

## Toddler 671

Chapter 671

Elder Hall.

Seven elders gathered, and the third elder held a blood-stained purse in his hand.

This purse was given to her by Nie Wanrou's mother. She wore it all the time. It contained a small packet of spices and a little rouge gouache that her daughter used at home.

Daughter went missing, but the purse that belonged to her daughter was stained with blood and was picked up by the guards who cleaned up the scene. Who would believe that his daughter was not in an accident?

The third elder held his purse tightly, and asked angrily, "Elder, what is going on here? What happened to the person you sent out to Wanrou?"

The elder retorted: "Speaking of this, I still want to ask you! Do you know who brought those fine works out of the Wen residence and out of the Wu clan? It's your good girl!"

The third elder said sharply, "She is now your granddaughter-in-law too!"

The Great Elder said indifferently: "So I didn't find trouble with you, so don't push everything on my head!"

The second elder stepped forward and said, "Alright, alright, stop arguing, you two, let's listen to what the guards have to say. Come on, call up the guards who have seen Mrs. Wen!"

Several guards came forward respectfully. Among the group were the guards of the Wen residence, the guards guarding the city, and even the guards who participated in the arrest.

The Wen residence guard said, "The second lady said she was going back to her mother's house, and said that the carriages were filled with small gifts for her mother's house."

The city guard said: "Mrs. Wen said that a batch of good goods came from the outer village, and she wants to go around."

Hearing this, there was a strange look on the faces of the elders. The words didn't match up with each other, and they were clearly lying.

But why would she lie?

If it is said that she did this for Wen Xu's sake, I am afraid that no one will believe her. Everyone knows her relationship with Wen Xu, and it is good for her not to give Wen Xu a blow. How could she act for Wen Xu? ?

Could it be that she was being held hostage?

Or is it being gullible? In witchcraft?

Countless speculations flashed through everyone's mind, and even the third elder, who had always trusted his daughter, couldn't help but look solemn.

He is confident that his daughter is a person and will not be easily threatened, but if he is caught in a gu or witchcraft, it will be another matter.

The eyes of the third elder fell on the last guard: "What about you? When did you see my daughter?"

The guard said, "As the third elder said, his subordinates met Mrs. Wen at the scene of her murder."

was killed, and the face of the third elder changed: "Go on!"

"Yes!" The guard lowered his head and said, "When the subordinates saw Mrs. Wen, Mrs. Wen was with the group of people, and Mrs. Wen Xu was going to take Mrs. Wen away... The subordinates planned to rescue Mrs. Wen, but it was too late. One step further, Mrs. Wen was killed!"

"What?" The third elder's expression changed.

The guard said loudly, "It was Lord Wen Xu who killed him! But... that person is not the real Lord Wen Xu. The subordinates heard him say that his name is Dawa!"

...

After leaving the Elder Hall, the fifth and seventh elders caught up with the third elder.

"The third elder." The fifth elder called.

Three elders stopped.

The three of them glanced at the movement around them, making sure that no one was stalking them, and that there were no idle people waiting to pass by. The third elder said, "What's the matter?"

The fifth elder and the seventh elder exchanged glances.

"It's up to you." Seventh Elder said.

Wu Chang nodded and asked, "Don't worry too much about Wanrou. As the saying goes, you need to see people in life, and you need to see corpses in death. Before you see Wanrou with your own eyes, don't be disheartened."

"Yeah, I always believed that Jiren had their own celestial appearance," said the seventh elder.

The three elders were silent.

Seeing that his expression was not quite right, the two of them couldn't help but say in unison, "What's wrong?"

"I'm thinking about that fake Wen Xu." The third elder said with his eyes fixed.

"Fake Wen Xu?" The fifth elder frowned.

The third elder thoughtfully said: "On the day when my little grandson washed the third, Wen Xu accompanied Rou'er back to Nie's house, and at that time, I found that Wen Xu is not the same as before, so I think, maybe at that time, or even earlier, Wen Xu had already replaced that man named Dawa."

The fifth elder seemed to have an epiphany: "You said that, it seems that this is the case. Since Wen Xu fought back to the Wu clan, he has frequently opposed the witch queen. He originally thought that he was bewitched by the fox spirit, but now he can see the truth. Judging from the situation, I'm afraid that Wen Xu was fake from the beginning."

Seventh Elder asked, "If that's the case, where did the real Wen Xu go?"

The third and fifth elders stopped talking. Wen Xu was not a twelve-year-old Ye Yang. He was full of evil and he was not innocent.

But Nie Wanrou is innocent, why did they even kill her?

The fifth elder said with righteous indignation: "They let His Highness Yeyang go. They thought they still had a little conscience, but now it seems that they are not as good as beasts at all!"

The third elder still did not speak.

The image of being killed by that half-dead man a few hours ago appeared in his mind, that fake Wen Xu... begging someone to let him go.

...

Deep courtyard.

Dawa made a pot of hot water, brought it into the second lady's house, and wiped her face and hands.

Her clothes had already been changed by Piner, Dawa didn't really need to do anything, but he just wanted to do something, as if this would let her know that he was waiting for her.

"Dawa, it's time to eat." Yu Wan gently pushed open the door.

Dawa turned his head, his eyes were red.

He didn't cry a lot, and he didn't even see any obvious tears, but this look pierced Yu Wan's heart more than when he was crying.

Yu Wan sighed softly, walked over, and said, "Don't burn yourself out, I believe that Sister Nie Jiren has her own good looks and will definitely wake up."

"Hmm." Dawa choked and lowered his head.

Yu Wan was not very consoling, and she couldn't say anything more emotional, so she raised her hand and patted Dawa's shoulder lightly: "You stay here with Sister Nie, and I'll bring you the food later."

"Thank you." Dawa said.

It is not to thank her for this bowl of rice, but to thank her for her understanding and kindness.

...

In the night, Chef Bao personally cooked a sumptuous dinner. Rao is that everyone here is used to eating delicacies of mountains and seas, and still couldn't help being amazed by Chef Bao's cooking skills.

It's not all about how fancy or complicated he cooks. Most of the dishes are simple and authentic, but he makes all the people from all over the world taste the taste of their hometown.

"This is what I ate when I was a child...my grandmother made it for me..." Zhou Yuyan said tearfully.

"Me too, my mother made it for me..." Mu Qing couldn't help choking.

Yu Wan secretly said, what, this plate of green pepper and potato chips, spicy but not spicy, oily but not greasy, it was clearly the taste that her aunt made for her...

She hadn't thought about her aunt for too long.

After her parents passed away in her previous life, her aunt raised her, but such an important person gradually faded out of her mind after she came to another world. It was this dish that brought back her almost lost memory. .

"Thirteen..." Ying Liu sniffed, "I seem to remember what happened before the age of six... So I have a master..."

Shadow Six was once an ordinary child before being chosen to be a dead man. He had his own parents, his own master, and even many playmates of his age...

It's just that the memory is too long. As he grows up day by day, the dust is sealed in the depths of his mind. Right now, a plate of green pepper potato chips has completely torn apart that layer of membrane, and memories flooded up like a tidal wave.

"Woooo..." Ying Liu turned his head, and cried out on Ying Thirteen's shoulder.

These are the ones who want to cry?

Shadow Thirteen's fingers also tightened little by little.

It's just that his childhood memories are not very good. Those were the days when he was bullied so he couldn't fight back. Those were the days when he was wandering on the streets and couldn't get enough food... Therefore, he was more sad and fearful than sad. .

The only one who did not change his face was Yan Jiuchao.

Chef Bao also noticed.

This young man is calmer than he imagined, and it can be said that he is terrifyingly calm.

No wonder the girl bowl fell into his hands, it's not a paragraph at all...

The children were very happy to eat, the three little black eggs were sweating profusely, and Zhou Jin, who had always been self-sufficient, ate the emoji.

"More!" Xiaobao said with the empty bowl.

"Er Bao also!" Er Bao also picked up his own small empty bowl.

Dabao: Also!

Zhou Jin: "Cough, I want it too."

Yu Wan poked the little faces of the three people one by one and said, "But you all have eaten the third bowl."

Xiaobao pointed with his little hand: "What's the matter? Brother Zhou Jin has eaten five bowls!"

Zhou Jin blushed: "..."

Witch King: "..."

People: "..."

## Chapter 672

Bao Shenchu's cooking skills deeply captured San Xiaodan's heart. After dinner, Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao fell out of favor together, and San Xiaodan became the little tail behind Bao Shenchu. Follow Bao Shenchu slowly, wherever he goes, they go too.

Bao Shenchu was so entangled that he could not laugh or cry, so he made a cage of pig buns for the three of them.

Uncle Yu's pig and pig buns are already at their peak, but Bao Shenchu's is even more superb. After eating his pig pig buns, he can really laugh out pigs.

"It's nice to hug (Bao) Grandpa."

"My favorite is to hug my grandpa!"

"Xiaobao likes it too!"

"Da Bao said he likes it too!"



"Then am I your favorite grandpa?"

"Yes!!!" Erbao and Xiaobao said in unison, and Dabao nodded vigorously.

Xiaobao said: "Better than Zuzu!!"

San Xiaodan decisively sold Sikong Zuzu!

Sikong Ye, who was so satisfied with the abuse of the monarch in Nanzhao, felt inexplicably itchy, and he didn't know what was going on...

Then he finally performed eighteen kinds of "Ninjutsu", passed five levels and cut six generals, calmed the monarch who was angry with Lord Yuezhang, and was beaten again, he also wanted to know what happened...

Bao Shenchu was entangled by the three little eggs to enjoy the hard-won happiness of the family.

The rest of the people went to Grandma's room to discuss the next plan together.

Yu Wan put her hands on her cheeks and sighed, "They all say that people are short-handed and soft-mouthed, but the Witch King has already eaten my grandpa Bao's meal, and he still won't give in half a step. He wants to steal the bones of the Holy King, and he wants to Destroying the Soul Rakshasa, what can we do? The whereabouts of my father and mother are still unknown."

She sighed, and Zhou Yuyan also sighed.

Yan Jiuchao played with the Kongming lock in his hand, as if he was in his own world and turned a deaf ear to their conversation.

Shadow Thirteen asked: "Grandma, the lack of a clone of Soul Rakshasa has an impact on his own strength?"

Grandma said: "It will have an impact. It is still sealed in the coffin, and it can only do evil through the clone, but its clone is gone, which means it can't easily shoot at us."

So it was right for Yu Shaoqing to drag Soul Rakshasa's clone down the bottomless pit, at least for the situation at hand, it almost turned the corner.

I don't know what their current situation is.

There is nothing to do about the bottomless pit, so it is better to take care of the situation in front of you first.

Yingliu blinked and said: "It can't shoot at us, can't we kill it easily?"

Grandma gave him the look of an old father and said, "You are far outside the Wuzu city, so naturally it can't easily shoot at you, but if you get close to it, it can still kill you."

Soul Rakshasa is good at mental attack. As long as the distance is close enough, killing a master is almost effortless.

The fighting spirit of everyone was so easily ignited that the grandmother poured out a basin of cold water again.

Suddenly, Yan Jiuchao put the Kong Mingsuo in his hand on the table with a click: "Tomorrow, I will kill it."

"Young Master!" Ying Shisan's expression changed.

Yu Wan said: "Tomorrow's full moon has just passed, and your skill can only recover 50-60%. If you just run and kill it, will you have a bad chance of winning?"

Yan Jiuchao's fingertips tapped on the Kongming lock a few times: "Just a soul rakshasa."

The implication was that he didn't take that monster in his eyes.

Everyone is going to be in a mess!

Young Master or something, you still have to be a little self-aware!

However, everyone also understood why Yan Jiuchao would be so anxious to kill the Soul Rakshasa. As for Soul Rakshasa, it would take one more day to recover and one more day to recover, and the recovery of its skill is not calculated by 10% or 20%. , Tomorrow, 50% of Yan Jiuchao may face the Soul Rakshasa with 5% of success, and the day after tomorrow, Yan Jiuchao with 7% of success may face 100% or even stronger Soul Rakshasa.

And there is no upper limit to the power of Soul Rakshasa, no one knows how powerful it is.

Shadow Thirteen said sternly: "Then I will enter the palace with the young master."

Yingliu sat up straight: "And me! I'll go too!"

Yan Jiuchao paused and nodded seriously: "Alright, you guys go steal the bones."

Two people: "..."

They obviously want to help fight monsters! ! !

...

When the sky was dawning, Yan Jiuchao's internal strength gradually began to recover, and he took Ying Shisan and Ying Liu two and set off to the Witch Palace.

Thanks to the help of the sorcerer king, the three of them learned of a small side door to the palace. The door was originally the prison of the sorcerer, where the apostles who had purified their bodies lived. gradually vacated.

In the early years when the Witch King was on the throne, it was converted into a warehouse. Now he has been ill for many years, and I don't know if the Witch Queen has rebuilt that place.

If it is rebuilt, then that road will probably not work.

Fortunately, the three of them were lucky. The Queen Wu remodeled the place, but instead of turning it into a fortress, it became a pasture for horse training. There were not many guards at the horse training ground, and Yan Jiuchao easily avoided the guards. The patrol, swaggered into the palace.

On the other side, the guards of the Elder Hall and the palace happened to encounter Lao Cui Tou who was buying medicinal materials. One of them participated in the arrest of several people. He saw Lao Cui Tou being held hostage, and recognized Lao Cui Tou on the spot.

Old Cui Tou secretly screamed, and ran away!

But where is he the opponent of a group of guards? Seeing that he was about to be caught, Zhou Yuyan appeared.

Zhou yuyan rolled his whip with a long whip, rolled the old Cuitou over, and then spilled a bag of intoxicating medicine, and took the old Cuitou back to Bao Shenchu's house in the chaos.

"Don't breathe! Poisonous!" shouted one of the guards.

The rest of the people hurriedly covered their mouths and noses. At this moment, the third elder came with a pair of horses. He sat on the tall horse, frowned slightly when he saw this, and asked his subordinates to call a palace guard over.

"Three elders!" The palace guards bowed respectfully.

The third elder looked at the chaos on the scene and asked with a frown, "What happened?"

The palace guard said: "Returning to the third elder, just now my subordinates found out that the group of meticulous accomplices, an old man, was caught earlier, and they were rescued later."

"Are you sure it's him?" the third elder asked in a deep voice.

The palace guard said: "This subordinate is sure! Originally, the subordinate was going to catch him, but suddenly a woman with strong martial arts came and took the old man away."

At this time, all the drugs had fallen to the ground, and the scene returned to normal.

The third elder got off his horse and handed the reins to his confidant. He stepped forward and stopped at the place where the two sides were fighting.

Everyone saw him crouching down with his brows furrowed. He picked up a leaf on the ground with his fingertips, put it on the tip of his nose and smelled it. Then he lost the leaf and stood up and said lightly, "Where is there a wine seller around here?"

About half an hour later, Bao Shenchu's yard was surrounded by guards.

It was also a coincidence that Yan Jiuchao went out with Ying Liu and Ying Thirteen, Yu Wan, Mu Qing and Zhou Jin went out. Except for Zhou Yuyan and Dawa, there was a room full of old, weak and sick people in the yard. Also know the result.

Zhou yuyan was strong in martial arts, but she couldn't stand their crowd. Soon, she and Dawa were held by the guards with knives around their necks.

Dawa still bears Wen Xu's face, but now, everyone knows that he is a fake Wen Xu, and naturally no one will care about him anymore.

"Three elders, there are still people!" The guard said, escorting Bao Shenchu, old Cui Tou and grandma out.

"There are still three little ones!" Another guard and his companions pushed the three little eggs out, saying that the deposit was not appropriate, and the three fell asleep, not knowing that the enemy was killing them.

The three palace guards hugged them, feeling like they were holding a 10,000-pound scale, so heavy that their arms would break.

What did these dolls eat to grow up? Why is it so heavy! ! !

But after hugging for a while, half of the arms of the three guards went numb.

The guard headed by        said: "Third Elder, since someone caught it, we should return to the witch queen and the first elder."

"Are you taking them all back?" the third elder asked indifferently.

The guard headed by        said: "Of course not, the witch queen said that in the meticulous work of this group of saints, except for the woman and a few small things, there is some use value, and the rest... kill them all!"

"Okay, then kill." After the third elder said indifferently, Dawa frowned and looked at Nie Wanrou's biological father in horror.

"kill!"

The three elders gave an order, and his subordinates drew out their swords, and the swords fell from their hands, and the blood spattered three feet!

Dawa only felt his throat and cheeks warm, and the next second, he saw the first elder and the guards of the two witch queens collapse in a pool of blood.

Chapter 673 The truth is revealed, God teammate

Three little eggs rolled down.

Zhou yuyan didn't have time to think why it wasn't them that died, but her own people, she flew towards San Xiaodan and hugged them one by one.

"Ouch!"

I thought my internal strength was good enough to hold three \*\*\*\* without a problem, but, why is it so heavy?

An egg plus an egg plus an egg, ah ah ah, it's really not three eggs, it's thirty!

Kill her! ! !

Dawa was really frightened. The moment those guards drew their swords, he really thought he was going to be in a different place, but why...is this happening? They killed their own people? This, this, this... what the \*\*\*\* is going on?

Old Cuitou also pinched his cold sweat, and looked at the grandmother next to him as calm as if nothing had happened. He couldn't help frowning: "You know they won't kill us, right?"

Grandma shook her head solemnly: "No, I just calculated that we won't die today."

Old Cui frowned: "Then why didn't you tell me sooner? It almost scared me into trouble!"

Sure enough, he answered that sentence, the world is as black as a crow! The gods in the world are generally bad!

snort!

The three elders walked in front of Dawa.

Dawa has not recovered from the shock yet, seeing the shadow on the ground coming towards him, he raised his head blankly and looked straight at the third elder.

The third elder said, "Why don't you ask for help?"

"Huh?" Dawa was stunned again, seemingly ignoring the meaning of his words.

The third elder said indifferently: "I owe you a favor, and I should give it back to you, right?"

"No, you don't owe me anything." Dawa really didn't understand what the third elder was talking about, and he didn't know if it was because the third elder was Nie Wanrou's father. Dawa always felt a little lack of confidence when facing him.

The three elders looked at Dawa for a moment.

Dawa was seen beating drums in his heart. Suddenly, a light flashed in his mind. The third elder said that he owed him favor. Could it be the time he stopped Ying Thirteen from killing him?

Ah, that...is that also a human favor?

He asked Ying Thirteen to tap the third elder's acupuncture point. He felt guilty when he saw it. He was afraid that the third elder would ask him what kind of bear-hearted leopard gall he ate, and dare to let someone tap his old man's acupuncture point!

Lan family disguise surgery can only fade away on its own, and cannot be peeled off privately, so Dawa still bears Wen Xu's face today, but he is not Wen Xu, Wen Xu is not such a stupid roe deer.



The third elder is embarrassed, this kid is so stupid, why didn't he doubt him in the first place?

It's no wonder the third elders, who made the Lan family's disguise technique so perfect that I couldn't see the slightest flaw even when I came here?

"Hey, is there nothing we have to do here?" Zhou Yuyan, who was on the side, quietly walked to Grandma and Old Cuitou and asked them in a low voice.

The two gave her a look that could only be understood and indescribable.

The three elders didn't come here specially to rescue Dawa. He came to find his daughter. Just when he was about to ask her whereabouts, a familiar figure suddenly flashed across the courtyard.

The eyebrows of the three elders jumped!

That person is—

"Third elders, that..." Dawa finally decided to break the weird atmosphere, but the third elders pushed him away and strode down the corridor.

He walked around the corridor, looked at the familiar figure, was sure it wasn't his own delusion, and said tremblingly, "Witch...Witch King?"

The Witch King paused, nibbled on the peach, turned around, raised his eyebrows and glanced at him: "Oh, Third Elder."

The three-length tiger body was shocked, and he saluted: "I have seen the Witch King!"

The Witch King took the half-eaten peach, and said calmly, "I haven't seen you for so many years, and the third elder still recognizes me."

The third elder's eyes flashed and he knelt on the ground on one knee.

The third elder belongs to the witch queen camp. As a close minister trusted by both the witch queen and the first elder, he naturally knows that the witch queen has been imprisoned by the witch king, and as the witch king said, he has not seen each other for at least seven or eight years. The Witch King, he didn't know that the Witch King had become like this. If it weren't for the back figure and the walking posture that was very similar to the Witch King in his impression, he would have mistaken people for this face alone.

"Wizard King, you..."

He wanted to ask the Witch King what was wrong, but the corner of his lips realized that he was stupid.

In general, the person who can hurt the Witch King is himself except the Soul Rakshasa. The Witch Queen may be able to imprison him, but he cannot hurt him arbitrarily. Made it myself.

As for whom, the answer is self-evident.

The children of the Witch King and the Holy King cannot survive in this world. Mysteriously speaking, both of them are too powerful, and their combination exceeds the laws that can be accommodated by Heaven.

In order to let Zhou Jin come into the world safely and be a child who can grow up, the holy king buried his bones and changed his life against the sky.

However, the third elder thought that this was enough, but he never expected that the Holy King had only changed a part of it, and the Witch King had to take care of the rest.

He just said, the Witch King is so powerful, why did he suddenly let the Witch Queen succeed? It seems that the Witch King must have consumed too much Witch Power for Zhou Jin to change his life, and even suffered a terrible backlash, so he resisted. Imprisonment of the witch queen.

In the past, the third elder might not have been moved by the sacrifice of the Witch King, but after losing his daughter, he felt that he could empathize with the Witch King.

"Wizard King, I..."

The Witch King raised his hand and interrupted him, looking like he was too lazy to listen, chewed the peach in his hand, and went back to the house leisurely.

Grandma and his party came over.

When        passed him by, Mammy patted him on the shoulder very sympathetically.

Zhou yuyan came over with San Xiaodan, San Xiaodan looked at him, and then at the grandma who had walked away, poked Dawa's thigh, and hooked her little finger towards Dawa.

Dawa bent down.

The three walked over one by one, and patted him on the shoulder in a straight-forward manner. Da Bao finished Er Bao and Er Bao finished Xiao Bao.

Dawa: "..."

Old Cuitou looked at San Xiaodan oddly, then at Mama oddly, blowing his beard and staring: "The surname is Qiu! You don't mean that we won't die today, you know! The Witch King is here. !"

The three elders seemed to be facing the head. Although the Witch King was much weaker than before, he was still the king of the Witch Clan. If he didn't act in time, it might not be just the elders and the Witch Queen who died. The guard is gone, and even he and his subordinates will be obliterated together!

Thoughts flashed, and the back of the third elder was soaked with cold sweat.

"Three elders."

Dawa's voice appeared behind him.

The third elders calmed down, turned around, and said, "I was about to ask you, where did Wanrou go?"

Dawa took the third elder to the second lady's house.

The second lady lay quietly on the bed, breathing evenly, as if she just fell asleep and would wake up at dawn.

"Wanrou she..." The third elder opened his mouth.

"She was shot by an arrow, and the situation is very critical. It was the Witch King who saved her." Dawa said truthfully.

"Ah..." The third elder stammered.

His unbelievable appearance made Dawa mistakenly think that he was suspecting that he was lying. Dawa hurriedly said, "You...you don't think we hurt Wanrou, do you? We didn't! We really didn't!"

The third elder gave him a deep look: "I know it's not you."

He didn't know if Dawa was an unscrupulous person, but Dawa definitely had his heart on his daughter, otherwise he would not have followed his daughter like a small tail in Nie's house, and he would not have killed him when the dead man wanted to kill him. When speaking out.

In this case, how could he kill Wanrou?

The elder thought that he had successfully fooled himself, but he didn't know that it was the nonsense that exposed his flaws and ambitions.

"She lost her pulse on the spot. It was the Witch King who kept her alive. I think the Witch King himself was seriously injured." Dawa said softly.

The Witch King wanted to change his life for Zhou Jin, and he would have consumed too much witch power. To find life for the second lady, he didn't say anything, but they all knew that he must have overdrawn a lot of energy.

The third elder checked his daughter's injury, where the injury could be fatal on the spot, and no one could save her except the Witch King.

The people he has supported and followed for so many years, for his own selfishness, he is plotting against him with cold arrows behind his back, and the people he has always owed him did not hesitate to save his precious daughter at the critical moment.

The third elder took a deep breath, feeling that he had lived in vain for so many years!

Dawa looked at the third elder carefully and said, "You...don't worry too much, I believe Wanrou will wake up one day."

The third elder looked at his unconscious daughter and felt so distressed that he clenched his fists and gritted his teeth: "I don't know how many messes I have dealt with and how many unconscionable things I have done for them for so many years! In the end, they are Repay me like this! Good, good, very good! Don't blame me for being the fifteenth when they are in the first year of the first year!"

Chapter 674 Zoom in, little treasure who can't hold back!

The witch harem.

The witch queen sat in front of the window lattice, holding a bunch of agates in her hands blankly. The orange-red twilight fell on the agates in the distance, reflecting a dazzling light.

"Queen of witches, queen of witches, queen of witches!"

Hongluan called her several times.

The witch queen's consciousness returned to the cage, and she put away the agate beads in her hand without a trace. She turned her head and asked coldly and solemnly, "What's the matter?"

Hongluan said: "The Great Elder is here."

"Let him in," said the witch queen.

"Yes." Hongluan exited and invited the Great Elder into the hall.

The witch queen strung the agate beads into the makeup box, stood up and walked to the center of the temple.

"The Witch Queen." The Great Elder bowed his hands.

"Grandpa doesn't need to be too polite, why are you here at this hour? Did you find Wanrou's whereabouts?" Queen Wu asked.

The elder shook his head: "All the people sent out have not returned."

Wu Queen pinched her sore brows: "It's all the fault of those who don't have long eyes for letting them shoot the fake Wen Xu. Who told them to shoot Wanrou?"

Wanrou is not only the daughter-in-law of the Wen family, but also the precious daughter of the third elder. The third elder is just such a direct daughter. It took a lot of effort to coax someone into the Wen residence, but now it is better, and she was shot to death by a guard. !

"The third elder has contributed a lot to us over the years. The fifth and seventh elders only joined our camp after seeing his thin face. If..." The witch queen frowned and said no more.

The Great Elder said, "They were manslaughter. They did plan to shoot the fake Wen Xu. Who knew Wanrou would push him away, Wanrou her..."

"What is she?" The Queen Wu coldly removed the hand holding her eyebrows, "Could she be the arrow she blocked for Wen Xu's sake? Isn't grandfather unclear about her relationship with Xu'er? She probably knew the identity of the other party long ago, and she still has no idea about the relationship between her and Xu'er. Secretly communicate with each other! What a courage! Deserving of such an end!"

Although Wen Xu is a bastard, he is in the blood of the Wen family. The first elder and the witch queen love him very much. In the current situation, Wen Xu has already been brutally murdered by those people. , eat blood and flesh!

Nie Wanrou, as Wen Xu's wife, not only did not expose them, but also colluded with them. Not to mention that she was shot to death, even if she didn't die, the witch queen would kill her herself!

The witch queen said indifferently: "It's not a pity for her to die, but don't affect the relationship between the three elders and us."

The Great Elder said: "Don't worry about this, I have already made a disguise and said it was killed by that group of people."

"Has he believed it?" The Queen Wu felt that the third elder was not someone who could be easily fooled.

The first elder said firmly: "Can he not believe it? He would rather doubt a group of meticulous craftsmen, and wouldn't he believe in the allies who have been with him for many years? Besides, we

are still in-laws! I bet Wanrou didn't fake Wen Xu's affairs. Tell him, he must not know that the two of them have a beginning and end."

Wu Queen said: "It's the best, the third elder knows too much about us, and it is related to the camp of the fifth and seventh elders. Unless it is a last resort, I don't want him to be removed together."

"Okay, let's not talk about this, I will pay close attention to the third elder, how is the soul rakshasa going on." The first elder said.

The witch queen raised her eyebrows and said with a light smile, "You're almost done."

"Oh?" The Great Elder seemed a little surprised.

The witch queen smiled and said, "The Soul Rakshasa is at the last moment of awakening. I have already sent people to find the medicine it needs, and I can find it today!"

The Great Elder objected to the witch queen releasing the Soul Rakshasa, but it was really at a critical juncture, and he couldn't help but look forward to the power of the Soul Rakshasa. Probably, this was an instinctive worship and respect for the strong.

Great Elder said: "So... Soul Rakshasa is just around the corner?"

Wuhou said: "Yes, after the Soul Rakshasa leaves the customs, even if the third elders know the truth about Nie Wanrou, we have nothing to fear, but just a few elders, not enough for Soul Rakshasa to pinch with one finger!"

...

"Here, here, here."

In the small courtyard, the third elder spread out a map of the Wu clan and circled a few red dots with cinnabar.



"Are these the pharmacies that the witch queen will go to?" Zhou Yuyan asked.

"That's right." The third elder nodded, glanced at Zhou Swift and Dawa, and calmly looked at the Witch King who was nibbling on an apple. The Witch King didn't pay attention to what he said on the surface, but he always felt that The Witch King's ears were listening carefully.

He owed the Witch King too much. The Witch King did not pursue his fault, but instead saved his daughter. He was extremely ashamed. In front of the Witch King, he took down the Witch Queen. Express your gratitude?

The three elders will be wrong. The Witch King doesn't seem to pay attention to him, but he really doesn't pay attention to him. The Witch King is thinking about fooling the old man surnamed Bao tonight to do something. His son seems to like eating green pepper potato chips, but he loves it. Eating green pepper eggs, my son loves to drink crucian carp tofu soup, but he wants to eat braised crucian carp...

It's really distressing to be a father who competes with his son for food...

The Witch King sighed.

The third elder squeezed a cold sweat. As expected of the Witch King, he actually saw that he didn't tell the whole truth. That's right, the Witch Queen wanted to deal with them. In addition to going to the pharmacy to buy medicine for the Soul Rakshasa, he also had to go to a room in the outer village. The spice shop is looking for medicine.

That medicine is not a product of the Wu ethnic group, it is a kind of shochu brought by foreigners.

The conscience of heaven and earth, he definitely didn't hide it on purpose, he just didn't have time to say it!

"And here." The third elder decisively circled the shop selling soju in the outer village.

But if you don't fight with your son for food, what if you will be hungry?

My son doesn't seem to be a picky eater, why don't I feel wronged for my son?

Reluctant to bear...

The Witch King sighed again.

The three elders broke out in cold sweat.

That's right, medicine is not only shochu, but also spice, the Witch King can even see this!

The three elders dared not speak so slowly, and said all the names, prices, and dosages of the spices in one breath!

Alas, let's guess boxing with my son! Whoever wins, listen to whom!

That's right, he is so witty!

The Witch King, who finally found a solution, took the apple in his mouth and went out contentedly.

The third elder was facing the direction where the Witch King was leaving, and sweated deeply.

He explained that the Witch King had to leave before he left. The Witch King really is a god!

...

Yan Jiuchao and his party went to the palace, and they didn't know when they would return. Of course, they couldn't wait for them to come back, it would be too late.

"I'll go!" Zhou Yuyan said, "I'll secretly change these herbs!"

"I'm going too!" Dawa said.

"You can do something as immoral as changing medicinal materials! Are you human?" Old Cui Tou gave the two of them a disgusting look, took out a few small porcelain bottles from his arms, and threw them into their arms, "Crane Top red, ten times the dose!"

Zhou Yuyan: "..."

Dawa: "..."

After the two took the poison, Old Cui changed his face, disguised himself as the guards of the two great elders, took the tokens pulled from the guards, and swaggered down the street.

The matter of buying medicine is a secret, and it is impossible for the witch queen to let people go there in the open.

The two squatted outside the shop, and the three elders sat on the carriage not far away.

When a young man dressed as a merchant walked into the shop, the third elder gave them a wink.

The two understood, this is the witch queen's minions!

The two hid in the dark and poured a drop of Hedinghong into the shochu when the guards were not prepared.

Ten times the dose, even if it is a Soul Rakshasa, it will not be safe!

"Poison you, poison you, poison you!" Zhou Yuyan sprinkled several more drops.

"Enough is enough, don't do it! Let people discover it again!" Although this is a red crane top red that has been improved by Lao Cui Tou, it is basically colorless and odorless, but it doesn't smell very good, and a few drops will not smell it. Clues, too much may be bad things.

Zhou Yuyan said: "I see, I'm not worried about killing it? I'm also doing it for my brother-in-law!"

"Brother-in-law?" Dawa was taken aback.

Zhou Yuyan raised her eyebrows and said, "Yes! Sister Wan's husband is not my brother-in-law!"

Dawa's mouth twitched, it was really quick to recognize him!

The young man left with the jug. The two exchanged glances with the third elder. The third elder understood and lowered the curtain. Shortly after the young man left, he also entered the city in a carriage.

Dawa and Zhou Yuyan stood guard at the gate of the city and waited until the gate was closed before returning to their residence with confidence.

It's just that people are not as good as heaven. The young man was obviously about to arrive at the palace. He was dozing off while holding the wine jar. The wine jar accidentally fell and shattered with a bang!

"Oh no, the soju is gone! The witch queen will kill me!" The young man hurriedly asked the coachman to turn the carriage around and ran to the city gate.

"The city gate has been closed, I have to leave the city and come back tomorrow!"

The young man took out the token.

The city guards were shocked when they saw the witch, and hurriedly opened the city gate.

The young man returned to the soju shop. He was worried that he would be broken again halfway, so he simply ordered three jars in one go.

"Be prepared now!" The young man patted the wine jar and turned around to check out at the counter.

"Mother, you need to pee!"

Xiaobao said while covering her small crotch.

Little Treasure, who was full of food and drink on the street, couldn't help but pee.

"But there are no toilets here." Yu Wan said with an embarrassed expression.

Xiaobao covered his crotch and jumped up: "Xiaobao is going to pee! He's going to pee!"

"Ah, this... well, my mother will take you there to ask." Yu Wan took Xiaobao to a soju shop, "The shopkeeper, can I borrow a latrine?"

The shopkeeper's finger.

Yu Wan went with Xiaobao.

But there are people in the toilet.

Xiaobao covered his crotch again and jumped up: "I-me-me-me...I can't hold it anymore!"

At two o'clock in the afternoon, my daughter came out of the ICU. The two days she was in the ICU really felt like a year. In fact, she had been hospitalized before, but I had never been so panicked. It was the first time I saw her lost in front of me. I was sent to the emergency room for emergency treatment. After a few hours of hospitalization, I was informed by the doctor that "the situation is not good and needs to be transferred to the ICU of a higher-level hospital for emergency treatment." After so many things, I always thought that I had become strong enough. My heart was even tested at 99 percent, but the moment the doctor gave me the notice, I felt like the sky was falling.

Now she was transferred to the general ward, read a book for a while, ate something, and then lay obediently beside me, sleeping very sweetly.

I have seen everyone's messages. Thank you for your concern. When she feels better, I will read it to her one by one to let her know that so many people care about her. She needs to be obediently injected and take medicine. recovery.

Chapter 675 New discovery, truth

"Er Treasure can't hold back!"

Er Bao jumped off the carriage clutching his small crotch.

Dabao looked at Xiaobao, then at Erbao, looked at the sky for a second, and jumped down while covering his crotch.

Dabao can't hold back——

Zhou Jin covered his eyes and turned his face away.

These three little things, even peeing together...

Little Treasure really couldn't hold back, Er Bao Da Bao was here to rub off, but the two of them were really holding back. That's all.

Three little chubby guys came all of a sudden, Yu Wan was in a hurry!

"Mother mother! Xiaobao wants to pee!"

"Er Bao! Er Bao wants to pee!"

Big treasure too!

The three of them scrambled to jump in front of Yu Wan, Yu Wan was one head and two big.

At this moment, the door of the latrine opened. Of course, Dabao, who was obviously not peeing, ran the fastest and occupied the latrine in a flash!

"You...don't fall in!" Yu Wan chased into the thatched hut.

Erbao doesn't think it's a big deal to watch the fun, covering his crotch and screaming louder than Xiaobao's voice.

Little Treasure, who always bullied his two older brothers round and round, finally capsized in the gutter one day.

He found a jar, and rounded it up, it was a chamber pot!

But the jar was filled with something, and one jar could not hold it, so Xiaobao urinated on all three jars...

The young man went to settle the bill, and when he returned to the wall and carried the wine jar onto the carriage, he wondered if it was his own delusion. He always felt that the shochu this time was heavier than the previous one.

Could it be that he is a repeat customer, and he bought so much at one time, and the store's conscience found that he added two taels of wine?

"Hmm." The young man returned to the palace with the wine jar.

The Hall of Light is heavily guarded and heavily guarded by heavy troops. There are four martial rakshasas and ten great sorcerers as guardians. There must be no mistake in the awakening of the soul rakshasas, so even in the palace, the witch queen never dares to take it lightly.

"Young Master, find a place to rest first, Ying Liu and I will steal the corpse of the Holy King, and then go to assassinate the Soul Rakshasa when it gets dark." Ying Thirteen suggested.

"Isn't the Soul Rakshasa stronger when it gets dark?" Ying Liu asked.

Shadow Thirteen said: "That has nothing to do with the darkness, but he just happened to wake up at night and fell asleep again at dawn."

"Then... is it awake right now?" Ying Liu asked again.

"I think so." Ying Shisan said that he had no evidence, just an intuition that was born different from ordinary people. His intuition had saved him many times, let alone ten times out of ten, it was accurate. Yes, but at least seven or eight times.

"What do you think, Young Master?" Ying Shisan still decided to listen to Yan Jiuchao's opinion.

Yan Jiuchao nodded lightly: "Alright."



Last night, I was kicked all night by three little black eggs with invincible and shadowless little feet. A certain young master didn't sleep well.

Yan Jiuchao swaggered into the Wuwang Palace and lay down on the bed in the Nuan Pavilion.

The warm pavilion of the Wu clan is warm in winter and cool in summer. It is very comfortable to lie on it. After a while, a certain young master fell asleep.

Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen avoided the patrolling guards and sneaked into the courtyard where the bones of the Holy King were buried.

"Thirteen, look! Saint Immortal Orchid!" Ying Liu pointed to a small flower garden in the yard full of purple flower buds and said, "It's so beautiful!"

"It's very beautiful." Ying Shisan nodded softly.

"Huh?" Ying Six looked strangely at Ying Thirteen.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Ying Shisan asked.

Yingliu smiled slightly: "I used to ask you if those flowers were good-looking, but you always said, aren't they just flowers? Don't all flowers look like you?"

He is handsome and handsome, and his smile comes from a clean and beautiful atmosphere.

A man like a beautiful boy makes people want to protect him involuntarily.

Ying Thirteen's expression paused for a while, and then he looked away from Ying Liu's face and landed on the little purple flower. Ying Liu was right, he was a killer, and those flowers and plants never had anything in his eyes. Different, but somehow, this piece of Saint Immortal Orchid seemed to open in his heart all of a sudden.

"Saint Immortal Orchid will only survive on the bones and blood of the Holy King, and the bones of the Holy King should be buried underneath, right?" Ying Liu quickly forgot about Ying Thirteen's strangeness, and pulled out a piece from his waist. With the dagger, "Before the guards come, hurry up!"

Shadow Thirteen fixedly looked at the piece of Saint Immortal Orchid.

Shadow Six reminded: "Thirteen! Don't look at it, someone will come over in a while!"

Ying Thirteen returned to God, frowning slightly: "You wait first."

"What's the matter?" Ying Liu had already crouched down and was ready to dig.

"This piece of Saint Immortal Orchid is weird." Ying Shisan said sternly.

"Weird? What's weird?" Ying Liu asked in confusion.

Shadow Thirteen frowned: "I can't tell. It's obviously not the first time I've seen them, but... they don't seem to be the same as before."

"What's the difference?" Ying Liu has also been to the Witch King's Palace, and naturally he has seen this piece of Saint Immortal Orchid. He didn't think there was any change this time. Suddenly, he thought of something and smiled knowingly, "They opened It's even brighter!"

Seems to be true, but...is it really just that?

Yingliu tugged at his sleeve: "Okay, don't just look at the flowers, you like purple flowers, I'll plant a garden for you later! Let you open the window and see more purple flowers than here!"

Shadow Thirteen cleared his throat.

Shadow Six turned around and dug up the corpse of the Holy King.

"You... can grow flowers?"

Shadow Thirteen said solemnly.

Yingliu said without hesitation: "Isn't it possible to learn! Isn't Uncle Wan able to grow flowers? When the young master has detoxified the poison of thyme, we will go back to Yancheng together, and then I will learn to grow flowers with Uncle Wan."

"Why...why do you want to learn to grow flowers?" Ying Thirteen crouched down beside Ying Six, also took out a dagger and dug it hard.

"Thirteen likes flowers!" Ying Liudao.

Ying Thirteen choked, his eyes flashed slightly: "I don't like flowers."

"Then what do you like?" Ying Liu looked at him seriously.

"I like..." In the middle of Ying Thirteen's words, his expression changed.

"What's wrong?" Ying Liu asked.

Ying Thirteen pressed into the half dug hole and handed the dagger to Ying Six: "Take it."

"Oh." Ying Six took Ying Thirteen's dagger.

Shadow Thirteen carefully pushed away the soil under his hands, revealing a piece of icy bone.

Shadow Six squinted: "I found it! It's the corpse of the Holy King!"

Ying Thirteen removed the surrounding soil, and unexpectedly found that it was a rib, and there was no other skeleton under the flowerbed except for this rib.

Ying Liu took the rib in his hand and turned it over and over: "What, what's the matter? Why is there only one bone? Is this the bone of the Holy King?"

"Yes."

Yan Jiuchao walked over casually.

The two stood up: "Young Master."

Yan Jiuchao said: "The holy king buried the bones, the holy immortal Lankai, this should be the rib of the holy king."

Shadow Six suddenly realized and nodded, and then said: "Young master, it's so strange, the corpse of the holy king is gone, only one rib is left."

Yan Jiuchao looked at the rib in Eye Shadow Six's hand and said, "It's not that there is only one rib left, but only one rib was originally buried."

Shadow Six was stunned.

Shadow Thirteen also showed a puzzled look.

Shadow Thirteen asked, "Young Master, what happened here? Does the Witch King know? He asked us to steal the Holy King's corpse. Is that just a rib?"

Yan Jiuchao said lightly: "If he knew that there was only one rib buried here, he would have been restless, and even the Witch King had concealed it. The Holy King really has a good intention."

Shadow Thirteen frowned and said, "Listen to what the young master said, all this was planned by the Holy King? Why did she do this?"

Yan Jiuchao said, "Why? Of course it's for Zhou Jin."

"Zhou Jin?" Ying Shisan murmured thoughtfully.

Yan Jiuchao felt the aura fluctuations in the mud pit, and said lightly: "It seems that the holy king alone is not enough to change Zhou Jin's fate, so she made a deal with others."

"I don't understand." Ying Shisan shook his head.

Yan Jiuchao looked at Shengxianlan who was removed and said, "Didn't you just say that today's Shengxianlan is different from last time? Ying Liu is right, it's more beautiful, but why is it It's not like this in the early days, it's not like this in the evening, but it's just like this today, have you ever thought about why?"

"Why?" Ying Shisan asked.

Yan Jiuchao said lightly, "Saint Immortal Orchid has been nourished by the master."

Shadow Thirteen's pupils shrank: "Could it be..."

"What is it? I still don't understand." Ying Liu scratched his head.

Yan Jiuchao looked at Ying Shisan, and Ying Shisan cupped his hands: "I don't have much guesses, so let the young master speak."

Yan Jiuchao said: "Zhou Jin is the descendant of the Holy King and the Witch King, such a bloodline is impossible to survive in the world, changing his life for him is much more difficult than changing the life of Saint Lady Lanyi for Concubine Yun. Even the Holy King alone was not enough to plant life for Zhou Jin, so the Holy King made a deal with others."

Chapter 676 The might of the Holy King!

"What transaction?" Ying Liu asked.

Ying Shisan murmured, "That person helped her plant life for Zhou Jin, and she... sacrificed herself to that person."

"That's right." Yan Jiuchao nodded.

"Who is that person?" Ying Liu asked.

"Soul Rakshasa." Yan Jiu Chao said.

Shadow Six eyebrows jumped: "What? Soul Rakshasa? How could it be?"

Ying Thirteen speculated: "Looking at the entire witch clan, only it and the witch king have the strength to change Zhou Jin's life against the sky, but the witch king cannot die too early, he has to continue his life for Zhou Jin, so the soul rakshasa becomes the only candidate."

After a pause, Ying Shisan said again, "But I still don't understand how all this happened? I mean... even if the Holy King wants to ask Soul Rakshasa to help, is Soul Rakshasa willing to help?"

Yan Jiuchao said lightly: "It had to help, it seriously injured the Holy King and the Witch King, and refused to agree to trade with the Holy King, the Holy King died with him, in order to survive, he had to help Zhou Jin change the sky against the sky. Life."

Hearing this, Ying Liu finally turned around. It turned out that Soul Rakshasa didn't do it voluntarily, but was forced to do it. He said, how could the monster change his life for the enemy's child.

Thinking of something, Ying Liu said again: "Then... The young master just said that the Holy King sacrificed himself to the Soul Rakshasa. What's the matter?"

Yan Jiuchao did not speak.

Shadow Thirteen said to Shadow Six: "I think, after she gave birth to Zhou Jin, she was voluntarily swallowed by Soul Rakshasa."

"Isn't the Soul Rakshasa sealed?" Ying Liu asked.

This... Shadow Thirteen couldn't guess it either.

Yan Jiuchao said: "This is what the holy king is playing. She promised to sacrifice herself on the surface, but in fact she made a plan to die with Soul Rakshasa. Soul Rakshasa may not know her abacus, but after giving birth The Holy King is bound to be very weak, and Soul Rakshasa feels that he can take a gamble. As a result, the Holy King really failed to kill the Soul Rakshasa, but sealed it with his own body."

Shadow Thirteen said in a daze: "So, it's not the coffin that seals the soul rakshasa at all, but the body of the holy king in the coffin?"

Yan Jiuchao nodded: "According to the current clues, this is the case, but the clues we have are limited, so there may be truths that we haven't guessed yet."

Shadow Six sighed and said, "The Witch King is still kept in the dark, what a miserable man!"

Shadow Six collected the bones of the Holy King.

It was almost time, and the group set off for the Hall of Light.

Just halfway there, Yan Jiuchao stopped.

"What's the matter? Young Master?" Ying Shisan asked.

Yan Jiuchao said with deep eyes: "The Soul Rakshasa is about to wake up."

"Isn't it awake all the time?" Shadow Six muttered.

"It's about to wake up completely." Yan Jiuchao stared, "Its aura suddenly became stronger."

is not twice as strong, but ten times, ten times more!

Soon, Ying Thirteen also noticed the shuddering aura: "Why did it suddenly become so strong? Did it take some kind of panacea?"

"The Witch Queen." Yan Jiuchao's eyes turned cold.

"Yes! It must be the witch queen! That vicious woman tried every means to wake up the Soul Rakshasa. She must have given it to the Soul Rakshasa, so the Soul Rakshasa is about to wake up so soon!"

According to the original inference, today's Soul Rakshasa won't be able to wake up for long no matter what, so the chances of them succeeding are not very high, at least not too small, but right now, if they want to kill it, it's just difficult.

Soul Rakshasa's breath suddenly soared, and every time he took a breath, he could feel the chilling aura in the air. What was more terrifying than the coercion of a master was that this breath attacked people's consciousness.

"Ah—" Ying Liu had a splitting headache!



Shadow Thirteen had never felt this way before. It wasn't pain, but it was more than pain. He was even a little mad, and there was a voice in his heart screaming, which stimulated him to want to destroy something.

Ying Thirteen held down his head and used strong willpower to stabilize the last shred of reason, saying: "Young Master! Let's leave first, and come back when your skills have completely recovered."

Yan Jiuchao's eyes turned cold.

The movement in the Hall of Light grew louder and louder, but Yan Jiuchao did not leave, but flew up and swept towards the center of the movement.

"Young Master!" Ying Shisan suddenly changed color!

He stretched out his hand to catch Yan Jiuchao, but he didn't catch it, his face turned white with anxiety: "Is the young master crazy? Soul Rakshasa has completely awakened, he only has five successes, how can he be Soul Rakshasa? opponent?"

Yan Jiuchao had his own plans. Although it was very risky, it was more dangerous to let the Soul Rakshasa break out of the seal. He decided to kill it with a sword when the Soul Rakshasa broke open the coffin!

The four martial arts inspectors and the ten great wizards keenly felt an unusually cold aura.

One of the great wizards said: "Hmph, what the witch queen expected was right, someone really came to assassinate the Soul Rakshasa! It's beyond our own power! Form a formation!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he and his companions were overturned by a powerful icy aura.

The ten great wizards didn't even have a chance to use their fists, so they passed out one by one.

It's just that before everyone fainted, a question flashed in their minds, was that the breath of the longevity formula? The Wu clan has not seen such a pure longevity technique for many years. Who is it? Who has practiced the longevity art to such a state?

Wu Rakshasa flew up with their full power.

The immediate task is to solve the soul rakshasa, and there is no time to discuss with them. Yan Jiuchao's aura is fully open, and with a flick of his sleeve, the four martial rakshasas are instantly sent flying.

Yan Jiuchao's body was suspended in mid-air, and he used his inner strength to \*\*\*\* up a sword on the ground, and then with a cold expression, he swept towards the side hall that suppressed the Soul Rakshasa.

He arrived in time, and the coffin had just cracked.

He clenched his sword and stabbed the coffin fiercely. The huge sword energy smashed the coffin into pieces, and the coffin exploded, revealing the monsters that were sealed inside.

However, the moment he saw what it looked like, Yan Jiuchao's sword suddenly stopped.

Lying in the coffin was a woman, a woman who was seven points similar to Zhou Jin.

Almost instantly, Yan Jiuchao guessed her identity.

Holy King!

The Holy King sealed the Soul Rakshasa with his body, so this is the body of the Holy King?

As soon as this thought flashed through my mind, I saw the holy king who was supposed to be the corpse suddenly open his eyes!

Yan Jiuchao was startled!

The Holy King opened his eyes, his lips turned from pale to blushing in an instant, and he slapped towards Yan Jiuchao!

Yan Jiuchao avoided this palm sharply.

However, it also missed the best time to kill Soul Rakshasa.

The two exchanged hands fiercely.

When Ying Six and Ying Thirteen arrived here, the two had already hit the main hall from the side hall.

The two bodies moved too fast, Ying Six and Ying Thirteen could only see the afterimages of one after another.

Ying Liu looked at the afterimage that was almost impossible to capture and said, "Is the Soul Rakshasa awake? Has the young master dealt with it?"

Shadow Thirteen said: "It should be." That person was full of the breath of Soul Rakshasa.

Shadow Six Dao: "Let's quickly take away the corpse of the Holy King!"

Since the Holy King sealed the Soul Rakshasa with his body, then her body must be under the coffin, but what shocked the two of them was that after removing the coffin, what they saw turned out to be a skeleton wearing a man's clothes.

It is also possible for a woman to disguise herself as a man, but... it doesn't look like a woman's skeleton...

Women are not so tall, and their pelvis is different from that of men.

"Look over there!" Ying Shisan looked at a bucket arch and cornices on the opposite side.

Yan Jiuchao fought with each other for a few rounds, and they separated briefly. Ying Liu saw a woman in red, looking at his young master with an evil look.

Yan Jiuchao's situation is not very good, after all, he only has 50% of the skill.

Ying Liu was dumbfounded: "Then... that person... looks like Zhou Jin... Shouldn't... she be the Holy King, right? But... why does she have the aura of a soul rakshasa?"

Shadow Thirteen's eyes dimmed: "Holy King...was attacked by Soul Rakshasa."

The Holy King uses his body as a seal to restrain the Soul Rakshasa, but the Soul Rakshasa can't get out, but he can make it accept his fate and it is not reconciled. It happened that the Holy King at that time had run out of oil lamps, and the Soul Rakshasa would counterattack day and night. She, perhaps the Holy King could resist at first, but when she was at her weakest, she finally let Soul Rakshasa succeed.

Ying Liu's eyes widened in horror: "Then is this person now a Soul Rakshasa or a Holy King?"

Shadow Thirteen said with a complicated expression: "The Soul Rakshasa passed all his skills and memories to her, and she is no longer a holy king."

Soul Rakshasa understands that he can't get out. After all, the seal of the Holy King can only be released by the Holy King himself, so the Soul Rakshasa thought of this method to turn the Holy King into another self.

Perhaps in the eyes of Soul Rakshasa, this is a kind of rebirth in disguise, and it is also a kind of \*\*\*\* revenge.

## Chapter 677 Little Treasure's big move!

"Then what should we do now? This monster not only has the strength of a soul rakshasa, but also the power of a holy king. Young master is against it... Dangerous!" Ying Liu was so anxious that his palms were sweating.

Ying Shisan also felt that things were not optimistic. The young master was hurt when he was a child. Although it was not like Yu Zigui said that people had broken the tendons and tendons, it was still the same. In short, before inheriting the power of the ghost king, young master The Lord never practiced martial arts.

But I have to admit that the young master does have an amazing talent in martial arts. Otherwise, it is impossible to upgrade the longevity art to the ninth level in such a short period of time. However, the young master is facing even the holy king and the witch king. A big monster that cannot be easily killed, the young master's current skills are far from enough.

Ying Liu said aggrieved: "If only Madam was here..."

When Mrs.        is not bewitched by beautiful men, she is still very reliable.

But what's the use of saying this now? The lady and the master fell into the bottomless pit, and their life and death are unknown...

If they had known that the Soul Rakshasa would wake up completely today, they would definitely not have rashly entered the palace, but money is hard to buy. I would have known that now it is not whether they want to kill the Soul Rakshasa, but whether the Soul Rakshasa will let them go.

The holy king fell lightly on the corner of the eaves, and the purple robe was agitated in the wind, like a blooming holy orchid.

Her blushing lips slightly evoked an inscrutable smile. Although she didn't seem to open her mouth, Ying Six and Ying Thirteen somehow felt that she said something, but they couldn't hear it.

"Sound transmission into the ear!" Ying Shisan said solemnly.

Yingliu took a deep breath and asked, "Isn't the sound transmission into the ear the long-lost Central Plains martial arts technique? Neither the Soul Rakshasa nor the Holy King is from the Central Plains, how can they still do this?"

Shadow Thirteen said: "Have you forgotten the ability of Soul Rakshasa? He is good at capturing souls, and every time he devours a master, he can use the opponent's unique skills for his own use."

Shadow Six suddenly realized: "So, it devoured a master from the Central Plains earlier?"

This kind of ability is too terrifying. Ordinary people can only cultivate one or two kinds of unique skills in a lifetime. Soul Rakshasa can capture a soul once, and of course, the strength of this guy himself must be strong enough to carry enough exercises, and in the Get it together in a short time.

"But, what did she say to the young master?" Ying Liu asked, looking at the two who were dueling in the air.

The Holy King smiled strangely, and Yan Jiuchao's expression was as cold as iron.

Shadow Thirteen looked at the young master for a moment: "Although I don't know what she said, it is certain that she is angering the young master."

Ying Liu looked at Yan Jiuchao and the Holy King again, puzzled: "What is the reason for angering the young master? She wants to kill the young master, just kill it directly. The young master only has five successes now, is it still her opponent? "

Although Ying Liu is a little confused, she can always ask for ideas at critical moments. Yes, the skills of the young master in the heyday may not be her opponent, and it is even more impossible to win her now. Isn't she angering the young master? Overkill?

unless--

There is a need to provoke.

"She wants to capture her soul! She wants to devour the young master!"

Ying Thirteen had never practiced soul capture, so he didn't know the details, but the Holy King wanted to kill the young master, so he had already done it, and if he wanted to use soul capture, he must have done it. It's hard for her to do it.

It is not difficult to kill the young master, so the only difficult thing is to capture the soul.

Shadow Thirteen said: "The young master's concentration is amazing, and her soul capture technique cannot be used, so she can only anger the young master first and force the young master to reveal his flaws."

"So despicable!" Ying Liu gritted his teeth.

Shadow Thirteen pulled out the dagger around his waist.

At almost the same time, Ying Liu also took out a few darts, and the two glanced at each other tacitly, even if their skills were not fast enough in front of the Holy King, they must give it a try.

Even if they sacrifice their lives, they will interfere with the actions of the Holy King.

The daggers and hidden weapons in their hands quickly shot towards the Holy King.

The holy king did not move at all, not even blinking his eyelids, but the dagger and the dart stopped abruptly after hitting the holy king. At first glance, it seemed that they were blocked by an invisible barrier. In seconds, the daggers and darts were annihilated into ashes.

When the two of them saw such a battle, they couldn't help but twitch their brows.

The Holy King was disdainful of dealing with the two dead men, but for some reason, she suddenly pointed her toes, showed her palm, and hit Ying Shisan and Ying Liu.

If this palm is hit, the two of them will be wiped out in an instant.

Yan Jiuchao held the sword in one hand and swept up into the air. The fierce sword energy carried a strong wind, which shook Ying Shisan and the other two away.

The holy king threw his palm in the air, and the smile on his lips deepened. He looked back at Yan Jiuchao, and his meaningful eyes seemed to say, "I know you can't fight me hard, it's not too stupid, but you can How long will it last?"

It was true that Yan Jiuchao couldn't last long. He came to kill the Soul Rakshasa who had not fully awakened, but when he arrived at the Hall of Light, he was greeted by a fully awakened Soul Rakshasa, not to mention a powerful soul Rakshasa. Holy King, his Wucheng power was in a hurry when he received the opponent's first palm.

On the other hand, the situation of the Holy King is very different. Her power even increases exponentially with the thorough combination of the Soul Rakshasa and the Holy King's body!

"You go first!" Yan Jiuchao clenched the sword in his hand.

"Young Master!" Ying Shisan secretly used his skills, his life belonged to the Young Master, and if he really got to that point, he would be...

Yan Jiuchao guessed at a glance what Ying Shisan wanted to do: "It's useless for you to blow yourself up, you can't hurt her, let's go!"

After saying that, he waved his sleeves and sent Ying Thirteen and Ying Six away.

The throats of both of them were a little sore.



As early as the Great Zhou Dynasty, many people asked them, Yan Jiuchao has such a weird temper, and he is not a human being when he is crazy, why are they still willing to swear allegiance to him? That's because they don't know that the young master is the only person in the world who takes them as individuals.

Beside the young master, they are dead soldiers, but they are not dead soldiers.

The young master made them die, and he always believed that they would not really die.

The Holy King displayed the inner strength of a longevity formula, trying to trap the two, but was stopped by Yan Jiuchao.

Yingliu frowned: "Is Fang the secret of longevity? Has the Holy King swallowed the young master? How could she know the secret of longevity?"

Shadow Thirteen said: "It should not come from the young master, but from the other masters who have practiced the longevity art. However, the master's realm is not as good as the young master, so the holy king only displayed the appearance of six or seven layers."

While speaking, the two had been sent out of the palace by Yan Jiuchao's internal force.

The prey he got is gone, a trace of disappointment flashed across the face of the Holy King, his expression was very exaggerated, as if to say, my prey is gone, so I can only compensate you with yourself.

The Holy Dynasty Yan Jiuchao caught it.

Yan Jiuchao clenched the sword in his hand, he couldn't beat her, but to kill her, there was a way to kill her.

As a last resort, Yan Jiuchao did not want to make this decision, but if the holy king does not die, the next one to be killed will be Yu Wan, because she also has a powerful holy king in her body.

Soul Rakshasa will definitely devour the little holy king!

When the Holy King approached Yan Jiuchao, Yan Jiuchao didn't resist and let her pinch her neck.

The long sword in his hand turned into ashes under the pressure of the mighty Holy King.

His feet began to lose consciousness, and gradually spread to his waist and abdomen. Just when Dantian was about to be completely imprisoned by the pressure of the Holy King, an unexpected thing happened.

The body of the Holy King suddenly twitched.

Yan Jiuchao was taken aback.

The Holy King was also stunned.

The pressure of the Holy King imprisoned on Yan Jiuchao dissipated, but with the return of the Holy King, it reappeared exponentially.

Yan Jiuchao made plans to blow himself up for the second time.

The Holy King drew again.

Yan Jiuchao: "..."

The holy king twitched his eyelids, the corners of his mouth, his cheeks, and in the end, he twitched everywhere.

Yan Jiuchao blinked, sticking out his slender, jade-like fingertips and poking the Holy King's forehead.

The Holy King fell to the ground with a bang.

Yan Jiuchao hurriedly raised his palm when he saw this.

Unexpectedly, the holy king recovered again, and he slammed his palm downwards, using his strength to shake himself up, and then reached out his hand into a claw, and grabbed it towards Yan Jiuchao again.

But she hasn't met Yan Jiuchao yet, and she's smoking again and again...

She fell to the ground, her nose crooked and her mouth crooked!

The guards not far away were all stunned.

How could this be?

What happened to Soul Rakshasa?

Why did you suddenly go crazy?

"Did you eat the wrong thing?"

"She just woke up and hasn't eaten yet!"

"That's the wrong medicine?"

"The medicine is prepared by the witch queen! How could it be wrong? And they have been tried with silver needles! There is no poison!"

Tweet [The First Empress of Jiuque Chaohuang] by Xi Yaoyao

**【1V1, focus on sweet pets for a hundred years】**

[The combat power explodes the table, kills the decisive professional queen VS petite and frail, it is a perfect plan for the professional little white face (dirty)]

The top powerhouse of the thunder system in the last days, died of self-destruction, and was reborn as the Empress of the Great Zhou Dynasty.

The Empress succeeded to the throne at the age of nine. When she was about to go to power, she was drowned by the Queen Mother who was under the curtain.

When one soul and one body are perfectly integrated, she is bound to turn the clouds on this continent, and the phoenix screams.

He is a reclusive person with unparalleled wisdom. He has been frail and sick since childhood. He has been accompanied by decoction and medicine all the year round.

After looking at the thatched cottage three times in one round, he stepped into the command of the female emperor with this weak posture.

Since then, he has been his for the rise of the country, he is for defending against foreign enemies, he is for the prosperity of the country and the people, and he is for the prosperous world.

And he has her.

On that day, the breeze was light and rainy, the peach blossoms were extremely bright, and the Empress sat with him under the eaves of the porch.

"My harem is short of someone who will accompany me forever, would you marry me?"

He smiled like the wind and rain outside, "I don't want to, but I can marry you."

She is the morning and the evening, and it is his morning and evening.

Chapter 678 The cute ninth brother, the witch king shot

The witch queen attaches great importance to the soul rakshasa, and the medicine for her must be checked before she dares to send it to her.

If it is poisonous, it will be abnormal as early as the silver needle test.

If it is said that the effects of medicines are mutually exclusive, then this does not exist. This is the prescription given by Soul Rakshasa, can she still harm herself?

The holy king twitched like a small jumping shrimp. After the twitching, he attacked Yan Jiuchao domineeringly.

She threw Yan Jiuchao to the ground.

Yan Jiuchao put his hands on his sides, one slender leg was straight, the other was slightly bent, his posture was lazy, and his expression was innocent and relaxed.

Holy King shot.

The Holy King drew.

The Holy King has recovered.

The Holy King strikes again... The Holy King draws again...

Repeatedly repeating the cycle of "shot - twitch - recovery - shot again - twitch again", Young Master Yan was helpless, should he kill him or not? He's been waiting really hard, right?

Yan Jiuchao decided to turn against the guest and use his inner strength to \*\*\*\* up a sword on the ground, and the pilgrim king's heart stabbed coldly.

Just when        stabbed in front of the holy king's robe, the holy king recovered.

Yan Jiuchao hid his long sword behind him and looked at her harmlessly.

Although it is strange to say that, the guards all felt that this man's expression was a little cute!

Uh...

Is he acting cute?

It's shameful to be cute! !

The holy king probably pumped too much, his power was restored, but his mind was a little dizzy. Seeing Yan Jiuchao's innocent and harmless appearance, he was a little stunned for a while.

She tilted her head, stretched out her hand, and slowly touched Yan Jiuchao's face, but the moment she was about to touch, she was attracted by the finger marks on Yan Jiuchao's neck.

These traces seemed to remind her of something, and her eyes instantly became violent.

Yan Jiuchao threw his sword very obediently.

When she saw the sword on the ground, her eyes froze.

"Look!" Yan Jiuchao pointed to the top of her head and said.

The Holy King raised his head.

Yan Jiuchao took out the stick that he had been holding in his hand for some time, and knocked her unconscious with a stick!

The guards: "..."

You look so handsome, can't you just get a face? Still cheating...

The Holy King fainted, and the next thing was easy.

Yan Jiuchao lifted his palm to the wind, the long sword returned to his hand, his wide sleeve robe moved against the wind, and his tall and majestic figure stood alone in the sky, and everyone felt a murderous aura that destroyed the world.

Although I don't know why the Soul Rakshasa became like this, this situation seems to be unusual. If it is handled properly, it might really be able to completely destroy it!

This is not just for trading with the Witch King, but the existence of the Soul Rakshasa threatens the safety of the people he cares about most, and he must get rid of it!

The sword was raised in the hand, the sword qi was like a rainbow, and it was out of control!

No one in the Witch Palace could stop Yan Jiuchao, so they could only watch the fierce sword qi slash at Soul Rakshasa, but what no one expected was that a powerful Witch Power came slowly like a wave of water. An invisible barrier was formed, and it was firmly blocked in front of the Holy King.

Yan Jiuchao's sword energy was blocked.

When everyone looked back, they saw not far away, a man in a blue cloak was riding a high-headed horse.

The guards did not recognize the man at first sight, but they recognized the horse under the man.

"Isn't that the Witch King's mount?"

"Yes, General!"

The Witch King has a mount, a famous general, who was once a peerless horse. It is rumored that this horse can not only travel thousands of miles a day with ease, but also has the skill of a master. Of course, those are just rumors, and the effect of exaggeration cannot be ruled out, but this horse has Accompanying the Witch King from birth to death, it is true that he has saved the Witch King's life several times.

When the Witch King was ill, the horse was not very big. Now it is a full-grown male horse. Its texture is full and firm, and every part is full of power that seems to explode at any time; its curves are also elegant and smooth. Grace is a mare, and there are few more beautiful than it.

"After the witch king fell ill, the general didn't come out. I heard that the witch queen thought of many ways to tame it, but it didn't move. After many years, it didn't appear in front of people again, I thought it died..."

one of the guards muttered.

"I heard that the witch queen disposed of it," said another guard.



"But how did I hear that the witch queen put it back in the forest?"

"What you said is wrong, it ran away on its own."

The crowd quarreled.

No matter who's statement is true, one thing is certain, this horse called the General is a mount that belongs only to the Witch King, and it has never let a second person sit on its back.

So the person it is willing to carry... Could it be the Witch King?

The Witch King rode his horse to the Holy King's side and carried the unconscious Holy King onto the horse's back.

General      twisted his body unhappily, as if resisting.

The Witch King stroked its neck soothingly.

I don't know why I missed him so much after not seeing him for so many years, the general snorted coldly and didn't kick the Holy King down.

The Witch King turned over and mounted.

Yan Jiuchao looked at him fixedly.

A trace of shame flashed across the Witch King's eyes, he squeezed his fingers and said, "I'm sorry, I didn't know she was still alive, I can't let you kill her."

Yan Jiuchao said lightly: "The holy king is dead, she is a soul rakshasa."

Witch King said: "Even if she still has a trace of consciousness left, I will wake her up."

Yan Jiuchao said blankly, "You know this is impossible."

The Witch King tightened the reins.

The Witch King did not speak any more and left with the Holy King.

It is not that there are no masters to stop him, but where are they the opponents of the Witch King?

"What a fast horse!" Yan Jiuchao narrowed his eyes, but he didn't stop him.

Yan Jiuchao left the palace.

Ying Shisan and Ying Liu were hanging on a big tree dumbly. After the two were sent out of the palace by Yan Jiuchao's internal force, in order to prevent the two from turning back, Yan Jiuchao sealed the acupoints of the two.

"Young Master!" Ying Liu's eyes lit up.

Yan Jiuchao flicked his sleeves and untied the acupoints of the two of them.

The two volleyed back to the ground.

Ying Thirteen supported Ying Liu and stepped forward: "Young Master! Are you alright! We just saw the Witch King enter the palace..."

"He...isn't going to save the Holy King, right?" Ying Liu asked weakly.

They should have guessed that the Holy King came out of the coffin, and his breath was so powerful that even the Holy Immortal Orchid in the Witch King's courtyard was in full bloom. As the former lover of the Holy King, how could the Witch King not feel the breath of the Holy King?

Yan Jiuchao stared and said, "It seems that Soul Rakshasa was intentional from the beginning."

Since it devoured the Holy King, it can hold the Holy King's breath perfectly, as long as it wants, it can completely prevent the breath from overflowing, but it did not do so.

"The young master is saying that she deliberately released the breath and coercion of the Holy King to attract the Witch King?" Ying Liu asked.

Yan Jiuchao nodded: "Nine times out of ten this is the case."

When the Soul Rakshasa suppressed him with the pressure of the Holy King, he didn't think much about it, but thought it was a simple suppression. Right now, it seemed that it had sensed that the Witch King was not in the palace, and wanted to invite the Witch King to appear.

Shadow Six asked: "She guessed... the Witch King will come to save her?"

Yan Jiuchao shook his head: "That's not necessarily true."

The sudden situation of the holy king is inexplicable even to herself. She is unlikely to expect that she will be chased by Yan Jiuchao and unable to fight back. The reason why the holy king is released is because the witch king is too far away and deliberately suppresses it. With her breath, she couldn't sense where the Witch King went, so she had to take the initiative to show up, lead the Witch King to look for her, and use the Holy King's hand to personally kill him!

Shadow Six squinted: "So, isn't the Witch King very dangerous?"

The current Witch King is by no means an opponent of the Soul Rakshasa, unless the Holy King remains in a coma, otherwise—

The horses galloped fast on the streets.

The Witch Queen and the Great Elder's eyeliners are everywhere in the royal city. Naturally, the Witch King will not keep people in the city. He decides to take people out of the Witch Clan. Of course, he does not plan to go to Bao Shenchu.

Yan Jiuchao already knew about her becoming a Soul Rakshasa, and he would not give up chasing and killing her.

If it was someone else, he might be able to fight with one, but Yan Jiuchao, he was Zhou Jin's friend, he didn't want to fight him.

The steed galloped out of the city.

The city guards didn't understand what was going on when they felt a hurricane blowing past. By the time they regained their senses, the general had already run away to a small black spot.

"Did someone just leave the city?"

"I don't know, did you see it?"

"I hear hooves."

"Have it?"

"Uh...maybe I heard wrong..."

The guards couldn't believe that a horse could go faster than their eyes.

The Witch King hugged the unconscious Holy King tightly in his arms.

He thought she was dead, but she was still alive.

It doesn't matter what she becomes, he won't miss her again!

## Chapter 679 Invincible Little Treasure!

The Witch King took the Holy King to a forest outside the city. The general carried the two of them and galloped fast in the forest. Rao had not seen each other for so many years, but the tacit understanding between one person and one horse did not diminish at all. There was no need for the Witch King. After the command, the general took the two to a small thatched hut hidden in the mountains.

If you look closely, you will find that there is also a yard of holy orchid in the fence of this small hut, but because of neglect, the holy orchid here is a little listless.

The Witch King got off his horse and carefully hugged the Holy King down.

Just as he carried the Holy King through the small flowerbed, the shrunken Holy Orchid seemed to have been injected with fresh vitality.

General snorted a few times, lowered his head and nibbled a few weeds, the horse's hoof slowly walked a few steps, crossed the small flowerbed, came to the porch, and pushed open the dusty door with his head.

The dust fell on the Witch King, and the Witch King didn't care about himself, he only hugged the person in his arms tightly, not letting her get half a piece of dust.

This place has been inhabited for a long time, and it has long been abandoned. The Witch King first put the Holy King back on the horse, and started to clean up. He was sweating profusely. Condescending to do something like a subordinate would do.

After all, he was a pampered king. Rao was imprisoned for all these years and never worked hard. After cleaning up for half a day, he was barely able to live alone. The Witch King put the holy king on the bed.

The twitching for too long made the Holy King very weak, and his complexion was pale and bloodless.

The Witch King looked at her sleeping face tenderly, and smiled slightly: "Ayan, you go to sleep first, I'll find something to eat."

The Holy King did not respond.

The Witch King stroked her temples, stood up, and walked towards the door.

He just took two steps when the holy king on the bed suddenly opened his eyes.

The Holy King turned his head to look at the Witch King, and there was a strong fierce light in her eyes. She stretched out her devil's claws, swept her figure, and grabbed the Witch King's back.

The place she aimed at was the Witch King's heart, which was clearly meant to take out the Witch King's heart alive.

The Witch King felt the sudden murderous aura, his eyes turned around, and the powerful witch power poured out, like an invisible light shield, not only blocked the Sacred King's sneak attack, but also bounced the Sacred King mercilessly.

The Holy King screamed and fell on the cold and hard bed.

The Witch King's aura was full, and he looked at the Holy King with a cold expression: "Don't think that you can control Ah Yan, I will wipe you out of Ah Yan's mind! You can't think about making trouble again!"

After saying that, his eyes turned golden.

He stared into the eyes of the Holy King without blinking. The powerful witch force forced his way in. The Holy King resisted, but found that his power seemed to be locked by an invisible force.

Soul Rakshasa is good at mental attack, so why not the Witch King? Let's see who is better.

heard a scream, and the holy king fainted.

The Witch King breathed a sigh of relief, and held the door with one hand, his body slackened all of a sudden, and he almost fell to the ground unsupported.

Soul Rakshasa is indeed difficult to deal with. If it hadn't been in a situation today, it wouldn't have allowed him to take advantage of it.

The Witch King calmed down, dragged his somewhat collapsed body and walked over, sat on the edge of the bed, held the Holy King in his arms, and used witch power to warm the Holy King's breath for her.

His shamanic power is too severely depleted, and it is difficult to figure out the obsession of the Soul Rakshasa, but if Ah Yan's consciousness is strong enough, then he can deal with the Soul Rakshasa together.

The Witch King healed the Holy King for a while, then rode the general to the market to buy ingredients, and went back to the small thatched hut to cook a meal. When he finished this and returned to the house, he found that the Holy King slowly opened his eyes. , is no longer the fierce light with violence, but the ignorant and innocent eyes.

The Witch King was shocked: "Ayan! Is that you?"

"It's me," said the Holy King weakly.

The Witch King's eyes lit up, looking at her and said excitedly: "I knew it was you...you're back...you're finally back..."

The Witch King's warm nourishment has indeed made the Holy King feel a lot better. I don't know if the feeling of taking the wrong medicine has gradually disappeared from the body.

The Witch King smiled and said, "Do you remember where this is? You planted the holy orchid outside the yard with your own hands. Jin'er also lived here after she was born. However, he was discovered when he was two years old. I had to send him somewhere else."

The holy king looked at the holy immortal orchid in the yard with deep eyes.

"You poured it with blood." The Witch King explained, thinking of something, and then said, "After talking for so long, you must be hungry. Look at my memory, I only care about talking to you and forget that the pot is still hot. The food is ready, you wait for me here, and I will bring the food!"

The Witch King got up and went to get something to eat.

Looking at his back as he walked out of the room, the Holy King's face suddenly sank. She stretched out her hand and was about to slap the Witch King, but what she didn't expect was that something was locked up. The feeling is here again.

The Holy King looked at his hands, and then at the Witch King who walked out, and snorted coldly, "I have to protect that man even when I die, what a love!"

Soul Rakshasa did not expect that the woman would set a restriction in his body, so that he could not do anything to the Witch King. However, this restriction could not trap Soul Rakshasa for too long, and if he swallowed a few more masters, he would be banned. washed away.

"I'll kill your lover first, and after I kill your son Zhou Jin, I'll send him underground to reunite with your family!"



The Witch King returned to the house with the food: "A-Yan, the meal is here, eh? Where's A-Yan?"

When the lanterns first came on, a woman in purple with a graceful figure was walking leisurely on the flowing streets.

She wears a translucent purple veil, her charming eyes are captivating, and the veil is slightly raised by her tall nose bridge, revealing her jade-like face and slightly raised lips.

Such a fairy-like beauty suddenly appeared in the hustle and bustle of the city, and everyone was shocked. Wherever she went, even the noise was silent, and the child stopped crying, and all looked at her with wide eyes.

She didn't notice the astonishing eyes of the crowd, she walked through the crowd lightly, a young child looked at her blankly, she raised her hand and gently stroked the young child.

After she walked over with a smile, the young boy suddenly stared blankly and leaned into his mother's arms.

The woman exclaimed: "Son—"

The Holy King entered a narrow alley without turning his head, and just a few steps away, he was blocked by several drunken men.

The big man headed by        looked at her drunkenly, a trace of greed flashed across his eyes, rubbed his hands, and said, "Girl, it's so late, where are you going? Brothers to send you..."

The Holy King raised his hand and smiled.

...

The Holy King came out of the alley.

The silver moonlight fell behind her and shone into the narrow alley. Those drunken men were lying on the ground, their eyes sluggish, as if their souls had been drained.

The Holy King closed his eyes and carefully sensed Zhou Jin's breath.

Since she has the body of the Holy King, and the mother and son are connected, then she will definitely be able to find Zhou Jin.

The Holy King looked at the alley to the east, and said with a light smile, "Ah, I was hiding here."

The holy king moves gently with lotus steps, and the group of robes is swaying, as beautiful as the enchantment in the picture.

She came to the yard with a strong aroma of wine, and knocked on the door with a smile.

Old Cuitou was drying herbs in the yard when he heard a knock on the door and shouted, "Who is it?"

No answer.

"Are you here to get wine? Really! Don't squeak!" Old Cuitou put down the dustpan, wiped his hands with the dry cloth on the shelf, muttered, took off the door bolt, and opened the courtyard door.

"You are--"

Before the old Cui Tou finished speaking, his eyes widened and he fell down in a daze.

The Holy King stepped over him and came under the corridor.

Grandma heard the movement in the yard and wanted to come out to find out. The Holy King didn't even look at him, and Grandma also fell.

"Who?!" Zhou Yuyan rushed out of the room.

The Holy King didn't even look at her, and hooked the corners of his lips carelessly, and Zhou Yuyan fell down.

Chef Bao went to the wine cellar to make wine. The three little black eggs were sleepy in the room. Yu Wan went to make dinner. The crispy meat was fried in the oil pan, hissing, and she didn't even hear anyone coming.

She picked up the fried crispy meat, put it into the pot and simmered it with sauces, peppers, \*\*\*\* slices, etc., and the fragrance was so delicious.

Yu Wan put the golden crispy crispy meat on a plate and brought it out.

The holy king stopped and raised his eyebrows: "Oh, there is actually a little holy king here."

Yan Xiaosi's newborn calf is not afraid of tigers, and the pressure of the holy king is sacrificed.

Yan Xiao was counseled for four seconds!

Spread your limbs, close your eyes and pretend to be dead!

"Hehehe..."

The Holy King walked towards Yu Wan, Yu Wan saw her and was stunned: "Who are you?"

"what?"

The Holy King was stunned for a moment, as if she didn't expect this girl to not fall like the previous one, she glanced at Yu Wan with great interest, and snapped her fingers.

Yu Wan was stunned, and when she looked at the Holy King again, she couldn't hide the smile in her eyes: "Yan Jiuchao, you're back! Come and taste the dishes I made!"

Okay, I'll taste your dishes first, then your tires.

The corners of the Holy King's lips curled into a meaningful smirk, and he walked towards her slowly, picked up a piece of crispy meat that was suitable for fat and thin, and ate it into his mouth.

In the next second, the Holy King's body froze!

Hemp eggs!

What, why is it so unpalatable? !

The holy king held onto the wall, coughed desperately, stuck his tongue out, and rolled his eyes!

Ahhhh!

It's too bad to eat this seat! ! !

The Holy King disappeared in a blink of an eye!

She wanted to drink water, but she didn't know where to get it in a hurry. At this moment, a little bun was standing at the corner, with his bare feet and a steaming small cup in his hand.

The Holy King rushed over without a word, grabbed his cup, and poured it down!

Xiaobao: Uh, I want to pee, but I can't wait to go to the toilet, he caught it with a cup, it should be fine... Mother won't spank him...

But.....

Eh?

Who robbed him of the cup?

Xiaobao raised his head and looked at the Holy King with a confused look.

The Holy King has finished drinking, she feels something is not right!

She looked at Xiaobao: "Just now, what was that?"

"Pee." Xiaobao said.

Sacred King who instantly petrified: "...!!"

Chapter 680 Three little magic sticks!

The King's eyes almost popped out!

The great Soul Rakshasa, the soul Rakshasa who loves cleanliness, how can he drink...drink...urine?  
!

"Whose urine?!" The Holy King frowned.

"My." Xiaobao said.

The holy king grabbed his throat. Compared to the dark food that was so unpalatable that he wanted to die, this cup of tea seemed to be more deadly. The holy king was not well.

The Holy King said angrily, "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"You didn't ask." Xiaobao spread his hands innocently.

Holy King supported the wall and retched a few times.

That terrible feeling came again, and if she stayed any longer, she was afraid that she would twitch all over again.

She needs to be calm, be calm, be calm...

The apprenticeship is not good, the holy king decided to leave here temporarily, she stumbled out.

The Holy King didn't know how much strength it took to resist the urge to twitch, but she didn't take a few steps when she felt a small thing behind her, she turned her head coldly, and seeing that it was the little guy, she was not angry. "Why are you following me?" he asked.

Xiaobao's little hand was behind his back. Hearing her words, he looked up at her and pointed to her hand: "You took my cup."

The Holy King realized that he was confused, he was still holding the dirty thing in his hand, and immediately threw it to the ground in disgust.

Although the cups were thrown on the ground, Xiaobao was not angry. After all, he was a generous and good baby.

Little Treasure walked over, picked up the cups, washed them and put them back, mother won't find out!

Xiaobao took the cup and walked back.

Halfway through , his little body suddenly stopped, his body arched slightly, he held his breath, his little face flushed red.

The Holy King saw him like this and suddenly thought.

The corner of the holy king's lips twitched coldly, and he walked towards the little guy step by step.

Little Treasure was completely unaware of the approaching danger, so he suddenly grabbed the back collar and lifted it up!

"Huh!" The Holy King sneered, but before the laughter ended, he heard a loud noise, and an unknown gas sprayed over her face.

The Holy King was stunned for a moment, then the next second, boom! Falling to the ground in large letters... twitching... stunned...

Xiaobao: "..."

Little Treasure went back to the yard, took advantage of his mother's unpreparedness, and went back to his house, then stumbling onto the bed, shaking his two brothers awake: "Someone fainted!"

Good brothers are to share the blessings, share the burdens, watch together when there is excitement, and save patients together!

...

The witch queen went to Yeyang's room after seeing the great elder. By the time she arrived at the Hall of Light, the holy king had already been picked up by the witch king.

The witch queen looked at the ruined Hall of Light, and it was not hard to imagine what kind of melee was experienced here.

"What did you say? The Holy King was picked up by the Witch King? Are you sure it's the Holy King?" The Witch Queen looked coldly at the guard in front of her.

The one who came to report was an old guard who had been in the palace for more than ten years. He had seen the former holy king and even worked with the holy king. He was sure that he would not admit his mistake.

The witch queen said thoughtfully: "But you said that she has the breath of a soul rakshasa?"

"That's right." The old guard nodded.

The witch queen murmured: "The Holy King cannot possibly have the breath of a soul rakshasa, unless... she is a soul rakshasa. Is there such a possibility that the soul rakshasa used a blinding technique?"

Soul Rakshasa's illusion is no worse than that of a great wizard. What it wants to become in the eyes of the world is just a matter of moving its eyelids.

The old guard shook his head and said, "Even though the subordinates may fall for its illusion, the Witch King will not. The subordinates believe that she is the Holy King."

The witch queen sneered: "So, the Holy King was swallowed by the Soul Rakshasa...and turned into a Soul Rakshasa? This is interesting."

"But she was rescued by the Witch King, what should I do?" the old guard asked.



"What's so strange about the Witch King saving her? She was his sweetheart, how could he just let her go? I'm even more puzzled, you said that the Soul Rakshasa had an accident and almost lost control?"

"Not nearly, but already."

The appearance of the Holy King out of control is still shocking in retrospect. I don't know if I took the wrong medicine or practiced the wrong exercises. The whole person suddenly twitched, and the twitching was unnecessary. It was not the Witch King who arrived in time. , she may have pumped herself to death.

It is a bit exaggerated to say this, but everyone present saw the appearance of the Holy King at that time and felt that she was much less fortunate.

"How could this happen? Who poisoned her?" The witch queen was puzzled. All the medicinal herbs were bought by people she trusted, and she tried the poison with a silver needle before presenting them to the Holy King. There should be no mistake. It is.

The witch queen couldn't figure it out, so she simply gave up.

She did not expect the matter of the Holy King. She did not expect that Soul Rakshasa was actually sealed by the Holy King with holy bones. Second, she did not expect that Soul Rakshasa was really boiled to death by the Holy King. Third, she did not expect it. Before the soul rakshasa was dying, he even devoured the holy king.

After a series of shocks, the situation of the Holy King's power was not so difficult to accept.

"The Witch Queen...Aren't you worried?"

"What are you worried about? Are you worried that they will rekindle their old relationship and continue their relationship? Or are you worried that the Holy King will kill the Witch King?"

The old guard opened his mouth and swallowed what he wanted to say.

It is said that people's first reaction at a critical moment is the most real, and when disaster strikes, what the witch queen is worried about is not whether the holy king will turn against the water, but the feelings and life of the witch king.

The Witch Queen... she has never forgotten the Witch King...

"Okay, although the Witch King is not an opponent of Soul Rakshasa, didn't you say that Soul Rakshasa was injured? Then it's better to get Soul Rakshasa back as soon as possible."

Soul Rakshasa is their ally, they will not deal with Soul Rakshasa, and Soul Rakshasa has become a holy king, and the Witch King will not deal with Soul Rakshasa, and even can only protect Soul Rakshasa from the hands of that group of people. After finding the soul rakshasa, who knows whether it is for the soul rakshasa or someone else?

The old guard didn't say anything. After answering, he led his men to search for the traces of the two kings, the witch and the saint.

On the other side, the three of Yan Jiuchao were also looking for the Holy King and the Witch King.

Ying Liu sat on the outer seat and asked anxiously, "Young Master, we have searched the entire Wu clan and haven't seen them. Do you think they have left the city?"

Shadow Thirteen said: "Yes, young master, do you want to look outside the city? Soul Rakshasa holds a grudge against the Witch King, and will definitely take the opportunity to kill him."

Ying Liu sighed: "The Witch King is so stupid, that man is no longer a Holy King, can't he see it? It's a shame that he is still a Witch King!"

In life, there is no way to escape a love character, whether he really can't see it, or whether he sees it and doesn't want to accept it, we don't know.

Yan Jiuchao lifted the curtain of the car window, looked at the quiet street, and said, "Go back first, and look for it later."

When the Holy King fled, the Witch King was not the only one in danger.

The Witch King himself wants to die, Yan Jiuchao can't control it, but he can't let his wife and children fall into the hands of that monster.

Even if something unexpected happened to the Holy King, it was still easy for her to pinch someone to death.

Shadow Six drove the carriage out of the Wu clan.

Thanks to the help of the three elders, they got the Nie Mansion's waist card and went out of the city very smoothly.

It was late at night, the shops were closed, the pedestrians on the street were scattered, the horses and carriages galloped on the silent road, and the sound of horseshoes and wheels reverberated in the alley.

When        approached Bao Shenchu's residence, Yan Jiuchao suddenly raised his eyebrows: "Wait!"

Yingliu tightened the reins and stopped the carriage: "What's the matter, young master?"

Yan Jiuchao stared at him and said, "There is the aura of the Holy King and the Soul Rakshasa."

is just very faint, sometimes absent, and even Ying Thirteen and Ying Six did not notice it.

A trace of vigilance flashed in Ying Thirteen's eyes. He protected Ying Six with one hand and held the saber at his waist with the other.

Yan Jiuchao got off the carriage.

The two followed him all the way to the alley in the east. The more they walked, the closer they got to Bao Shenchu's residence, and their hearts sank to the bottom of the valley.

Has the Holy King already found Awan and the others? What happened to Awan and a few little black eggs?

Yan Jiuchao's face flashed a cold light.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

There was a strange movement from the depths of the alley, and the three of them hurriedly accelerated their pace and came to the corner.

The thumping sound was actually caused by three little black eggs. I saw the three of them with basins on their heads, sticks in their hands, and a bell in the other hand, babbling.

Yan Jiuchao twitched the corner of his mouth and asked inexhaustibly, "What are you, what are you doing?"

The three stopped, Erbao said, "We are exorcising evil spirits! The beautiful aunt fainted, and she couldn't wake up no matter how she called."

Xiaobao pointed at her: "We pinched her."

Shadow Six: That's the Achilles heel!

Er Bao pointed to the small pot on the ground: "We poured cold water on her."

Shadow Thirteen: That is Hua Gong San!

Dabao picked up a lot of small bottles, and we even used Gu worms for her!

There are too many Gu worms, I don't know which one is useful, so I used each one!

Xiaobao spread his hands and said, "But it still doesn't work, she must be a demon! Let's exorcise her!"

The key point is that you are not dancing the magician's exorcism dance, but the great dance \*\*\*\* of the magic stick...

I'm sure I'm saving her, not saving her...

The three of them looked at the three little magic sticks, and then looked at the dying holy king on the ground. For the first time in their lives... they felt that their opponents were so pitiful! ! !