

Toddler 611

Chapter 611 Violent little Rakshasa, destroy the Sang family!

This group of blood asuras who made Sikong's family suffer so much are all first-class masters, not to mention strong internal strength, and light work is even more impressive. In their eyes, unexpectedly, when the little thing hit them, they didn't even have time to react, and they were knocked out one by one.

Where is this little guy? Obviously a small cannon! ! !

The blood asuras were knocked over, and the scene was quite spectacular and tragic.

Patriarch Sikong finally showed a relieved expression on his face. He knew that it was right to trust the old ancestor. If he had thought wrong and murdered King Rakshasa, now he was hit by this little thing. The people are the subordinates of the Sikong family.

Some people are happy, and naturally some people are sad.

While Master Sikong was secretly delighted, Master Sang's face became very ugly.

If it is said that the arrival of Yan Jiuchao is not unexpected, the appearance of the little Rakshasa is completely surprising. I thought that without the blood pill, this little thing would surely die, but unexpectedly, it was the people of Mingshan who saved it, not only life. , and it seems to be more skillful than before.

If I knew this, I should have smashed it to ashes by the stream!

Unfortunately, there are no ifs in the world, only consequences and results.

But...it's not necessarily a win, isn't it?

The head of the Sang family stared at the movements of the little Rakshasa, and found that although its movement was much faster than before, its blood Rakshasa aura was also much weaker than before, which showed that it was not A complete blood rakshasa, his blood asuras underestimated it and did not do much to prevent it, but as long as they deal with it completely, they will not worry about pinching this little thing to death!

"Don't underestimate the enemy!"

Patriarch Sang screamed loudly, and the blood asuras immediately stood up from the ground. They covered their aching chests, looked at the little guy who made them lose face in front of everyone, and secretly vowed to kill him!

The blood asuras are indeed careless, but from now on, they will not.

Everyone raised their vigilance to the highest level and stared at the little Rakshasa in the center.

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely and continued to attack them.

However, this time, the blood asuras who had raised their realm to the extreme were no longer slammed away by it, and they used their moves to fight it fiercely.

Little Rakshasa has only half of the blood pill in his body, and the power in this half blood pill has only stimulated less than eleven, and its blood Rakshasa breath was quickly suppressed by the blood asuras of the Sang family.

"How...how could this be?" Patriarch Sikong finally frowned, frowning again.

Sikong Changfeng thought for a while, and said, "It's just half a blood rakshasa. It fights against those people as a blood rakshasa, not their opponent."

The face of the master of the Sikong family changed: "Then... what should we do then?"

Sikong Changfeng didn't say anything, he turned his head and glanced at Yan Jiuchao who was high above him. He supported his head with one hand and lay lightly on the side of Luan Jia. in a hurry.

"No hurry." Sikong Changfeng said.

"No hurry?" Sikong's head looked at his son in horror, "What time is it, the little Rakshasa is going to lose! When it loses, it will be our turn next!"

Sikong Changfeng glanced at Yan Jiuchao, who was more like a royal family than him. He didn't know whether it was delicious or something else, and said sourly: "The sky is falling, isn't there still someone above it?"

Yan Jiuchao didn't seem to have heard Sikong Changfeng's sour words, so he looked at the little Rakshasa who was chased by Blood Shura and fled.

"Crackling quack!" An internal force almost smashed on the head of the little Rakshasa, and the little Rakshasa cried out!

It whizzed towards Yan Jiuchao, trying to rush into Yan Jiuchao's arms, but Yan Jiuchao didn't even lift his eyelids, he just lightly flicked his sleeves and swept it into the blood of the Asuras. Clutch.

"Jeep ji ji ji!" Little Rakshasa's hair exploded! ! !

The blood asuras burst out with terrifying internal power, and collectively slammed down towards the little Rakshasa!

"jijijijijiji!" Little Rakshasa is going crazy!

The full-strength blow of a dozen blood asuras was nothing more than a thunderbolt. Patriarch Sikong's heart was in his throat, and even Sikong Changfeng, who had been pretending to be calm, couldn't bear it anymore. He pulled out the long sword.

He understands what Little Rakshasa means to Yu Wan. If he can, he will fight his life to save Little Rakshasa from those blood asuras.

Just when Little Rakshasa was about to be beaten to death by the group of people, an icy aura suddenly erupted from Little Rakshasa's body.

Everyone's expressions changed.

Family Master Sikong widened his eyes: "This...this is..."

"Longevity!" Sikong Changfeng said incredulously.

"How could he know the longevity formula?" The Sang family staggered and took a step back, his eyes full of shock. The longevity formula is a technique to restrain the blood rakshasas. Although it can warm and nourish the blood rakshasas when necessary, he has never heard of a single person. These two kinds of exercises can appear on the body at the same time, no matter whether it is the Rakshasa King or the Sang family ancestor, it can't be!

"Could it be..." In the blink of an eye, the Sang family head seemed to realize something, and suddenly looked at the little Rakshasa who was besieged by a group of blood asuras. After the inner strength of the longevity art was stimulated, the blood asuras were instantly restrained.

"No... Sikong Ye is a more powerful martial idiot than Sang Qiuhan. How could he give up half of his inner alchemy to save the little Rakshasa? Isn't this ruining his half-life skills?" People really don't want to believe that Sikong Ye would do such a surprising thing, but he can no longer believe that the facts are in front of him.

Yan Jiuchao also used the longevity art to stimulate the potential of the little Rakshasa, but the longevity art is difficult to induce the longevity art, and more often it induces the blood demon art, which is different in the battle against the blood asura.

This is a kind of instinct of mutual growth and mutual restraint of all things. When fighting the blood demon, the longevity formula will be unbearable. From the initial stamina, the little Rakshasa has been able to use the longevity seven or eight times in the next ten times. trick.

Such progress is nothing short of leaps and bounds.

After flying a **** Asura with one palm, the little Rakshasa flashed in front of Yan Jiuchao, tilted his little head, and blinked at him, as if waiting for him to praise him.

Yan Jiu raised his eyebrows.

The next second, I watched helplessly as the little Rakshasa was knocked away by a **** Asura who attacked him.

Little Rakshasa rolled his eyes and stuck his tongue out!

The little Rakshasa flew up, turned against the customer, and beat the blood Shura who attacked it into a meat pie! ! !

Its figure is getting faster and faster, and it shuttles through the masters of the Sang family like lightning. Every time it shuttles, a blood Shura falls.

Every time it falls, it will come to Yan Jiuchao to show it off.

Yan Jiuchao made this little lightning sore his eyes, and when it flashed past him for the first time, he reached out his slender jade-like hand and grabbed the little Rakshasa straight.

The masters of the Sang family are going to kneel, and they can't surround them with a group of people. How could this man be caught just so easily?

The back collar of the little Rakshasa was grabbed by Yan Jiuchao, and it looked at Yan Jiuchao cutely.

Yan Jiuchao said with disgust: "Don't shake it, the shaking makes this young master dizzy, the main master is there, don't patronize your own practice, let the main master escape."

The Sang family head, who was running away quietly, froze when he heard this!

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely, and rushed towards him!

Sang Patriarch was slammed to the ground!

He took a lot of medicinal pills to improve his skills, and his realm was far higher than that of the Sikong Patriarch, but he was still a little inferior to a revengeful little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa grabbed his collar and slammed him to the ground!

Only heard a click, and the leg bone of the Sang family was broken.

This was not enough, and the little Rakshasa kicked again mercilessly, just like he kicked himself when he was by the stream.

With this kick, Sang's rib was also broken, and he rolled on the ground in pain.

This kind of play without internal force is the most torturous, and Patriarch Sikong feels pain for him.

Little Rakshasa raised his feet again, aiming at his dantian——

It's going to step on his inner alchemy!

Unexpectedly, Little Rakshasa's little feet had already stepped on his belly, but he couldn't step on it. Little Rakshasa glanced at his belly in amazement.

At this moment, Sikong Changfeng shouted: "No! Get out of the way!"

The half-dead Sang Patriarch suddenly trembled, and the next second, he opened his eyes, the bottom of his eyes became blood red, a strong **** aura permeated from his body, and his dantian burst out with an extremely powerful internal force, The little Rakshasa was shaken away!

Little Rakshasa screeched, flipped somersaults in the air, jumped back behind Yan Jiuchao, a small round head stuck out from Yan Jiuchao's back, and looked at the Sang family master who was soaring in fear.

Chapter 612 Invincible Nine Brothers!

As if in the blink of an eye, the Sang family master became another person... No, to be precise, another blood rakshasa.

This is much more powerful than the half-baked blood Shura who advanced only by sucking a bit of the blood of the Rakshasa King. His nails turned black, Yintang and lips began to turn blue a little bit, and the veins on his forehead were blue. It became violent, and even the body swelled sharply due to the huge internal force.

The masters of the Sikong family who were present all changed their faces, as if they didn't understand what the trouble was. How could the well-mannered Sang family master turn into a blood rakshasa under the violent beating of the little Rakshasa?

Little Rakshasa matched his fingers, and seemed to wonder if he was beaten like this by himself.

"Ah—" The process of becoming a blood rakshasa was not easy, and a shrill scream burst out from the Sang family's throat.

Little Rakshasa was lying on Yan Jiuchao's back, his little hands covering his eyes.

"He called, why are you covering your eyes?" Yan Jiuchao asked lightly.

Little Rakshasa paused, took down his little hands, and covered his little ears.

Sang Patriarch's body surged with a few incomparably powerful breaths, wrapping him layer by layer like silk. Sikong Patriarch planned to sneak attack on him while he was not fully advanced, but the cold arrow he released had not yet touched him. The head of the Sang family was smashed into pieces by those powerful breaths.

Patriarch Sikong frowned: "What's the matter? A person who is so good, suddenly turned into a blood rakshasa?"

Sikong Changfeng pondered for a moment, then said: "It shouldn't be sudden, it's been prepared long ago, but... it didn't meet the right time."

"What do you mean by that?" the head of the Sikong family asked inexplicably.

Sikong Changfeng said: "Sang Chonghua took the blood elixir of the little Rakshasa. I thought he used the blood elixir to create those blood asuras, but now it seems that the blood elixir was given to him by himself. Take it."

Patriarch Sikong frowned slightly: "But he didn't show the slightest breath of blood rakshasa just now?"

This is also where Sikong Changfeng is puzzled. It stands to reason that the Sang family should have the aura of a blood rakshasa when he used the blood pill, but they didn't notice a trace of the blood rakshasa in him until just now. strange.

In fact, not only them, but even the Sang family owner did not expect things to develop like this. After he brought the blood elixir of the blood rakshasa back to the Sang family, he did take the medicinal pills. Those medicinal pills can reduce blood loss to the greatest extent. Dan's rejection in his body, but what he didn't think about was that the blood pill didn't react at all in his body.

This made him once suspected that he had picked up the wrong blood pill. Those masters only swallowed a little of the Rakshasa King's blood and stools, and his muscles were painful, but he swallowed the whole blood pill, no matter what, he shouldn't be unresponsive Yes.

It wasn't until he was beaten up by the little Rakshasa just now that the blood pill in the body seemed to sense the breath of the old master, and finally stimulated the greatest potential, and was stimulated by the longevity formula, which instantly pushed the Sang family master to the peak of the realm. .

"No, he's still breaking through!" The head of the Sikong family was wrinkled by the disgusting blood in the air, and there were countless unknown murderous intentions lurking under the blood.

"You..." Sikong Changfeng turned his head to look at Yan Jiuchao, who was naturally unable to deal with this big guy with his own abilities, but isn't Yan Jiuchao a master of longevity? Taking advantage of Patriarch Sang's unsteady breath, quickly kill him!

Is it difficult to keep it until he becomes another Rakshasa King?

"Look!" A guard of Sikong's family exclaimed.

Sikong Changfeng and everyone looked at the Sang family head in unison. At this time, he was not as swollen as his original appearance, but he still seemed unsatisfied, and took out a small medicine bottle from his arms. Pulling off the cork, he poured a large wave of dark elixir into his mouth.

Something incredible happened.

Sang Patriarch...Breakthrough!

"Luo, King Rakshasa?!" This time, Patriarch Sikong stumbled and almost fell to the ground, "What exactly did he eat? How did he break through to the realm of King Rakshasa?"

Sikong Changfeng said: "He should not make a complete breakthrough, but use the secret medicine to temporarily increase his skill. After the effect of the medicine is over, he will go crazy and die from the backlash of his skill."

He did the same crazy thing to protect Mingshan. If Yan Jiuchao didn't take action in time, he would have destroyed Mingshan and himself.

Patriarch Sikong also recalled that painful memory, and he said with lingering fear: "Is he planning to die with us?"

"I'm afraid yes..." Sikong Changfeng clenched the long sword in his hand without a trace.

Sikong's head was in a panic: "The ancestors can't kill the Rakshasa King, let alone us?"

Sikong Changfeng said: "The drug can only last for one stick of incense. After one stick of incense, he will explode and die. We just need not be caught by him before that."

is easy to say, but is it so easy to escape under the eyes of the dignified Rakshasa King?

As expected, several people didn't even take a step, and they were pinned to the spot by the Rakshasa Wangwei of the Sang family.

Little Rakshasa hugged Yan Jiuchao's neck, indicating that it was also super scared!

Yan Jiuchao never responded.

Sikong Changfeng's secret path is not good, and Yan Jiuchao is afraid that it will be suppressed. Among them, Yan Jiuchao has the strongest internal strength and is proficient in longevity art. It is the only chance to restrain the Rakshasa King, but if Yan Jiuchao can't do it, then they don't even have a chance to escape.

After Sang Patriarch took control of the situation, he did not rush to deal with the group of ants, but rushed straight towards the little Rakshasa hiding behind Yan Jiuchao!

"jjjjjjjj!" Little Rakshasa was so frightened that he flickered, pulled Yan Jiuchao's shirt open, and buried his head in his arms, leaving only a small buttocks exposed outside.

Patriarch Sang grabbed it towards its small buttocks, saying it was too late, Yan Jiuchao's eyes narrowed, the robes swelled without wind, and the powerful longevity formula suddenly skyrocketed.

Sixth, seventh, eighth...nine...ninth! ! !

In just a few days, he actually broke through to the ninth level of the Longevity Technique? !

Wait, his breath is still skyrocketing.

Going up, Sikong Changfeng doesn't know what realm he should be in. He only knows so much about the longevity art, but what is certain is that Yan Jiuchao's longevity art has reached a realm that even the ancestors of Sikong have not been able to break through.

The **** smell in the air was instantly replaced by a snow-like clean smell.

Patriarch Sang got angry, gave up the little Rakshasa, and instead strangled Yan Jiuchao by the neck!

However, Yan Jiuchao reached out his hand without any hassle, and with a slight movement of his fingertips as long as jade, the inner force of a longevity formula penetrated into the eyebrows of the Sang family master.

Patriarch Sang didn't even have time to exclaim, so he froze all over, and the next second, he fell heavily on the Luan Cha!

Little Rakshasa pulled his head out of Yan Jiuchao's arms, looked at the seriously injured Sang Patriarch without blinking, flashed over, stretched out his little feet, and flew him down!

Patriarch Sang fell dead in front of Sikong Changfeng and Patriarch Sikong. He coughed out a mouthful of black blood, his violent veins shrank back, and his swollen body returned to its original shape. Can't be repaired.

The father and son stared at the dying Sang family in a stunned manner, unable to believe that Yan Jiuchao had killed a Rakshasa king with one move.

The owner of the Sang family couldn't believe it himself. He looked at Yan Jiuchao who was aloof with difficulty: "Why...why..."

"Why why? Why was this young master able to break through the ninth level of the longevity formula? Or why was this young master able to easily kill you, the Rakshasa King?" Yan Jiuchao stood up lightly, flicked his wide sleeves dashing, and put the back of his hand on the back of his hand. Behind him, he hummed, "How do I know why?"

Isn't it difficult?

is it hard?

Yan Young Master looked at the sky.

Everyone present is going to be **** off!

As the Houyi of the Wu clan, the direct disciple of the Sikong family could not get the essence of the longevity formula all his life, but this guy seems to have practiced the longevity formula to the peak casually. Who is the Sikong family? Is there any reason? !

Sikong Changfeng rubbed his heart and panted, "Although we won, why am I so angry and so sad!"

"You guys... don't be too happy..." The Sang family vomited violently, and when he had enough, Fang sneered and glanced at Yan Jiuchao, "Do you think... only you... know how to control the tiger from the mountain? I guessed...you guys would lose your temper...come to clear the Sang family...Do you think...my Sang family's masters are really...all here? It's so naive! Hahaha...Yan Jiu Towards...you are finished...you are all finished...hahaha..."

He laughed frantically!

Family Master Sikong stepped forward, grabbed the front of his shirt and said, "What did you do to Sikong's family? What did you do to Mingshan?!"

Chapter 613 Little Black Ginger is here!

After nightfall, Mingshan, which had been noisy all day, gradually quieted down. Before Yan Jiuchao and Yu Wan and his party arrived, Mingshan was as quiet as a cold pool, day and night, but three little blacks could be heard at the light of day today. The noise of the egg babble, the scolding voice of the old Cuitou, and the movements of Yingliu Qingyan and others, even the ancestors who saw the dragon without seeing the end were a bit more flamboyant than before.

Such Mt. Mt. undoubtedly gave the disciples a more cordial sense of belonging, but when it was quiet, it was like a dormant beast again, exuding a dangerous and terrifying aura in the dark night.

"Sleep." Yu Wan lay down beside the three little black eggs and tucked them into the quilt.

The eyes of the three of them were wide open, and they stared at the top of the tent, as if no one was sleepy.

This is surprising, I didn't take a nap during the day, how come I'm not sleepy at this hour?

Yu Wan looked at them strangely: "Why are you still not sleeping? Are you hungry? Or are you uncomfortable?"

The three shook their heads.

"Then what are you thinking?" Yu Wan touched the small heads of the three of them.

The three of them looked at her cutely.

"Where's my brother?" Xiaobao asked.

Mingming took a bath together, wiped his body after taking a bath, wiped his body and put on his clothes, but as soon as they finished dressing, his brother disappeared!

"Brother..." Yu Wan couldn't tell them that her younger brother went to fight at Sang's house. Yu Wan smiled softly and said, "You go to bed first, and you will be able to see your younger brother when you wake up."

Xiaobao snorted.

The rhythm of the three of them was successfully deviated, and they could see their younger brother after sleeping, so they quickly went to sleep.

The three of them closed their eyes hard!

Yu Wan laughed softly, kissed the three people's small foreheads one by one, holding her almost five-month pregnant belly, and fell asleep sweetly.

Everyone fell asleep, and even the night wind in Mingshan seemed to have calmed down, but what no one noticed was that under this seemingly peaceful silence, a large wave of danger was coming towards them.

The Sang family has raised the Rakshasa King for many years. Not only does his blood have the power of the Rakshasa King, but even the blood pool he has cultivated is enough to nourish many powerful blood Rakshasa. This has never been done before. One is the Rakshasa King. His territorial awareness is strong, except for the little Rakshasa he secretly raised, he is not allowed to have a second blood Rakshasa appear in his blood pool. Second, there is no Rakshasa King's blood to use as medicine, so the Sang family could not raise it. The second adult blood Rakshasa came out.

Now that the Rakshasa King is gone, the blood pool can be used to the best of its ability. Coupled with the blood of the Rakshasa King, there is almost no suspense in refining the blood Rakshasa.

Blood Rakshasa is much higher than Blood Asura.

Blood Rakshasa's body is strange, and under the moonlight, it is like a pool of blood creeping up the hillside.

There was a thick smell of blood in the air, and people who were sleeping had no sense of smell, so they didn't notice the approaching blood smell. He was drained of blood by a shadow of blood.

Strange blood shadows sneaked into Chaoyang Hall in an orderly manner, leaving thick bloodstains wherever the blood shadows passed.

Sikong Ye and King Rakshasa, who had temporarily lost their inner strength, were no different from ordinary people, not to mention that their wound medicine also contained sleep aids. Room.

The blood shadows spread out, Old Cui Tou, Grandma, Qingyan, Ying Shisan... Everyone's house slowly sneaked into a blood shadow, and Yu Wan's was no exception.

She turned over and hugged Little Treasure in her arms.

Mother and son all slept soundly, not noticing the approach of the blood shadow.

The blood shadow approaching the head of the bed felt an aura that made it fearful and coveted at the same time.

Blood rakshasas are bloodthirsty, especially pure yin blood, not to mention that pure yin blood also harbors a powerful holy king in its stomach, which is simply a delicacy that makes all blood rakshasas go crazy.

More and more blood shadows gathered towards Yu Wan's room.

"It's too late to rush back now...hahahaha...all have to die! The people of Mingshan...all have to die!" The Sang family shivered with laughter, "That's twenty blood rakshasas! It was Sikong Ye and The Rakshasa Kings joined hands, and they may not be their opponents! What's more...the two of them were injured..."

The two of them are more than injured? It's almost impossible to use half of the internal force, okay?

The situation is more critical than imagined! Patriarch Sikong is not well!

"Ah... I almost forgot... Do you still want a powerful King Shura... Cough..." Sang Patriarch coughed almost, "But I heard... He is also in retreat... Can't escape... ...the people of Mingshan...not one can escape..."

He was right, Nishura is indeed in retreat. The longer the retreat, the higher the realm he wants to break through. This is a beautiful thing, but if there is a crisis that cannot be suppressed in Mingshan, it will be a little uncomfortable. Wonderful.

Mingshan... There is no master who can use it!

Mingshan is empty!

Patriarch Sikong's face turned pale.

Xiao Rakshasa flashed and disappeared into the night!

You don't need to guess to know that it is going to save Mingshan, but is it really in time?

The head of the Sang family laughed and burst into tears: "I said...it was too late...as early as the moment you...arrived at the Sang family...the twenty blood rakshasas...were already shot...how long did you spend with me... ... the blood rakshasa is in the mountain... how long has it been killed..."

"You lunatic!" The head of the Sikong family kicked over, "There are so many innocent people in Mingshan! You want to take revenge on us! What kind of skill is it to bully the weak! Sang Chonghua! I really misjudged you!"

Sang Patriarch was already on the verge of dying, and he was kicked again, almost dying on the spot, but no matter how badly he was injured, even if he was about to die, he still laughed grimly.

He wiped the blood from the corners of his lips, and laughed madly: "I die... but also... pull up the entire Mingshan... to be the back! What King Rakshasa didn't do... I am Sang Chonghua... I did it! Hahahaha... I did it!"

Boom——

There was a loud noise in the distant sky, and the dark sky seemed to explode with a fire.

Patriarch Sang stared, and laughed hahahaha: "Did you hear it? It's the movement of Mingshan! Mingshan... It's over! It's over! You're all over!"

Yan Jiuchao looked at him condescendingly: "Are you sure, are we finished?"

Clan Master Sang paused, and Yan Jiuchao's contemptuous look at him almost made him think he was about to lose, but there was another loud noise from the direction of Mingshan, and the expressions of Clan Master Sikong and Sikong Changfeng changed. He smiled relievedly: "Your people are either injured or closed, who else can resist the attack of the blood rakshasa? Just relying on the holy king who has not yet been born? Yan Jiu Chao, Yan Jiu Chao... You can't do more than a dream than me!"

Mingshan, the first thing to notice something was wrong was the little Gu Gu who woke up from hunger in the middle of the night. It got up to look for food, and as a result, it sensed countless auras that made it cold, and it hurriedly woke up the Ten Thousand Gu King.

The King of Ten Thousand Gu released the coercion of the King of Gu, holding back the blood shadow that was about to kill Sikong Ye and King Rakshasa.

However, more and more blood shadows poured into Chaoyang Hall.

The King of Ten Thousand Gu screamed.

Qingyan sat up: "What's the move?!"

Yue hook rubbed his eyes: "What's wrong?"

"Be careful!" Qingyan hugged the moon hook and rolled, dodging the attack of a blood rakshasa.

At the same time, there was also news of a fight in the room of Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six.

The power of twenty blood rakshasas cannot be blocked by ordinary masters. More and more Chaoyang Temple disciples fell under the pressure of the blood rakshasas. Their bodies were forced to release blood gas continuously, and the air tumbled. An increasingly thick **** smell.

"Horse piss!" Ying Shisan said sharply!

Ying Liu poured two bottles of talisman water made of horse urine on himself and Ying Thirteen. Blood Rakshasa disliked the smell of horse urine, so he backed away.

"Go save the young master and the young lady! I'll stop them!" Ying Shisan blocked the door, allowing Ying Liu to run out.

The blood rakshasa didn't like the smell, but he wasn't afraid, so it wouldn't last long. Ying Liu had to save the young master and Yu Wan before the blood rakshasas came back to their senses. Qingyan also thought of this method. At the same time, the person ran into Yu Wan's room with horse urine, but bumped into the door, and the horse urine splashed on the ground.

The blood rakshasas who are outside are reluctant to go in, but the blood rakshasas who have already entered are reluctant to come out.

The four blood rakshasas looked at each other, and used their internal force to shake the two and the two smelly horse urinals away, and then one of them grabbed a "prey" and bit down on the necks of the mother and son!

It was too late to say that, Yu Wan's stomach moved, and a powerful holy king burst out.

The blood rakshasas seemed to have been hit in the heart, put down the prey in their hands, and retreated several steps in unison.

The blood rakshasas were angry and released a powerful pressure.

The power of the holy king is beyond everyone's imagination, and the four blood rakshasas can't crush it!

However, after all, it was just a fetus, with limited energy, and soon fell asleep.

Without the resistance of the Holy King, the blood rakshasas could finally get what they wanted.

The blood rakshasas licked the corners of their lips greedily, grabbed the three little black eggs that were sleeping, and Xiaobao woke up suddenly.

He opened his eyes and saw the Blood Rakshasa who was drooling towards him, and the pair of sharp fangs of the Blood Rakshasa. He was so frightened that he covered his little butt: "Don't, don't, don't bite my ass!"

Blood Rakshasa would listen to him? He opened his mouth and bit him!

At this moment, the closed door creaked open.

An embroidered shoe inlaid with pearls stepped in slowly.

Who is this? who is it? who is it?

Chapter 614 The strongest Jiang Batian!

The clean embroidered shoes stepped on the blood stained ground, and they were glowing white.

This room is filled with the coercion and internal force of the blood rakshasa. It stands to reason that no one can easily push the door open, or even if the skill is strong enough, it is bound to make a great noise. With a push, if it wasn't for the creaking sound of the door panel and the door stake, the blood rakshasas would not have noticed that the door had been opened.

Who is so capable?

I thought the visitor was a powerful expert, but when I turned around, it was a weak woman wearing embroidered shoes.

She didn't have the slightest hint of inner strength on her body, she was slender, with a thin face, holding a handkerchief in her hand, and walked in weakly.

Xiaobao widened his eyes: "Grandma?"

Grandma... grandma?

The blood rakshasas were shocked. This woman looked to be in her early twenties. How could she be this little guy's grandma?

Little Black Ginger recently mixed oil with Yu Shaoqingmi, and the days are moisturizing, and it is indeed more beautiful and younger.

"Let go, let go... let me down!" Xiaobao twisted his little **** to struggle out of Xue Rakshasa's hand, how could Xue Rakshasa do what he wished?

But what even Blood Rakshasa couldn't understand was that he had no intention of letting go of this little thing, but his hand shook inexplicably, causing the little thing to fall on the soft bed with a clatter.

Xiaobao pulled his legs and ran in front of his grandma.

The blood rakshasas reached out to grab them, but their bodies stopped for a while, and Xiaobao slapped them under the eyes and escaped.

Xiaobao threw himself into grandma's arms, hugged grandma's neck aggrievedly, and of course didn't forget to bury grandma's chest: "There are bad guys!"

"Good, go to your sixth uncle and wait first." Little Heijiang said softly, and with a light toss, he threw Xiaobao into Yingliu's arms outside the three yards.

Being shaken by the blood Rakshasa's internal force, Ying Liu, who managed to stabilize his figure, looked at the little black egg that suddenly appeared in his arms, with a confused face: "..."

The blood rakshasas in the house looked at each other. Rao was that this woman gave them a very strange feeling, but she didn't have the aura of a master. She should have just hit a dead mouse with a blind cat. His small body will inevitably turn into a puddle of flesh in an instant.

Thoughts flashed, the blood rakshasas were too lazy to even make a move, only the weakest blood rakshasa shook with internal force, intending to shake the woman who was in the way to death. .

"Huh?" The weakest Blood Rakshasa was stunned, thinking that he had made a mistake, and slapped the woman again.

This time, he was sure that his inner strength fell on the woman impartially, but the woman remained motionless.

Could it be that Yicheng's skill is not enough to deal with a woman who is powerless?

Blood Rakshasa added another skill, but when Blood Rakshasa made his move, the owner of the embroidered shoes standing at the door disappeared.

Blood Rakshasa frowned strangely and looked around.

"Are you looking for me?"

A sickly crooked voice resounded behind the Blood Rakshasa, and the Blood Rakshasa was caught off guard and almost fell!

Isn't this woman standing at the door? When did you get behind him? !

Blood Rakshasa turned around, stretched out his claws and grabbed the opponent!

Unexpectedly, he fluttered again!

People...what about people? !

"Here." A slender jade hand gently rested on Xue Rakshasa's wrist. Her movements were extremely gentle, and her brows were soft and gentle. What kind of lethal power could such a woman have?

Blood Rakshasa thought so too, but he was miserable.

Little Black Ginger squeezed his wrist.

He threw it at random, but found that he couldn't shake it off. The seemingly slender and weak fingers held him tightly like iron pliers.

In the next second, he was slammed out by an unstoppable force!

The remaining three blood rakshasas were really shocked when they saw this.

Why is this woman capable of martial arts? With one move, a blood Rakshasa was sent flying? !

The three blood rakshasas didn't care that she was a woman, so they attacked her. Because they were not as careless as before, they used seven or eight successes, but they were really in the hands of little black ginger. Ten strokes.

However, in the end, he could not escape the fate of being tragically thrown.

Of course, the blood rakshasa is not an ordinary master. As long as the blood pill is not broken, the body will not die. Even if he is seriously injured, he can recover in the shortest time.

As expected, the four blood rakshasas who were thrown into the yard and vomited blood all over stood up in the blink of an eye!

Their weakened internal strength has returned to its peak state!

"This, this... Is this still a human?" Qing Yan seriously doubted that he was dazzled.

"We're going to attack their dantian!" Ying Shisan stared and said, "That's the weakness of the blood rakshasa. Only when the blood elixir is gone, can the blood rakshasa be destroyed."

Little Heijiang came to the yard, and when she saw this scene, her little body trembled slightly.

The four blood rakshasas rose up into the sky, looking down at this shivering woman, oh, you know how powerful they are? The master's internal strength will always be exhausted, but their energy will continue to be repaired, unless... it is the longevity art, then they may repair slower, but only slower.

"Boss, she cried with fright," said a blood rakshasa.

"She's shaking so badly," said another blood rakshasa.

"Let's be mighty!" said the third Blood Rakshasa.

Ying Shisan and Qing Yan, who found Xiao Heijiang, twitched the corners of their mouths together, making sure she was afraid of tears, wasn't she shedding tears of excitement?

Da Da Da Da... Can you beat him to death? !

The shivering little black **** finally raised his head slowly, his eyes glowing green! ! !

The blood rakshasas were startled collectively!

This...what expression? Is she frightened? !

"I--come---" Little Hei Jiang threw out a small fist and swishly attacked the blood rakshasas!

"Ouch—" The leading Blood Rakshasa was hit in the stomach, bent into a clip, and hit the rockery with a bang, and the rockery was shaken into pieces of stone, drowning him with a crash.

click.

A blood pill rolled out of the gravel.

The force was too strong, and the blood pill was knocked out.

Little Heijiang snorted, hurriedly opened the stone, fed the blood pill back into the mouth of the blood rakshasa, and smoothed it back to him as if coaxing a baby: "Okay, it's alright..."

Blood Rakshasa with a confused look: "..."

Little Heijiang started her performance.

By the time she swished around and returned to the blood rakshasa, his blood elixir was almost fused, because it was his own blood elixir, even eating it wouldn't be too bad. Effect.

"Alright?" Little Black Jiang looked at him harmlessly.

He nodded blankly.

"Then let me start!" Xiao Heijiang grabbed him and punched him into the sky! ! !

Blood Rakshasa's internal strength can be rapidly repaired, but every time he is injured, the repair speed will slow down by one point.

Gradually, the blood rakshasas went from repairing to nine successes, to eighth, seven, six, and five... In the end, the speed of their repairs couldn't keep up with the speed of their internal forces. .

Another blood rakshasa fell heavily to the ground, he spat out a mouthful of blood, stretched out his hand tremblingly, and touched the medicine bottle in his arms.

Unexpectedly, with a shake of his hand, the bottle fell and the pills were scattered all over the floor.

"You want to take medicine? Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Xiao Heijiang walked over, picked up the pills on the ground, fed them into his mouth very intimately, and then fed the rest into the mouths of other blood rakshasas inside.

Blood Rakshasa's power has really recovered greatly!

When the little Rakshasa arrived at Mingshan, the blood Rakshasa had been abused to the point of wanting to commit suicide collectively!

Little Heijiang suddenly saw a brand new prey, grabbed it with his hands, and caught Little Rakshasa!

This little sandbag is more sturdy than those ones~

Little Rakshasa didn't know what was going on before he felt a small fist hit his small chest.

"It's its own person!!!" Qingyan shouted!

Xiaoquanquan stopped abruptly!

Little Black Jiang picked up Little Rakshasa, and Little Rakshasa looked at her tremblingly.

Little Black Ginger smelled the milk aroma of the little black eggs on it, hummed aggrievedly, and threw it back to Qingyan.

Little Rakshasa, who never looked directly at Qingyan, was so frightened that his legs were softened, he pulled Qingyan's shirt open and got into his arms!

The disciples of Chaoyang Hall rushed out and watched the thin figure ascend into the sky.

The initial reaction of everyone was like this——

"Wow! Who is that! It's amazing!"

After half an hour, everyone's reaction became like this——

"Uh...who is that? That's amazing."

An hour later.

Two hours later.

Three hours later.

Everyone's necks were sore, and the sky was almost dawn.

A certain disciple yawned, with a pair of dark circles under his eyes: "...Isn't it finished yet?"

The blood rakshasas are going crazy!

They are out of strength, gone... Really gone...

I can't even take medicine...

Their Gorefiend is completely useless to her, they don't even understand why!

Just when everyone thought this fight would never end, a man's voice came slowly from the foot of the mountain.

"Ashu—where are you—"

I saw someone who was holding the Blood Rakshasa, waving a small fist, and going up to the ground. Hearing the call, he changed his face in a second, threw the Blood Rakshasa aside, fell to the ground sickly, and took it out. With the small handkerchief, Xi Zi coughed with a heart.

It's like a disciple of Chaoyang Palace who has seen a ghost: "...!!!"

Does this work too? !

Chapter 615 Jiang Batian and the Four Little Eggs!

Yu Shaoqing heard the movement on the mountain from a distance, and was very worried, so he quickened his pace, swept towards Chaoyang Hall, and called out "Ashu".

When he finally arrived at the chaotic scene, he immediately recognized the graceful and charming woman who was slumped on the ground.

His Ah Shu is so beautiful even when she faints! ! !

The sky is full of fallen leaves, and the ground is covered with snow like silver frost. The woman's hair is as black as ink, and her disease is as beautiful as Xizi.

Yu Shaoqing received a strong visual impact, and his heart became a ball!

"Ashu!" Yu Shaoqing strode forward, unaware that there was a disciple of Chaoyang Palace on the roof who was expressionless and scattered with fallen leaves, and another disciple of Chaoyang Palace who was fanning the catkins with internal force on the treetops.

Yu Shaoqing picked up the frail Ah Shu, the person in his arms was really thin, and he hardly weighed much in his arms, so he blamed him for not being optimistic about Ah Shu, and told her to be kidnapped!

If you let him catch who did it, he will definitely not forgive him lightly!

"Ah!" Little Black Jiang sneezed!

This sneeze sounded nothing at first, but it fell into the ears of the blood rakshasas who had been ravaged by her all night like a thunderbolt.

The blood rakshasas who were hiding behind the rockery and did not move, let a small sneeze frighten their breath, and a faint **** smell filled the air.

Yu Shaoqing's brows were wrinkled, he turned around suddenly and looked in the direction of the rockery: "Who?!"

The blood rakshasas did not dare to make a sound.

Yu Shaoqing put down his sick wife: "Ashu, wait for me here, I'll take care of those guys first!"

After saying that, he took off his robe and covered the little black **** who was actually dying of heat.

After Yu Shaoqing came to the rockery with his Qinggong, he looked at the crowd of black people and attacked them without saying a few killing moves. , also knocked down one with one punch, but in the blink of an eye, the twenty-something man could no longer get up.

But, I don't know if it was Yu Shaoqing's delusion, I always felt that before the group of scoundrels passed out, they were not resentful, but relieved, and even more, one of them gave him a grateful look.

I was stunned by him and thanked him?

That's right, you must be dazzled!

Yu Shaoqing, who had not practiced for a long time, but killed so many masters in one shot, felt very good about himself, and returned to his wife in a good mood.

Yu Shaoqing picked up his wife, his Shu was terrified and broke out in cold sweat.

Yu Shaoqing hugged her tightly and comforted her gently: "Ashu, don't be afraid, the bad guy has already let me deal with it."

Little Black Jiang's eyes trembled: "Are they all right?"

Yu Shaoqing was taken aback.

Xiaohei Jiang Sansan said: "I...I mean, are you alright? They didn't hurt you, did they?"

Yu Shaoqing breathed a sigh of relief, and he said, how could his Shu be worried about the safety of a group of thieves?

Yu Shaoqing patted his chest and said arrogantly: "Just those guys, I was stunned by three or five moves, I'm fine, don't worry!"

"Yeah." Little Black Jiang nodded obediently.

At this moment, Qingyan and Ying Shisan came over.

The two bowed to him: "Master."

Yu Shaoqing was a little surprised after seeing the two of them clearly: "Why are you here? Are Awan and Jiu Chao also here?"

"I'm here! Dabao and the others are also here!" Qingyan said with a smirk, he didn't forget that they all left Nanzhao, but Awei hid the three little black eggs under the burden, and it was finally exposed when the ghost clan finally came. .

After hearing , Yu Shaoqing finally let go of his heart that had been hanging all the way.

"Master, why did you and your wife come to Mingdu?" Qingyan asked. They were not worried about the three children. They found out that the children were brought to the ghost clan by Awei, but they passed the book to the flying pigeons of Helian's house. Tell the old lady they don't have to worry.

"Ah, that's a long story." Yu Shaoqing sighed, talking about his and Ah Shu's mental journey.

It was a sunny and sunny afternoon. They received the flying pigeon biography from the ghost clan. They were relieved when they learned that the children were with Jiu Chao and Awan, but on that night, a disaster suddenly occurred. It came to the head of Helian Mansion!

... Ah Shu was kidnapped! ! !

Qingyan's mouth twitched, sure she was kidnapped, didn't she run away by herself?

"I left Nanzhao in order to find Ashu." Yu Shaoqing continued, "Afterwards, although I found Ashu, the thief was so powerful that he kidnapped Ashu from me every three or two days. Now, I'm chasing after, so I'm here, you just said... This is called Mingdu?"

"Yes, this is the capital of the Underworld, the place where the ghosts moved their capital." Qingyan did not ignore the guilt that flashed in someone's eyes, and became more and more certain that she ran away and didn't run away. If there was a fight, there would be her. Qingyan not only twitched the corners of his mouth, but also wanted to twitch the corners of his eyes.

"By the way, what kind of people were those just now?" Yu Shaoqing asked. Although he was skilled in martial arts, he solved them in three or two strokes, but the group of people gave him a different feeling than ordinary masters.

"They are Blood Rakshasa." Ying Shisan said.

"Blood Rakshasa?" Yu Shaoqing frowned, he had never heard of it.

Ying Thirteen explained: "Blood Rakshasa is a kind of evil that feeds on blood qi for a living. It cultivates the long-lost blood demon art of the Wu clan. It has extremely powerful internal strength and a heaven-defying repairing power, which is very difficult to deal with. ."

Yu Shaoqing breathed a sigh of relief, closed his eyes and said, "Fortunately I'm here, otherwise Ashu would die if it falls into their hands."

This time, the corner of Ying Shisan's mouth also twitched fiercely.

Who is the one who died?

I don't even look at which one has been in the sky for a whole night, and I can't wait to fight for three days and three nights? !

Yu Shaoqing thought for a while, and said with a serious face: "Since it is an evil thing, then don't keep it, kill them."

"Xianggong." Little Heijiang, who had been silent all the time, grabbed the front of his shirt and said weakly, "God has good life, give them a chance to reform themselves? Don't kill them in such a hurry."

Yu Shaoqing was so moved that he almost cried, he held Jiang Shi's hand and said affectionately, "Ashu is the kindest woman in the world!"

People with black lines on their faces: "..."

She just wanted to close the door and keep fighting! ! !

"By the way, Thirteen, Qingyan, where is this? Where are Awan and Jiuchao?" Yu Shaoqing looked around and asked suspiciously.

"Uh..." The two looked at each other.

Qingyan said with a smile: "It's a long story, here... This is Mingshan, which is actually the home of the wife."

Yu Shaoqing was startled: "Ashu's home? Isn't Ashu's home in Nanzhao?"

"Nanzhao is also the wife's home, yes, so is Mingdu!" Qingyan didn't know how to explain his wife's background to Yu Shaoqing, "Master, it's windy outside, come in and talk."

Yu Shaoqing also thought about it, Ah Shu was already weak, and was frightened again, so she couldn't shake the wind.

Yu Shaoqing helped the Jiang family back to the house.

"Ah Shu is hungry? I'm going to make you something to eat." After saying that, Yu Shaoqing went to the kitchen of Chaoyang Hall, and the kitchen skills can be said to be superb.

On the other side, the Sang family head, who didn't believe he would lose, was thrown into Chaoyang Hall by Yan Jiuchao, and he was stunned when he saw the blood rakshasa who fell to the ground.

what happened?

Why his blood rakshasa was wiped out?

These are all drooping, where does it still look like an immortal blood rakshasa?

Just when the Sang family leader was shocked by the scene in front of him and doubted his life, Xiao Heijiang also saw the Sang family leader who came down from the sky.

Suck~

Little Black Ginger's eyes lit up instantly! ! !

"His blood pill is broken and can't be repaired." Yan Jiuchao said sharply.

Little Black Jiang turned his face away for a second: "Then kill it!"

Sang Patriarch: "..."

...

When Yu Wan woke up, it was dawn the next day. Since she became pregnant, she had been sleeping soundly. She was not woken up at all by such a big movement last night.

She habitually looked at the side of the bed, the sons were not there, neither was the little Rakshasa.

Strange, don't you have to wake her up every time?

Sticky to her so much that it almost grows on her.

Yu Wan touched her slightly bulging belly and went to the ear room strangely. After washing up, she went to the kitchen to find something to eat.

When passing by the South Chamber, her steps paused.

If she remembers correctly, there is no one living in the south wing...

She took two steps back, returned to the door of the south wing, stuck her head out and looked inside, but she saw something—

Three Little Black Eggs and Little Rakshasa were wearing floral clothes, floral trousers, big red flowers on their heads, black and thick Zhang Fei eyebrows, and red lips painted with fiery flames. They sat shyly on the stool.

The little black eggs all turned into colorful little eggs! Even the skinny little Rakshasa has become a Rakshasa egg!

Yu Wan's whole person is not well, but this is not the most terrible thing, what's more terrible is that the big and four children in the room suddenly crossed their hips, raised their head, and their small body trembled, laughing out two rows of pigs. ——

Chapter 616 Grandparents and grandchildren meet, witch clues

The weather was warm and sunny, and Sikong Ye was refreshed, not only because his injury had healed, but also half of his power that should have been restored, but also because he finally didn't have to live in the same room with King Rakshasa, of course, it was more important. Yes, it is his dear (outside) grandson Jiang Shu is here!

When he heard that his daughter and his little grandson were far away in Nanzhao, he once thought that he would have to travel far and wide, and it would take many days to see them.

In order not to worry Xiao Ashu, he endured not seeing her. Now that his injury is healed, he can finally see his little Ashu happily!

Awan has said that although Ashu is the concubine of Nanzhao Emperor, she grew up in a ghost clan since she was a child. She suffered a lot, and her body was weak. Whenever she thought about it, he felt distressed, but it didn't matter, he would protect Awan well. Shu's!

With his realm and strength, even if he loses half of his inner alchemy, he is still the most powerful existence in the entire Underworld!

Sikong Ye walked towards the South Chamber with the steps that his six relatives did not recognize!

Unexpectedly, Xiao Heijiang was quietly hitting the south wing at this time. She managed to put Yu Shaoqing to sleep like this. Then I felt a breath of Rakshasa King appeared in the air.

...Sleeping in the same bed with King Rakshasa for too long, unconsciously tainted with the precious breath that belongs to the other party.

Little Black Ginger's eyes glow green!

"Bah!"

She punched the opponent with a small punch!

Si Kongye, who swore that he would use his sturdy body and powerful skills to protect Xiao Ashu for the rest of his life, was knocked down by Xiao (Jiang) A (Ba) Shu (Tian)...

Passing by here, King Rakshasa who accidentally bumped into this scene, saw Sikong Ye's embarrassing appearance, and felt that all the depression that had been in his chest for decades was spitting out, and he couldn't help laughing up to the sky: "Hahahahahaha ..."

!

The Rakshasa King was also knocked down...

So after half a quarter of an hour, all the disciples of Chaoyang Hall saw the two old ancestors who had finally recovered, and who had sworn that they would never be together again, dragging their stiff old legs and supporting each other, their noses were bruised and their faces were bruised, and they were lame. Back home in a hurry.

...

The Sang family died one after another, and even if the gods and Buddhas came into the world, they couldn't cover their crimes. The head of the Sikong family brought people to the Sang family to collect evidence, and tortured the guards and servants beside Sang Chonghua. , the Sang family didn't even have room to refute.

The Sang family's ambitions are not without warning. It is not known how long ago the children and servants of the Sang family fished the common people in Mingdu. However, because of their in-laws with the Sikong family, no one dared to sue Sikong for the Sang family's crimes. When he went to the mansion, he went to sue. There was also the Sang family's eyeliner in the Sikong mansion.

Pulled out the radish and brought out the mud, and the inner Ying of Sikong Mansion was also pulled out one by one.

The head of the Sikong family has never advocated atrocities, but this time, he was really angry and executed all the minions who ate the inside and the outside.

The Sang family was raided, and all the Sang family's children were expelled from the Underworld, never to join the ghost clan!

When Mrs. Sikong heard the news, the two brothers Sikong Yun were leading troops to clear the Sang family's mansion. Sikong Yun was kidnapped by Sang Chonghua once, and his life was almost gone. Come home without mercy.

Mrs. Sikong was so angry that she cried and fainted when she learned that her younger son actually went to raid Sang's house.

"Mother, you didn't see what he did to me! He almost killed me!" After returning to the mansion, Sikong Yun unbuttoned his collar, revealing a circle of bruises, "This is the result of being pinched by his subordinates. Yes! Mother, your son, my luck is a little worse, and it has already died in their hands!"

What can Mrs. Sikong say? No matter how big your family is, is it bigger than your son and husband? What's more, it was indeed the family's fault that came first, and it was the greatest kindness of the Sikong family to not drive out the Sang family.

When the house was raided, Grandma and Qingyan also went there. They found a lot of things that the Rakshasa King stole from Sikong's family. In addition to blood magic, there were also many medicinal recipes and secret recipes for refining Yin Gu inherited from the witch tribe. .

Qingyan suddenly realized: "No wonder the Sang family's Yin Gu is so powerful, it turned out to be a ready-made bargain from the Sikong family."

Sikong's family has a large collection of books, and even they themselves don't know that there are secrets for refining weapons in the library. King Rakshasa took it casually. It was thrown into the stove.

It was just that the stove was not lit, so the servants of the Sang family found out and picked up the pill recipe and the secret recipe.

However, the Sang family's secrets for refining weapons are indeed ancestral.

"Tsk tsk tsk, do you know how much money this secret book has earned for the Sang family?" Qingyan asked Yuehook with the "Arms Collection" in his hand.

"How much?" Moon Hook asked.

Qingyan smiled coldly: "Let me tell you, if we don't raid the house, I don't know that the Sang family is richer than the Sikong family, but not all the money of the Sang family is to loot the people's money."

In fact, the Sang family has indeed done a lot of bullying, but it is not accurate to say that the money from his family was also collected.

Qingyan said: "Ninety percent of the Sang family's wealth is earned from this book."

"This, so much?" Yue Hook was dumbfounded.

Qingyan looked around and hid the Weapons Collection into Yuehook's arms without a trace.

"Why?" Yue hook looked down at his chest and asked naively.

Qingyan approached him and whispered, "You're stupid, we are the first to destroy the Sang family this time, so we should have some benefits. Keep this thing, maybe Jiu Chao and Awan will be able to use it in the future!"

"Oh." When he heard that it was for Yan Jiuchao and Yu Wan, the honest man Yuegou was decisively dishonest, covering his chest and smuggling the secret book out of Sang's house.

The wealth of the Sang family is rich, and the more you copy it, the more shocking you are. Of course, these are no longer the affairs of Qingyan and the others. After reading the Sang family's library, Grandma returned to Mingshan with the two of Qingyan.

Along the way, Grandma's face was not very good.

"Grandma, are you worried about the poison in Jiu Chao's body?" Qingyan asked.

Grandma nodded: "Now there is only one last medicine to be cited, but this one is the most difficult to find. I searched all over the Sikong family's library and couldn't find the whereabouts of the Wu clan. I thought the Sang family would have it. Unexpectedly, they found nothing."

Qingyan paused and said, "People from the Central Plains often say that Jiren have their own celestial signs, and the Nine Dynasties will be fine."

Having said that, there is less than half a year left before the Yan Jiu Dynasty poisoning, the shortest, maybe only two months, they have to hurry up.

After returning to the yard, the three saw the little Rakshasa and the little black eggs running around in the yard, the Jiang family and Yu Shaoqing sitting under the porch, and the Jiang family's bird leaning on Yu Shaoqing's shoulder. , Looking at her own eggs, Yu Wan was rummaging through the herbs, and Yan Jiuchao, the high-ranking nobleman, was willing to attack her.

Such a warm family, no one could bear to lose anyone.

After dinner, King Rakshasa went to the forbidden area of the Sang family, and when he came back, he had something in his hand.

It was an iron box carved with a bird totem. It looked unremarkable on the outside, but it was unknown to everyone. Everyone felt that this box was a bit special.

Yu Shaoqing went to the kitchen to make a late-night snack for Little Rakshasa and Little Black Eggs, except for him, everyone else was there.

Yu Wan picked up the box and looked at it over and over: "What a strange box, what's in it?"

Rakshasa King nodded and shook his head again.

Nodding his head to express his agreement with Yu Wan's words, this is indeed a strange box. When I sneaked into Sikong's bookstore, I was deeply attracted by it when I saw it. If I want to say how much I like it... it doesn't count, but I want to say no. I like it, but can't let it go.

Anyway, he took the box away.

However, he never managed to open the box, so he shook his head because he didn't know what was inside.

Yu Wan took out the dagger and tried to pry it open.

Grandma said: "This box has a mechanism, if you force it open, everything inside will be destroyed."

Rakshasa King hummed, he didn't smash it open because of this consideration.

"Is there no way?" Yu Wan asked.

Grandma sighed: "The mechanism of this kind of box has been circulated in the market for a long time. There is no way to say it, but we have to find the craftsman who made this box in the first place. Unfortunately, this box has a history of more than a hundred years. I'm afraid he's long since passed away, if so, let's see if we can find his successor, maybe there's still a chance—"

was only halfway through, when the little black **** took the box and held it in both hands, Duang—Duang—Duang smashed it on the ground!

I don't know how many times I smashed it, and finally, the box that was shivering was opened with a bang, and a bright bead was spit out.

Everyone's mouth twitched: "..."

This, also, okay? !

Chapter 617 Yan Xiaosi sees off

"What bead?" Yu Wan reached out and picked it up, looked at it over and over, but didn't notice anything strange, "Is it a night pearl?"

Yu Wan took it under the table and looked at it: "It's not bright, mama, take a look."

Grandma took the beads Yu Wan said. During these days, he almost rummaged through the Sikong family's library, and he couldn't understand much of the history of the Sikong family and the Wu clan. The moment he held the beads in his hand, he almost It was immediately determined that this was a witch stone of the witch tribe.

"What is the Witch Stone? Like the Holy Maiden Stone, is it a stone among the Witch tribe that tests the power of blood?" Yu Wan asked inexplicably.

"No." Mamma shook her head, "The inheritance of the Wu clan does not depend on blood, so there is no stone to test the blood. Wu stone can be used as currency in the Wu clan, but I don't think this stone is unusual. Witch Stone."

"Is it unusual?" Yu Wan stared at the bead strangely, no matter how she looked at it, it was a luminous pearl.

Little Black Ginger took the beads, raised his hand and smashed Duang—Duang—Duang on the table. After a while, the "Night Pearl that doesn't glow" glowed shiveringly.

Everyone again: "..."

After the beads glowed, a vague scene appeared in it, and it looked like a map after being carefully distinguished.

Now, Yu Wan finally believes that it is not an ordinary bead. When someone made it, the map was also made in it, but only the light can illuminate the map hidden inside.

"Is this the map leading to the Wu clan?" Yu Wan asked excitedly.

"Since it's hidden in the witch stone, then it should be." A trace of uncontrollable excitement and excitement flashed through Mama's eyes. Although Yan Jiuchao did not show any signs of poisoning during these days, it was precisely the most dangerous situation. If it is like in Nanzhao, medicated baths and acupuncture are needed every day to suppress the toxicity in the body, at least it means that they still have a way to suppress the toxicity, but now, Yan Jiuchao is either not poisonous. When the poison spreads, there is no longer any possibility of suppressing it.

Grandma handed the bead to Ying Liu: "Go and draw the map."

This trip to Mingdu not only found the blood of the Holy Maiden, but also got the map to the Wu clan by accident. , Mamma and a few people actually disagreed in their hearts, so what if the Rakshasa King dug out all the inner alchemy? What if an evil thing that was going to be swallowed up by the blood magic power died sooner or later? Now it seems that thanks to his unbearable thoughts, of course, he is not all

for the Rakshasa King, he is more for the little Rakshasa, his half inner core can prevent it from being swallowed by the blood demon power to the greatest extent. .

The good cause sown bears good fruit.

Patriarch, still Patriarch.

The situation in Mingdu has stabilized. Yu Wan went to Lan's house and sent Zi Yan and her little nephew back to Lan's side. The truth of what happened back then was revealed. Lan's and her sons were framed by Lan Jiao. Lan Jiao was given a glass of poisonous wine, and the Lan family was welcomed into the Hui family and became the head of the Lan family again.

Lan's gratefully grabbed Yu Wan's hand: "Thank you, elder sister and the others can finally smile at Jiuquan."

"These are all things I should do." Yu Wan said with a smile.

"Thank you Jiu Chao for me too," Lan said.

"it is good."

"By the way, there is one more thing about your great-grandmother." Lan said.

"Saint Lanyi? What happened to her?" Yu Wan asked.

Lan Shi hesitated for a moment, looked at Yu Wan, and said firmly: "These words, I wanted to tell you many days ago, since your great-grandmother is in love with Ancestor Sikong, I think this tablet should be established. It is more suitable in Mingshan."

"If the tablet is placed on Mingshan..." Yu Wan didn't say anything after that.

Lan Shi understood what she meant, nodded and said, "It means that she is from Mingshan. I think this is also my mother's wish during her lifetime. She was born as a saint of the Lan family, and she has carried too much for the Lan family. , she didn't live according to her own wishes during her lifetime, at least after her death, I don't want her to be bound by her ancestors and family rules again."

Having known each other for so long, Lan's arrogance and unyielding will far surpass that of ordinary women, but it is this moment that really makes Yu Wan feel that she is unprecedentedly powerful.

In terms of bloodline, she is not as good as Saint Lady Lanyi; in terms of martial arts and medical skills, she is not as good as her elder sister, but it is such a woman who is a little mediocre in the Lan family, who does things that all the Lan family have no courage to do.

Yu Wan took the tablet and gently embraced the Lan family: "Grandma, you are really amazing."

After returning from Lan's house, Yu Wan went to Sikong Ye's room and gave him the tablet of Saint Lady Lanyi.

Sikong Ye was fascinated by the tablet for a long time.

...

She was about to leave Mingdu. Yu Wan packed her things overnight. Although she only stayed in Mingdu for two months, she received a lot of treasures. Apart from the "Arms Collection" brought back by Qingyan and Yuehook, Sikong's family The Yu Lan family gave her a bunch of good things, and she took all the useful things on the road, and the rest stayed in Mingshan, who made Mingshan her home too.

Yu Wan first finished packing Yan Jiuchao's clothes, and started to pack up the children. After only 20 days in Mingshan, the three little guys were just fed by their great grandfather, and they couldn't wear their clothes. The little Rakshasa could eat normally. After human food, it also grows a little longer.

The four little ones have to buy new clothes.

Yu Wan was thinking about going down the mountain tomorrow morning when she heard a knock on the door.

The door is hidden, just come in directly. Who is so polite?

Yu Wan put down the half-folded small clothes in her hand, walked over and opened the hidden door, but unexpectedly found that the person was the Rakshasa King. The Rakshasa King was wearing a dark robe, tall and lost half of his blood. The Dan, he has successfully escaped the control of the blood demon art, he still needs to take the blood pill, but no longer needs human blood.

In his arms, he was holding the sleeping little Rakshasa.

The little Rakshasa and the little black eggs played crazy all day and fell asleep directly in the bathtub. The four of them had their own cabin. At this time, they should be sleeping on the bed. Why is King Rakshasa alone? Carrying Little Rakshasa here?

Yu Wan was puzzled, but she still invited King Rakshasa in.

"Please sit down." Yu Wan pointed to the chair and said.

"Is it bothering you?" King Rakshasa asked. He was imprisoned in the Sang family for many years, and he almost forgot how to speak. He came to Mingshan and stayed with Sikong Ye for a few days. .

Yu Wan shook her head: "No, is there something wrong with Senior Sang bringing Little Rakshasa here?"

King Rakshasa paused for a while, a little embarrassed, but he had no choice but to say, "I'm here to bid you farewell."

"Goodbye?" Yu Wan looked at him, and at the little Rakshasa in his arms, she didn't expect him to say such a thing, "You...you...where are you going?"

"I know that my sins are heavy, and I don't want to be a blood rakshasa for the rest of my life." King Rakshasa looked at the sleeping little guy in his arms, and his dotting eyes flashed, "I want to take him around. , Although it is a small Rakshasa, it has half a normal master's inner alchemy in its body, half of it hopes to become a normal person, I want to raise it well as an adult."

Yu Wan had a sore throat and looked at the little Rakshasa in his arms reluctantly.

"Do you want to hug it again?" The Rakshasa King asked Yu Wan.

Yu Wan nodded and stretched out her hand towards Little Rakshasa.

Rakshasa King handed the little guy to Yu Wan.

I don't know if I felt Yu Wan's breath in my sleep, and the little Rakshasa hugged Yu Wan's neck with great attachment.

Yu Wan looked at it's sleeping appearance, her lips curled slightly, she lowered her head, and kissed its forehead.

Although she really wanted to keep it, she understood that it was the child of King Rakshasa, and it had nothing to do with blood. From the moment when King Rakshasa rescued it from the blood pool and fed it with blood to prolong its life, it is already the deepest bond of King Rakshasa.

"When are you leaving?" Yu Wan asked.

"Now," said the Rakshasa King.

Yu Wan's hand holding the little Rakshasa suddenly tightened: "Can't you wait until tomorrow morning?"

"I'm afraid that it will wake up, so I can't bear it." It's not that King Rakshasa never thought of going to the Wu clan with them, but with his current skills, he is afraid that he will become their burden. The Wu clan and his party are related to the Yan Jiu Dynasty. Life and death can't be tolerated.

"I will send you." Yu Wan said.

King Rakshasa nodded.

Yu Wan hugged the little Rakshasa, went down the Ming Mountain with King Rakshasa, and walked out of Sikong's house.

At the gate of Sikong's house, King Rakshasa stopped: "Just send it here, it's getting late, you are pregnant, go back to rest early."

Yu Wan reluctantly glanced at the little Rakshasa she was carrying, and was about to give him the little Rakshasa.

Rakshasa King said: "Give it a name."

"Xiao Zhao." Yu Wan looked at Xiao Rakshasa lovingly and said, "His name is Xiao Zhao."

"His name is Xiao Zhao." King Rakshasa murmured.

Yu Wan held back the deep reluctance in her heart, and slowly handed Xiao Zhao to King Rakshasa.

Tonight's night sky is moonless and starless, and every street in Pluto is dark.

King Rakshasa walked on the dark street with Xiao Zhao in his arms. Suddenly, the streets paved with saintess stones lit up piece by piece, spreading at an incredible speed. The Virgin Stones are all lit up.

Mitu has never been so gorgeous, it has become a city of light.

Xiao Zhao, someone saw you off again.

King Rakshasa smiled and walked forward with Xiao Zhao in his arms, without looking back.

The entire underworld, see you off!

Chapter 618 Little Black Egg and Rakshasa Egg!

The map in the Witch Stone made Ying Liu draw on the parchment with cinnabar. No one knows how old this bead is, so no one can find out whether this map can find the former Witch Clan.

Or, when they really look for it, is there any so-called witch clan?

But no matter what, as long as there is a chance, they can't give up.

Xiao Zhao's departure made Yu Wan very sad for a while. Thinking of the skinny child, the little guy who had learned to be coquettish and cute in her arms, Yu Wan's heart always flooded with deep reluctance.

"See you again..." Yu Wan murmured, putting away the little clothes that Xiao Zhao had worn.

The three little black eggs are also very sad. When they wake up, their younger brother is gone, who can understand the pain in their hearts?

"You guys grow up soon. When you grow up, you can go to Xiao Zhao's younger brother." Yu Wan said while stroking the little heads of the three of them.

The three nodded solemnly: "Yeah!"

...

It took Ying Liu a whole night of work to finally draw the map in Wu Shi. Mingdu is also on the map, but it is not marked. Instead, the old site of the ghost clan is marked. This is not surprising. After all, when the ancestors of the Sikong family left this map, they did not expect that future generations would move the capital.

"The map from a thousand years ago is really still useful? A few saplings have grown into a forest, and the small pond has merged into a stream. How can I find it?" Qingyan said with a frustrated expression holding the map.

Opposite him, Yu Wan and Ying Liu were sitting.

"That's you!" Ying Liu brought the map over. If there were no Mingdu and Ghosts on the map, it might be really difficult to find the right way, but with them, you can use them according to the distance between them and their location on the map. According to the ratio above, the size of each mountain range and each jungle is preliminarily estimated. Even if the landform changes, the distance and direction will never change.

Of course, this is easy to say, but it really tests one's mental arithmetic ability and observation ability.

"Are you sure?" Yu Wan asked.

"Yeah." Ying Liu nodded, "There is a reminder from the young master and the thirteen slaves, it's not a big problem."

Yu Wan said softly, "Okay, everyone have a good rest tonight and leave early tomorrow. By the way, how is the situation with Shura and Awei?"

The two have been closed for several days, but there is no sign of going out.

When it comes to this, Qingyan is both happy and sad. The happy thing is that the two have been in retreat for so long, and the breakthrough in the realm will be stronger than expected; the sad thing is that they are going to set off, but they have not yet left Off, how can I do this?

"Young Master's illness cannot be delayed..." Ying Liu said euphemistically.

"I know! That's why I'm worried!" Qingyan almost cried.

"Or..." Ying Liu looked at Yu Wan, Yu Wan shook her head, there is no way to wait, the Wu clan is a group, and the danger is unknown, but what is certain is that a small underworld is so hiding dragons and crouching tigers, the Wu clan's If there are still witch people alive in the place of origin, it will not be easier to deal with than Mingdu, so having one more expert will be a very precious help to them.

"Let's make plans tomorrow morning. You both rest early, and I'll go back to the room." Yu Wan said, and got up and walked out of Ying Six and Ying Thirteen's rooms.

When he just walked to the small garden, Sikong Changfeng came.

"Awan." Sikong Ye even came.

Yu Wan looked at Sikong Changfeng, then at Sikong Ye, and greeted, "Grandpa, Young Master Sikong, are you here to find me?"

The two replied, "Yes," Sikong Changfeng bowed respectfully to Sikong Ye: "The younger generation has seen the ancestor."

Sikong Ye nodded lightly, glanced at him, and said, "Awan come to my room later."

"Okay." Yu Wan replied.

Sikong Ye strode back to the house.

Sikong Changfeng originally planned to let the ancestor talk to Yu Wan first, and waited outside by himself, but unexpectedly, the ancestor was so considerate and gave him the opportunity first.

It seems that since the arrival of Awan and his party, the ancestor has become more considerate and easy to talk.

Sikong Changfeng was happy with the transformation of his ancestor, but he was a little sad about the next parting.

His eyes dimmed, and he sighed: "Awan, are you going to leave?"

"Yeah." Yu Wan said, "I found the map to the Wu clan, we will leave tomorrow morning."

Sikong Changfeng raised his head abruptly and looked at her: "So soon? Don't you stay for a few more days?"

Yu Wan shook her head slightly: "Yan Jiuchao's poison can't be dragged on, it must be treated as soon as possible."

"The poison of thyme is the most intractable poison in the world." Sikong Changfeng frowned. He hoped that Yu Wan would stay, not only because she had the blood of a holy king, but the Lan family and Ming needed her. Also because... He was actually very reluctant to her, but his reluctance could only be hidden in his heart silently.

"Thank you for coming to say goodbye to me." Yu Wan smiled slightly.

Yu Wan has a good impression of Sikong Changfeng. Although he was born in a top-level family, he did not suffer from the bad habits of a son of a noble family, nor did he abandon himself because of the unfair treatment he suffered since childhood. He has grown into an upright and kind person, worthy of The best woman in the underworld is entrusted to her for life.

"I hope that when I go back to Mingdu next time, I already have a cousin." She said with a smile.

Sikong Changfeng was stunned for a moment, Awan...do you recognize his cousin?

Because he was too shocked, he forgot to say that there was no other woman who attracted him.

"Cousin take care." Yu Wan owes her a blessing.

"Wait!" Sikong Changfeng suddenly came back to his senses, and then he remembered that he was looking for her, "I've been talking to you, but I forgot about the business."

"Huh?" Yu Wan looked at him in surprise.

He took out a painting scroll from his sleeve and handed it to Yu Wan: "If the painting is not good, Awan will take more care."

Yu Wan took the scroll, untied the ribbon, and slowly spread it out, a strong scent of ink wafted out of her nostrils.

On the portrait are four little guys in flower clothes, big red flowers, Zhang Feimei, and red lips painted with flaming red lips, three little black eggs and Rakshasa eggs on their hips, their heads raised, laughing, separated by rice paper. It was as if I could hear the two rows of pigs barking.

Yu Wan laughed, her eyes moistened: "Thank you."

Thank you twice, the first one is a courtesy, this one is from the bottom of my heart.

...

After saying goodbye to Sikong Changfeng, Yu Wan went to Sikong Ye's room.

When there was King Rakshasa, the room was always lively and lively. The two of them fought at the head of the bed and at the end of the bed. Several things in the house were broken every day, but it gave the disciples a headache. Now King Rakshasa is gone. , things are not broken, but everyone would rather things continue to be broken.

"Grandpa." Yu Wan called softly.

Si Kongye was already asleep, holding the tablet of Saint Lady Lanyi in his arms.

With the skill of his heyday, how could he not notice the movement of someone coming in?

Yu Wan walked over lightly and tucked him into a quilt. At this moment, she really felt that this man was old. He had blessed Mingshan and Sikong's family for a lifetime, and it was time for him to be taken care of.

Yu Wan stood guard in front of the bed for a while, covering him with a quilt several times, until it was late at night and he was completely asleep before Yu Wan got up and left.

The next day, Yu Wan and her group planned to leave.

Nanny Shura and Awei are still in retreat, Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao discussed it, and decided to let Qingyan and Yuegou stay, and wait for their Shura and Awei to exit, and then go to the Wu clan together.

"We will leave a signal along the way, Awei can track us with Gu worms." Yu Wan said to Qingyan and Yuehook.

The two nodded reluctantly.

"Grandma will leave it to you, Awan, take care of him." Qingyan said solemnly.

They couldn't let go of Awan, and they couldn't let go of the elderly grandma, but grandma couldn't help but go, because only he understood the affairs of the witches and saints best.

"I don't have to go." Old Cuitou touched his nose angrily, "If that kid gets poisonous again, unless there is an antidote, Hua Tuo can't be saved again."

Shadow Six frowned and said, "Then you will come with the antidote!"

Old Cui Tou hummed, "reluctantly" and took the seventeen or eight suitcases he had packed in the middle of the night.

People: "..."

When Sikong Ye came over, everyone's luggage was almost loaded.

"Grandpa." Seeing him coming, Yu Wan smiled and walked over to say hello, "Did you sleep well last night? I'm going to bid you farewell, we're leaving."

"I know, I'm actually here to say goodbye to you." He said, his eyes not only swept over Yu Wan and his party, but also fell on Sikong's head and Sikong Changfeng.

Sikong Changfeng realized something and asked in confusion, "Old Ancestor, where are you going?"

"I'm leaving Mingshan." Sikong Ye said.

"Ancestor!" The head of the Sikong family changed, looking at his dantian, "Your injury..."

Sikong Ye smiled, didn't answer him, but fondly stroked Yu Wan's head: "I originally planned to go with Awan Jiuchao, but with my current skills, I can't protect them. I'm going to go. Come to Nanzhao and see Lan Yi's and I's children."

He said, hugged Yu Wan's small body tightly in his arms, and pressed his chin lightly against her forehead: "I'm sorry, Awan, Grandpa can't continue to protect you."

Chapter 619 Little Black Ginger Stealing Eggs! Meet the father and daughter!

Sikong Ye's decision has been approved by everyone. The Wu clan and his party are in great danger. His injuries are not yet healed. At home, he had already left Mingdu with Lan Yi, and missed Lan Yi, at least not with Lan Yi's daughter.

Sikong Ye packed his things. He didn't have much luggage, except for a few changes of clothes along the way. The most important thing was the tablet of Saint Lady Lanyi. He wrapped it in cloth and carried it tightly on his back.

The disciple of Chaoyang Hall, he only brought a Jinghong.

"Ancestor." Sikong Changfeng walked over to him. For some reason, the ancestor clearly didn't bring much luggage, but he always had a feeling that the ancestor would not return to Mingshan again, "You... Will you come back?"

Sikong Changfeng revealed the doubts in his heart.

Sikong Ye said: "I don't know."

After living for Sikong's family for so many years, for the rest of his life, he only wanted to live for Lan Yi and his children.

Where they are, he will be there.

Si Kongye looked back at the Chaoyang Hall bathed in the morning light. There was no longer a complicated complexion in his eyes, but a relieved smile appeared in his eyes: "Mingshan, it's yours."

"Ancestor—" Sikong Changfeng only felt that his chest was torn apart by life, tears could not be restrained from pouring out. He lost his mother since he was a child and was not treated by his biological father and stepmother. He found a place of protection for him. Although the ancestor did not see him often, as long as he saw him, he would give him unreserved guidance. It was his own clumsy aptitude and he could not inherit the mantle of the ancestor.

In his heart, Patriarch is a family member that is closer than his father.

He was reluctant to bear his ancestors.

Si Kongye didn't say anything, patted his shoulder and turned to say goodbye to the other disciples.

On the other side, the little Gu Gu and the Ten Thousand Gu King have to separate. Just as the Little Gu Gu wants to protect Yu Wan, the Ten Thousand Gu King also has to protect his master.

Both it and its owner are very old, but whether it is a Gu birth or the last journey of life, it must accompany the owner.

The little Gu Gu hugged the big claws of the Ten Thousand Gu King and rubbed and rubbed tearfully.

The Ten Thousand Gu King drove dozens or hundreds of Thousand Gu Kings into different jade bottles. This was the ration prepared for the little Gu Gu who was worried that it would be hungry.

Next is where Yu Shaoqing, Jiang Shi and the three little guys go. I was worried about what my parents and the three little guys would do, but now my grandfather is going to Nanzhao, which is really suitable.

Si Kongye is naturally happy to see it, and he is happier than anyone else to be with his little Ashu and three little babies.

Yu Shaoqing insisted on walking with Yu Wan. Whether his daughter and son-in-law went to Nanzhao or came to the ghost clan, he was not able to accompany them. This time, he did not say anything and left them alone.

After all, he is the top expert who can defeat twenty blood rakshasas with his bare hands, and his daughter needs him!

His attitude was firm, Yu Wan could not refuse, and could only promise him to go forward together.

As for Little Heijiang's luck, it's not so good. It's useless to act like a spoiled child. Who made her sick and weak, Yu Wan was worried that she would break her body on the road, and she would have to say anything. Return to Nanzhao with Sikong Ye.

Seeing Jiang Shi's small mouth deflated in grievance, Yu Wan whispered, "Grandpa doesn't know how to take care of children. I'm relieved with Auntie here."

Jiang Shi and the three little black eggs got into the carriage back to Nanzhao with tears in their eyes.

I know, they say they are coming home, I don't know, and I think they were abandoned by someone.

At noon, the two groups of people left Mingdu and went in different directions. About evening, the two groups of people each arrived at their first habitat. Yu Wan, Yan Jiuchao and the others entered a forest, Sikong Ye pitched a tent by the stream.

Jinghong went to the stream to catch some fish and cooked a grilled fish. After a few people ate it, Sikong Ye returned to his tent with three little black eggs, while Little Black Jiang slept in another tent.

Jinghong sat by the fire to keep watch.

In the middle of the night, a small head quietly poked out of the tent. After looking around, making sure no one found it, he crept out of the tent.

The little figure silently disappeared into the night.

The night is very quiet, the moon is bright and the stars are rare.

After a while, the little figure who had gone far folded back again, threw himself into Sikong Ye's tent, and came out with something from it.

When the sky was misty, the fire had already lost its heat. Jinghong held his sword, his head lowered a little like a chicken pecking at rice.

There was no danger, so he breathed a sigh of relief.

"I said I was going to watch the night, but I actually fell asleep." Jinghong rubbed his stiff neck in remorse, and turned to greet the ancestors. When passing by Mrs. Ashu's tent, he vaguely felt that something was wrong.

"Mrs. Ashu." He called out in a low voice.

There was no response in the tent.

Jinghong's uneasiness was magnified, he hesitated, gritted his teeth, and used the hilt of his sword to open the tent to take a look inside. As a result, he was dumbfounded.

"It's not good - it's not good - the ancestor - Mrs. Ashu is gone - "

Jinghong rolled and crawled to the ground and threw himself outside Sikongye's tent.

Old Monk King Wan Gu gave him a calm look, and continued to lie beside Sikong Ye.

Sikong Ye sat up and stretched lightly: "It's early in the morning, what's the noise?"

Jinghong got into the tent and said in a terrified trembling, "Mrs. Ashu is gone!"

Sikong Ye yawned: "If you don't see it, you'll disappear, why are you making such a fuss?"

"...Huh?" Jinghong was taken aback by the reaction of his ancestor. Mrs. Ashu was his little granddaughter. He loved her to the point of death. How could he hear that she was gone? This reaction?

and many more!

Old Ancestor's appearance, why does it seem like he knew about this earlier?

Yes, his martial arts are weak, and he can't detect the movement of the tent when he falls asleep, but it is impossible for the ancestor to leave a heart for Mrs. Ashu.

Jinghong looked at Sikong Ye and asked tentatively, "Old Ancestor, do you... know where Mrs. Ashu went?"

"Well, I know." Sikong Ye said.

"Ah..." Sure enough, Jinghong opened his mouth wide, "Then are we going to wait for Mrs. Ashu here?"

Sikong Ye said lightly: "No need, she won't come back."

"Ah..." What does it mean to not come back? Ancestor, don't scare me!

Si Kongye saw his appearance and knew that he was crooked. He glanced at him coldly and said, "It's not what you think, she is very good!"

"Oh." Jinghong didn't know what to say.

"Ah!" Jinghong called again.

Sikong Ye gave him a headache: "What's wrong?"

Jinghong pointed to Sikong Ye's empty side, and hesitantly said, "Little little ones...the little sons are gone too!"

"Yeah." Sikong Ye replied calmly again.

Jinghong glanced at his ancestor in horror: "Could it be that Mrs. Ashu was also taken away by Mrs. Ashu? Why is Ashu so nonsense? It's okay to run away by himself, so why take the young master with him? No, I'll go and chase them back with the King of Ten Thousand Gus!"

Sikong Ye said thoughtfully: "No, the Wu clan and his party really need those little guys."

What does this mean? Did Mrs. Ashu take the little sons to the Wu clan?

But why can I use Xiao Gongzi again? They are just three year olds!

Jinghong wanted to ask, but Sikong Ye didn't want to say any more.

Xiao Ashu beat him in the tent to steal eggs, did he really think he was asleep and didn't notice?

However, when Xiao Ashu was leaving, he even covered him with a quilt.

Although I took his money...

But his little Ashu is really the kindest and most considerate child in the world!

...

After so many years, the topography has really changed a lot. Fortunately, Ying Liu is the most powerful scout in the world. Yan Jiuchao and Ying Shisan are also good at identifying directions. the witch territory.

"We have to cross this sea area." Ying Liu pointed at the map and said that nothing has changed about this sea, but the former desolate shoal has now become a small town, which is said to belong to the Emerald Country.

Such a small country that I have never heard of before, if I didn't visit it myself, how would I believe it really exists?

Shadow Six opened the notebook and carefully recorded the route.

"Why do you remember this?" Old Cui Tou asked curiously.

"You can use it when you come back. In the future, when you return to Dazhou, it can also be used as a map, isn't it good?" Ying Liu said.

Yu Wan glanced at Ying Liu with admiration. Ying Liu was really a self-motivated child. He was able to cover everything they didn't expect. Yan Jiuchao was the royal family of the Great Zhou Dynasty. The more benefits and chips.

Several people were waiting at the endless pier.

Suddenly, Ying Shisan, who went to inquire about the news, came back and reported to Yan Jiuchao and Yu Wan: "The ships cross the sea once every ten days, two ships at a time, and there is just one last ship today, but..."

Speaking of this, he showed an embarrassed expression.

"But what's wrong?" Yu Wan asked.

Shadow Thirteen said: "They only accept the Emerald Nation and those who have the Jade Nation's commercial ticket. We don't have these and can't get on the ship."

"Where did you get the commercial ticket?" Yu Wan asked.

Ying Thirteen also inquired about this: "I went to town to spend money to do it, but I can't do it today."

Yu Wan frowned and said, "That is to say, we can't get on the boat today? But if we miss this trip, the next boat will be ten days away. No, we can't wait that long!"

Shadow Thirteen clenched his sword: "How about—"

"You young people are just impulsive, can't you just say something if you have something to say? Why do you have to dance a knife and get a gun?" Yu Shaoqing, who has been silent for a long time, spoke up. Although Yu Shaoqing was a military commander, the war is to protect the family and the country. Underneath, he is not a person who shouts and kills at every turn.

He said sternly: "I'll go talk to them so that I can reason with them, and I believe they will let us board the boat."

Yu Shaoqing thought so, and it really did.

He came to the pier where he boarded the ship and asked a boy who was carrying the cargo: "Excuse me, where is your boss?"

The little servant pointed.

"Thank you." Yu Shaoqing followed the direction of his finger to a small teahouse near the pier.

Today is the day to go to sea. The restaurant is overcrowded, and the shopkeeper is too busy to pay attention to Yu Shaoqing who is walking towards him.

Yu Shaoqing asked, "Excuse me, is the captain of that ship there?"

The shopkeeper ignored him.

Yu Shaoqing took out a certain amount of money.

The shopkeeper took the money, and then took a straight look at Yu Shaoqing. I have to say that in my life, I have seen countless people, and I have never seen such a handsome and stalwart man. The shopkeeper pointed to the lobby. In a private room, he whispered, "The big boss is not here, you can go to the second boss, don't say I told you."

"Thank you!" Yu Shaoqing sincerely thanked him and walked towards the wing.

The other guy walked away, and another guy came over and said to the shopkeeper, "Second master hates this kind of thin-skinned and tender little white face the most. You send him over, don't you want him to die?"

Yu Shaoqing's suffering from the sandstorm in the military camp has long been taken away by the little black ginger.

The shopkeeper weighed the money in his hand: "He wants to kill himself, so is it my fault?"

Yu Shaoqing didn't know that he was about to step into the Longtan Tiger's Den. He saw the door of the room was wide open, and a man with a beard and a thick beard was sitting on the official hat chair.

He walked over politely and said, "Excuse me, is this the second master?"

The man glanced at him coldly, his eyes narrowed slightly.

Yu Shaoqing bowed his hands and said, "My family and I are in a hurry to go to sea. Because I didn't know the market conditions of your land in advance, I didn't have time to handle the commercial tickets. I hope the second master will make it easier. We will make up the commercial tickets later, and the price will be increased. We will not treat the second master badly."

The second master looked at Yu Shaoqing's handsome face, his fists clenched.

Seeing that the water on the stove was ready, Yu Shaoqing picked up the kettle and turned around to make tea for the second master: "In addition, my family knows medical skills, if the boat passengers have three diseases and five disasters on the way to sea, my family can Medicine and medicine are provided free of charge."

The second master will naturally not agree to him, what is the ship passenger? If you get sick, you will get sick, if you die, you will die. Is there any help?

It was this little white face who looked like a dog, which really made him troubled. Just when the second master was about to blow Yu Shaoqing away with a fist, a plain hand suddenly stretched out from behind the chair of the grand master, grabbed him by the collar, and slammed him. After dragging to the Bisha closet!

Yu Shaoqing didn't know what happened to the second master, but when he turned around, the second master disappeared.

When turned around again, the second master sat back on the chair.

It's just, I don't know if it's my own illusion, the second master's body seems to be shaking a little...

"Awan!"

After a quarter of an hour, Yu Shaoqing came back refreshed.

Behind him, followed by the shivering second master, third master, and the great master known as the overlord of the sea.

Yu Wan took a peculiar look at her father and the several strong men who came with him: "Father, who are they?"

Yu Shaoqing said with a smile: "Let me introduce to you, they are the first, second and third masters of this ship, and they came to invite us to board the ship! Who said they were impersonal? I really misunderstood them. Now, they are very good people, I heard that we need to board the ship in an urgent matter, and even the shipping fee is waived, and they came to help us carry our luggage!"

Shadow Thirteen's mouth twitched fiercely: "..."

Are you sure he and the old man met the same group of people?

Yu Wan, Yan Jiuchao and others were respectfully invited to the boat by the masters. Just as Yu Shaoqing said, they really didn't ask them a single copper plate for the boat fee. came out.

Yu Wan was stunned: "Is this inappropriate? Wouldn't it be too troublesome?"

The three shook their heads like a rattle: "No trouble, no trouble!"

Yu Wan smiled shyly: "Let's go to the hut, I'm very embarrassed to be able to make an exception to board the ship, and then occupy your house..."

The three of them said in unison, wishing they could kneel down to Yu Wan: "No no no! Please don't stay in the hut!"

You live in a hut, we have to enter a haunted house!

woohoo, that woman is so scary!

Big Master: "The people of our Emerald Country are very hospitable!"

Second Master: "That's right! Foreign guests are supreme! We must not lose the face of the Emerald Nation!"

The third master: "You guys stay here!"

"This..." Yu Wan turned back and looked at Yan Jiuchao.

Yan Jiuchao entered the house lightly: "It's hard to be kind, so stay here."

The three of them were relieved!

But when Yu Wan and his party set foot on the ship going to sea, Sikong Ye on the other side also arrived at the Nanzhao imperial capital.

The monarch didn't know that his father-in-law had come to Nanzhao not far away, and he was angry with Concubine Yun. After so many days, Concubine Yun was still clamoring for reconciliation.

He has already ennobled her as a queen, what else can she do?

"Your Majesty, Niangniang threw the phoenix crown and the golden seal out again... Niangniang said, let her be the queen, it's better for your majesty to dream..." The little maid said with a sad face.

"Bastard! Is this what a concubine should say? I'm too used to her, right? I keep forbearing her, she really thinks the emperor's prestige is a joke, doesn't she?!" Concubine Yun's bedroom.

The door to the bedroom was closed.

The monarch said sharply: "Open the door for me!"

With a bang, the door opened.

However, the first thing he saw was not his newly conferred queen, Shen Yun, but a man with silver hair, tall, immortal style, and immortal-like appearance.

"You are..." The king was stunned.

"Yun'er, is this the man who bullied you and Xiao Ashu?" As soon as Sikongye spoke with inner strength, the monarch who was about to punish Concubine Yun slammed and knelt down!

Chapter 620 The Pampered Girl (Plus)

Concubine Yun's mother went early, and her father didn't love her very much. She didn't doubt that she might not be her biological daughter. After all, Mr. Shen was so ugly, and he didn't look like he could give birth to a daughter as beautiful as herself. .

But that is just random thinking, I didn't expect it to be true.

When the man who claimed to be from Hades appeared in front of her, she was stunned.

She said she was so beautiful for a reason.

She doesn't look too much like her own mother, but she definitely looks like her own father!

Sikong Ye is so immortal in his old age, not to mention when he is young, he is the real number one beautiful man in the Underworld, and a woman who wants to marry him can't wait to break the threshold of Sikong's family.

It's just that he was pretending to be Saint Lady Lanyi, and he didn't pay attention to the woman next to him.

But he and Lan Yi know each other well, the two of them are destined to have no relationship. She has the Lan family she wants to protect, and he also has the Sikong family he wants to protect. The ancestral teaching from the family is like An unbridgeable gulf until she was framed and he risked betraying the family to let her out.

She said that long-term pain is worse than short-term pain, and from now on, we will forget each other in the rivers and lakes.

How did he know that was the last time he saw Lan Yi?

How do you know that Lan Yi already has his flesh and blood in his belly?

In the splendid bedroom, Sikong Ye looked at his daughter for a moment. In fact, in terms of appearance, Xiao Ashu and Awan are more like Lan Yi, but he can't tell, he can see Lan Yi in Yun'er's appearance.

About Yun'er and Xiao Ashu, Awan and Qiu Bing and others told him one after another. He never knew that their mothers were having such a hard time. Yun'er's life in the Shen family was not too difficult. Because she is a prostitute, in addition to being more beautiful, she is not prominent in her identity, but since she met the monarch who was still the prince, she began to be unhappy in this life.

Being tricked at a young age, being helpless in a cannibalistic harem, and being subjected to cold violence by the monarch and tricks by the empress, but this is not the saddest thing. Losing her own child is the biggest thing in a mother's heart. pain.

Thinking of what happened to him and Lan Yi's daughter, his heart clenched into a ball of pain.

Concubine Yun has already thought about it. Although she suffered in the early years, everything is now better. Her daughter is fine, she has found a man who loves her, and Awan has also married a good husband. As for the children, they are first class. One's heart.

If it wasn't to say that there was something to be bothered about, it was probably the monarch who couldn't get rid of it!

However, a father falling from the sky seems to be quite powerful—

Concubine Yun opened her eyes wide and looked at her father.

No matter how old Concubine Yun is, in Sikongye's eyes, she is always a child, the only daughter he and Lan Yi have in the world. Sikongye thinks Concubine Yun's appearance is very cute, and he looks at her dotingly.

The father and daughter looked at each other. The monarch on the side was completely ignored by them. He had been here for a long time, and his waist was sore.

The monarch felt that he needed to brush up on his presence, so he cleared his throat and said, "That..."

"Shut up!"

"Shut up!"

As soon as he opened his mouth, the father and daughter said in unison without looking back, and then continued to look at each other affectionately.

The monarch... The monarch shut his mouth angrily.

He thought that the Son of Heaven would be angry and bury millions of corpses, but unfortunately the entire imperial guards were suppressed by this man who claimed to be Concubine Yun's biological father.

The monarch is bitter in his heart, but the monarch does not say anything.

Guru~

Concubine Yun's stomach growled.

"Yun'er is hungry, what do you want to eat?" Sikong Ye asked dotingly.

"Braised pork." Concubine Yun said.

"Your mother also liked to eat braised pork back then. It seems that you and Ah Shu have followed her." Sikong Ye said with a smile on his face, then turned his head and instructed the maid beside him lightly, "Why don't you make braised pork soon? By the way, Sauce elbow, crispy duck, exquisite chicken, steamed mandarin fish, and braised mutton are all made and presented."

"Yes!" The palace maid went in a hurry, she didn't even know why she listened to this stranger like this!

Monarch: "..."

It's fine if you trespassed into the palace, and you're still yelling at my maid! Who is the master of the palace? !

"Just now, is it you who yelled at my Yun'er outside the bedroom?" Sikong Ye finally thought about taking care of the monarch who had been left out by himself for half an hour.

Although the monarch is noble as the monarch of Nanzhao, to the descendants of the powerful Wu clan, he is only a local emperor, and Sikong Ye has not put this "son-in-law" in his eyes.

The monarch was sweating coldly from the cold eyes of his old man. He wanted to show off his prestige, but before the thought flashed, he felt his knees go weak.

This is a man who can quell the entire palace with a single coercion. With the movement of his fingers, he is afraid that he can destroy the entire imperial capital.

For the safety of the people in the imperial capital, the monarch decided to swallow his anger and refuse to admit that he was a coward!

"I didn't know that my father-in-law came to the imperial capital, and it was a loss to welcome him." He cleared his throat and said.

"Who is your father-in-law? Do I admit that you are your son-in-law?" Sikong Ye scolded him back angrily. It was Jiu Chao and Bei Yu who were cute. No matter how you looked at it, they were much more reliable than this guy.

The monarch pinched his cold sweat and said, "Shen Yun is my queen..."

"I didn't promise to be your queen!" Concubine Yun rolled her eyes. When she didn't have the support of her father, she dared to do everything in the sky. Now that she has such a powerful father to support her, she can be even more arrogant. !

"I said, I want to leave with you!" She said with her arms folded in front of her chest.

Sikong Ye hummed, "Did you hear me? My daughter is going to divorce you!"

The corner of the monarch's mouth twitched, it was obviously Heli, how could he become Hugh when it came to your old mouth? He is a dignified king of a country, how can there be any reason for people to abandon him? Heli does not exist, okay?

This is the real Yue (Gao) father (hand), can't blushing!

The monarch took a deep breath and said earnestly: "Father-in-law, I know that I was wrong in many things in the past, I should not have misunderstood Shen Yun, and I should not have wronged people with bad faith, it was I who caused their mothers to suffer grievances, I am right. I regret this, and I want to compensate Shen Yun and Ah Shu well."

"You say compensation is compensation? Did you ask my daughter if she would like it?" Having wronged his daughter for the rest of her life, and caused his little one, Ashu, to live in the ghost clan. He wanted to ask him, what did he take to make up for it?

Queen's seat?

The descendants of the dignified Wu clan, the daughter of the capital city of the Underworld, would be rude to a post-rank of Nanzhao Kingdom? !

His Yuner wanted the world, and he could call her himself! Need a heartless man to give a small harem in the almshouse? !

The monarch really kicked the iron plate this time. After he realized that he was being calculated by the queen and Yu Wenzhao, he actually woke up. He knew that he was wrong all these years, and Concubine Yun was innocent from beginning to end. He saw Concubine Yun is good, and she is willing to treat Concubine Yun like a jewel for the rest of her life.

However, Sikong Ye was right on one point. He did not ask Concubine Yun whether she wanted it or not. There is a kind of good thing called the king who thinks he is good to you. Perhaps the reason is that Concubine Yun does not have the support of his mother's family. As long as Concubine Yun has had enough trouble, she will eventually have to compromise with herself one day.

I didn't know that day did not come, but I had to wait for the old man.

The old man made an extraordinary move, and he fell to his knees in a face-to-face.

Sikong Ye made a gesture, and Jinghong walked in with a lot of things in his hand.

Sikong Ye said indifferently: "For the sake of Dabao, Erbao and Xiaobao, I won't kill you, but the death penalty can be avoided, and there is no escape. Washboard, rolling pin, vitex, choose one for yourself, kneel to me. Until my daughter relieves her anger!"

The monarch frowned, he is the monarch of a country! He doesn't kneel for such a thing!

An hour later, Concubine Yun and Sikong Ye had dinner in the side hall, Concubine Yun swept three plates of braised pork, and Sikong Ye concentrated on kicking fishbone and chicken bones for her.

The monarch knelt on the washboard outside the door, shivering from the cold wind: "Father-in-law, can my son-in-law get up?"

Sikong Ye looked at Concubine Yun: "If you think he is pitiful, let him get up."

Although he really wanted to kill him, his daughter's wishes were the most important, and he would not impose his own ideas on her.

"Who pity him?" Concubine Yun didn't pity him! Back then, when she knelt in the snow and begged him not to exile Ah Shu on a snowy day, he didn't pity her and Ah Shu! Thinking that she had been bullied by his beloved queen for so many years, and thinking that four-year-old Ashu had suffered so much in the ghost clan, Concubine Yun could not wait to let this man kneel for another three days and three nights!

Concubine Yun took a sip of the braised pork and snorted: "Let him kneel!!!!"