

Toddler 681

Chapter 681 Mother and Son Meet

The Holy King was miserable and unconscious, Ying Six and Ying Thirteen took her back to the courtyard.

San Xiaodan took off the small basin on top of his head, put down the little sticks in his hand, and lined up in a long line, drooping his little head and followed behind stinky daddy back to the house.

Yu Wan pushed open the door and walked in. Seeing the three of them, she glared with apricot eyes, "Hey? You are here! Where did you go just now? Mother went to look for you, and you are not here!"

The three did not speak.

Yan Jiuchao snorted coldly: "I'm getting more courageous, I dare to do anything, and I actually learned to dance like a god."

"It's all said to exorcise evil spirits!" Xiaobao said resentfully.

Dabao and Erbao nodded their heads!

They are good babies who keep pace with the times and do as the locals do. In Nanzhao and the Ghost Clan, they are little Gu Masters, and when they are in the Wu Clan, they are naturally little sorcerers!

Of course Yu Wan couldn't guess that a few little guys were going to bring disaster to the Holy King, and thought they were sneaking out of the yard as usual. This kind of thing is not once or twice, let alone Grandpa Bao's yard here, it is Mingshan Chaoyang Palace, Nanzhao General's Mansion, and a few little guys also slipped away when they said they would slip away.

The bigger and fatter they are, Yu Wan felt that it was necessary for her to take care of them.

I don't know if I felt the huge murderous aura of my mother, and the three little black eggs stepped back together.

Yu Wan rolled up her sleeves and said fiercely, "I see where you are hiding today?"

The three looked at Yan Jiuchao for help.

"Don't look at me." Yan Jiuchao said.

The three looked at Yu Wan pitifully.

"I won't be soft-hearted." Yu Wan said fiercely.

At this moment, Bao Shenchu came out of the wine cellar, and the three little guys instantly ran towards him as if they saw a life-saving straw!

"Grandpa!"

"Grandpa!"

Great grandpa!

The three little eggs threw themselves into the arms of Bao Shenchu, and looked back at Yu Wan with special grievance and fear.

Bao Shenchu now understands, a few little guys do not know what to do, they are going to be beaten by Wan girl, but such a cute little guy, how can he be willing to stand by?

"Ah, are you hungry? Grandpa Bao is going to eat. Can you help Grandpa Bao peel the beans?"

"Yeah!" The three nodded their heads like garlic, especially attentive and aggrieved!

Chef Bao took the little guy to the kitchen.

Yu Wan clenched her fists, her skin became itchy, and she also learned to find a backer! ! !

is biological, biological, biological...

Yu Wan recited it a hundred times in silence, she could resist the urge to beat them down.

Yan Jiuchao said to her: "You go back to the house first, I have some things to deal with, I will tell you in detail later."

"Well, good." Yu Wan returned to the wing.

Xiaobao has put the cups back, but he forgot to wash them.

Yu Wan was thirsty, so she picked up the cup at hand and poured a little hot tea. She took a sip before swallowing it when she sensed something was wrong. She sniffed the cup and spit it out with a puff. He Dong roared. : "Yan Xiaobao!!!"

...

The Holy King was locked in a separate wing and locked to a chair with a black iron chain.

Shadow Thirteen guarded her.

When Yan Jiuchao came over, Yingliu happened to be there too.

Yingliu just sent Zhou Yuyan, grandma and old Cuitou back to the room.

"Young Master." He greeted.

"How is the situation?" Yan Jiuchao asked.

Yingliu replied: "Why can't they wake up, I think they should have been demented."

was hit by the soul deception technique of the soul rakshasa. The light ones lost their power and memory, and the heavy ones didn't wake up and became the living dead.

Thinking of something, Ying Liu continued: "Also, a shopkeeper who picked up the goods just came. He said that a similar situation occurred at the market, a three-year-old child and a few drunk men in their twenties. , all of a sudden unconscious."

Shadow Thirteen frowned and said, "It seems that it is all the work of Soul Rakshasa."

Yingliu looked at Yan Jiuchao and said, "Young Master, how can they wake up, mama?"

Yan Jiuchao said: "It's useless to kill them, only the Soul Rakshasa can wake them up."

Ying Shisan paused, looking at the unconscious Saint King and said, "But... what happened to the Soul Rakshasa, why did he faint? It was the Soul Rakshasa's power that repulsed the Holy King's body. ?"

This is the most probable and most probable explanation, but for some reason, Yan Jiuchao intuitively told him that it was not the case.

Shadow Six was puzzled: "Didn't she be rescued by the Witch King? Why did she suddenly appear here alone? Where did the Witch King go? Wasn't she killed by her?"

Yan Jiuchao said: "Zhou Jin is still alive, the Witch King is not dead."

Zhou Jin's vitality has been extended by the witch king's magic power to him, so once the witch king has an accident, Zhou Jin's life is also in danger.

Shadow Thirteen murmured, "Why didn't the Soul Rakshasa kill the Witch King?"

Yan Jiuchao gave the Holy King a light glance: "There can only be one situation, that is, it can't kill the Witch King."

Shadow Six didn't quite understand: "How could it be impossible to kill the Witch King with its strength?"

Even the sorcerer king in his heyday was no match for the Soul Rakshasa, not to mention that the sorcerer king had already consumed too much sorcery power in order to prolong Zhou Jin's life.

Shadow Thirteen boldly speculated: "Could it be... that the Holy King planted a restriction in his body, not allowing the Soul Rakshasa to do anything to the Witch King?"

Yan Jiuchao nodded: "It should be like this."

Soul Rakshasa did not devour the Holy King in one day, nor did the Holy King die at the hands of Soul Rakshasa in an instant. Before he completely lost himself, the Holy King anticipated that he would be taken away one day, so he planted a seed in his body. Banned.

"So it is." Banning is a forbidden technique, and it has been lost in the world for a long time. This holy king is more powerful than imagined. Ying Liu suddenly became interested in the inheritance of the holy clan, and he did not know his own child. Will the Holy King have so many powerful abilities after he was born?

Mentioning the little master, Ying Liu thought of Zhou Jin: "What about Zhou Jin? Can the Soul Rakshasa also kill him?"

Yan Jiuchao's gaze fell on the face of the Holy King: "If the Holy King still has the ability to plant two kinds of restrictions, it should not be so easily swallowed by the Soul Rakshasa."

"But doesn't Zhou Jin need more protection? She should plant a ban so that the soul rakshasa will not hurt Zhou Jin. Young master, if it were you..." Ying Liu stopped talking halfway through.

Yan Jiuchao said: "If it were me, I would do the same as the Holy King."

Zhou Jin's vitality is originally the continuation of the Witch King. If the Witch King dies, Zhou Jin is also dead. On the contrary, as long as the Witch King is still alive, he will definitely find a way to keep Zhou Jin from the Soul Rakshasa.

took ten thousand steps back and said that Zhou Jinruozhen unfortunately died in the hands of the Soul Rakshasa, at least the Witch King could survive.

This is the optimal strategy and the choice to minimize casualties.

Yan Jiuchao rarely admired a person, but at this time he had to admit that she was a calm and wise woman.

Every step she takes is full of the wisdom of the strong, whether it is making a deal with the Soul Rakshasa to plant life for Zhou Jin, or calculating the Soul Rakshasa and sealing it with the body of the Holy King, even if she is eventually attacked The devouring and deprivation of the soul rakshasa also left a way out for her husband and son.

However, this retreat will end soon.

Soul Rakshasa completely integrates the Holy King's internal strength and cultivation techniques, and it may not be long before the ban can be broken, and then she will be able to take action against the Witch King.

And once she gets it, they won't get the Witch King's Tears.

"I really want to kill her with one sword! But I can't kill her! If I kill her, Old Cuitou and Mammy won't be able to wake up either." Ying Liu gritted his teeth angrily.

What they used on the holy king was the black iron chain looted from the Sang family in the underworld. It was specially used to suppress the Rakshasa King. If she might not be able to suppress the soul Rakshasa in the past, isn't she in a bad situation?

As long as they don't remove the black iron chain, she can't hurt them.

Midnight.

Everyone went to sleep.

"Zhou Jin..."

"Zhou Jin..."

"Zhou Jin..."

Zhou Jin heard someone calling him in his sleep, he opened his eyes, at first thought it was a dream, but the voice became clearer and clearer.

"Zhou Jin..."

Zhou Jin lifted the quilt, put on his shoes and walked out.

"Zhou Jin..."

He followed the sound to the innermost room.

"Come here, I'll wait for you here."

That voice was ethereal, with a hint of maternal tenderness.

Zhou Jin hesitated for a moment, then gently opened the door.

The water-like moonlight shone coolly on the ground, spread out all the way, and landed on a chair with peeling paint.

A woman in purple sat on the chair, her whole body was tied with cold iron chains, her veil had fallen off, revealing her soul-sucking face.

"Who are you?" Zhou Jin asked.

The woman smiled softly: "I'm your mother, dear, come to my mother."

Zhou Jin walked into the room in a daze and stopped in front of the woman.

The woman said softly: "Mother is locked by the iron chain, mother is so cold, quickly help mother to take off the chain."

Chapter 682 The mighty little emperor!

Zhou Jin slowly raised his hand and touched the iron chain trapped on the woman's body. Just as he was about to remove the chain, he suddenly felt a pain in his chest.

"Ah!" Zhou Jin withdrew his hand uncomfortably and covered his aching chest, and at this moment, his consciousness became clearer.

He took a step back and looked at the woman trapped by the black iron chain in shock.

He is the descendant of the Witch King, and he has amazing magic power since he was a child. He has always been the only one who can confuse others.

It wasn't the little Gu Gu that woke him up in time, he had already done something irreversible.

The Holy King saw that Zhou Jin was awake, and her gentle expression instantly turned cold. Her eyes were fixed on Zhou Jin's heart, and the corners of her lips twitched in disdain: "Little, Gu, Emperor?"

Feeling her killing intent towards Little Gu Gu, Zhou Jin moved further and further away from her.

The Holy King smiled and said slowly: "Don't be afraid, I'm your mother, I won't hurt you."

Zhou Jin looked at her calmly without speaking.

The Holy King said bewitchingly: "What? They didn't tell you, am I still alive? I didn't die, the soul rakshasa died. I came back intact and came to reunite with your mother and son."

Zhou Jin's eyes flashed with vigilance.

Sage King said: "Don't be afraid, come here quickly, let mother see, mother's little Zhou Jin has grown so big."

Because of being suppressed by the black iron chain, she couldn't perform the soul-absorbing technique, but it did not prevent her from performing illusion techniques on her son who was in the same blood as "herself".

"Come, come to my mother." She looked at Zhou Jin and said.

Zhou Jin struggled under her illusion.

The body of the Holy King suddenly twitched, and when the Holy King regained consciousness, the entire aura changed.

She shouted with red eyes: "Go! Go! Don't come here! Don't come near here! Don't listen to me anymore!"

Zhou Jin was startled.

"Quick..." Before she could finish her words, her body twitched again, and when she opened her eyes again, she was back to that gentle and amiable mother.

"Be good, come to my mother's side..."

Zhou Jin took a step forward.

The Holy King twitched again.

She cried out: "Don't come here! Let you go!"

Zhou Jin paused.

The Holy King smiled charmingly: "Be good, come quickly, my mother misses you..."

Zhou Jin's steps were about to stop listening to his own orders.

Suddenly, a powerful magic power shrouded in and penetrated into the mind of the holy king. The holy king's eyes darkened and he fainted.

Zhou Jin also fell down without strength, but the pain in his imagination did not come, and he fell into a warm embrace.

The Witch King hugged him and asked worriedly, "Are you all right?"

Zhou Jin gave him a weak look.

"What happened?" Ying Shisan entered the house with a long sword in hand, and saw the witch king wearing a cloak and Zhou Jin, who was slightly weak in the arms of the witch king, and roughly guessed the origin of the dragon.

He put away the sword, walked over with a blank face, and took Zhou Jin from his arms: "Give it to me, I'll take him back to the room."

The Witch King looked at his pale son, nodded, and let go.

Ying Thirteen wanted to send Zhou Jin back to the room, but Zhou Jin grabbed Ying Thirteen's sleeve.

Ying Shisan understood and said, "You were sleeping just now, and I didn't have time to tell you something. If you want to hear it, just stay."

Zhou Jin is not an ordinary child, they never deliberately hide anything from him.

"I'll stay." Zhou Jin said.

"That's good." Ying Shisan turned to the Witch King and said, "The Witch King also invites you here."

Xu expected that he would come to the door, and no one was surprised by the Witch King's visit in the middle of the night.

Ying Thirteen took Zhou Jin to the study, where Yan Jiuchao was already waiting for him.

Ying Liu accompanied Yan Jiuchao by his side, seeing Ying Thirteen hug Zhou Jin over, hurriedly moved a chair to him, Ying Thirteen put Zhou Jin down.

"The Witch King visited in the middle of the night, but for the Holy King?"

"That's right." The Witch King said without hesitation, "I guess she will come to you."

Ying Thirteen said coldly: "You are wrong, she didn't come to find us, she came to Zhou Jin, it just happened that Zhou Jin lived with us."

This is to remind the Witch King how much danger he has brought to his own son because he cannot let go.

The Witch King said softly: "You don't have to remind me deliberately, I know."

Shadow Thirteen asked: "Then what are you going to do? You have also seen that Soul Rakshasa will not let you and your son go."

The Witch King said sternly: "The Soul Rakshasa will not, but Ah Yan will."

Ying Thirteen said: "Are you talking about the Holy King? How can you believe that the Holy King is dead and she will never come back."

The Witch King shook his head: "No, she's not dead, she's just controlled by the memory of the Soul Rakshasa. I saw her, I believe... Jin'er saw it too." The Witch King said, looking fixedly at Zhou Jin looked pale.

"Did you really see the Holy King just now?" Ying Liu asked Zhou Jin in a low voice.

Zhou Jin recalled and nodded lightly, "Yes."

Judging from the situation just now, the woman who shouted to let him leave seems to be his mother, the Holy King.

The Witch King's eyes lit up: "Look! Jin'er saw her too! I'm not wrong! Ah Yan is still alive! We just need to wipe out the consciousness of the soul rakshasa!"

Ying Thirteen and Ying Six looked at Yan Jiuchao in unison.

Yan Jiuchao said lightly: "How are you going to erase it?"

Witch King said: "While Soul Rakshasa's consciousness is weak, I can use witchcraft to erase it."

"What if it fails?" Yan Jiuchao asked.

The Witch King opened his mouth and said, "I won't fail, I'm sure, but I need you to protect the law for me, and I may borrow some things from you."

Yan Jiuchao neither opposed nor responded.

The Witch King understands that this young man is not so easy to compromise, but the opportunity is in front of him, and he has to seize it. After thinking for a moment, he clenched his fists and gritted his teeth: "I promise you, whether it is successful or not, this is the first time. Once, and for the last time, if I fail, she... she'll let you handle it, and then there's the Witch King's tears... I'll give it to you too."

Seeing that Yan Jiuchao was still silent, the Witch King said again: "Aren't your people caught in the soul-absorbing technique? If Ah Yan wakes up, with the power of the two of us, it may be possible to wake up Grandma and the others."

After a long while, Yan Jiuchao opened his mouth: "What do you need?"

...

Mu Qing was born with a pair of yin and yang eyes. Such eyes are a bad omen in the Emerald Kingdom, but in the Wu clan, they are inspired by the blessing of the gods. The Wu King asked for a few drops of his blood, and another drop of the Gu Emperor's blood.

The little Gu Gu is still small, and the blood volume is very low. Once a drop of blood is put down, it will be lighter! ! !

The purest wizard and saintess stones are also prepared.

"It's too late for you to go back on it now." Yan Jiuchao said.

"I don't regret it," said the Witch King.

"I won't fail, right? I'm so nervous." Ying Liu grabbed Ying Thirteen's hand.

Ying Thirteen looked at Eye Shadow Six's slender fingers, his eyes moved, and he said, "Of course there are risks, but there is no other way."

Soul Rakshasa is absolutely impossible to save Grandma and the others. If it is as the Witch King said, then calling back the Holy King is the only way.

Several people chose a secluded mountain forest.

The Witch King made an array.

Yan Jiuchao protected the Dharma for him.

Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen are ready to give the Witch King what he needs at any time.

The Holy King was tied to a tree.

"I'm going to start," said the Witch King.

"Yeah." Yan Jiuchao nodded.

"How much has the young master's power recovered?" Ying Liu asked in a low voice.

"70%." Ying Shisan said.

The Witch King sat cross-legged, pinched a magic formula, and the vast Witch Power poured out, covering the Holy King in an instant.

Afterwards, the Witch King, like a shredded cocoon, pushed the majestic Witch Power into the Sage King's veins and poured into the Sage King's mind.

Everything is proceeding in an orderly manner, and it seems to be very smooth. The witch king's magic power has already entered the holy king's body. Next, it is time to imprison the consciousness of the soul rakshasa and wipe it all out, but at this moment, The Holy King suddenly opened his eyes.

The witch power in her body was completely sucked into her dantian, and the witch king was startled. The next second, Yan Jiuchao made a decisive decision, flew up, and slapped the holy king's face with a palm.

"don't want--"

The Witch King rushed over and hugged the Holy King.

The palm of Yan Jiuchao landed on the back of the Witch King, the Witch King spit out a mouthful of blood, and the black iron chain stained with the Witch King's blood broke in an instant. Almost at the same time, the Holy King broke through the Holy King. The prohibition almost drained the Witch King's magic power.

"Hahahaha..." The Holy King rose up into the sky, hooking the corners of his lips bloodthirsty, "That's great, the ban is gone, and my injury is healed, thank you so much!"

Ying Thirteen's expression changed: "Oops! I've been fooled! The Holy King has never appeared since the beginning, and what Zhou Jin saw... all pretended to be Soul Rakshasa! The purpose is to make Zhou Jin believe that he saw his mother. !"

What a deep scheming!

Chapter 683 The strongest teammate!

"Little Lord!"

Ying Thirteen noticed that Yan Jiuchao's face suddenly turned pale, he strode over, "How are you, young master?"

Yan Jiuchao said, "I'm fine."

But this is far from the truth. Not only was his face pale, but his breath became disordered.

"How could this be?" Ying Shisan was puzzled, and just now the young master went to attack the holy king. Although he was blocked by the witch king, the witch king did not resist, and the holy king had not had time to fight against the young master. Where did it come from?

Yan Jiuchao covered his aching heart: "I interrupted protecting the Witch King and suffered a bit of backlash."

Ying Thirteen understood that the young master was the guardian of the Witch King, and he used his skills. If all went well, he could withdraw it step by step, but just now, the young master wanted to stop the loss in time and fought against the risk of being attacked. Wang, that's a palm that only allows success and not failure, but it made the Witch King mess up...

"The Witch King... The Witch King... The Witch King!" Ying Liu squeezed his wrist and said solemnly, "His pulse is very weak!"

not good!

When the Witch King dies, Zhou Jin will also die!

Ying Thirteen hurriedly took out a bottle of life-sustaining elixir that he brought from Sikong's family in Mingdu, and threw it to Ying Liudao: "Take it for him!"

"How many?" Ying Liu caught the bottle.

It stands to reason that one piece is enough, but... Ying Shisan said: "Let him swallow it all!"

"Oh." Ying Liu took off the cork of the bottle, half hugged the Witch King, and poured all the pills into his mouth.

The pill melted in the mouth and quickly flowed into his belly.

This is a good medicine to prolong life, but it is not effective for everyone, and then it depends on his fortune.

The Holy King enjoyed the feeling of no restraint, she stood on a branch, closed her eyes and took a breath of free air, looked at Yan Jiuchao in a good mood and said, "If you think about it, you can also be regarded as the guardian of this seat. For the sake of the law, I won't kill you first, and I will kill you when I clean up those two little things!"

After saying that, she waved her sleeves, leaving behind a long string of mad laughter and disappeared into the boundless night.

You don't need to guess to know who the two little things are in her mouth. Zhou Jin is the descendant of her enemy, and she will kill him no matter what. As for the little holy king, it is a great supplement. She is recovering from serious injuries. , what can nourish her vitality better than swallowing a little holy king?

"You are optimistic about the sorcerer king!" Yan Jiuchao left behind these words and chased after him with light effort.

"Young Master! Young Master!" Ying Shisan called out twice but didn't stop, looked back at the unconscious Witch King, walked over coldly, and hugged the Witch King.

"Where are you taking him?" Ying Liu asked.

Ying Shisan said: "Go back to Bao Shenchu's yard, if the holy king wants to kill the little holy king and Zhou Jin, he will definitely go there. The young master has only recovered seven successes, and was attacked again, at least two successes were lost. force....."

"But... we can't catch up." Ying Six understands Ying Thirteen's feelings of wanting to help the young master. In fact, he also wants to do the same. Even if their skills are not strong enough, they can trade their own lives for the young master at the juncture of life and death. Yes, they can still give up.

Shadow Thirteen's eyes fell on the tall horse with a tall head gnawing on the grass not far away: "Isn't there still the Witch King's mount?"

...

It was late at night.

Bao Shenchu's yard was quiet, and everyone fell asleep, unaware that the danger was approaching them step by step.

Suddenly, Zhou Jin opened his eyes and sat up!

He lifted the quilt and walked down to the ground, took a few steps forward and opened the door, a powerful soul rakshasa breath rushed towards his face, pressing him so hard that he could hardly breathe. fist up.

The second person to feel the Soul Rakshasa was Dawa.

Dawa has been guarding the second lady's house for the past few days, and he has not been involved in the protection of the holy king, but just now, he instinctively sensed a danger.

When he got out of the house, he saw Zhou Jin was already standing in the courtyard wearing a thin bedclothes.

He frowned: "Zhou Jin, why did you come out?"

"Come in." Zhou Jin turned around and said to him.

"But you..." Before Dawa finished speaking, Zhou Jin's eyes narrowed, and a powerful magic force attacked, knocking Dawa back into the second lady's house.

Zhou Jin's eyes looked from room to room, sealing all the rooms with magic power.

"Hehehe..."

There was a silver bell-like laughter from the distant sky, which sounded eerie on a silent night.

"Hao Jin'er, my mother's Hao Jin'er..."

That bewitching voice sounded slowly in Zhou Jin's ears, Zhou Jin clenched his fists and raised his head calmly.

The holy king in purple robes slowly descended from the sky, as beautiful as a fairy in the Nine Palaces, and as demonic as a monster in the mountains. She pointed a little and landed on the eaves opposite Zhou Jin. She lay down on her back, one leg slightly bent, one hand holding his forehead, he looked at Zhou Jin lazily and gracefully.

"Oh, as expected of the descendants of the Witch King and the Holy King, he possesses such a powerful sorcerer power at such a young age. Am I going to kill you, or will I keep you? With your aptitude, it will take less than two years. Now that I have become a new generation of witch kings, wouldn't it be more cost-effective for me to take your witch power as my own?"

However, you have a lot of tricks in this little thing. If I keep you, I am afraid that I will raise tigers, so I should kill it as soon as possible. Anyway, the little holy king inside is enough for me to replenish my vitality. "

"Today is not its death date!" Zhou Jin looked at her and said.

"Really?" The Holy King picked up a leaf on the eaves, played with it lightly, and shot it out with a swoosh!

I saw that the originally soft leaf suddenly became like a blade, and it shot at Zhou Jin sharply, penetrated Zhou Jin's clothes, and nailed Zhou Jin to the begonia tree behind him.

Holy King hooked his lips and smiled: "Then open your eyes and see clearly how I killed it bit by bit in front of your face!"

Zhou Jin also set a ban on this yard just now, but this ban is almost nothing to the Holy King, and the Holy King's fingertips easily broke through Zhou Jin's magic power.

Then, the Holy King slapped Yu Wan in the house with a palm.

However, just as this palm wind was about to hit Yu Wan, a magic power attacked and blocked the palm wind of the Holy King.

The holy king raised his eyebrows and looked at the pale Zhou Jin: "Boy, I underestimate you, but you can actually block my palm, you really have some ability, but you can only do that, then , how can you stop me?"

After saying that, she threw out a white ribbon and shot at Yu Wan, who was sleeping in the room. Zhou Jin didn't know where the strength came from.

Zhou Jin spat out a mouthful of blood.

The Holy King sat up in shock. She never expected that a nine-year-old child would not be killed in this way, wouldn't he hurt? Isn't he afraid?

This point is exactly the same as the Witch King, no wonder they are father and son, they are so stupid!

Zhou Jin wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, stood up little by little, and looked at her with eyes like torches: "I said, today... is not its death date!"

"Heh, you've already muddled the Bodhisattva across the river, and you can't protect yourself, so you can control whether I kill him or not?" The Holy King said with a sneer, and slapped the house again.

No accident, let Zhou Jin block it again.

Zhou Jin's ribs were all broken, and blood was gushing out, he fell on the ground, supported the blood-stained ground with his hands, and stood up tremblingly.

"Today is not its death."

Zhou Jin said stubbornly.

The Holy King narrowed his eyes.

Even though the other party was only a child, for a moment, she felt the will of the sky in him.

A voice flashed in my mind: Kill him! Before he is completely strong!

"Boy, I won't be soft again." Intuition tells Soul Rakshasa that this little scourge cannot be allowed to grow up, otherwise, her situation will be worrying.

The palm of the Holy King was directed at Zhou Jin.

Zhou Jin did not dodge.

Of course, he couldn't dodge either. The pressure of the Holy King was so strong that he couldn't even move his fingers.

Zhou Jin finally glanced in the direction of the house.

said to protect it, to let it come into the world safely.

He can't die...

cannot.....

cannot!

However, the palm still fell.

However, the imaginary tragedy did not happen.

"Huh?" The Holy King blinked oddly, and saw that the palm wind that had originally fallen on Zhou Jin stopped at a distance of half an inch from Zhou Jin, as if... as if it was struck by an invisible force Block the general.

How could this be?

Without waiting for the Holy King to think about what happened, Zhou Jin suddenly aura soared, and the Holy King's palm exploded with a bang!

"What happened?" Yu Wan woke up, she got out of bed, opened the door and walked out, but was shocked by a terrifying Wu Li.

"This is impossible!" The Holy King suddenly changed color!

I saw that Zhou Jin, who was lying in a pool of blood, slowly stood up, and a dazzling golden color appeared in his eyes.

He...Breakthrough!

He has become the new Witch King! ! !

Chapter 684 The power of the little witch king!

"How could this be? Isn't he the descendant of the Witch King and the Holy King? His life is a miracle, how could he still break through?"

is still at such a critical moment of life and death!

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, the Holy King would not have believed it was true!

"Could it be that the Witch King did something again?"

No, the Witch King's magic power was almost drained by her, and he was already an abandoned Witch King. He didn't abandon fashion and couldn't turn Zhou Jin into a Witch King, even more so now, so this child is With his own obsession, he made his breakthrough!

This is too... too incredible...

I thought that the Witch King was dying, and this little guy was about to die, but he not only did a great job, but he also turned himself into another Witch King.

His fate has completely changed...

He is no longer an outcast who lives on the Witch King, he has his own life.

"Thirteen! Look!" Ying Six who was riding on horseback suddenly tugged at Ying Thirteen's hand behind him.

"What's the matter?" Ying Shisan clenched the reins and asked him.

"The Witch King... The Witch King seems to..." Ying Liu was too surprised to speak.

Could it be that something happened to the Witch King? Ying Shisan quickly tightened the reins and stopped the Witch King's mount on the side of the road.

"Look!" Ying Six turned his body to one side so that Ying Thirteen could see the Witch King placed in front of him.

The Witch King's face was still pale, but the poisonous sores covering his forehead and cheeks began to gradually subside.

Ying Thirteen once suspected himself of being dazzled, but he could never be dazzled with Ying Liu. He stroked the Witch King's sleeve: "I'm gone!"

"The neck, the body... are also disappearing!" Shadow Six said as he untied the robe of the Witch King.

"How could this be? All these poisonous sores were caused by him to maintain the vitality for Zhou Jin, and he was attacked by Wuli... There is only one possibility for the disappearance of the poisonous sores, and that is that he no longer needs to maintain the vitality for Zhou Jin. "

"Is Zhou Jin dead?" Of course Ying Liu couldn't guess that Zhou Jin broke through and became the Witch King, and has taken his own life since then.

The Law of Heaven suppresses the people it can suppress. For what it cannot control, it must be erased. Unfortunately, there is a kind of person in the world who cannot even erase the Law of Heaven.

The Holy King was stunned.

Not only because this little thing successfully changed his life against the sky, but also because he has the aura of a witch king ten times stronger than his father.

At the same time, the little Gu Gu was also nourished by the sorcerer king's breath, and even his own small realm rose slowly!

The Witch King! Gu emperor!

Tonight, it's really tricky!

The Holy King narrowed his eyes coldly: "Interesting, I don't like it if it's too easy to get, but I don't like it, it's just right to break through it, I won't look down on something that's too weak!"

Yes, she changed her mind, she doesn't want to kill Zhou Jin, she wants to devour Zhou Jin's magic power!

As for that little Gu Emperor, it can also be used to improve her skill!

"This seat's luck is really good, isn't it?" The Holy King sneered, raised his eyebrows, and flew towards Zhou Jin.

"Be careful!" Yu Wan shouted.

Zhou Jin put the little Gu Gu in the palm of his hand: "Go protect Sister Wan, I'm fine!"

Little Gu Gu flashed in front of Yu Wan.

Zhou Jin pointed at the fingertips, Wu Li was like a tide, and pressed his head towards the Holy King.

Soul Rakshasa was originally strong enough, but now he has the skills of the Holy King and the Witch King, how can he put a young boy who has just broken through in his eyes?

It turns out that the Holy King underestimated Zhou Jin's strength.

She didn't hurt Zhou Jin, but was attacked by Zhou Jin's magic power and gave her a headache.

A drop of blood dripped from the corner of her eye.

The Holy King wiped the blood with his fingertips, looked closely, and smiled disdainfully: "Okay, it seems that I can't treat you as a child."

The Saint King gave up his martial arts attack and instead used the soul capture technique.

Zhou Jin's eyes turned cold: "Sister Wan! Come into the house!"

Yu Wan found herself unable to move.

Little Gu slammed Yu Wan into the house.

When the Holy King used the Soul Destroyer, no one could stop him.

"You better admit defeat!" The Holy King smiled charmingly.

Zhou Jin's forehead oozes cold sweat.

Long before the Holy King, Soul Rakshasa had devoured many masters of the witch clan. She admitted that Zhou Jin was very powerful, stronger than any Witch King the Soul Rakshasa had ever seen, but so what? She has an army of thousands of horses, so why should she be afraid of a single-handed witch king?

Zhou Jin's forehead was sweating coldly.

"It's going to die, right?" The Holy King smiled proudly, and added another success. She felt that Zhou Jin was gradually losing the breath of resistance, and with a sneer, she retracted her hand, and hooked her finger at Zhou Jin, "Damn, come here quickly. ."

Zhou Jin walked towards her slowly.

Yu Wan saw this scene from the crack of the door, took a breath, opened the door and was about to go out, but was bitten by the little Gu Gu!

"Zhou Jin!" Yu Wan called.

Zhou Jin walked to the Holy King in a daze.

The holy king stretched out his jade-like fingertips and raised his cold chin: "Boy, dare to fight me? Are you too tender?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zhou Jin with dull eyes suddenly opened his eyes and stabbed a knife into the heart of the Holy King!

The holy king who was caught off guard: "...?!"

The Holy King said in disbelief: "You... how could you possibly escape the Soul Destroyer?"

Zhou Jin covered his heart with one hand, and a white light flashed into his hand. It was a snow-white Gu worm. Its aura was not as strong as a small Gu, but it was by no means weak. It was indescribably beautiful, like jade and ice. .

The Holy King gritted his teeth: "Xue, Toad, Toad?!"

Zhou Jin said lightly: "Yes, it's Snow Toad."

Soul Rakshasa's soul depleting technique is effective on all living beings, except for Gu insects.

And the Gu worm was attached to Zhou Jin's body, which could bite him and help him stay awake at all times.

But it's not easy to hide from the Holy King, so from the beginning, the little Gu Gu deliberately released a powerful Gu Emperor's breath to cover up the Queen Gu's breath, and Zhou Jin deliberately let the little Gu Gu protect Yu Wan, one of them The purpose is to convince the Holy King that the little Gu Gu has left, and there is nothing that can help him fight against the Soul Rakshasa's soul capture technique.

She calculated Zhou Jin once, and Zhou Jin naturally wanted to give it back to her again!

Who doesn't know how to make a snack machine?

Of course, if the Soul Rakshasa did not choose to use the Soul Destroyer technique, but used martial arts like just now, then Zhou Jin, who was not protected by the little Gu Gu, might have died in the hands of the opponent.

This is a gamble, fortunately, Zhou Jin won the gamble.

The Holy King slapped Zhou Jin with a palm, covering his heart and backing up a few steps.

Zhou Jin fell heavily to the ground, his chest rolled, and he spat out a mouthful of blood!

"Do you think I can't kill you all in this way?" The Holy King raised his palm, but as soon as he worked hard, he felt that his tendons were reversed.

An ordinary dagger can't hurt her like this...

The Holy King said coldly, "What did you do with the dagger?"

Zhou Jin smiled weakly: "Nothing? It's just a little boy's urine."

Xiaobao's boy urine.

"You..." An unharmonious memory flashed through the Holy King's mind. She was in a bad mood. She drew her dagger and tapped her acupuncture point to prevent herself from losing too much blood.

She was really angry.

Her dignified soul Rakshasa was actually played by a child!

This is the shame of Soul Rakshasa! It's even more shameful than being suppressed in the coffin for so many years!

The anger rose, and the mind of the Holy King, who had integrated all the memories of the Soul Rakshasa, was in chaos. Gradually, she lost her mind.

"Okay...Since you are courting death...I will fulfill you!"

The Holy King rose up into the sky, activating the inner strength of her dantian, and countless unfamiliar auras of skill emanated from her body. The Soul Rakshasa had swallowed countless masters, and each master had his own unique martial arts. At this moment, it was like it was the group of masters who gathered together to put everything they had learned in their life to work.

After realizing what she was going to do, Zhou Jin's expression changed: "Not good! She's going to explode! Sister Wan! Let's go!"

That's too late.....

Yu Wan leaped, took Zhou Jin into her arms, and protected him tightly with her body.

Zhou Jin wanted to push but didn't push it away, so he shouted in a hurry: "Sister Wan, don't--"

This is not the self-destruction of the Soul Rakshasa, nor the self-destruction of the Holy King or the Witch King, but the collective self-destruction of so many peerless masters, the power of which can be imagined!

"Sister Wan, hurry up!" Zhou Jin's magic power was no longer able to be used.

Yu Wan hugged him tightly: "Silly child, how could Sister Wan leave you to die?"

"But....."

There is no but.

The Holy King's self-destruction is about to begin.

Zhou Jin closed his eyes sadly.

However, at the critical moment, a black figure rushed over, grabbed the Holy King, and took her out of the yard with a swoosh!

Everything happened so fast, Yu Wan didn't react at all, but she still recognized him!

"Yan Jiu Dynasty!"

The Sage King's self-destruction could no longer be suppressed, and Yan Jiuchao "took" her to a safe enough place, just like what the Sage King did to the Soul Rakshasa, he didn't have time to retreat.

Hearing a loud bang, Yu Wan was stunned.

Chapter 685 The whereabouts of Brother Nine

When the third elder arrived at Bao Shenchu's yard, Ying Shisan, Ying Liu and Mu Qing all went out to look for Yan Jiuchao, and Dawa was about to go. When he saw the third elder, Dawa was surprised for a moment.

"Why are you still wearing this face?" The third elder looked at Dawa and said.

Dawa cleared his throat: "I... this... disguise takes a while to laugh, I can't get it off by myself."

Father-in-law sees his son-in-law every one is pleasing to the eye. Rao is that this guy is much stronger than Wen Xu, but in the eyes of the third elder, he is still a big **** who kidnapped his precious daughter.

The third elder glared at him hatefully. Fortunately, the third elder did not forget the business, waved his hand, and asked, "Okay, let's not talk about this, what happened just now? Why did someone report that there was an accident in the outer village? ?"

"It's the Soul Rakshasa..." Dawa told the Third Elder one by one about the Soul Rakshasa's visit.

"So... Yan Jiuchao is gone?" Since the three elders became their allies, they must know their identities. One is the prince of the royal family of Dazhou, and the other is the prince of the royal family of Nanzhao. She is still a descendant of the Saint and Wu tribe, so it is no wonder that she has a little Saint King in her stomach.

Dawa nodded sadly.

He was held hostage by them at the beginning, and he was not willing to mix with them, but after so many things, he no longer regarded himself as an outsider like he did at the beginning, especially last night Zhou Jin tried to protect him. Locked in the house and left alone outside to die, at that moment, his mood was extremely complicated.

Some people like to say nice things, while others only do pretty things. Obviously, Yan Jiuchao and the others are the latter.

Thinking of something, Dawa asked: "The witch queen and the great elder..."

"My people discovered it first, and I'll stop the news for the time being." Seeing Dawa still looking worried, the third elder said, "Anyway, I've been working in the Elder Hall for so many years, don't I have any ability at all? Not to mention that I can completely deceive them, but it is not a problem to delay it for a while."

"Thank you," Dawa said sincerely.

"Wanrou, is she all right?" the third elder asked.

Dawa said: "She is still the same, I asked Piner to take care of her, I am now... going out to find Yan Jiuchao."

Although I don't know if I can find it, but one more person means one more chance of finding it.

"Yeah." This time, it was rare for the third elder not to disagree with him, "Bring my people along."

"Yes, thank you," Dawa said.

"Don't say thank you one by one, it's really hard to get someone back!" The third elder said in a deep voice.

"I know!" Dawa said, and went to look for someone with the guards of the third elder.

In the other wing, the Witch King also woke up, Zhou Jin was sleeping beside him, he found that Zhou Jin was injured, and his heart was aching, just as he was about to touch Zhou Jin's forehead, he found that Zhou Jin was also awake.

"I..." The Witch King opened his mouth awkwardly. When he entered the courtyard, he woke up. He already understood that the Soul Rakshasa and Yan Jiuchao perished together. To be honest, the possibility of Yan Jiuchao surviving was not high. The king possessed the power of the Soul Rakshasa and all the masters who had been swallowed by the Soul Rakshasa. Such a powerful force exploded, and Yan Jiuchao might have been smashed to pieces.

"I killed him..." The Witch King looked into his son's clear eyes, and felt a trace of deep regret in his heart.

Yan Jiuchao had reminded her long ago that the Holy King was dead and she had become the second Soul Rakshasa. It was he who refused to accept his fate and was unwilling to let everyone share the risk of being destroyed by the Soul Rakshasa with him. In the end, Yan Jiuchao paid a painful price for his fault.

Looking at Zhou Jin who was seriously injured by the Soul Rakshasa, the Witch King became more and more remorseful and guilty.

Zhou Jin didn't say anything to blame him, just looked at him fixedly.

The Witch King hugged his head and said remorsefully: "Father knows that he is wrong, if possible, father is willing to exchange himself for Yan Jiuchao's life."

Zhou Jin lowered his eyes.

The saddest thing at this time was not that they hadn't found Yan Jiuchao yet, but that Zhou Jin and the Witch King couldn't figure out whether Yan Jiuchao was still alive.

The Witch King patted his son on the shoulder: "Although it's not appropriate to say this right now, but... your mother and I are both proud of you."

Zhou Jin understood what he was referring to, nodded, and hummed.

The father and son didn't indulge in pain all the time. Although they couldn't go out to find Yan Jiuchao like Ying Shisan and his party did, there was something they could do in the yard. With Rakshasa's soul-repelling technique, the Witch King's magic power gradually recovered, and with Zhou Jin, the little Witch King, the Witch King believed that they could be cured.

During the time between the Witch King and Zhou Jin to heal the three, Piner brought a bowl of porridge to Yu Wan's house.

Yu Wan hadn't slept yet, sitting quietly by the window waiting for news.

Lost beloved husband, she didn't cry, even, her reaction was calm.

"Young madam." Ping'er put the steaming porridge on the table, "It's the porridge made by Grandpa Bao."

"Is Grandpa Bao still asleep?" Yu Wan took the porridge. She was not hungry, but she needed to eat.

Ping'er was worried that she wouldn't eat it, but she felt particularly distressed when she saw her eating spoonfuls by spoonfuls: "Grandpa Bao is worried about you and Young Master Yan."

Yu Wan took another mouthful of porridge, wiped the corners of her lips with a handkerchief, and said, "There is nothing to worry about, Yan Jiuchao promised me that he would not leave me easily, I trust him."

Ping'er didn't know how to answer.

When such a big thing happened, even her maid understands the seriousness of the situation, but the young lady refuses to accept the facts. It is not surprising when you think about it. The first child is about to be born, and at this juncture, the young master is gone, and anyone else will deceive themselves.

"Sister Nie, are you all right?" Yu Wan asked.

Ping'er shook her head: "Miss Nie is fine, the third elder is here, he is guarding Miss Nie in the room, and let the servants come to serve the young lady."

Yu Wan said: "You go and tell Grandpa Bao, let him rest quickly, he is old, don't toss with us."

Ping'er said, "Young Madam, Grandpa Bao also asked the servants to persuade you to come here. You are pregnant, not like them, you don't have to wait here..."

Yu Wan nodded: "You're right, I really shouldn't have to wait."

"Right! Then hurry up..." Before Ping'er finished speaking, she saw Yu Wan put down the porridge bowl in her hand, stood up and walked out of the house.

Ping'er was startled: "Young madam! Where are you going?"

Yu Wan smiled and said, "I'll go to Yan Jiuchao."

"But..." Piner chased after her and tried to stop her, but Yu Wan had already stepped out of the yard.

"Let her go." Chef Bao said.

"Grandpa Bao." Ping'er turned around and saluted Bao Shenchu not far away, "It's so late, will the young lady be in danger?"

God Chef Bao said: "There are people from the third elders everywhere. She is not in danger. She is worried about Jiu Chao. Instead of forcibly leaving her here, it is better to let her go."

"Grandpa Bao, go and rest, the young lady is very worried about you."

Bao Shenchu smiled and said: "I'm old, I don't sleep much, you go and rest, they will be busy when they come back."

"I'll take care of the young master." Piner said.

"No, I'll just watch it." Chef Bao said.

Ping'er paused: "Then... the slaves will go back to the house first."

"Go." Bao Shenchu waved his hand.

After Piner left, Bao Shenchu entered the house and came to San Xiaodan's bed. San Xiaodan slept soundly, but not very well. Of course, Erbao's sleeping appearance was very good. Xiaobao and Dabao slept well. But I can't wait for one to roll to the end of the bed and the other to hit the wall.

Bao Shenchu looked at the three cute little guys and showed a doting smile.

No one understands the pain of losing a loved one better than him. He has been looking for more than 30 years and has suffered for more than 30 years. Now he can still talk and laugh. It is not that he is numb, but that he has learned to accept this kind of pain, but he does not want Wan girl does the same.

He hoped that the girl Wan could find Yan Jiuchao, although the hope of finding it was not great.

So what?

No matter where you are, you will never give up looking for you, he thought, this is probably the meaning of his life.

Bao Shenchu sat down at the head of the bed, leaned on the bedpost, coughed a few times, and closed his eyes tiredly.

On the other side, Yu Wan asked the way and came to the place where Ying Shisan and others were searching.

If it wasn't for the trip in person, Yu Wan probably wouldn't know that in just a few breaths, Yan Jiuchao took the holy king so far.

This is a mountain forest, surrounded by mountains on three sides and a deep pool on the other side. People are in the middle of the mountainside, and the naked eye can see the half of the mountainside that was destroyed. As for where Yan Jiuchao went, everyone is intensively searching.

"Young Madam, why are you here?" Ying Liu was the first to see Yu Wan, and ran towards her with a torch.

Yu Wan said: "Let me see how you find it?"

Ying Liu pointed to the ruined hillside, and said to Yu Wan: "The Holy King should have perished with the young master there. I hope the young master escapes in time."

"Will he fall into the river?" Yu Wan would never accept that he did not escape!

"Thirteen brought people into the water." Ying Liu gave Yu Wan a hand, "The mountain road is rugged, Young Madam should go back and wait for our news."

Yu Wan shook her head: "No, I will wait here for Yan Jiuchao until I find him."

"Shadow Six!" Dawa from the east suddenly shouted, "Come and see! There seems to be movement below!"

Yu Wan and Yingliu's eyes lit up.

"Go quickly!" Yu Wan said.

"Then take care of yourself!" Ying Liu said, and walked quickly towards Dawa.

Dawa stood on a small hillside, and there was a concave place at the bottom of the slope. It was not deep, but it was not shallow, but the danger was that the protruding ground seemed to be a little loose and could not bear too much strength.

Ying Liu approached and listened carefully, there was indeed a very weak breath below.

He said to Dawa and the guards of the three elders: "I'll go down and see, you all stand back."

Dawa lost a night pearl, looked at it by the light of the night pearl, frowned and said, "There are thorns below, be careful!"

"I know." Ying Liu handed the torch to Dawa, pulled out the sword, and fell down with a light effort. The moment he landed, he pulled up the sword flower, clearing a path among the thorns.

"How's it going?" Yu Wan walked over.

Seeing that she was about to step over, Dawa stopped her: "Be careful, it will collapse there!"

Yu Wan stopped and asked Dawa, "Did you discover Yan Jiuchao?"

Dawa said: "I heard someone coughing below, I don't know if it was him."

"Maybe... it's a Soul Rakshasa?" a guard said cautiously.

Dawa said sternly: "Impossible! Soul Rakshasa has exploded, and even the flesh and blood can't be found, where can you cough?"

Is Yan Jiu Dynasty?

Could it be him?

Yu Wan became nervous.

Yingliu took out the fire book, and after blowing it on, he saw a **** man among the thorns. He strode over and said, "Young Master!"

...but not the young master, just an ordinary hunter.

Yormo was frightened on the way home, accidentally fell from above, and rolled into this thorny bush.

"Is it Yan Jiuchao?" Yu Wan asked.

Shadow Six clenched his fists in disappointment: "...No."

Shadow Six rescued people.

He fell and swelled his left ankle, dislocated his right arm, and suffered multiple stab wounds. In order to connect his arm and stop the bleeding, Yu Wan asked the guards to take him to the hospital in the market.

Yu Wan calmly dealt with everything, and when she turned around, she saw Dawa looking at her with astonishment.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Ah, no, nothing." Dawa scratched his head, "It wasn't Yan Jiuchao who was rescued. I thought you would be desperate, but I didn't expect you to be so calm."

Yu Wan looked at her hands covered with blood and gold sore medicine, and smiled bitterly: "It's because I didn't find him that I need to calm down."

With him by her side, she just needs to be heartless.

"Sigh—"

Yu Wan covered her stomach.

Dawa stepped forward, supported her and said, "What's wrong?"

Yu Wan smiled: "It's nothing, it just kicked me."

Dawa breathed a sigh of relief, and the moment just now scared him into a cold sweat. Yan Jiuchao's whereabouts were unknown, and he didn't want Yu Wan to have an accident.

"Sigh—"

Baby kicked her again.

Yu Wan looked at her stomach, then looked ahead, and asked, "Over there... have you looked for it?"

"Not yet." Dawa said, "Judging from the terrain of the Holy King's accident, it is unlikely that the Yan Jiu Dynasty will fall on the other side of the mountain."

"What happened?" Ying Shisan, who went to the river to search and salvage, came back.

Dawa said: "Awan suspects that the Nine Dynasties have fallen on the other side of the mountain."

As soon as he finished speaking, he heard a guard of the third elder shout: "There are shoes!"

Ying Shisan and Ying Liu flashed past, Ying Liu took the shoes that the guards picked up, and said excitedly, "It's the young master's shoes! The young master's shoes are still there! The young master... the young master must be too. exist!"

Such a powerful power, if there is really no time to avoid it, then there is no chance that a piece of cloth will remain.

"Where did you find it?" Ying Liu asked.

The guard pointed in the direction Yu Wan had pointed earlier: "Over there!"

Ying Liu gave the shoes to Yu Wan, and went to the other side of the mountain with Ying Thirteen.

Yu Wan couldn't make it through, so she could only wait in place.

A quarter of an hour.

Two quarters of an hour.

Half an hour...

An hour...

The hope in Dawa's heart because of the rising of the shoe gradually died down. He gritted his teeth and covered his forehead, not daring to look at Yu Wan's expression.

"came back!"

Another guard yelled.

Yu Wan was sitting on the icy stone, and she stood up when she heard the words. The night wind of the Wu clan was extremely cold, and it was blowing chilly, but the moment she saw the man who was being held by Ying Shisan in her arms, Yu Wan felt that Wan felt the blood all over her body boiling.

There was no intact part of the other party's body, blood stained and wrapped in Ying Liu's robe, but Yu Wan still recognized him at a glance.

"Yan Jiu Dynasty!"

Yu Wan ran over with her skirt!

"Hey! Be careful!" Dawa hurriedly caught up and held her arm.

Ying Thirteen performed Qing Gong and landed in front of Yu Wan.

Yan Jiuchao's appearance was so tragic that it was impossible to see, Yu Wan's tears rushed out, she forcibly held back her tears and gave Yan Jiuchao a pulse: "The pulse is weak..."

She cried with joy!

There is also a pulse!

He is still alive!

Her nine dynasties are still alive!

Yu Wan held his pulse with one hand and covered her mouth with the other, the tears finally fell down.

"Young madam..." Ying Shisan called her softly.

Yu Wan sniffed and choked, "Where's the carriage?"

"It's nearby." Ying Liu said, there is no road here, and the carriage can't come.

Yu Wan nodded and wiped away her tears: "Get in the car!"

He was seriously injured, including both internal and external injuries, and the life-sustaining medicinal pill was of little use. Yu Wan understood that what she could do was very limited, and the most urgent task was to send him to the Witch King and Zhou Jin as soon as possible.

The carriage returned to Bao Shenchu's yard at the fastest speed.

"Wizard King! Zhou Jin!" Ying Shisan carried Yan Jiuchao to Zhou Jin's room.

Zhou Jin and Wu Wang had just finished healing Zhou Yuyan's injury, and when they heard Ying Thirteen's voice, they walked over together.

The Witch King was a little unbelievable. He thought that if he and the soul rakshasa perished together, there must be no bones left, but he came back in a blur of flesh and blood.

However, his condition looks a little bad.

"Can the young master be cured?" Ying Shisan asked.

"I'm not sure." The Witch King said solemnly.

His situation is much more complicated than Zhou Yuyan's three. Judging from his injury, although he avoided it in time, the power of the soul rakshasa when it exploded was too powerful, it rushed into his body and smashed his tendons. The veins and dantian were all destroyed.

On the last day of the end of the month, the ticket is cleared.

Two more in one

Chapter 686 The Truth

Yan Jiuchao grew up on a calculated basis. In the days without the protection of his parents, he suffered a lot of injuries, but it was the first time that it was so terrifying. When Ying Shisan held him in his arms, he almost suspected that he was dead. .

The Witch King is their last trump card. If even he can't heal the young master, then the young master doesn't need to cure any poison.

"Is there no way to cure it?" Yu Wan asked, looking at the Witch King.

Witch King said: "If it's just the damage caused by the self-destruction, it's not irreparable."

If the dantian is broken, he will reshape it for him; if the tendons are broken, he will connect it for him. Although it is a bit tricky, it is not enough with his current strength.

"Is there any other harm?" Yu Wan asked in confusion.

The Witch King said: "I think you know very well about the Holy King. The Holy King possesses all the power of the Soul Rakshasa in his body, and the Soul Rakshasa does not know how many masters he has swallowed... Such a Holy King explodes. It is very dangerous, and it stands to reason that he will be bombed to the ground, but you guess why he still has a breath?"

Yingliu blinked: "Isn't it because the young master dodged in time?"

This is an obvious guess. Anyone would think so, and the Witch King was no exception. However, he even raised doubts, which shows that the situation at the time was not so.

Shadow Six and everyone looked at the Witch King.

The Witch King snorted lightly: "With his little inner strength of the longevity art, no matter how much he dodges, he can't dodge it, unless—"

Speaking of this, the Witch King's voice paused, but Yu Wan's expression became solemn, and she took over the words: "Unless he has other skills in his body, he can compete with Soul Rakshasa."

"That's right." The Witch King gave Yu Wan an admiring look.

"But... Yan Jiuchao didn't know martial arts in the past, and the longevity formula was obtained from the ghost king. Afterwards, I practiced a little, but I didn't see him cultivating other skills..." Yu Wan, as Yan Jiuchao's bedside person, against him day and night, how could it not be clear what martial arts he practiced?

"We can testify that the young master really only knows the longevity formula." Ying Liu said with his fingers.

The Witch King did not explain in words, but stuck out his knuckled fingers and lightly tapped between Yan Jiuchao's brows.

Everyone instantly felt an unusually familiar aura coming towards them.

Shadow Thirteen frowned: "Soul Rakshasa?!"

Shadow Six took a deep breath!

That's right, it's the breath of Soul Rakshasa!

He thought he was mistaken, but since Ying Shisan said so, it must be true.

How could this be?

What did Soul Rakshasa do to the young master?

Why does the young master have the breath of Soul Rakshasa?

The Witch King sighed: "After the soul rakshasa self-destructed, the power in his body was originally intended to destroy Yan Jiuchao, but somehow, a considerable part was absorbed by Yan Jiuchao, precisely because of the absorption of these powers. , he resisted the self-exploding attack, but these skills are too powerful, destroying his dantian and tendons, so I really don't know whether it is his luck...or his misfortune."

People didn't expect the truth to be like this, and they didn't know what to say for a while.

Yu Wan said sternly: "Tell the truth, how can you save him?"

The Witch King paused, looked at her and said, "Do you want to save his life, or do you want to save his people?"

"What do you mean by that?" Yu Wan asked.

The Witch King glanced at the unconscious Yan Jiuchao: "He has absorbed a lot of skill in his body, among which there are soul rakshasas. , I will help him nourish the power of the soul Rakshasa, and he will possibly become the body of a Rakshasa."

Yu Wan lowered her eyes: "In other words, he will become a Soul Rakshasa, right?"

The Witch King looked at her sympathetically: "Yes, he has become a Soul Rakshasa, so he can naturally suppress the skills of those masters, but then he will no longer be Yan Jiuchao."

Yu Wan's hand buried under the wide sleeves was pulled into a fist: "What if... another situation?"

The Witch King said: "The other situation is that I suppress the breath of the Soul Rakshasa and try to force the Soul Rakshasa's skills out of his body. He will not become a Soul Rakshasa, but the skills of those masters who remain in his body will Will kill him slowly."

There is no way to even reshape his dantian, because the speed of his remodeling is far behind the speed of the destruction of those skills.

The Witch King sighed again: "I understand that this is difficult, you don't have to make a choice immediately, Jin'er, come out with me."

"Well." Zhou Jin went out with the Witch King sensibly.

Only Yu Wan and Ying Shisan were left in the room.

The three were silent, and no one spoke.

The situation that happened to the Witch King happened to them. They once complained about the Witch King. Why did they deceive themselves that the Holy King had become another Soul Rakshasa when they knew that the Holy King had become another Soul Rakshasa? Can't complain anymore.

It's true that a stone didn't hit my foot, I never know how much it hurts.

If they choose to make the young master a soul rakshasa, what is the difference from the original sorcerer king?

But if they didn't make such a choice, how could they be willing to watch the young master die?

"I..." Ying Liu understood that he shouldn't speak earlier than Yu Wan, but he couldn't hold back, "I'd rather Young Master live, whether he is a Soul Rakshasa or not! He is Young Master Yan, and I follow him! He is a soul rakshasa, and I follow him as well! If he wants my life, I will give it to him too!"

Shadow Thirteen... Isn't it the same idea?

No matter how sensible a person is, it's just because he hasn't encountered anything that makes him calm down.

At this moment, they all understood the Witch King.

After the young master became a soul rakshasa, it might not only endanger them, but also the people around them, but none of these could shake their determination to let the young master survive.

"Young madam, you make the decision." Ying Shisan said, although he hoped that the young master would survive, it was the young madam who really made the decision.

"Okay, let's invite the Witch King over." Yu Wan said softly.

Ying Liu went out and called the Witch King and Zhou Jin over.

"So soon to make a decision?" the Witch King asked.

Yu Wan nodded and looked into the Witch King's eyes: "I don't want him to become a Soul Rakshasa."

Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen's complexions changed.

The Witch King looked at the two of them, and then at Yu Wan: "Are you sure?"

Yu Wan stroked her bulging belly with one hand, and said with a sore throat, "I'm sure."

She held Yan Jiuchao's hand with the other hand, "He is a good young master, a good husband, and a good father. In his heart, there is something more important than life, and he definitely doesn't want to give up his life. The person to protect eventually becomes the person he himself wants to slaughter."

She had seen how the Holy King treated the Witch King and Zhou Jin, and Yan Jiuchao, who became a Soul Rakshasa, would also treat her and several children in the same way.

She is not afraid of death, losing him will be worse than death, but at the same time she also deeply understands that Yan Jiuchao never wants to be such a husband and father.

She was his wife and she respected his legacy.

"I hope you can understand me." Yu Wan said to Ying Thirteen and Ying Six.

Shadow Six lowered his head sadly.

Ying Thirteen took his hand and said with red eyes, "Let's listen to the young lady."

Ying Liu tugged Ying Thirteen's fingers tightly, and tears fell.

The Witch King sighed with emotion: "You...go and wait for me outside."

"I'll stay." Zhou Jin said.

"Alright." One more little witch king, one more hope of success.

"Young Madam, go back to your room to rest first, I'll let you know when there is news." After leaving the room, Ying Shisan whispered to Yu Wan.

Yu Wan shook her head: "No, I'll wait for him here."

Opposite the house is a small courtyard with peach trees. There is a stone table and several stone benches in the courtyard. Ying Shisan brought a cushion and placed it on the stone bench for Yu Wan to sit down.

Ping'er woke up early and they were in the room just now. She didn't dare to go in to disturb her. At this time, Yu Wan sat down outside, and she was busy waiting in front of her.

Yu Wan's expression was not right, and Ying Six and Ying Thirteen were not much better.

Ping'er didn't dare to ask any more questions, she just went to the kitchen to bring a pot of hot water and made Yu Wan her favorite rose tea.

Ping'er's tea-making skills are really hard to compliment, but no one is picky at this juncture.

Yu Wan held the hot tea in her hands, tears welling in her eyes.

Ping'er was terrified. After following the young lady for so long, she has never seen the young lady so rude. What happened to the young lady? No, you should ask the young master what happened?

Ping'er asked Ying Six and Ying Thirteen, and saw that the two of them also had red eyes.

Could it be that... is the Young Lord unable to save him?

An hour later, Zhou Jin's door opened.

Yu Wanteng stood up!

"Young Madam! Be careful!" Ping'er hurriedly protected her stomach, for fear that she would throw the child out of her too much force!

The Witch King and Zhou Jin walked out, their faces were extremely pale, and it seemed that the fighting with Soul Rakshasa had drained their witch power.

"How's it going?" Yu Wan squeezed her fingers and asked, she hoped that they would succeed, but she was afraid that they would succeed.

The Witch King opened his mouth: "We..."

Chapter 687 Brother Nine Awakens!

The Witch King stopped halfway through his speech.

Several people's hearts were raised in their throats.

You said it!

What happened? Has the Soul Rakshasa power in the young body been cleared?

If is cleared, how much time does the young master have?

The Witch King understands their mood at this moment. They hope that he can fail so that Yan Jiuchao can survive, but at the same time they can't bear to watch Yan Jiuchao survive as a soul rakshasa, which is different from the walking dead. What's the difference?

"It's up to me." Lord Zhou Jin sighed, "He no longer has the aura of Soul Rakshasa in his body, so go in and say goodbye to him."

Without the breath of Soul Rakshasa, it means that he cannot become a Rakshasa, and it also means that he cannot bear the power of so many masters.

"He may not survive tonight." Zhou Jin said.

The blood on the faces of the three of them faded instantly.

The expression on Ping'er's face, who was waiting not far away, also changed instantly. When she saw the three people's expressions were wrong, she guessed that the situation of the young master might not be very good, but she did not expect it to be so bad. Next night's life, why is God so cruel to him?

He is still so young.

He died, what should the young lady do? What about the three little boys? What about the fetus in the young lady's womb?

Ping'er didn't want to cry, but the moment she saw Yu Wan's tears welling up in her eyes, her tears fell like beads with a broken thread.

Yu Wan entered the room with tears in her eyes.

He will have no father before he is born, Yan Xiaosi cried until hiccups in his stomach.

This is Zhou Jin's house.

After Yu Wan entered, she held Yan Jiuchao's hand and stood for a while, then turned to Ying Shisan and said, "Can you help me bring him back to the room?"

Ying Thirteen carried Yan Jiuchao back to his and Yu Wan's wing.

Chef Bao fell asleep leaning against the bedpost.

Ying Liu gently carried Bao Shenchu back to his room.

Ying Thirteen put Yan Jiuchao on the bed full of little black eggs.

The three little black eggs didn't know that they were about to become fatherless children. They were sleeping soundly on the bed. Yu Wan arranged the three of them one by one. on the body.

She lay beside them, watching the father and son silently.

This may be the last time she sees them together. After tonight, they will no longer have a father.

Yu Wan held Yan Jiuchao's hand, leaned against Yan Jiuchao gently, then pulled his big cut palm and placed it on her stomach.

It turned out that all her strength was just because she was not injured enough. The tears of her two lifetimes seemed to flow out tonight. Yu Wan's eyes were swollen, but she still couldn't control it, as long as she thought that Yan Jiuchao couldn't last tonight She felt like her heart was about to be torn apart.

has never been so uncomfortable.

used to be half-dead from his anger, but now, she would rather be angered by him a thousand or ten thousand times, and she was even willing to take her own life in exchange for his.

It's not that you know how to cherish when you lose it, it's that you cherish it all the time, but you still can't bear the pain of life and death.

"Yan Jiuchao...you bastard..."

She still has a lot of words to say to him before she has time, and she also has a lot of words to hear from him.

"You don't even like me, you bastard!"

Yu Wan leaned on his shoulders and burst into tears.

"Yan Jiuchao... I regret..."

I regret not letting you become a Soul Rakshasa...

As long as you can live, what does it matter to be a soul rakshasa?

...

When it was dawn, the Witch King came to Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao's house. Ying Thirteen stayed under the corridor all night with Ying Six. Their eyes were all swollen, and they knew what was going on without asking.

The Witch King said nothing.

Zhou Jin followed behind him.

The Witch King glanced at Zhou Jin, raised his hand with a sigh, and knocked gently on the door.

As early as after midnight, Yan Jiuchao's pulse could hardly be felt.

Yu Wan and the child accompanied him on the final journey.

When the door was opened, the Witch King found that Yu Wan had changed into plain clothes, and he and Zhou Jin had also changed. Yan Jiuchao's fate was destined to be unstoppable. It was so hot that he was worried that the corpse would rot, but he didn't want the two of them to be separated so early, so he had to wait until dawn.

"Can I go in?" asked the Witch King.

He is a wizard, he can send the dead on their way and let the dead rest in peace.

Yu Wan nodded with a pale face.

Wizard King was about to cross the threshold, when he thought of something, he turned his head and said to Zhou Jin, "You don't have to use it, I will teach you some things later."

Zhou Jin said firmly: "I want to send Big Brother Yan the last ride."

"it is good."

If it were someone else, the Witch King would not agree, but he understood the affection of Zhou Jin and Yan Jiuchao.

The Witch King and Zhou Jin entered the house.

When Yu Wan realized that something was wrong with Yan Jiuchao, she had been holding him and warming him with her three children, but even so, half an hour ago, he was still cold.

Yu Wan knew that this situation was irreversible.

"Huh?" Zhou Jin suddenly called out.

"What's wrong?" Yu Wan asked.

"Look!" Zhou Jin grabbed Yan Jiuchao's hand and said to Yu Wan and the Witch King.

The light in the room was a little dim, Yu Wan took out a shining saint's stone, and looked at it by the light of the saint's stone, and both of them were stunned.

Yan Jiuchao fell down the hillside, his body was so wounded that his flesh was visible, and his hands were cut several times. However, at this moment, his palms were delicate and smooth, and there was not a single wound!

Yu Wan hurriedly picked up his other hand, and saw that the wound on that hand was gone!

Yu Wan tore off his clothes again, untied his gauze, and the scars on his chest were gone!

"How, how could this happen?"

She personally handled his injuries. She knew exactly how many wounds there were, how deep, how long, and where each wound was located! How could all the effort in one night be gone?

Was she dazzled last night? still is--

"Thirteen! Little Six!"

"Young lady!"

The two entered the house.

"When you found out about Yan Jiuchao, he was injured, right?" Yu Wan asked excitedly.

"Yeah, what's wrong?" Ying Shisan asked.

Yingliu stepped forward and took a closer look: "Ah! Thirteen! Come and take a look!"

Shadow Thirteen walked over quickly, and the scene he saw made him instantly dumbfounded.

He was the first person to discover the young master. When he dug the young master out of the mud pit, all the bones of the young master were exposed. He felt distressed on the spot, and he would never forget it!

"When did it happen?" asked the Witch King.

"I don't know..." Yu Wan shook her head, she really didn't know, she had been guarding Yan Jiuchao, but... she didn't take off Yan Jiuchao's clothes to see!

Yu Wan continued: "I only paid attention to his breathing and pulse, and didn't check his wounds."

One is that his wound does not need to be changed at night, and the other is... He is dying, and she doesn't think about changing his medicine...

"This..." The Witch King couldn't understand what was going on. Just when he was going to investigate Yan Jiuchao carefully, a terrifying aura suddenly burst out from Yan Jiuchao's body.

Shadow Thirteen looked solemn: "Soul Rakshasa!!!"

Yingliu widened his eyes: "No...Isn't that saying that Soul Rakshasa's power has been cleared?"

Yes, he clearly cleared the power of the Soul Rakshasa, didn't he clear it?

Yan Jiuchao's soul rakshasa is getting stronger and stronger.

"Not good! He is about to become a soul rakshasa! Hurry up!" The Witch King held Yu Wan with one hand and Zhou Jin with the other.

Ying Thirteen and Ying Six hurriedly grabbed the three little black eggs on the bed, and the group quickly walked out of the house.

"Leave first!" The Witch King pushed Zhou Jin to Yu Wan, "Take Jin'er away! Piner! Go and wake up Mu Qing! Take Bao Shenchu away!"

"Ah...ah...yes!" Ping'er went to Bao Shenchu's house in a panic.

Zhou Yuyan and the three were still in a coma, so they couldn't take care of them at this time.

Unfortunately, even so, they were still a step too late.

A powerful Soul Rakshasa breath enveloped the entire courtyard, Ying Thirteen and Ying Six felt like a huge awl had entered their heads, stabbing their eyes apart.

The Witch King tried to suppress the breath of Soul Rakshasa with sorcery power, but he was disappointed. He didn't even have time to make a move, and was violently shaken.

The black clothes are like ink, stirring in the wind.

Yan Jiuchao, with his black hair loose, flew out like a demon with an endless killing aura.

He stood in the sky, looking down at the ants-like crowd.

As soon as everyone saw his expression, they knew that he was no longer Yan Jiuchao.

Zhou Jin withdrew the hand that was held by Yu Wan, strode forward, and a powerful witch power shrouded Yan Jiuchao.

Yan Jiuchao sneered: "It's beyond your own power!"

With his fingertips, Zhou Jin stopped and couldn't move.

This Soul Rakshasa is stronger than the previous Holy King!

Shadow Thirteen hid the three little eggs in the basket behind the grass, drew out his long sword, and said to Shadow Six: "Take the young lady away!"

Ying Liu gritted his teeth, grabbed Yu Wan's hand, and was about to leave with Yu Wan, but before he took a step, he was bounced off by a huge force.

Yu Wan stood there in a daze, watching Yan Jiuchao walking towards her step by step.

She subconsciously covered her stomach.

Yan Jiuchao stretched out her cold palm and stretched out to her neck. Just when Yu Wan thought her neck was about to be broken by him, his hand suddenly touched her head.

Yu Wan was taken aback.

Yan Jiuchao rubbed her hair and said, "Daddy said, no one can take you away from me."

Yu Wan: "...?!"

What?

Dad?

My daughter has recovered, thank you for your concern, and especially for your understanding and support. I wish you a Happy New Year!

Chapter 688 Happy to get a daughter and become a father

Why did she have a soul rakshasa's father after not seeing her for a while?

Yan Jiuchao had a powerful soul rakshasa in his body. If it wasn't for his solemn expression, Yu Wan would have almost thought she had heard it wrong.

After became a soul rakshasa, shouldn't Yan Jiuchao kill her immediately? Why did she change her body and become her father?

Yu Wan stood there blankly, blinking her eyes, she shouldn't be, shouldn't and shouldn't be.

And everyone who was beaten up and down by a new soul Rakshasa was also dumbfounded one by one.

What about killing the Quartet? Ok? Did you recognize your daughter?

Yan Jiuchao looked at Yu Wan's dumbfounded expression, squinted his eyes and said, "What? Did Dad scare you?"

Yu Wan nodded, seeing the endless murderous aura in Yan Jiuchao's eyes, and hurriedly shook her head like a rattle!

Unexpectedly, Yan Jiuchao's murderous aura was not relieved, but became more and more violent. Yu Wan seriously suspected that if she said a wrong word, this guy would kill her in the blink of an eye.

After all, this dad looks like a particularly cruel dad.

Yan Jiuchao sneered at Ying Shisan and the others: "That's why you want to go with them?"

"I don't want to now." Yu Wan said honestly.

"That's what you just thought?" Yan Jiuchao asked in a dangerous tone.

what!

This dad, why is it so hard to serve!

No, shouldn't she be concerned about why he became her father?

Yu Wan opened her mouth: "I think..."

"Huh?" Yan Jiuchao's dangerous expression was like a big devil who could attack at any time.

Yu Wan was defeated and decided to coax him into the house first.

Yu Wan took his arm and smiled brightly: "Okay, Master, you go into the house."

"What do you call me?" Yan Jiuchao said solemnly.

Yu Wan's body froze, her eyes rolled, and she said bluntly, "Dad...Dad, you go into the house, daughter...er...I'll make you some tea later!"

Yan Jiuchao's face looked better now, and under Yu Wan's push, he turned and walked towards his wing.

Yu Wan took him into the house, stood at the door and smiled at him.

Yan·Soul Rakshasa·Lord looked at his daughter's pleasing smile, hummed his nose, and entered the room domineeringly.

Yu Wan gently closed the door for him, then quickly walked into the yard and helped the Witch King and Ying Shisan who fell to the ground: "How are you all?"

The three gradually regained consciousness, Ying Shisan covered his aching chest and said, "I'm fine, what about Ying Liu?"

"Just a little dizzy." Ying Liu pressed his head and said.

Yu Wan looked at the Witch King again, the Witch King pinched his eyebrows and said, "I'm fine."

As soon as 's voice fell, his legs softened and he fell to the ground. Fortunately, Ying Shisan responded very quickly and supported him in time.

Ying Thirteen helped the person to sit on the stone bench.

Yu Wan also brought Zhou Jin over. Perhaps because Yan Jiuchao didn't take a child seriously, Zhou Jin's condition was the best among them. numb.

Yu Wan took the pulse of several people, and several people suffered minor internal injuries.

"Take these medicines first." Yu Wan took out a bottle of elixir and handed it to a few people.

Several people took it one by one.

Zhou Jin also reached out to take it.

Yu Wan said: "You don't need to take it. Those medicines are not for children. I'll make a bowl of medicine soup for you in a while."

Zhou Jin nodded quietly.

Although Yan Jiuchao had already returned to the house, the emotions of several people could not calm down for a long time, thinking that Yan Jiuchao would not survive, but he survived, they should be happy, but he became a soul rakshasa again.

However, although he became a Soul Rakshasa, it was not quite the same as he imagined.

Ying Liu touched his neck and said stupidly, "Am I really not dead?"

Zhou Jin gave him a look at the little fool.

Yu Wan frowned and asked, "By the way, what's going on here? Is he a soul rakshasa?"

"Yes, not all." Wu Wang said.

"How to say?" Yu Wan looked at him and asked.

The Witch King explained: "He has the power of Soul Rakshasa, but he does not have the consciousness of Soul Rakshasa."

This is not difficult to understand. If Yan Jiuchao really has the consciousness of the soul rakshasa, then the first thing he does is to kill and devour the witch king and the little holy king who are present.

"I think that Zhou Jin's magic power still worked, but what we removed was the consciousness of the Soul Rakshasa, not its power, its power... It should have been absorbed by Yan Jiuchao." Speaking of this, the Witch King paused and said in disbelief, "In other words, he devoured the Soul Rakshasa, but he only devoured his skill, not his memory, so Zhou Jin and I were able to succeed, Soul Rakshasa's consciousness is wiped out."

Judging from the strength shown by Yan Jiuchao, it is impossible for the Witch King and Zhou Jin to remove anything from his mind if he didn't voluntarily. The Witch King even doubted that even if he and Zhou Jin didn't do anything, Yan Jiuchao would have it. The method is to clear the consciousness of the soul rakshasa on its own, but it will take a little more effort.

The Witch King continued: "The Soul Rakshasa is good at demining the soul. I don't know how many masters I have swallowed in my life. I didn't expect that one day I will be swallowed by others."

Yan Jiuchao was the first person to devour the Soul Rakshasa. If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, the Witch King would never have believed it was true.

Yu Wan and the others were much more accepting than the Witch King. After all, before the Soul Rakshasa, so-and-so had already devoured a ghost king. Addicted to swallowing.

Yu Wan was a little dumbfounded. After thinking of something, she asked the Witch King, "What about his memory?"

"Yeah, the young master doesn't seem to know us anymore, only the young lady, but..." Ying Liu cleared his throat and froze for a while.

"But he considers himself my father again!" Yu Wan said the unfinished words for him. To be honest, she was also puzzled. It's good, how did Yan Jiuchao become her father? Is this more incredible than his transformation into a complete soul rakshasa?

The Witch King pondered for a moment and said, "I think...it may be the side effect of erasing the consciousness of the Soul Rakshasa."

Yan Jiuchao devoured Soul Rakshasa, and Soul Rakshasa devoured countless masters. Although Soul Rakshasa's consciousness was erased, those masters did not. This caused Yan Jiuchao's memory to be confused. He regarded himself as a master who was swallowed by Soul Rakshasa.

The Witch King sighed: "The Soul Rakshasa has swallowed too many masters, and I don't know which one of them he is now."

Yu Wan said, "Can we tell him the truth?"

The Witch King shook his head: "In his current situation, he should not be stimulated."

Yu Wanxing stared, "Will you be crazy?"

The Witch King said sternly: "It will kill people."

Yu Wan: "..."

...

When Yu Wan returned to the house again, she had a bowl of longan and red jujube porridge cooked by herself.

"Uh... do you really want to send it to the young master?" Ying Shisan asked hesitantly.

Yu Wan raised her chest and said, "Don't worry, he won't hurt me."

Ying Thirteen and Ying Six exchanged glances tacitly. We are not afraid that he will hurt you intentionally, but we are afraid that your bowl of porridge will stimulate him...

Yu Wan entered the house with the porridge bowl.

Look, he has become a big devil, she still takes care of him so meticulously, she is the most virtuous wife in the world!

Yan Jiuchao fought all night and was very tired, but he couldn't sleep, and his face was cold when he sat on the chair.

"Cough cough." Yu Wan coughed heavily.

Yan Jiuchao saw her, the coldness on his face faded, but it became colder in no time: "You're getting more courageous, aren't you? You don't even call your father?"

You are sick and you are justified!

Yu Wan gritted her teeth, wanting to pull out herself, who was crying so **** his shoulder last night, and beat her a hundred times!

"Father~" Yu Wan walked forward without smiling, putting the tray in her hand on the table, "Are you hungry?"

"You?" Yan Jiuchao elongated his tone.

Yu Wan gritted her teeth secretly, squeezed out a bright spring smile, and said softly, "Are you hungry? My... daughter made porridge for you, you can try it while it's hot."

Yan Jiuchao hummed calmly, picked up the porridge bowl and tasted the porridge.

Ying Six and Ying Thirteen waited nervously, in case their young master was so unpalatable that he wanted to kill, so they could rescue the young lady.

However, not only did the young master not find it unpalatable, but he ate the porridge that was enough for five people without a drop, as if he had never eaten in eight lifetimes.

"Is it that delicious?" Ying Liu went to the kitchen to scoop up a little porridge left in the pot, only to take a bite, then rolled his eyes, stuck his tongue out, and fell to the ground—

Yan Jiuchao put the finished porridge bowl back on the tray, Yu Wan sat opposite him, lowered her head and touched her stomach, feeling Yan Jiuchao's gaze on her stomach, she raised her head, hesitating what to do. Explain the child in the stomach to him without stimulating him: "I..."

Yan Jiu waved his hand gently in the cloud: "Needless to say, I understand that you are not pregnant, you are just fat."

Yu Wan: "...!!"

Chapter 689 Chef Bao recognizes his son!

I'm heartbroken, I don't want it!

When he thought he was about to die, Yu Wan would rather be mad at him a thousand times or 10,000 times, but she was so mad that she wanted to beat him to death!

Yu Wan was so angry that she threw the table!

I especially want to say to him - you are fat! Your whole family is fat!

Yu Wan turned around her chubby little body and went out angrily!

On the other side, Ying Shisan hugged three little black eggs that were more chubby than her, and went to Zhou Jinwu to continue sleeping.

Yu Wan was busy all night, and was actually a little sleepy, but she couldn't go back to her house. She was worried that she would not be able to control the power in her body and would do something irreversible to someone.

She went to Zhou Yuyan's house.

Zhou yuyan's soul-defying technique has already released the witch king and Zhou Jin. Although they haven't woken up for a while, it's only a matter of time.

Yu Wan hugged the quilt and lay down beside her.

Before lying down for a while, there was a small movement outside, and it was the third elder who was saying goodbye to the Witch King.

The two of them stood in the courtyard, and the third elder asked the Witch King about future plans: "... Your Witch Power seems to have recovered, and Your Highness has become the new Witch King. What are your plans next? What do you do?"

Soul Rakshasa died, its power was swallowed up by Yan Jiuchao, the Witch King recovered, Zhou Jin broke through, and the third elder was extremely fortunate that he had entered the Witch King's camp in time, otherwise, it would depend on the current strength of the Witch King and his team. , I am afraid that the entire Elder Hall is not enough for him to see.

How the Witch King replied, Yu Wan couldn't hear it clearly, Yu Wan was a little sleepy, and only vaguely remembered saying in a sincere and fearful manner: "...I will obey!"

After , there was a series of hooves. Yu Wan guessed that the third elder had left. As for whether the Witch King left or not, she didn't know, and she fell asleep.

But Yu Wan didn't sleep for long, and Pinger woke up in a daze.

"Young madam, young madam, something happened!" Ping'er said anxiously.

Yu Wan covered her face and yawned: "Did Yan Jiuchao have another attack?"

Ping'er choked and said: "It's not the young master, it's Bao Shenchu!"

Yu Wan opened her eyes in a jiffy, she was completely drowsy, she lifted the quilt and sat up: "What's wrong with Grandpa Bao?"

"Bao Shenchu's situation is not very good..." Ping'er also went to wake Bao Shenchu to eat, only to find out that Bao Shenchu, who always got up early, was sleeping on the bed without moving. She called out tentatively, Bao Shenchu Before she woke up, she felt something was wrong in her heart, so she pushed the door and entered, only to hear Bao Shenchu's breathing weak...

Ping'er's first reaction was to find Old Cui Tou, but Old Cui Tou was also in a coma, so Ping'er had to come to Yu Wan.

Yu Wan hurriedly went to Bao Shenchu's house.

God Chef Bao has not been doing well since last night. He just held back and didn't say anything. He was very vigilant, but he didn't wake up at all when he was sent back to the house by Ying Liu. By this morning, he fell into a weak breathing. lethargy.

This is not a disease.

is aging.

Grandpa Bao's time is running out.

Ping'er felt bad for the dead young lady. She managed to keep the young master and lost Bao Shenchu. They were all people in her life that were hard to let go of. How could she bear it?

The Witch King just watched Zhou Jin fall asleep, heard about Bao Shenchu, got up and went to Bao Shenchu's house.

Yu Wan is wiping Bao Shenchu's hands with a hot handkerchief. Her movements are very gentle, which makes people look very sad.

The Witch King put his fingertips on Bao Shenchu's eyebrows, and after a while he drew his hand back with a solemn expression.

Yu Wan paused while holding the handkerchief: "Even you can't do anything, right?"

The Witch King sighed: "He's been working too hard, and his body has been worn out too much."

In fact, as early as in Lianhua Village, Bao Shenchu was not suitable for long-distance travel. His back was hunched and his steps began to falter. At that time, if he gave up looking for his son and stayed in the capital or Lianhua Village to recuperate, he would definitely Two more years to live.

Yu Wan held Grandpa Bao's hand tightly, lowered her eyes and said in a low voice, "Grandpa Bao's greatest wish is to find his son who has been missing since childhood, he has gone wherever he can and found everything he can find. , but there is no news of my son... can I... please do me a favor?"

"You said." The Witch King said.

Yu Wan looked at Bao Shenchu and said, "I don't want Grandpa Bao to leave with regrets. Can you use illusion to let him... see his son?"

Wizard King said: "It's enough to find Zhou Jin for this kind of trivial matter. I still have a very important thing waiting to be dealt with. When it's finished, I'll come to you again."

Yu Wan nodded, she asked him, but he shied the matter to Zhou Jin, saying that it was false to have no idea, but thinking of the conversation between the third elder and the Witch King before he left, he also felt that the Witch King was in a good condition. Burnt out.

Grandpa Bao is a very important person to her, but not to the Witch King. Since Zhou Jin can handle it, it is understandable for him to let Zhou Jin come forward.

Yu Wan nodded at the Witch King.

The Witch King strode out of the house and rode the General out of here.

Yu Wan gave Bao Shenchu some soup medicine. When Bao Shenchu woke up, Zhou Jin was already waiting beside him. Zhou Jin's eyes narrowed, and powerful magic power forced into Bao Shenchu's mind.

Bao Shenchu's eyes froze for a while, and when he focused again, Zhou Jin was no longer in the room.

"Grandpa Bao, are you awake?" Yu Wan smiled and put a bowl of steaming millet porridge and a plate of soba noodles on the table, "Pinger just made breakfast, I don't know if it suits your taste."

Bao Shenchu smiled kindly: "Have you eaten Awan?"

"I've eaten it!" Yu Wan said with a smile.

"By the way, is Jiu Chao back yet?" Chef Bao asked.

Yu Wan helped him to the table and sat down: "I'm back."

"Is he all right?" Chef Bao asked with concern.

"He's alright." Just thinking about it, Yu Wan put the porridge bowl by his hand, "I came back late last night, I'm a little tired, and I'm resting."

Hearing that Yan Jiuchao was all right, Bao Shenchu was relieved: "What about Dabao and the others?"

Yu Wan smiled: "Those little guys won't wake up if they don't sleep until the sun rises!"

Bao Shenchu was very pleased: "That's good, everything is fine."

"Grandpa Bao." Yu Wan handed the spoon to him.

"Huh?" Chef Bao turned to look at her.

Yu Wan said with a smile: "After breakfast, I'll accompany you out for a walk."

Chef Bao is about to stop walking, but he will never refuse the invitation of girl Kewan.

"Okay." He replied with a smile.

Xu was dying, Bao Shenchu didn't have a good appetite, and after a little bit of millet porridge, he couldn't eat it any more.

Yu Wan took the cloak and put it on him, and helped him to walk outside the house. As soon as she stepped out of the threshold, she saw a person standing in the courtyard.

The man had his back to Bao Shenchu, dressed in a navy blue gown, and a little thin.

Even if he saw only one back, a hint of familiarity rose in Bao Shenchu's heart. He let go of Yu Wan's hand and walked towards the man in a daze: "You are..."

Yu Wan exchanged glances with Zhou Jin, Ying Shisan, and Ying Liu who were not far away. That person was Dawa, but God Chef Bao was cast an illusion, he would not see that it was Dawa, he would only look at It has been imagined countless times in his mind.

Dawa slowly turned around, holding a bag in his hand.

"I'm here to find relatives," Dawa said.

"You... what kind of relative are you looking for?" Bao Shenchu said excitedly.

Dawa said: "I'm looking for my father, old man, have you seen my father?"

Bao Shenchu's eyes trembled with excitement: "You... what does your father look like? What's his surname? What's his name?"

"My father's surname should be Bao, this is a token he left for me." Dawa said, and took out a cookbook from his bag.

This cookbook was forged by Yu Wan. The content of the forgery is not important. The important thing is that God Chef Bao has been delusional. What kind of recipe he lost with his son in his memory will be what he sees.

Unexpectedly, the moment he got the recipe, Bao Shenchu's whole body seemed to be drained. He shook his body and everyone's expressions changed. Dawa hurriedly supported him: "Old man! What's the matter with you?"

Everyone looked at Bao Shenchu in confusion, is this too excited? But why do you feel so excited?

Bao Shenchu covered his eyes and cried silently.

"Old man! You... what's wrong with you?" Dawa was at a loss! Is he bad at acting? Has his soul-like acting skills been useless?

"Where are the recipes..." Chef Bao laughed, "There has never been a recipe... No..."

Yu Wan opened her mouth: "Grandpa Bao..."

Too bad, no matter why Grandpa Bao fabricated the recipe, their illusions were all revealed.

Before reading this recipe, Zhou Jin's illusions were very effective. Chef Bao almost thought that he had really seen his long-lost son, but now... he wakes up from the big dream, he understands everything and can make them move. With such thoughts, he is afraid that there is not much time left, and it is impossible for him to see his son in this life...

"Ah..." Bao Shenchu's old body curled up, hugged his head, and cried in pain.

However, at this moment, an unfamiliar voice rang from outside the courtyard gate.

"Father...Father?"

God Chef Bao stiffened and looked out the door, and saw the Witch King walking towards him with a middle-aged man in his thirties.

Chapter 690 A family reunion, complete

The Witch King is known to everyone, and there is nothing to look at. What everyone cares more about is the man he brought into the yard.

The man was about the same age as Yu Shaoqing, but he was slightly thinner than Yu Shaoqing. He was wearing an azurite brocade suit, a jade crown on his head, and a ring-shaped suet jade pendant around his waist. Judging from his clothes, this was not He is a man who is short of clothes and food, and in terms of appearance, although he is not a beautiful man like a fairy, he has a decent appearance, and the only flaw is that there is a gap on his right eyebrow, which looks like a scar. You can't see it if you don't look carefully.

The father shouted just now from his mouth.

There are a total of five people standing in the yard right now, and the ones who can be called father by him will not always be Zhou Jin, Ying Liu and Ying Thirteen.

Yu Wan blinked and looked at Chef Bao.

Zhou Jin and Ying Liu also looked at Bao Shenchu.

I saw Bao Shenchu froze all over after hearing the "father", and then, with tears that were too late to wipe away, looked at the man tearfully.

Bao Shenchu's heart suddenly beat violently, and an uncontrollable feeling spread through his limbs.

To be honest, Chef Bao has imagined the appearance of his son countless times, but it is definitely not like the one in front of him, but somehow, he just felt a kind of kindness that he had never had before, and he almost hurriedly walked up forward.

didn't notice the stone in front of him, he stepped on it.

Grandpa Bao is very old, and if he falls, he will be disabled if he doesn't die!

"Grandpa Bao!" Yu Wan's expression changed.

Zhou Jin also reached out his hand subconsciously.

Ying Six almost tried to save him, but Ying Thirteen grabbed his arm.

Ying Thirteen gave Ying Liu a wink, Ying Liu gave a puzzled snort, and after a closer look, he saw that Bao Shenchu had been supported by the young man.

As soon as he was supported by the other party, the tears that Bao Shenchu finally stopped bursting out again. He grabbed the man's hand, fixedly looking at the man's face, and shouted Hong'er tremblingly...

The Witch King walked down the corridor without a trace, leaving the yard to Bao Shenchu and the two.

Yu Wan and Zhou Jin came over and looked at him with four pairs of eyes, as if asking what happened, who is that young man? They even wondered, did the Witch-king perform illusions again?

"I didn't use illusion." The Witch King smiled and said.

The poisonous sores on his face are gone, and although the years have left marks on his face, there is no mature manly beauty.

Of course, at this juncture, no one is in the mood to appreciate the handsome appearance of the Witch King.

"It's not an illusion, could it be... is he really Grandpa Bao's son?" Yu Wan asked the young man in disbelief.

The two of them didn't know what they said, Bao Shenchu cried like a child, and the young man's eyes were full of tears, and the hand that grabbed Bao Shenchu was trembling faintly.

The Witch King smiled and nodded: "Yes, he is your grandpa Bao's son."

"This is also..." It was incredible, Yu Wan retracted her gaze on the man and turned to look at the Witch King, "Where did you find it? Didn't you... deal with something very important?"

The Witch King smiled and answered her second question: "This is what I have to deal with."

"Ah..." Yu Wan was dumbfounded.

When she proposed to let the Witch King perform illusions for Grandpa Bao and fulfilled one of Grandpa Bao's wishes, the Witch King declined on the grounds that there was a vital matter that needed to be done and Zhou Jin could do it for him. At that time, she thought that Witch Wang was going to handle the government affairs of the Wu clan, but unexpectedly, he was going to help Grandpa Bao find a son.

She misunderstood the Witch King...

Yu Wan's face flashed a hint of embarrassment.

The Witch King didn't say anything, smiled and said, "I didn't tell you sooner because I'm not sure if I can make it in time."

He is a sorcerer, not a god. Divination can determine the life and death of good and bad, and illusion can confuse people's consciousness, but he is not omnipotent. He only calculates the approximate location, and it takes a lot of effort to identify people.

Zhou Jin blinked and looked at the Witch King.

The Witch King fondly patted his head: "These sorceries, I will teach you slowly in the future."

Some things are at the right time and place. Earlier, the witch king's magic power was severely damaged, and it was impossible to calculate it. Later, Bao Shenchu might not be able to endure it, so strictly speaking, it was Bao Shenchu's own creation.

"How did you tell him?" Yu Wan asked.

The Witch King looked at the young man and said, "In fact, I didn't say anything, I just told him that I am the Witch King, and I found his biological father."

Yu Wan asked curiously: "He believed it? So smooth?"

The Witch King smiled lightly: "How do you know that he hasn't been looking for his biological parents all these years?"

Chef Bao and the young man hugged each other and cried. It seemed that they had already said it. Everything was true. When it was not too late, when the end of his life was reached, Grandpa Bao finally found his long-lost son. .

Yu Wan said with emotion: "So it really is in the Wu clan..."

The Witch King smiled incomprehensibly: "There is no road in vain under the sky."

Yu Wan has not been looking forward to the reunion of Bao Shenchu with her biological son for a day, but it feels very incredible to really wait for this moment.

"Grandpa Bao, talk in the room." She walked over and, together with the young man, helped Bao Shenchu back to the room.

Yu Wan was going to make tea for the two of them, and Bao Shenchu said, "Awan, please stay too."

From the young man's mouth, Yu Wan learned that his current surname is Jiang, which is his adoptive father's surname. He knew from a very young age that he had been picked up, and the person who picked him up was a passing businessman. He was not suitable for raising children, so he handed him over to a local farmer, and he left some money for the farmer to help the family get by.

There is a daughter in the farmer's family who is a maid in the town. The master she serves has no children. She accidentally learned that there was a boy baby picked up by her family, and asked them if they would like to give her the baby.

The lady was really asking for a child, and the farmer agreed after thinking about it.

"Is that lady your adoptive mother?" Yu Wan asked.

"Yes, it's my adoptive mother." Jiang Jingnian said.

"Mrs. Jiang... how is she treating you?" Bao Shenchu asked in a trembling voice.

Jiang Jingnian smiled gently: "Mother is very kind to me."

In fact, whether it was the merchant who first picked him up or the farmer who took him in for a while, they were all people with good intentions, and they treated him very well, but Mrs. Jiang was more suitable for him than them. place.

Mrs. Jiang was a widow of the Jiang family. She lost her husband at an early age and never remarried. The Jiang family cherished her and learned that she had adopted a child, and the child was no different from the Jiang family's own blood.

Jiang Jingnian was unfortunate, but also lucky at the same time. He was separated from his biological parents, but he met one after another noble person. He was well taken care of and grew into a well-informed gentleman, but Mrs. Jiang He died of illness when he was sixteen years old. Before his death, Mrs. Jiang told her about his life experience.

"I think... your parents must be in a hurry."

Mrs. Jiang took out Jiang Jingnian's underwear. Although the material was old, she could see that she was very particular. Mrs. Jiang believed that he was not a child abandoned by the family. Something must have happened.

Over the years, Mrs. Jiang has also asked people to inquire, but she has not received any news.

Mrs. Jiang didn't want to bring this secret into the coffin, and she didn't want to leave Jiang Jingnian with regrets.

Jiang Jingnian decided to find his biological parents. The Jiang family was in the jade business. He learned craftsmanship from the master in the house. He did a very good job.

He likes to cook.

His greatest wish in life is to open a famous restaurant.

Just because I wanted to find a relative, my wish was delayed. Later, I came here by accident, became a relative, and had a child, so I stayed for the time being.

The restaurant he opened was the first one to buy fine wine from Chef Bao.

Chef Bao has been doing business with this restaurant for more than half a year, but he has no idea that the owner is his son!

Jiang Jingnian said: "Little Er brought me the wine, I tasted it, and thought it was the best wine I've ever had."

Because that's your father's wine.

"I...I just said why I can't stop trying to push the price of that house..." Chef Bao murmured.

Yu Wan burst out laughing, what does it mean to be destined somewhere, that's all!

Yu Wan looked at Jiang Jingnian and said, "Uncle Jiang, you said you are married, what about Aunt Jiang and nephew?"

Jiang Jingnian said warmly, "She took her son back to her parents' home to save her relatives, and she will be back in a few days."

Yu Wan held Bao Shenchu's old hand and joked: "Not only did I find my son, but also my daughter-in-law and grandson, Grandpa Bao, you made a profit!"

Bao Shenchu laughed and burst into tears.

Wandering for most of her life, going around in circles, from Dazhou to Nanzhao, and from Nanzhao to Wuzu, the hardships Yu Wan understands are only the tip of the iceberg. This old man has suffered too much to find his own flesh and blood. Fortunately, in the dying days, he was finally able to reunite with his relatives.

It doesn't matter whether he goes back to Da Zhou or not, where he has a son is his home.

"Your mother also hopes that I can find you. She said that she wants me to look for her... I'm afraid that I won't find you one day, and I'll be halfway..." Bao Shenchu didn't say anything, laughing. jumped over.

He didn't tell anyone else that this was the agreement between the wife and him. The wife chose to be cremated and asked him to take her ashes with him wherever he went. This was because he was worried that he would die in a foreign country one day. She didn't want him to be alone. single.

Jiang Jingnian kowtowed to the ashes of his deceased mother.

Bao Shenchu was not in good health. After talking for a while, he fell asleep.

Jiang Jingnian carried his father to the bed and pulled the quilt to cover him.

The Wu clan in July is not cold, but Bao Shenchu is old and his body is cold.

Jiang Jingnian carefully tucked the quilt for his father.

After Bao Shenchu fell asleep, the two went to the outhouse.

Yu Wan couldn't bear to say something, but she had to say, "Uncle Jiang."

"Awan has something to say to me?" Jiang Jingnian looked at the girl who took good care of his father and asked in a gentle tone.

"It's about Grandpa Bao's body." Yu Wan said softly.

Jiang Jingnian opened his mouth and hesitated.

His father was actually younger than his father-in-law, but he endured the pain of losing his wife and children all the year round. In addition to running around and working hard, he was extremely weak. Although he was not a doctor, he could already understand at the first sight of his father. Father's time is running out.

"Actually, after they separated from their parents, they were the ones who had a bad life." Jiang Jingnian felt that he was very lucky. He had met so many kind people, and even more so, Mrs. Jiang, who treated him as her own. It was on the way to find his relatives. He was young and strong, and he had the savings that Mrs. Jiang left him. He really didn't suffer too much, but his parents were different. Dragging her increasingly hunched body, with white hair on her head... I've been looking for it for most of my life.

Yu Wan comforted: "Uncle Jiang, if you live well, they will feel at ease! If you suffer too much, they will blame themselves more than they are now."

Is there anything in the world that makes parents happier than their children?

When he learned that Jiang Jingnian had grown up so safely and smoothly, Grandpa Bao was overjoyed. What he feared most was not that he could not be reunited with his son, but that he did not know whether his son was doing well or not. No regrets.

Jiang Jingnian said to Yu Wan: "Thank you for taking care of your father. Father said that the happiest year in his life is the year after meeting you."

Yu Wan lowered her eyes and smiled and said, "Actually, we didn't do anything for Grandpa Bao, but Grandpa Bao saved us time and time again. Uncle Jiang probably didn't know that there were horse thieves who wanted to kill us in Lianhua Village. It was Grandpa Bao who poisoned them, and not long ago, we were hunted down by the witch queen and the great elders, and it was Grandpa Bao who took us in, so if I really want to say thank you, we have to thank Grandpa Bao."

Jiang Jingnian smiled without saying a word, and did not continue the topic of who should thank whom with her.

Yu Wan said again: "Uncle Jiang, what are your plans next?"

Jiang Jingnian glanced at Bao Shenchu, who was sleeping soundly, and held back the pain in his heart, and said, "Of course I really hope to accompany my father back to my hometown, but his current condition is no longer suitable for toiling and running, I plan to Move in with your aunt and nephew, and accompany the old man on the final journey. After that, I will bring my father's remains and my mother's ashes back to Dazhou and bury them together so that they can return to their roots. "

...

Yu Wan went out of Bao Shenchu's house, thinking about Grandpa Bao in her mind, Yu Wan forgot that she was living in Zhou Yuyan's house, she went into her house with Yan Jiuchao dumbfounded.

Yan Jiuchao was painting by the window.

Young Master Yan is not so elegant, this is the habit and memory of that unknown master.

Don't say it, it's still very well drawn.

Yu Wan came behind him and sniffed aggrievedly.

"What's wrong?" Yan Jiuchao asked lightly.

"I can't bear Grandpa Bao." Yu Wan said sadly.

"Then stay for a few more days, and you can accompany him." Yan Jiuchao said.

Yu Wan lowered her head and said aggrievedly: "Also, I miss A-Niang and Dad." Grandpa Bao has recovered his son, but her parents are still missing. What is that bottomless pit? Why haven't they come up for so long?

Yan Jiuchao selectively blocked the word "A Niang" and focused all his attention on the "sentence" Daddy. His eyes turned cold and his tone sank: "That man is looking for you?"

Yu Wan was taken aback.

"Humph!" Yan Jiuchao put down the pen in his hand coldly, "I knew he would come to you! What did he tell you?"

what? Yu Wan was confused.

Yan Jiuchao snorted disdainfully: "Did he tell you that I'm not your father, he is?"

Yu Wan: "???"

Yan Jiuchao turned around and looked at Yu Wan: "Well, your boss is not too young, you should know some things, yes, you are not my own, your father owed a lot of gambling debts, I can't afford it, and I offended someone who shouldn't be offended, and finally I asked my name to settle it for him, and the benefit he promised me was you."

Yu Wan blinked.

The past of the master is so bloody, which makes her accept it like this...

Yan Jiuchao said calmly: "You know, how did I tell him at that time?"

How do I know? I'm not that unlucky kid, am I?

"I said, I need a child to make alchemy." Yan Jiuchao said casually, raised his eyebrows and looked at Yu Wan, as if to say, now you know? Your unconscionable father pushed you out to die.

Yu Wan: "Oh."

Yan Jiuchao: "?!"

Oh? What's the reaction?

Yu Wan rolled her eyes, matched her fingers, and said, "That...I think...my father...he didn't push me out to die, he gave me to you...to be your child bride. of!"

Yan Jiuchao blushed: "What nonsense?! The girl's family is not ashamed to say this! How could I ask you to be a child bride! I never thought of you like that in my heart!!!"

Xiaobao walked in with his trousers in hand: "Daddy, where's your mother?"

"Here!" Yan Jiuchao shoved the little bun into Yu Wan's arms.

Yu Wan: "..."

Yan Jiuchao: "..."