hand.

At this time, the hawker discovered that his candied haws had been picked by the doll, and the doll did not pay!

But it looks like they are together?

When the hawker was hesitating whether to ask the white-haired uncle to check out together, the Rakshasa King came over domineeringly.

He restrained the breath of the blood rakshasa, but his face still unconsciously carried a shuddering chill. The hawker's calf couldn't help but fight for a while, and his instinct told him that the other party was not easy to mess with, so he asked the other party Money, the result may be that the other party wants to kill him.

The thought of flashed, the hawker hugged the stick of the candied haws and fled in panic!

As soon as he fled, Sikong Ye, who was standing behind him and counting coins, was exposed to the eyes of King Rakshasa.

Sikong Ye felt that the number of copper plates was not right. He clearly brought a hundred copper plates, each of which was ten cents per candied fruit. The boss said that he was a regular customer. Giving him one penny, that is to say, he only gave twenty-seven penny. Including the fourth series of two penny, there is only twenty-nine penny. Where did the other penny go?

Sikong Ye has one head and two big!

"Huh." The Rakshasa King saw his appearance and knew that he was confused again. Who would have known that the number one expert in the world could be an arithmetic idiot? Back then, his exam papers were all done by his companion! ! !

Si Kongye heard King Rakshasa's disdain, narrowed his eyes coldly, and raised his head.

Sikong Ye: "It's you?"

King Rakshasa: "Oh!"

The four eyes are facing each other, and the murderous aura is about to explode!

Three little black eggs and little Rakshasa are exchanging candied haws for their hard-won friendship, and I don't know that their parents have already met murderously.

The little Rakshasa distributed the candied haws he picked to the little friends. The three felt that they only gave one bunch to the younger brother, but the younger brother gave them three bunches, as if they took advantage of the younger brother, so the three hurriedly opened it again. Go around.

Xiaobao said: "Brother, what do you like, choose it yourself."

The four squatted down on the ground and began to share their little treasures.

Sikong Ye and King Rakshasa rose into the air and swept up the roof.

"It's been... years... no see, you're still... a... idiot!" said the Rakshasa King provocatively.

Sikong Ye slapped him: "You're an idiot!"

"Even... the accounts... are not... clear." King Rakshasa said contemptuously.

"You can't count!" Sikong Ye said furiously.

The Rakshasa King avoided Sikongye's palm and said to Sikongye: "You...six years...when...your junior brother...the...year...age...is your...half, you... ..three...ten...and standing...when...you...younger brother...how old are you?"

"Fifteen! Needless to say!" Sikong Ye punched again.

Rakshasa King avoided again: "Twenty-seven, idiot."

When he was six years old, his younger brother was half his size. Does it mean that his younger brother was three years old and three years younger than him? Then when he was thirty, his junior brother who was three years younger was naturally twenty-seven.

Sikong Ye, who finally wanted to understand, was so angry that his chest hurt, his face turned red, he slapped his palm again, and was locked by King Rakshasa with a move. There are fifteen maids, sixty guards, three hundred catties of black iron, can you calculate the age of the ship owner based on these?!"

"I...is...the owner of the boat, age...doesn't matter...?" King Rakshasa said calmly.

Sikongye's blood bar is crazy!

Ahhhh! This immortal!

King Rakshasa said again: "There are... twenty... fruits on the tree, let the wind... blow away... half, and then... let you... pick... half... how many are left?"

"No more!" Sikong Ye said without thinking.

Rakshasa King said: "Wrong, there are five left."

"..."

Sikong Ye spit out a mouthful of old blood! ! !

K.O.!!!

It didn't take long for the two of them to fight, and they called the little guys underneath to find out, and the first one to find out was Xiaobao.

"Zuzu, what are you doing?" Xiaobao asked inexplicably. On the day that King Rakshasa was killed on the Mingshan Mountain, Xiaobao and his brothers were pressed by the head of Old Cui before they could see King Rakshasa's appearance. Under the table, so he did not know the Rakshasa King, but he knew that the Rakshasa King was with the younger brother, and he was the parent of the younger brother.

Along with his cry, Dabao, Erbao, and Little Rakshasa also looked towards the roof in unison.

The action of two people fighting is a meal.

Xiao Rakshasa akimbo, fiercely said: "Jili quack la quack la jili!"

Er Bao said earnestly: "Zuzu, can you understand something? If we don't watch for a while, you will fight with people. You will make it difficult for us to do this."

Little Rakshasa continued fiercely: "Jili quack quack ji ji ji ji!"

The two parents were stunned for a moment, then Sikong Ye changed his face in a second, raised his arm, put it on the shoulder of King Rakshasa, pursed his lips, and showed a small white tooth: "We are just kidding!"

Rakshasa King: "..."

In terms of shamelessness, it's still Sikong Ye!

Patriarch Sang originally thought that King Rakshasa would take this opportunity to kill Sikong Ye, but unexpectedly, the children stopped fighting when they disturbed him.

So far, the Sang family leader is more and more sure that the Rakshasa King does not have the same murderous intention to Sikong Ye as before.

What Sang Patriarch didn't know was that just before the two swept off the roof, King Rakshasa whispered to Sikong Ye: "Mingshan, Houhu, three days, Zishi."

This is a battle of life and death, he won't bring a little Rakshasa, and it's better that Sikongye don't bring a few little black eggs, he wants to compete with Sikongye until he dies!

"A word is settled." Sikong Ye responded.

The two fell back into the street without a trace, and left with their own doll.

The owner of the Sang family did not know that the two had engaged in a life-and-death battle, but he only knew that King Rakshasa could no longer be used by the Sang family. If this continued, the Sang family would sooner or later destroy the Sikong family.

It was night, and the owner of the Sang family bought dozens of candied haws and put them in the house of the Rakshasa King.

Little Rakshasa liked it tightly, and jumped up and down on the bed holding the candied haws.

The Sang family decided that he liked it, and asked people to make sugar grapes and sugar oranges. In addition, they also sent a lot of children's toys.

When King Rakshasa returned to the house after bathing, the little Rakshasa was riding on a wooden horse that swayed back and forth.

It rocked happily.

Rakshasa King disliked it for being noisy, so he walked over and picked it up, but he didn't know what he touched. His fingertips hurt, and a blood bead of blood came out.

King Rakshasa didn't care about this little injury at all, but at night, when he was healing his wounds, he suddenly felt a chilling energy rush out of his body. , his chest seemed to be torn apart, and he spit out a mouthful of blood—

...

When King Rakshasa regained consciousness, he found himself lying on a cold stone bed. He was bound all over, his hands and feet were bound on both sides, his wrists were cut open, and he was dripping blood.

Little Rakshasa was locked in an iron cage on the ground, lying motionless, not knowing whether he was alive or dead.

Chapter 604 Escape from the Sang family, big and small Rakshasa!

Sang Chonghua can sit on the position of the head of the Sang family, how could he have no means at all? As early as when he sent the candied haws and gadgets to the little Rakshasa, no, to be precise, when he was still in the forbidden area, he had already guarded against the blood Rakshasa.

The blood pill that the blood rakshasa takes all the year round has added something called the small Gesang flower. It is named because of its similar appearance to the Gesang flower. It is a unique herb in the underworld. It has the effect of concentrating and gathering energy, but it is absolutely necessary. When it collided with the blind medicine, it was bee sugar.

The owner of the Sang family added a lot of bee candy to the little Rakshasa's candied haws, and it would inevitably get on his hands, and then he touched the food of himself and the big Rakshasa with his hands dipped in bee candy. Recruited.

Over the years, the Sang family has been supervising the blood Rakshasa's diet very strictly, lest he accidentally mix in honey sugar, now, the Rakshasa King can no longer be used by him, and he no longer has to guard him.

The Rakshasa King wanted to struggle, but found that he couldn't move at all. His strength seemed to be drained in an instant, and he could only lie down on the cold stone bed to be slaughtered, and the blood in his body flowed desperately.

A tall figure walked over slowly.

He looked arrogant and walked lightly, not Sang Chonghua, the head of the Sang family, who else?

He, who had bowed down to the Rakshasa King half a day ago, seemed to have changed his face at this time. He came to the bed, looked down at the bloodletted Rakshasa King, and snorted coldly: "I didn't expect that I would have Is this the end? Yes, I have been on guard against you for a long time, but I didn't expect such a day. Who told you to leave the good Rakshasa King and not do it, and want to be with Sikong Yeran.

I and the Sikong family have already torn apart our faces. The Sikong family may turn around and deal with me at any time. Because they were afraid of you, they didn't do it right away. If you don't even help me, how can I live?

So, don't blame me for being cruel, my ancestors, everything I do is for the Sang family, and for survival! "

He said in a high-sounding manner, whether it was more for the Sang family or more for himself, who can tell? Perhaps the strength of the Sang family is just a bargaining chip he uses to dominate the Underworld. In his bones, this man has long lost his ethics and kinship, and his eyes are full of power.

After all, King Rakshasa just wanted to defeat Sikong Ye and prove that he was the number one expert in the Underworld, but the Sang family wanted to kill everyone who prevented him from dominating the Underworld. King Rakshasa was instinct to kill, but he wanted to kill. , is not a level issue at all.

Of course, this does not mean that the Rakshasa King is not dangerous, but in comparison, the Sang family leader is more unscrupulous.

The Rakshasa King stared at the Sang family head coldly, as if to kill him with his eyes.

Sang Patriarch sneered: "It's useless if you hate me, you can't kill me, and you will die soon, when I drain your blood and dig out your blood pill, you will be completely dead. "

Blood Pill is the weakness of all Blood Rakshasa. Once the Blood Pill is gone, the Blood Rakshasa will die. This is the only way to kill the Blood Rakshasa.

Sensing King Rakshasa's gaze wandering in the iron cage, the Sang family head smiled and said, "By the way, that little thing is not bad, I plan to keep it and let it bleed day by day, so that I can raise more, A more powerful blood rakshasa."

Rakshasa King struggled violently!

Sang Patriarch let his murderous aura make him take a step back, and when he found that he couldn't break free, he laughed at himself: "I almost forgot, you are no longer the invincible Rakshasa King, speaking of which, I still have to Thank you Sikong Ye, if he hadn't beaten you seriously, or the effect of the drug had taken effect, it would have been impossible for you to be stunned like this.

With your current poisoning status, you must have another blood pill for you, otherwise it is impossible to recover!

Now, do you regret not agreeing to Sikongye to abolish all martial arts, do you regret returning to the Sang family with me? If you listen to Sikong Ye, at least that little guy won't fall into my hands, unfortunately, there is no regret medicine in the world! "

After that, the Sang family raised his head proudly, and left the secret room with a big laugh, leaving King Rakshasa struggling alone on the stone bed. The iron chain just makes his blood flow faster.

At this moment, the little Rakshasa in the iron cage woke up faintly.

As soon as it opened its eyes, it immediately jumped up, the cage was not high, it hit its head and screamed in pain.

Rakshasa King let out an angry roar!

Not to anger the little Rakshasa, but to anger the Sang family master!

Unfortunately, everything can only be in vain.

King Rakshasa's scarlet eyes looked at the little Rakshasa, and the little Rakshasa also looked at him. Seeing that he was tied to the stone bed and bleeding, the little Rakshasa was anxiously bumping into the cage!

Suddenly, I don't know what happened, and Xiao Rakshasa's body paused.

It bent down and looked at the iron railing behind him from under his crotch.

Well?

It stood upright, turned around, and stretched out a small foot from the gap of the iron railing, its body slipped, and the whole person came out!

The gap is too large, so it can be missed...

It rushed towards King Rakshasa excitedly.

Rakshasa King gestured the direction of the gate with his eyes: "...Go."

Little Rakshasa nodded.

It jumped onto the stone bed and bit the chain that bound the Rakshasa King with its sharp teeth.

King Rakshasa said with a headache: "Yes... let you... go... by yourself."

Not take him with you!

Such a small thing, sneaking out, not many people can detect it, but if it is with him, I am afraid it will be difficult.

Little Rakshasa doesn't listen, it doesn't understand anyway.

The little Rakshasa's teeth were knocked off, and finally bit the black iron chain, and it carried the hill-like Rakshasa King with its thin body.

Xiao Rakshasa is still young and has never taken any wound medicine, so he mixed some doses of Xiao Gesang flowers into the blood elixir for the past two days.

It took the Rakshasa King out of the secret room.

Don't look at its small size, but its ability to recognize the way is much better than those of the ghost clan.

"Everyone is a little surprised, cheer up, what's wrong!" On a road, a captain of guards said to two small guards on patrol.

The little guards responded solemnly and went to patrol in high spirits.

The little Rakshasa and the Rakshasa King hid in the tree, and when the three of them left, they fell down with the Rakshasa King on their backs, jumped a few times in the night, and jumped out of the Sang Mansion.

...

"Patriarch! It's not good! King Rakshasa and Little Rakshasa are gone!"

The study, Huang Guards came hurriedly, he just went to check the situation of King Rakshasa, and unexpectedly found that the secret room was empty.

"How could this happen?" Sang's family head frowned, "Isn't King Rakshasa already out of strength? How can he lead the little Rakshasa to escape?"

No matter how clever Ren Sang's clan head is, he never thought that the little Rakshasa would take the Rakshasa King away.

"Did someone come from Mingshan and rescued them?" said the head of the Sang family.

Huang guard shook his head: "There is no trace of outsiders at the scene, they should have escaped by themselves!"

"Damn!" The Sang family slapped the table with a slap, "It took a long time to catch the little Rakshasa and the Rakshasa King, we mustn't let them slip away like this, the two poisoned people must not be far away, you hurry up Bring people to chase, be sure to chase them back to me!"

"Yes!" Huang Guards gathered the masters of the Sang family and went non-stop.

After the little Rakshasa left the Sang family with King Rakshasa on his back, he went all the way to the direction of Mingshan. It was going through the secret entrance of Mingshan. Seeing that he was about to enter Mingshan, he was caught up by Huang Weiwei and others. .

"I guessed that you would escape to Mingshan!" Huang Guard's eyes turned cold, and he said sternly, "Arrest them!"

The little Rakshasa had the remaining poison in his body, and he had the Rakshasa King who was powerless to fight back. It couldn't beat them, but he didn't plan to compromise on it. He carried the Rakshasa King and fought against the big guys. .

Rao was poisoned, and the little Rakshasa still killed a lot of the Sang family's masters.

Who would have expected this little thing to be so ferocious after being poisoned?

However, the poison in the little Rakshasa was unusual. The more he worked hard, the more severe the poison attacked. After another round of fighting, the little Rakshasa's movement slowed down significantly.

The yellow guard's eyes narrowed: "Attack Rakshasa King!"

The masters of the Sang family were worried about the great usefulness of King Rakshasa and did not dare to hurt him easily. At this time, after listening to Huang Guard's words, they all put down their burdens and attacked King Rakshasa with killing moves.

Little Rakshasa really became impatient!

Huang Guard personally took the black iron bow and crossbow, mounted five Xuantian arrows, and shot at the Rakshasa King!

Little Rakshasa can no longer protect King Rakshasa. Just as King Rakshasa once used his body to block Sikong Ye's fatal blow, he also used his small body to block these deadly arrows.

The little Rakshasa was shot, and the two fell down. The King Rakshasa fell into the water, and the little Rakshasa fell to the shore.

Looking at the little Rakshasa with arrows in his chest, the Rakshasa King let out a desperate and angry roar!

Little Rakshasa finally glanced at King Rakshasa, opened his mouth, and spat out his own blood pill.

Chapter 605 The ancestor is here, and the ninth brother is here

Xuedan is the same as the heart of a normal person to the blood rakshasa. When a person has no heart, it is absolutely impossible to live again.

Little Rakshasa is willing to spit out blood pills for King Rakshasa, and even the owner of the Sang family understands the meaning. The little thing hopes that King Rakshasa will leave with his blood pills and use his blood pills to heal his wounds.

The Sang family owner, who was not far away, was a little stunned. The little Rakshasa, who feeds on blood, would actually do such a move before dying.

After seeing the little Rakshasa spitting out the blood elixir, the grief and despair in King Rakshasa's eyes almost crushed his spine. He could not wait to feed the blood elixir back to it. He wanted to kill Sang Chonghua!

However, he couldn't do anything, the tendons and veins eroded by the poison seemed to be blocked, his true qi could not run, his dantian seemed to be frozen, and he couldn't raise any inner strength. The red blood threads burst open one by one.

But what's the use of that?

Little Rakshasa still closed his eyes in front of him.

"Ah—" The Rakshasa King roared towards the little Rakshasa, blood and tears splashed out!

The head of the Sang family kicked him back into the water, bowed, picked up the blood pill on the ground, and smiled triumphantly: "This blood pill is mine, the condition is not bad, I originally thought of digging your blood pill. , now, I can have two."

He said, kicking the little Rakshasa's body to the side unceremoniously, pulling out his dagger, and grabbing the Rakshasa King in the water.

Just as he was about to dig out King Rakshasa's blood pill with a dagger, a terrifying breath suddenly came from the direction of Mingshan. His expression changed, and he immediately let go and stood up: "Go!"

The Sang family leader left with the Huang guards and all the Sang family's masters.

As soon as they left, Sikong Ye and Yan Jiuchao came over on the back. The two of them were retreating in a secret room today, isolating all the outside world. They only came to find out when they heard the roar of the suspected Rakshasa King.

The Rakshasa King was poisoned and could not exert his breath, so there was no thick **** aura near Mingshan, which is why the two felt suspicious and could not be sure that it was the Rakshasa King himself.

To the surprise of the two of them, not only was the Rakshasa King seriously injured and immersed in the water, but even the little Rakshasa on the shore seemed to have no breath at all.

Yan Jiuchao pinched the wrist of the little Rakshasa, and used his internal force to swim in its tendons, and then his face sank and said, "Its blood pill is gone."

"What?" Sikong Ye, who had just picked up the Rakshasa King from the water, made a slap in the face.

"It's out of breath." Yan Jiuchao said, he stood up and looked at the direction where the Sang family head and his party were leaving, "Are you going to kill them?"

Si Kongye looked at the dying Rakshasa King, and then at the breathless little Rakshasa, and immediately said: "It's important to save people!"

Yan Jiuchao picked up the little Rakshasa. The child looked thin at first, but now he has no breath, and Tuan is even more pitiful in his arms. Yan Jiuchao frowned, his fingers holding it tight. Tight, performed Qinggong and returned to Chaoyang Hall.

Old Cui Tou was taking a bath again and was ruthlessly intruded. This is really a rhythm that will not be guaranteed at night!

"You, you...how can you be as virtuous as that girl!" Old Cuitou hid behind the screen and scolded through clenched teeth while shaking his clothes.

"What happened?" Yu Wan heard the news and came over, she saw the little Rakshasa in Yan Jiuchao's arms, and her expression changed, "What happened to it?"

"Its blood pill is gone." Yan Jiuchao said.

Yu Wan hurriedly lifted its shirt and saw that its belly was intact, she wondered: "It wasn't for people to dig it out..."

typed out, or—

Without waiting for Yu Wan to figure out why, Sikong Ye also carried the Rakshasa King into the house.

Yu Wan looked back and became more and more puzzled: "King Rakshasa is also injured?"

Doubts turned into doubts, but she still quickly entered the state of treatment. She cleaned up the big diagnosis and treatment table, and asked Grandpa to put the Rakshasa King on the diagnosis and treatment table, and then cleaned the things on the half-immortal table and put it on the table. Cashmere blanket, put the little Rakshasa on it.

The little Rakshasa was out of breath, but Yu Wan still insisted on feeding it an elixir to bring the dead back to life. The so-called resurrection did not really bring the dead to life, it was just a temporary cardiac arrest. , only the patients who have suspended animation may be saved.

Yu Wan didn't know whether Little Rakshasa was the former or the latter, but no matter what, she would never give up until the last moment.

On the way here, Yan Jiuchao and Sikong Ye have been continuously inputting internal energy to the little Rakshasa and the Rakshasa King. The longevity formula is a technique to restrain Rakshasa, and it

can also repair Rakshasa to a certain extent. The situation is not optimistic, their internal strength can only maintain the status quo and not deteriorate, and it is not so easy to save life.

Grandma, Qingyan, Yingliu and others also rushed over.

"Ah, how could this be?" Ying Liu asked in astonishment, if it wasn't for the heavy face of Sikong's ancestor, he would have thought that it was the ancestor who injured Rakshasa King and Little Rakshasa like this.

Old Cui Tou gave the two of them a pulse, and twisted his gray eyebrows: "It's a bit tricky..."

"How to say?" Yu Wan asked.

Old Cuitou said: "They have been poisoned with chronic poison. The poison of King Rakshasa is deep enough that he can't use his skills, and he lost too much blood, so he is in critical condition. Although the poisoning of little Rakshasa is still shallow, he has no blood elixir, which is better than King Rakshasa. The situation is more critical."

To put it bluntly, both of them may not be able to save their lives.

If you must protect it, it can only be King Paul Shah.

After understanding what Old Cuitou meant, Yu Wan's heart twitched. She looked at the pale little guy on the table and said in disbelief, "Is it really helpless?"

As a mother, there is nothing more difficult to accept than the death of a child in front of you. What's more, this is a child who has helped her and Dabao to save lives. She has thought that she will keep it and put it in his own, let it become the younger brother of the three little guys, but such a person, in an instant, said that he was gone...

Old Cui Tou was also very sad, he sighed helplessly: "It can't live without the blood pill."

"Grandma, is there anything you can do?" Yu Wan looked at Grandma beside her.

Grandma shook her head regretfully: "Blood Rakshasa can't live without blood pills, they are evil creatures, masters without inner pills will at most become useless, but blood rakshasas will become dead without blood pills."

All things in the heaven and earth are mutually reinforcing, and the power of the blood rakshasa is never without price.

When everyone was worried, King Rakshasa on the diagnosis and treatment table suddenly opened his eyes, he slowly turned his head, looked at the unconscious little Rakshasa, and then looked at Sikong Ye next to him, using all his strength He raised his hand tremblingly, grabbed Sikong Ye's hand, and covered his dantian.

Sikong Ye was stunned: "You..."

King Rakshasa looked at him pleadingly. The injury was too severe, he couldn't speak, but Sikong Ye understood his eyes, and he clearly said, "Give...my...blood pill...give it..."

King Rakshasa is a proud man. He can be defeated, humiliated, and he can stay in a cave where there is no daylight for decades, just to practice an evil art, but he has never bowed his head to anyone, and even more so. Not begging for his death opponent.

His man lay there in critical condition, but all his aura knelt down, he stepped on his self-esteem, and he looked pleadingly at this man who he never wanted to lower his posture in front of him all his life.

Sikong Ye was stunned for a moment. If it is said, he never cared about Sang Qiuhan until Sang Qiuhan became a blood rakshasa, but when it came to this moment, he really looked at him, and it was also when he really reached this moment, he From the bottom of my heart, I felt that Sang Qiuhan was qualified to be his opponent.

They had made an appointment for the three-day battle, and that was because he had to go, but now he wanted to go from the heart and with a kind of respect for the opponent.

Unfortunately, I can't go.

This man conceded defeat in front of him, but Sikong Ye felt that the moment he conceded defeat, Sang Qiuhan had actually won.

Sang Qiuhan's biggest enemy is himself. He has won himself and won the demon of his heart for so many years.

"Do you really want to dig King Rakshasa's blood pill? Or not..." Old Cui Tou said as he handed over the dagger.

People: "..."

Old Cuitou cleared his throat and said again: "But I want to remind you that even if you dig out his blood pill, it may not be able to save the little Rakshasa. King Rakshasa's blood pill is too powerful, and the little Rakshasa may not bear it. Hold on, at that time, the worst result may be that the little Rakshasa was not rescued, and the Rakshasa King died."

These words, on the surface, were said to Sikong Ye and his party, but they were actually told to King Rakshasa.

Si Kongye looked at King Rakshasa and sighed: "Did you hear? There is a high possibility of failure."

The Rakshasa King pleadingly shook Sikong Ye's hand.

please.

"How about... let's go to the Sang family and **** the blood pill of Little Rakshasa back?" Ying Liu said.

"Who's going to grab it? You or I?" Qingyan glanced at Yan Jiuchao and Sikongye who were using the longevity formula to warm up the little Rakshasa. After killing the Sang family, do you really think these two men are kind?

Qingyan said again: "You can think of ways they can't think of? Isn't there no choice? Although the Sang family has lost the blood rakshasa, there are still many high-level Asura kings, except for the nine dynasty and the ancestors. , no one is their opponent."

This is not self-defeating. The Sang family has been planning this day for too long, and they have secretly cultivated countless masters. They may be able to defeat one or two, but if they come in a group or two, they will not be able to resist.

Well, it must be so!

His family's Xiaojiuchao didn't let them go and **** back the blood elixir of the little Rakshasa for their safety!

Yu Wan vaguely felt that this was not the case. Yan Jiuchao could go and get the blood pill back, but...he didn't do it.

Yan Jiuchao was forcing the Rakshasa King to give up his blood pill.

Even her great-grandfather was like that.

Little Rakshasa can live, but... King Rakshasa must die!

Facing the sacrifice of King Rakshasa, will the two of them not bear it?

But if he obeys the emotion in his heart, he will most likely get the bitter fruit of King Rakshasa's blood-washing the Underworld. This is not because King Rakshasa wants to become bad, but an instinct that has been engraved in his bones.

After thinking about it, Yu Wan couldn't help sighing that she was the only one who was soft-hearted from beginning to end. These two men were so terribly rational and calm.

Ying Thirteen also quickly understood the intention of his young master, and said lightly: "The most important thing right now is their injuries. Grandma, Doctor Cui, is there anything we can do?"

"Yes." Old Cui nodded, made a list, and drew a few herbs, "You can't buy it in the herbal medicine store above, you go to Mingshan to pick it up, remember, you must pick it up before dark. "

"So many." Ying Liu looked at the long list on the list, and immediately one head and two big!

Grandma paused and made a recipe, saying, "Bring the King of Ten Thousand Gus to find these kinds of Gu worms."

They can't do anything that uses human blood as medicine, so they can only use Gu worms instead.

Qingyan and Yuehook entered the Mingshan Mountain to look for medicinal materials, Ying Six and Sikong Changfeng, who came after hearing the news, brought thousands of Gu Kings to search for Gu insects, Ying Thirteen stayed behind to guard Chaoyang Hall.

The owner of the Sang family has just made a big vote, and it stands to reason that he can't kill a carbine, but it is always right to be cautious when sailing the ship for ten thousand years.

There was a lot of movement in Mingshan, and the head of the Sikong family also got the news, and the little Rakshasa was nothing. When he heard that the ancestor of Sikong was going to rescue the Rakshasa King of the Sang family, he showed an incomprehensible look: "Is the news reliable? Zuhe... really want to save Sang Qiuhan?"

The guards cupped their hands and said: "Yes, Patriarch, the entire Chaoyang Palace knows that the people of the Prince of Yan and the disciples of Chaoyang Palace have entered the Ming Mountain to find Gu insects and medicinal materials."

Family Master Sikong coughed a few times. He injured King Rakshasa, and he used up all his energy to save Sikong Changfeng. I am afraid it will be difficult to recover in this life. No one knows how much he hates King Rakshasa.

"Patriarch..." Seeing that Patriarch Sikong didn't look right, the guard asked boldly, "Do you want to be a subordinate..."

He didn't say anything after , he just made a gesture.

Countless entanglements appeared in the eyes of Patriarch Sikong.

"Where's the eldest son?" he asked.

The guard said: "The eldest son has also gone to help find Gu worms and medicinal materials."

"He almost died in the hands of King Rakshasa, so he helped to save that guy? Even if he didn't care about himself, did he forget that his own father was injured by King Rakshasa?!" Sikong Patriarch As soon as the breath came out, I coughed again for a while, only to feel that my lungs were about to cough out.

"Homeowner!" The guard hurriedly served a cup of hot tea, "You calm down."

Family Master Sikong pushed the tea away, gritted his teeth and said, "Men's majors are not to be left behind!"

"Then... the head of the house..." The guard showed a meaningful look for the second time.

Now the Chaoyang Hall is in chaos, and the life and death of the Rakshasa King is unknown. It is easier to kill him than to kill an ant.

The guard knelt down on one knee: "Patriarch, as long as you nod your head, your subordinates will do it immediately! If your subordinate kills Queen Rakshasa, she will immediately take poison and commit suicide, and will never harm the Patriarch!"

Sikong's head was silent.

The guard continued: "King Rakshasa is very heinous, if we can't get rid of him today, he will recover in the future, and the entire Underworld will fall into endless disasters! The Sikong family is the royal family of Mingdu, and we should protect the safety of the people of Mingdu. It's your own responsibility, even if the Patriarch doesn't avenge himself, he should clear the hidden dangers for the people of Mingdu! Patriarch! Order!"

Master Sikong squeezed the cup tightly.

When the guard saw that the head of the family did not speak, when he was worried that he would not be able to do anything, he vowed: "This subordinate will not miss it! Chaoyang Palace now trusts the Sikong family very much, and there are many of our guards there, and the subordinate only said yes. Send medicine to King Rakshasa, you can do it!"

Thanks to the gift of King Rakshasa, the Sikong family lost all martial arts, and the Sikong family also lost many masters. Even if he is not the city owner of the Underworld City, he should not let him go.

Patriarch Sikong took a deep breath and closed his eyes: "You step back."

The guard was stunned: "Patriarch?"

Patriarch Sikong put down his hands in despair: "If I do this, what's the difference with Sang Chonghua? Since he is the person the ancestor wants to save, I can't touch him. My Sikong family will think of something other than him!"

The guard hesitated: "But..."

Family Master Sikong said sternly: "It is my Sikong family's responsibility to protect Ming. The ancestor is also a member of the Sikong family. He dares to save him today, and if he thinks about it in the future, he will not be afraid of not being able to kill him. I believe in the ancestor."

In the evening, the two groups of people who went to find medicinal herbs and Gu insects returned to Chaoyang Hall.

Old Cuitou took the medicinal herbs to the pill room, while Grandma took the Gu insect back to her house.

King Rakshasa and Little Rakshasa have been taken to the secret room by Sikong Ye and Yan Jiuchao. After a whole day of hard work, the two of them did not stop using the longevity formula to input their inner strength.

Yu Wan asked the kitchen to boil two bowls of ginseng soup, intending to send it to them. As soon as she left the small kitchen, she encountered three little black eggs waiting at the door.

"Where's my brother?" Xiaobao asked.

When Yan Jiuchao took the little Rakshasa back to the yard, they saw it, but when they got dressed and went to Grandpa Cui's house, both father and brother were gone.

"Brother... fell asleep." Yu Wan said with a smile.

"Can the younger brother wake up?" Erbao asked.

Of course those who fall asleep will wake up. The reason why they ask this more is that they have already realized in their hearts that their brother is not just asleep.

Yu Wan held the tray in one hand, freeing up the other hand to touch the small heads of the three of them: "What do you think?"

Xiaobao said seriously: "Yes, of course! My brother will wake up! I, I, I... We also left something delicious for my brother!"

Er Bao and Da Bao opened their pockets one after another, revealing the candy that had been hidden for several days.

"Stealing candy again." Yu Wan hugged them.

Yu Wan went to the secret room to deliver a bowl of ginseng soup, and she didn't know much about what happened after that. Old Cui Tou didn't let her fight, so she could only wait in the room.

She watched the basins of blood come out, and then watched the bowls of soup go in.

She leaned against the table and took a nap, and woke up at dawn.

The morning light on the horizon was a bit dazzling. She opened the door and raised her hand to block it subconsciously. After getting used to the light, she walked towards the secret room.

Qingyan and the others were busy all night, guarding outside the secret room with haggard expressions.

"How is it?" Yu Wan asked.

"I don't know." Qingyan sighed, "Me, Yuegou, and the disciples of Chaoyang Palace were all blasted out, and Ying Liu was inside."

As soon as he finished speaking, Ying Liu came out with a pair of huge dark circles under his eyes.

"How is it?" This time, Hua Qingyan couldn't wait to ask.

"Go and see for yourself." Ying Lihong said with rims of eyes.

Qingyan grabbed his arm: "You... why are you looking like this? Didn't you save your life?"

Yingliu choked and shook his head, ignored Qingyan, and headed back to the house.

Yu Wan and Qingyan entered the secret room.

There was a thick **** smell in the secret room. King Rakshasa and the little Rakshasa lay quietly on the stone platform, while Sikong Ye sat beside him with a pale face.

Yan Jiuchao is carefully dressing the little Rakshasa.

Old Cui Tou and Grandma were paralyzed, sitting on the ground, unable to get up.

Yu Wan glanced at everyone: "In the end... what's the situation? Ying Liu's eyes are so red, is it not possible to save his life?"

The Rakshasa King on the stone platform slowly opened his eyes.

Yu Wanxing stared.

Qingyan's eyes widened: "He...he's still alive...that little..."

Didn't he take the blood pill to save the little Rakshasa? Ying Liu cried because Little Rakshasa died?

He wanted to cry too!!!

King Rakshasa's reaction was not much better than Qingyan's. After he was sure that he was still alive, he looked in horror at the little Rakshasa who was being held in his arms by Yan Jiuchao. Cui Tou said weakly: "Don't scream, your blood pill...give it..."

The Rakshasa King was startled at first, then he touched his dantian, and then he was even more surprised.

Old Cui Tou said: "Well, yes, you also have blood pills."

Yu Wan puzzled: "Old Cuitou, what's going on?"

Old Cuitou hummed: "Ask your grandfather, how cruel you must be. At the critical moment, only half of his blood pill was dug up."

"Does little Rakshasa only have half a blood pill in his body?" Yu Wan asked.

"Of course not." Old Cui Tou said, and glanced at Sikong Ye, who was pale, "Your great grandfather, dug out half of your inner elixir and gave it to Little Rakshasa."

Chapter 607] Little Rakshasa wakes up, its miracle

Yu Wan gave her grandfather a worried look: "Will there be any impact if there is only half of the inner elixir left?"

"Of course, this is all risky. Not to mention the great loss of skill, the body will not be as good as before. If you don't survive the dangerous period, you may just go." Old Cuitou sighed and added, "And again. Not too young, right?"

Si Kongye covered his aching abdomen and glared at Old Cui with his teeth gritted: "You don't speak... No one thinks you are dumb!"

Yu Wan always thought that she was the only one who was soft-hearted, and Grandpa's heart was as hard as a rock. In the end, she found out that Grandpa was the most soft-hearted. Save the Rakshasa King from death.

"I'm not doing it for him... sigh!" Sikong Ye knew what was going on in the chubby girl's mind when he saw Yu Wan's expression. He was anxious to defend himself, but he accidentally pulled the wound, and the pain caused him to collapse. Take a breath.

"Grandpa, don't talk!" Yu Wan hurriedly walked over, squatted down, and took a clean gauze to stop the blood seeping out for him. When you don't get excited.

"I want to say..." Sikong Ye was as stubborn as a child.

Yu Wan interrupted him with a sigh: "I know what you want to say, I heard that you and King Rakshasa had a fight that day. I have seen the repair ability of the little Rakshasa. He was half-death that night, and the next day if you can jump around, the Rakshasa King should be better than him."

"What do you want to say?" Sikong Ye looked at her.

Yu Wan said: "What I want to say is that the time you met on the street, you are no longer the opponent of King Rakshasa, right? But King Rakshasa didn't kill you for the sake of the child, and in your heart... ..is actually thinking of him, right?"

"I don't have one!" Sikong Ye blew his beard and stared at him. If he had a beard, he looked at the unconscious Rakshasa King with disgust, "Who can't beat him? They all dug up half an inner elixir, you see. He's dizzy, and your great grandfather is still talking to you gracefully!"

That's because he was poisoned, my dear grandpa.

Yu Wan looked at Sikong Ye obediently: "You are right!"

As soon as he heard it, he was coaxing him, but Sikong Ye didn't care too much. After all, he loved the little fat girl so much, and he was very happy to be coaxed by the little fat girl.

Half an inner pill and blood pill are extremely difficult to survive. Grandma used Gu worms to refine the Gu pill to make up for the two. Although it was not as good as their original inner pill and blood pill, at least they saved their lives. , but, the two still want to make a big breakthrough in martial arts in the future, I'm afraid it will be difficult.

Yu Wan did not forget that Grandpa and the Rakshasa King are both martial idiots. For Wu idiots, this is simply a huge torture than killing them.

But looking at the expressions of the two, it seems that they are not as sad as they imagined.

Sikong Ye looked at Yu Wan dotingly: "In this world, there are things more important than practicing martial arts." For example, his little fat girl, little black egg, or his daughter and granddaughter he has not yet met, I believe Sang Qiu Han, like him, also let go of his lifelong obsession after this incident.

In fact, this is not entirely without benefits. After the Rakshasa King loses half of the blood pill, his realm will be greatly reduced. Correspondingly, the evil nature and instinct of the blood Rakshasa will also be greatly reduced. Coupled with the suppression of the Gu pill, he no longer needs to take it. the blood of the living.

Yu Wan nodded: "It's not a blessing for Sai Weng to lose his horse. King Rakshasa lost half of his blood pill, but he was spared the fate of being killed. It's just that he suffered too much, Grandpa."

Sikong Ye squeezed Yu Wan's face: "Why is it bitter? That little thing saved your life and the little guys, I just gave it half an inner elixir, what is it compared to your lives? ?"

Thinking of something, Yu Wan said again: "However, is it really okay to have both your inner elixir and blood elixir in its body?"

Sikong Ye said: "The longevity formula can repair the injury of the blood rakshasa. My inner alchemy is in its body, which can help it recover better."

The two were talking, and the unconscious Rakshasa King Yoyo woke up.

Old Cui Tou gave him a change of wound medicine, Yu Wan hugged the sleepy little Rakshasa from Yan Jiuchao's arms, looked at it tenderly, and said to the great grandfather and the Rakshasa King, "Half of the Rakshasa is in its body. King Sha's blood elixir, half of the grandfather's inner elixir, is the crystallization of the two of you, you should not fight again in the future."

The Rakshasa King & Sikong Ye who were suddenly stunned: "..."

Why doesn't this sound right? !

Yu Wan took the little Rakshasa back to her house, and the two serious illnesses, King Rakshasa and Sikongye, were also carried back to the convalescent room - Sikongye's room. Because the two were injured in the same way, the drugs they used were similar. To avoid the old Cuitou running around in his old age, he simply placed the two of them in the same room.

Both of them dislike each other!

Sikong Ye rolled his eyes: "Is there no courtyard in Chaoyang Palace? Won't you move him away?!"

Old Cui Tou glanced at him coldly: "I'm not capable of yours, I'm a normal old man, I don't know martial arts, I don't know how to go lightly, I run too much, I will gasp, I will lose strength, my hands will shake when I change medicine, and I will leave scars. , it won't look good!"

Sikong Ye closed his mouth.

I haven't seen my daughter and granddaughter, so I can't help but look good.

King Rakshasa is one year younger than Sikongye. Sikongye looks good even when he is old. He needs to look good when he is young.

Although Blood Rakshasa has an extremely powerful repair ability, he lost most of his life this time. Therefore, whether it is the king Rakshasa or the little Rakshasa, they all lie on the bed honestly for several days.

The little Rakshasa woke up in the evening of the fourth day. During the days when it was in a coma, the little black eggs didn't go anywhere. They just guarded it by the side and asked Yu Wan's little brother time and time again. wake up.

Yu Wan couldn't give a definite answer, she could only tell them to call when she was okay, the little brother would hear and maybe wake up.

The three little guys were lying on the head of the bed, staring at the little Rakshasa without blinking.

"Brother..." Little Treasure and Er Bao called out loudly, finally waking up Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa opened his eyes, which were much larger than ordinary children. The blood in his eyes was gone, and he was a pair of eyes as beautiful as Dabao, Erbao, and Xiaobao. The black grape-like eyeballs rolled around, as if he was watching. where is this.

"Brother, are you awake?" Little Treasure tilted his head and said in a milky voice.

"Huh? Wake up!" Er Bao said excitedly.

Dabao didn't say anything, but he stretched out his little hand and touched his brother's forehead solemnly like his mother, and then nodded solemnly.

"Ok!"

I don't know what to do.

Little Treasure ran out and dragged Yu Wan who was living in the kitchen to make medicine:
"Mother, brother is awake!"

"Really?" Yu Wan put down the fan, put out the fire, and took Xiaobao's hand back to the house.

Little Rakshasa really woke up and was sitting on the head of the bed with a bewildered face. Dabao checked his body, took his pulse, and looked at his gauze. Erbao gave Dabao a quick hand. .

I don't know, what kind of experienced little doctors are these two little guys.

Yu Wan was amused by the two of them, and of course even more happy that the little Rakshasa finally woke up.

Yu Wan walked over, rubbed the little heads of the two and said, "Thank you Dabao Erbao, you did a great job."

"What about me?" Xiaobao shook his mother's sleeve.

Yu Wan smiled and rubbed his little head: "You are also great."

The three little black eggs were so contented with the praise, they sat down with great vigour.

Yu Wan bent down and gently picked up the stunned little Rakshasa. The little guy was already pitifully thin, but now he was seriously ill and almost lost any weight.

Yu Wan checked the injury, the wound healed well, and the pulse was much stronger than the day she just came.

"Are you hungry?" Yu Wan asked.

Guru~

Little Rakshasa's stomach growled.

Yu Wan remembered that it only likes to eat blood pills, so she put it on the stool and turned to go to grandma's house to get the blood pills.

The little black eggs heard its stomach growl and knew that his younger brother was hungry, so they hurriedly took out all their personal possessions, such as candied haws, sugar cubes, cloud cakes, sweet-scented osmanthus cakes, rose cakes, pig pig buns... everything was there .

"Here!" Little Treasure handed Xiao Raksha a pink and tender pig bun.

Little Rakshasa took it in a daze.

"Eat." Xiaobao said, pushing his hand and feeding the pig bun to his mouth.

Little Rakshasa took a bite.

The next second, he was going to start pooh pooh in disgust, but unexpectedly, its small body stopped.

"Is it delicious?" Xiaobao asked, tilting his head.

The little Rakshasa didn't speak, and was stunned for three seconds. Suddenly, it opened its **** mouth and threw a handful of pigs into its mouth. Then, it quickly threw the remaining pigs into its ears. , Swish all swept into the stomach!

Chapter 608 The Strongest Little Rakshasa

When Yu Wan took the blood pill and returned to the house, the little Rakshasa had already eaten up all the three little black eggs in their possessions, and the three little black eggs were sitting on the stool in tears, not to mention being wronged.

It is one thing to share with your younger brother, but it is another to share it all.

The boat of friendship is overturned!

Seeing Yu Wan entering the house, the three little black eggs threw themselves into her arms with aggrievedness, their little faces pressed against her chubby belly, and just as they were about to complain, they were kicked by her mother's little feet in her stomach. face face.

Good gas!

How could Yu Wan not understand what happened? They didn't let them eat candy, so they secretly hid it. Now that's all right, all the hidden possessions are gone. Yu Wan was very angry and funny at the same time, but also very surprised.

Little Rakshasa doesn't like to eat these things? How could it be eaten up all at once?

Yu Wan naturally doesn't feel pain in some small snacks. She was surprised by the change of the little Rakshasa. How could the taste change after being injured once?

Could it be that you have been hungry for too long and you are hungry?

Yu Wan handed it the blood pill, and it happily ate it.

I've been hungry for too long, right?

Yu Wan comforted the little black egg who had no more secrets, and asked the kitchen to make a sweet-scented sweet-scented osmanthus cake for the three of them to eat, while she carried Xiao Luosha to Lao Cuitou's house.

Old Cuitou was not disheveled this time. He was dispensing medicine for Sikong Ye and King Rakshasa. The two old people were old and still didn't suffer. He had to make the medicine sweeter, but he was worried to death. !

Old Cui Tou scooped a spoonful of honey, and when he turned his head, he saw Yu Wan walked in with Xiao Luosha in his arms.

"Awake?" He was stunned for a moment, then nodded as if he had an epiphany, "Well, it's time to wake up too."

Yu Wan stepped over the threshold and put the little Rakshasa on the diagnosis and treatment table: "I showed it, it's fine, you can show it again."

Old Cuitou put down the work in his hand, wiped his hands with a dry cloth, and walked to the little Rakshasa.

He touched Little Rakshasa's forehead and hummed with satisfaction: "It's not hot anymore."

He lifted up Little Rakshasa's shirt again and untied Little Rakshasa's gauze. The wound healed very well and the stitches could be removed.

"Scissors." He said to Yu Wan.

Yu Wan opened the medicine box, took out the sterilized scissors and handed it to it.

When the little Rakshasa saw the sharp blade, he jumped up fiercely, bared his teeth, and stared at the old Cui Tau!

"Don't be afraid, I didn't mean to hurt you." Yu Wan gently stroked its little head.

Little Rakshasa still stared at Old Cuitou vigilantly, not allowing him to approach.

"I'll come." Yu Wan took the scissors.

is also holding a blade, but the little Rakshasa did not allow Yu Wan to approach, it even took the initiative to lift its shirt and obediently exposed its belly.

"I'm going to remove the stitches." Yu Wan said softly.

Little Rakshasa looked at his little belly cutely.

Yu Wan went down with a pair of scissors—

Little Rakshasa was so painful that his hair stood on end, his tongue stuck out, and his eyes rolled!

Old Cuitou gloated: "Hehehe, who told you not to let me demolish it?"

The little Rakshasa who had finished removing the thread stretched out his small hand to Yu Wan, and lay down in Yu Wan's arms aggrievedly.

Yu Wan let it soften her heart, and lowered her head to touch its small forehead: "Are you going to see King Rakshasa?"

Before Little Rakshasa could react, Old Cuitou snorted: "Farewell, they are fighting."

literally fights, fights without internal force.

The two were seriously injured. The inner core and blood core in their bodies were in the fusion stage with the Gu core. They could not exert half their internal strength, and were ordered not to get out of bed, so their daily life became like this—

The first thing to do when you open your eyes is to throw pillows at each other.

Open your eyes for the second thing, kick the other person's wound.

Open your eyes for the third thing, work together to hide the fact of the fight.

...Perfect interpretation of what is called bedside fight and bedside.

When Yu Wan took the little Rakshasa to Grandpa's house, the two of them had just finished their fight, and the originally pale complexion was flushed red. It is worth mentioning that the rejection reaction of Gu Dan in the body was greatly slowed down. The resilience of the two, the two are currently weak and no different from normal injuries.

Yu Wan found out that Grandpa's face was scratched, Rakshasa King's neck was pinched, and the legs of the two were extremely suspected to have been plucked out by each other.

Yu Wan's mouth twitched: "..."

Uh, after all, he is the number one expert in Mingdu. Don't you think it's too embarrassing to fight this fight?

Yu Wan took a step back and looked at the little Rakshasa in her arms: "Let's see them another day, okay?"

The little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan strangely, it couldn't understand what Yu Wan said, it tilted its head and nodded, pretending to understand!

Yu Wan returned to her house with the little Rakshasa, thinking of something, she went to the head of Old Cui again.

"What do you do?" Old Cui Tou asked in a longer tone.

Yu Wan thought about it for a while, and expressed her doubts in her heart: "Grandpa and Rakshasa King both have a rejection reaction from Gu Dan, why doesn't Little Rakshasa have it? This is not its own original blood pill."

"I'm also wondering." Old Cui Tou frowned, "It stands to reason that apart from its own blood pill, there shouldn't be such a perfect fit, but the half blood pill of King Rakshasa and your great-grandfather's blood pill should not be so perfect. Half a piece of inner alchemy didn't produce the slightest rejection in its body, I really don't know whether to say this little guy is lucky, or we dead mice ran into a blind cat?"

Yu Wan: "..."

Don't mean the same thing?

"Go ask Qiu Bing!" Although Old Cui Tou was a genius doctor, there were some areas he had never dabbled in.

Yu Wan took the little Rakshasa to Grandma's house.

Little Rakshasa seems to like being held by Yu Wan very much, and is very good in her arms.

"Grandma, do you know what's going on?" Yu Wan asked.

Grandma put down half of the books she had read, and said, "I've been looking for answers for the past two days. I think it might be related to the exercises they both practiced."

Yu Wan paused and said, "You mean Longevity and Blood Demon Art?"

Grandma nodded: "Yes, these two exercises are from the Wu clan. The longevity formula can restrain the blood demon art, and it can also heal the blood demon art. I boldly guess that it is the half inner core of the ancestor Sikong. It suppresses the rejection reaction that the blood pill of the Rakshasa King may cause in the body of the little Rakshasa. If all the blood pills of the Rakshasa King were used from the beginning, it may not have the effect at present."

Yu Wan raised her eyebrows and murmured, "Grandpa's heart softened for a while, but he hit him right?"

Little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan blankly.

Yu Wan tapped its little forehead: "You have to remember the goodness of Sikong's ancestors, you know? If it wasn't for his old man this time, you would still suffer."

Little Rakshasa didn't understand, so he just nodded.

Sure enough, after it nodded, Yu Wan rewarded him with a sensible big kiss.

Little Rakshasa looked up at the sky, as if he had learned a new skill.

Little Rakshasa's injury has not yet healed, and he likes to kiss and hug and hold high welfare, and he is very happy.

When Yu Wan walked to the small garden with it, she met Yan Jiuchao who had returned from practice.

Little Rakshasa still had a lot of dread on Yan Jiuchao, seeing Yan Jiuchao's fierce little fangs in a flash, but Yan Jiuchao didn't even lift his eyelids, stepped forward lightly, grabbed He picked it up with the rear leader of the little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa fluttered!

Yu Wan said softly, "Be careful, it's not healed yet."

Xiao Rakshasa turned his head and stared angrily at Yan Jiuchao, as if to say, that is, if you have the ability, wait for me to fight before I get better!

Yan Jiuchao snorted casually, and suddenly threw the little Rakshasa out!

The little Rakshasa hummed, and it was about to fall to the ground. Its small body flipped in the air, rolling like a carp, and it lifted itself up neatly.

However, it slid out of place, hit the tree trunk above its head, stuck out its little tongue, and fell down with a clatter.

Yan Jiuchao did not let it go because of this, and moved his fingertips again, and an internal force popped up.

The poor little Rakshasa was dazed by the impact, and before he could catch his breath when he fell to the ground, he was again violently attacked by Yan, Abominable Jiu, Heixinchao.

This blow used internal force, which is naturally much more powerful than the casual fall just now. If you are a little careless, the new inner alchemy that was finally bound together in Xiao Rakshasa's body may be broken.

Yu Wan's heart skipped a beat when she saw it, but it was too late to stop Yan Jiuchao. That inner force seemed to have eyes and fell on the little Rakshasa!

Yu Wan's pale face: "Little Rakshasa!"

With a loud noise of , Little Rakshasa was hit.

But...the imaginary **** tragic situation did not appear. The place where the little Rakshasa stood was blasted into a pit by the internal force. It stood panting in the pit, looking at Yan Jiuchao with gritted teeth.

It also exudes an aura of longevity.

Yu Wan was stunned, is the little Rakshasa just using the longevity formula? How could this be?

Chapter 609 The ancestors who compete for favor

The little Rakshasa is an evil creature. It has been raised by the blood Rakshasa with its own blood since birth. If you want to talk about martial arts, it can do it, but it only has a little bad blood demon power. Why does it emit a longevity formula What about breath?

Ordinary people don't feel that they can recognize the longevity formula, but Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao have been together for so long, and she is pregnant with the Holy King. Even though she doesn't know it, she still thinks she is a saint who has suddenly opened up her wisdom. No matter what, she I can feel more things that I couldn't sense before, such as the breath of the blood rakshasa and the longevity art.

For the first time, Yu Wan suspected that her feelings were wrong.

But soon, Yan Jiuchao proved with practical actions that she was not wrong.

I saw Yan Jiuchao's fingertips move again, and an internal force stronger than before attacked Little Rakshasa.

The little Rakshasa suddenly jumped out of the pit, the inner force smashed into the shallow pit, and the shallow pit instantly turned into a deep pit. I dared not think that if the figure of the little Rakshasa just slowed down, it would be blown up. Sample.

However, this is the case, Yan Jiuchao's attack has no tendency to weaken at all. The inner strength of the longevity art falls on the body of the little Rakshasa one after another. Make a tough move.

It blocked it once with the power of the blood rakshasa, but it was cut to the inside and tender outside, and it hit a few more tricks. It seemed to gradually understand that only the unfamiliar aura could save its own life, but that unfamiliar aura was not always Will listen to it every time.

The longevity formula works and doesn't work at times, but it can make little Rakshasa miserable.

After another round of attacks, Little Rakshasa fell to the ground so tired that he couldn't even move his fingers.

Yan Jiuchao withdrew his hand lightly, looked down at it and said, "Continue tomorrow."

Yu Wan: "..."

Yu Wan gave Little Rakshasa a sympathetic look, and said, "Still... do you want to continue?"

Yan Jiuchao hummed, didn't explain much in front of the little Rakshasa, and left with a cold look.

Yu Wan picked up the tired little Rakshasa.

"That's right." Yan Jiuchao, who was walking down the corridor, thought of something, suddenly stopped, and turned back to Yu Wan and said, "It's best not to go out of Mingshan these few days."

Yu Wan was about to speak, when the little Rakshasa in her arms pulled her sleeves.

Xiao Rakshasa looked aggrieved, as if to say - he bullied me, don't talk to him!

Yu Wan made it laugh, tapped the tip of its little nose, and said, "He is a good person and won't hurt you."

Little Rakshasa picked up Yu Wan's hand and touched his little arm, as if he was accusing Yan Jiuchao of his crimes, seeing that he was injured!

Is this little guy learning to act like a spoiled child?

Yu Wan didn't know whether to laugh or cry, although she didn't know why Yan Jiuchao suddenly attacked the little Rakshasa, but she believed that he must have his reasons for doing so, Yu Wan comforted the little guy in her arms, smiled at Yan Jiuchao: "Go ahead. , I know, I won't leave Chaoyang Palace these few days."

Yan Jiuchao then went to retreat with confidence.

On the other side, the three little black eggs behind the flowers witnessed the scene of the little Rakshasa being "ravaged" by their father, and couldn't help but shed tears of sympathy for the little Rakshasa.

"My younger brother just ate all of our stuff, and daddy beat it up, too hard!" Little Treasure hugged his little arm, exaggerated and couldn't bear to say.

Er Bao also hugged his small arm, as if it hurt himself: "My brother is so pitiful, let's not ignore my brother!"

Dabao nodded, indicating that his brother was beaten so badly, it would be okay to give him something to eat.

So, a few self-motivated little guys brought the sweet-scented osmanthus cake they saved, and looked for the little Rakshasa with pity.

No accident, the little Rakshasa who consumed a lot of their bodies ate up their sweet-scented osmanthus cakes.

The boat of friendship is overturned again!

Er Bao's little mouth deflated.

Xiaobao said: "It's okay, Daddy will beat him again tomorrow!"

The next day, Yan Jiuchao really came to "beat" the little Rakshasa again.

Little Rakshasa was afraid that Yan Jiuchao would die, and grabbed Yu Wan's sleeve with both hands, preventing Yu Wan from letting it go.

After becoming a mother, Yu Wan no longer had much resistance to such little things, she looked at Yan Jiuchao on the side with affection.

"It's useless to plead for mercy." Yan Jiuchao didn't give Yu Wan any chance to show off her personal charm, covering Yu Wan's affectionate eyes with one hand and picking up the little Rakshasa in her arms with the other.

Little Rakshasa snorted and was thrown into the sky by Yan Jiuchao.

Today is another day of being abused!

But Yu Wan was surprised to find that the number of mistakes made by the little Rakshasa was less than yesterday. Yesterday, it successfully used the longevity trick twice in a critical moment, but today it has four times, and its movement has also recovered to the same level. Same as before the injury.

You know, the Rakshasa King, whose repairing power is stronger than it, is still paralyzed on the bed like a salted fish.

However, these skills are still not enough in front of Yan Jiuchao, and the little Rakshasa was abused badly.

When Yu Wan took it, who was too tired to move, into her arms, it was so aggrieved that it was about to cry.

It not only handed Yu Wan's small arm, but also handed her calf and small head in front of Yu Wan, and even lifted his shirt and pointed to his small belly with scars.

"I know, you are still injured, you are in pain, it's his fault to bully you like this." Yu Wan coaxed it patiently.

Little Rakshasa nodded in grievance, threw a big **** to Yan Jiuchao, and lay down in Yu Wan's arms for a hug.

Half of the little Rakshasa's body is the blood pill of King Rakshasa, and the other half is the inner pill of Sikong Ye. In contrast, the half of Sikongye's inner alchemy will not be integrated so quickly, and it will

not have much impact in the short term, but as time goes by, he will never learn to use the half of the inner alchemy, and the inner alchemy will become A death pill, although it does not kill its life, will make its realm stay in an unbreakable stage forever.

Since Sikong Ye gave him half of the inner elixir, don't waste it.

All the hard work now, one day in the future, it will feel worthwhile.

Of course, this is easy to say, but it is very difficult to do. If the strength is small, it is not enough to stimulate the potential of the half of the inner pill; if the strength is too large, it will easily hurt the other half of the blood pill.

Yan Jiuchao seemed to be indifferent, but in fact he used twelve points of heart for every ounce of strength he played.

But these, he never said.

Yan Jiuchao trained the little Rakshasa in the daytime, and at night, retreated to practice the skills of the longevity art. Yu Wan took good care of several children, except that the fetal movement was more frequent than before, there was nothing else to worry about.

"Madam, is it convenient for you to speak now?" Yu Wan was about to bathe a few little guys when Jinghong's report sounded outside the door.

Yu Wan looked at the little guys who were waiting to take the bubble bath, and she thought that it was so late that Jinghong must have something important to do when she came to the door, but she would be cold if she didn't take a bath. The disciples of Chaoyang Hall came over and reported from outside the door: "Madam, the ancestor said that if you have something to do, go and do it, he will take care of a few young masters, and there are us, madam, please don't worry."

Grandpa still can't get out of bed, isn't it embarrassing to let him take care of him? But with these clever disciples, it wouldn't be a problem.

"Understood." Yu Wan replied, and asked the disciples to lead the little Rakshasa and the little black eggs to Sikong Ye's side. I wonder if it was her illusion. I don't see him today, and the little Rakshasa's back is not so thin?

Yu Wan went to the courtyard to meet Jinghong, while the little Rakshasa and the little black eggs were taken to Sikong Ye's house by the disciples.

Sikong Ye and King Rakshasa were still "paralyzed" on the bed and were ordered not to get out of bed.

Seeing their little guy, both of them were a little excited.

"Hello Sikong Zuzu, hello Sang Zuzu." Xiaobao and Erbao greeted the four representatives softly.

The two ancestors rolled their eyes in disgust at each other!

"I want to take a bath." Erbao said, scratching his itchy scalp, he played with sand today and his head was full.

Sikong Ye hurriedly called his disciples to bring the tub in, poured hot water, and put the four little guys into the tub.

The four little guys happily took a bubble bath, and the disciples who were waiting on the side were going to step up to wipe the water droplets from their bodies, but Sikong Ye waved his hand: "Come here!"

The disciple was stunned for a moment, then replied, "...Yes!"

The disciples carried the little Rakshasa and the little black eggs on the bed one by one, and Sikong Ye took the towel to wipe the little black eggs. The three little guys were similar in appearance, and he wiped the big treasure three times inadvertently.

Xiaobao and Erbao looked at him wetly.

"Uh...cough cough!" Sikong Ye, who had reacted, coughed lightly, took Erbao and wiped it twice.

Shui Da Da's little treasure: "..."

However, even after wiping Dabao three times and Erbao twice, he still didn't wipe them dry.

"There is still water on the butt!" Erbao complained.

Sikong Ye was in a hurry and was in a daze. On the other hand, the Rakshasa King on the side was calmer and calmer. He not only wiped the little Rakshasa dry, but also dressed the little Rakshasa, and even wiped the little bald head with vanishing cream. Oily and shiny!

King Rakshasa's ability to bring his children was lit up after he came to Ming Mountain, but when the light was on, Sikong Ye couldn't even catch up with the horse.

There is no comparison, there is no harm, the three little black eggs decisively gave up their ancestors, grabbed the clothes and towels, and took refuge in the Rakshasa King!

Chapter 610 Little Rakshasa's Revenge!

"What happened?" In the courtyard, Yu Wan asked Xiang Xiang, who looked worried.

Jinghong frowned and said, "It's the head of the Sikong family. He took the guards of the Sikong family to the Sang family to take revenge."

"He?" Yu Wan was slightly startled, if she remembered correctly, the Sikong family master was also seriously injured, and his martial arts skills were completely useless.

Jinghong speculated: "He must think that the Sang family has no Rakshasa king, and so many high-level Asura kings have died, and their strength is not as good as before, and he must catch the Sang family before the Sang family master can refine a new master. annihilated."

Yu Wan nodded thoughtfully: "It's not wrong to plan this way, the Sang family is insidious and cunning, it is indeed better to deal with them sooner rather than later."

However, Sikong's family and Mingshan suffered heavy casualties. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been staying in Chaoyang Hall all the time.

"Does Mr. Sikong know about this?" Yu Wan asked.

sighed in astonishment: "I know, it was because the eldest son couldn't persuade Patriarch Sikong, so he sent someone to Chaoyang Hall to report the news. He went with Patriarch himself."

He is a filial man. It seems that after this battle, the hearts of the father and son have also opened up a lot. The Sikong family master sacrificed his life to save the eldest son, and entrusted the Sikong family to him before he thought he died. Sikong Changfeng has more hearts. The resentment disappeared.

Yu Wan was relieved that the father and son had released their previous suspicions, but she was also worried about the next situation of the two. The Sang family stole from the Sikong family more than a recipe for refining the Rakshasa King, and its weapons were also good. Even the elixir to improve the skill, I am afraid that it is the inheritance of the Wu clan. Are they really so easy to deal with with a strong inheritance?

"What should I do, ma'am?" Jinghong asked anxiously.

"How long have they been gone?" Yu Wan asked.

"Half a cup of tea," Jinghong said.

"You send someone to chase first, if you catch up, say... it's the meaning of the ancestors, let them stand by and don't act rashly; if you can't catch up... If you can't catch up, let's talk, don't put yourself on the line Go in." Yu Wan doesn't like fearless sacrifice, every life is precious in her eyes.

Jinghong never took his own life as a thing. He was from Mingshan. For Mingshan, he could risk his life without any scruples. This was the first time someone told him to let him be better live.

Jinghong wanted to say, shouldn't it be right to die for the master? The words reached his lips, but he couldn't say anything.

He should have seen that this little master is not very different from any master he has ever seen. In her eyes, there seems to be no distinction between superiors and inferiors. Let this small body, which obviously has no martial arts, exude unspeakable power.

"What's the matter? Is there anything else?" Yu Wan asked, seeing that he didn't move.

"Ah, no... it's all right." Jinghong returned to his senses and cupped his hands at Yu Wan, "Then I'll go first."

Yu Wan nodded: "Be careful on the road."

Jinghong went non-stop, and Yu Wan didn't know that the little disciple's heart was going back and forth a thousand times. She thought about the fact that Patriarch Sikong was looking for the Sang family, and unknowingly came to the door of the secret room.

"Oops." She held her stomach in one hand and patted her forehead with the other, "Why did I forget that Yan Jiuchao was in retreat? It bothers him at this hour..."

Before she finished speaking, her stomach moved.

A certain little four communicated weakly with the old father through the stone gate using the holy king Weiya.

Boom——

The stone gate opened.

Yu Wan looked at Yan Jiuchao who appeared in front of her in astonishment.

Yan Jiuchao said, "What happened?"

"I didn't disturb you, did you?" Yu Wan had heard that it was best not to disturb people while they were practicing, otherwise they would easily become distracted.

Yan Jiuchao said indifferently: "I'm fine, are those little guys making trouble again?"

"It's not them, it's Patriarch Sikong." Yu Wan told Yan Jiuchao about killing him in the Sang family, "Patriarch Sang released King Rakshasa's blood and got the blood pill of Little Rakshasa, who knows what he will do again. What kind of tricks are playing, I am afraid that the Sikong Patriarch still underestimates his strength."

Yu Wan's expectations were right, the action of the family head Sikong leading people to clear the Sang family was almost dead. In what way, a terrifying blood Asura was refined!

The strength of King Shura and the repairing power of Blood Rakshasa made this group of masters invincible from the moment they appeared.

Family Master Sikong opened his eyes in disbelief as he looked at the one-sided situation.

He didn't expect that the Sang family would be able to come up with such a group of masters after being severely damaged. This is the end. In order to destroy the Sang family, he brought all the elites of the Sikong family. It seems that today is going to lose everything!

The head of the Sang family stood under the majestic plaque, gave him a contemptuous look, and said, "I still think someone is arrogant in the Sang family, so it's you, and you want to destroy the Sang family? It's too self-sufficient!"

If Patriarch Sikong came, he might be worried, but there are only a few Asura kings, what can he do to him?

Let him guess why Patriarch Sikong didn't come?

Could it be that... in order to save King Rakshasa, he made himself half-dead?

Although Patriarch Sang didn't guess the process, he guessed the result. Patriarch Sikong really couldn't use his skills to fight in a short period of time. This is why Patriarch Sikong made a decision without asking Patriarch. As for Yan Jiuchao, He had to stay to guard Mingshan, and he couldn't be called away easily.

The Sang family master had a panoramic view of the complex color that flashed on the face of the Sikong family master, laughed three times, and said, "Sure enough, you have no masters in Mingshan. If you don't come today, I will not know this secret. , very good, when I kill you, I will go and pay Sikong's house and Mingshan!"

What does it mean to kill you while you are sick, that's all.

Mingshan is not so easy to deal with, he is also waiting for the opportunity, and now, Sikong Ye and King Rakshasa are both injured, there is no more favorable time.

Patriarch Sikong was very remorseful. He had known this before, so he listened to Changfeng and didn't come to the Sang family to die. Now that's good, not only might they die, but the ancestors would also be implicated.

Family Master Sikong said to the eldest son, "I'll stop him, Changfeng, you should rush back to Mingshan immediately and **** the ancestors to evacuate!"

Sang Patriarch sneered: "Don't even think about leaving!"

After he said that, he made a kill gesture, and the masters of the Sang family swarmed up and surrounded Sikong Changfeng.

"No—" The head of the Sikong family suddenly changed color.

Just when the blood asuras of the Sang family were about to launch their ultimate move against Sikong Changfeng, a powerful coercion attacked not far away, like an invisible ripple, spreading all the way to the center of the battlefield, the blood asuras of the Sang family. After a while, Sikong Changfeng was rescued by a huge internal force.

"With so many masters fighting a fledgling boy, only your Sang family would be so shameless."

Accompanied by a light-hearted man's voice, a Luan, which was carried by sixteen Chaoyang Hall disciples in the air, swept over, and landed in front of the Sikong family's camp, blocking the Sikong family master and Sikong Changfeng. behind.

Luan Jia is luxurious and refined, but more delicate than Luan Jia is the man above Luan Jia.

He is dressed in a black robe, tall and straight as loose, his face as jade, and his temperament as orchid as bamboo. Everyone who has seen this scene feels that there is no more handsome and noble man in the world than him. breath.

Sang family master naturally recognizes who he is.

The little great-grandson-in-law of the ancestor Sikong, Yan Jiu Dynasty!

What is the origin of this kid?

Why can I practice Sikong's longevity formula?

More importantly, after not seeing him for a few days, the aura of this boy's longevity technique seems to be stronger again.

The heart of the Sang family instinctively swelled up for a while, but the worst thing was not this, but after Yan Jiuchao took off his wide sleeves, a little guy sitting beside him was revealed, not a little Rakshasa... Who is it?

Patriarch Sang stumbled!

Little Rakshasa has no blood pills, how can he still be alive?

Could it be that... the Rakshasa King dug his blood pill to it?

But even so, it shouldn't recover so quickly!

Look at its ruddy face, where does it look like it lost a blood pill not long ago?

Little Rakshasa recognized the Sang family at first sight as the big **** who dazed himself, locked himself in a cage, and then chased him and King Rakshasa. Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely!

Patriarch Sang just felt like he was in a ghost, how did this little thing... how did he survive? !

Yan Jiuchao ignored his surprise, lightly brushed off his wide sleeves, found a comfortable position on the chariot, and said lightly to the little Rakshasa, "Repay your own revenge yourself. No Shura? Take them to practice your hands first, don't kill them all at once."

Little Rakshasa tugged at the corners of his lips, and with a swoosh, he slammed into the blood asuras!