

## Toddler 761

Chapter 761 Dabao Opening (Second)

The real name of the white-haired old man is actually called Qilin, just the word Youdan.

Speaking of which, it's no wonder that Dabao doesn't know him. The word unicorn is so difficult that he hasn't learned it yet!

Dabao first saw the name and planned to call Meilulu, but Dabao thought about it, how could such a cute name Lulu be an old man who lies in front of him?

Then he said his name was "Meiyoudan", well, it suits him quite well.

The white-haired old man saw that Dabao and Xiaobao both showed the same expressions, and the whole person was not well. Which name I just made up is not more reliable than "No Eggs"? You don't believe that, but you believe this?

The white-haired old man suddenly felt that he might as well be kept here all the time, go to his destined people! He can't \*\*\*\* wait!

Why are you locked up here?

Dabao wrote on paper.

The white-haired old man wondered, is this child a mute? I keep writing and writing.

ask you something.

Dabao wrote again.

"Dabao asks you!" Xiaobao said.

"That's it!" Erbao said.

"Wow wow wow!" Yan Xiaosi also said.

The white-haired old man was so arguing that, rather than why he was locked up here, shouldn't it be him who was more curious about why the little fools of them appeared at the entrance of the Holy Land?

Who is the weirdest one?

"Hey, Little Dummy, what about your family? I just answered your question, now it's your turn to answer mine, who brought you here?"

Dabao carefully wrote several lines.

The white-haired old man was quite satisfied when he saw that Dabao was willing to answer him seriously. The writing was so long and detailed.

As a result, Dabao gave him the blank paper, and he was dumbfounded.

It says on the paper - we're not Danny Mao, we have a name, but my parents said that any stranger who asks our name for no reason is a badass.

Seeing this, the white-haired old man almost vomited blood again. What is this? How did you become a villain all of a sudden? You write so much just to say this? Are your hands not tired?

Dabao continued to write - but I don't think so, just now my brother has accidentally said something, you don't even know my name is Dabao, you are not a badass, you are an idiot.

Er Bao, Xiao Bao and Yan Xiaosi cooperated with each other and gave the white-haired old man a contemptuous expression.

The white-haired old man: "...!!"

Heaven, earth, what kind of children are these?

After identifying that the other party was an idiot, San Xiaodan decided not to ask him any more questions, so the white-haired old man looked at the idiots who were still curious about him, and turned around without any hesitation. ....gone!

Just gone?

Don't you want to ask me why I'm being held here?

I haven't said it yet, so you are no longer curious?

Today's children... have their curiosity about things faded so quickly?

How long has he been locked up? It feels like I can't keep up with the rhythm of the world!

"You stand with me!" the white-haired old man shouted.

Back then, he made a big mistake and was suppressed here to be an eye. The grandfather once said that he should feel at ease and repent here. One day, there will be someone who is destined to pass by here and rescue him from the eye. , and what he has to do is to bring the destined people to the Holy Land.

Will these little dumb hairs be destined?

His heart was refusal.

But what if they really are?

Just let them go, then he will miss the only chance to come out of the array!

"You guys, stop!"

Seeing that a few dumb hairs were about to leave the secret room, the white-haired old man finally couldn't help but speak.

Little fools didn't pay any attention to him at all, and went out without looking back.

Boom——

There was a low sound of stone rubbing from outside the secret room, and the white-haired old man understood that this was a sign that the stone gate was re-closed. Once the stone gate was closed, he could not guarantee that the little fools would come back here again.

He was in a hurry.

"You...you..." He suddenly remembered that the biggest idiot was called Dabao?

"Dabao!" he called, this time in a good tone, "I have something to tell you!"

San Xiaodan stopped, turned around in unison, and looked at him blankly.

Dabao picked up the pen and paper and wrote - what else do you have to say?

The white-haired old man was stunned again.

This is true, but why doesn't it sound right?

Dabao wrote again - if you have something to say, there is...

When he was about to write something, Dabao turned his head and glanced at Yan Xiaosi behind him. Yan Xiaosi was lying on his shoulders, watching him write seriously.

Yan Xiaosi was so young, of course he couldn't read, but Dabao still didn't want to sully his sister's eyes, so he crossed out the second character.

The white-haired old man took a weak breath, you kid... Are you planning to use foul language?

"Cough cough!" The white-haired old man didn't bother much about this. He glanced at the little dummies in front of him. Don't look at the innocent and harmless appearance of the little dummies, but the position they were standing, every time they are all very particular, and never get close to the range that his chains can reach.

This means that it is not easy for him to hold them hostage.

Of course, he has other abilities, but unfortunately they are suppressed, and most of them cannot be used.

What are you thinking?

Dabao wrote.

The white-haired old man thought, I was thinking, which of you is the predestined person in the Holy Land?

Only those who are destined can untie my chains, and only those who are destined are qualified to enter the Holy Land.

The white-haired old man felt that if he brought them together, they might not be willing to go with him, let alone only one of them, they would definitely disagree.

Disagree, maybe he won't untie his chains.

The idea of        flashed, and the white-haired old man decided to fool them first to save himself.

"Hey hey hey." The white-haired old man said with a smile, "Dabao, look, it's very uncomfortable for me to be locked by this chain, can you help me untie the chain first?"

"Why are you locked? Are you a bad guy?" Xiaobao asked with his head tilted.

"No no no! Of course not!" This little fool! Why are you so smart?

"Cough cough!" The white-haired old man said sternly, "I was framed by someone."

"Oh." Xiaobao snorted, "We don't have the key, how can we unlock it for you?"

The white-haired old man thought, how do I know how to solve it? Grandpa, he didn't say it!

The white-haired old man thought for a while, and could only be a dead horse as a living horse doctor: "You... just take it away!"

"Can't you take it yourself?" Erbao asked.

The white-haired old man smiled and said, "I can handle it, will I ask you for help?"

Er Bao said: "You can't take it away even if you are an adult, how can we children take it away?"

The white-haired old man: "..."

What you said makes sense...

Is it really good for a few four-year-olds to be so logical?

Dabao picked up the pen and wrote: You, tell the truth, otherwise...

Dabao blindfolded his sister and wrote: Kill you!

The white-haired old man's heart skipped a beat, this little foolish man still wants to kill him?

The white-haired old man almost doubted his life, even the Nine Regions Demon Venerable who murdered like a numb back then...wasn't he so maddened when he was a child? God is so kind! Shouldn't it be a few little devil babies from the devil clan?

Just when the white-haired old man was hesitating about how to convince a few dumb hairs, Yan Xiaosi suddenly called out, "Wow woo woo!"

She pointed to a mural on the wall with a small yellow flower growing on it.

"Sister, do you want flowers?" Xiaobao walked over to pick the lifelike little flower.

The white-haired old man's expression changed immediately, it was not a real flower, it was to prevent unrighteous people from breaking in when the entrance was opened, and a mechanism was set up, and even he had never seen the things in the mechanism.

But the ancestors said, don't use it unless it is absolutely necessary, otherwise they may have their own lives.

But it was too late when the white-haired old man wanted to stop him, and Xiaobao had already plucked the little yellow flower.

"Sister, here it is."

Xiaobao is also the brother of a pet sister.

Just as Xiaobao held the little yellow flower and handed it to his sister, a burst of fire suddenly erupted from the mural where the little yellow flower was placed, hitting the back of Xiaobao's head violently!

"Wow!" Yan Xiaosi roared fiercely.

With a bang, the fireball was beaten back by the Holy King's coercion, hit the mural, and the mural burst into flames!

The white-haired old man was stunned.

After a long time, this little baby dressed as a sheep is the real powerhouse?

In the fresco, several small fireballs spewed out again, all of which were shot back by the pressure of the little holy king.

The little holy king seems to be very dissatisfied with his brother's almost assassination. Not only did he photograph the fireball back, but he also used coercion to knock down the entire wall!

I thought everything should end here, after all, the fireball is quite fierce, but in the next second, a roar suddenly came from behind the collapsed wall. flew out.

Luan Bird was extremely fast, and swishly took Yan Xiaosi away!



Yan Xiaosi fluttered for a while: "Wow!"

"Sister!" Erbao shouted, reaching out to grab his sister, but the Luan bird flew over his head at an unbelievable speed.

The white-haired old man was shocked: "It's the Wucai Shengluan! It is said that the Wucai Shengluan has the bloodline of the Phoenix and is the descendant of the Phoenix!"

No wonder the patriarch asked him to be careful about this mechanism. Shengluan is too ferocious, there is no distinction between enemy and mine, and their strength is so terrifying that even in his heyday, he did not dare to be an enemy of any Shengluan.

The white-haired old man said: "Hurry up and escape, your sister is afraid that there is no way to save it. When it finishes eating your sister, it will come back to eat you!"

"Wow wow wow!" Yan Xiaosi's voice came from the cave, with a hint of crying.

Dabao's little face was completely cold, he clenched his little fists, looked at the cave where Shengluan flew away, and said something loudly.

No one understood what he was talking about, but a strange thing happened, the murderous Saint Luan actually flew back with Yan Xiaosi in his mouth.

Shengluan fluttered his wings and hovered opposite Dabao, looking at Dabao fiercely.

Dabao spoke again with a cold expression.

is something they didn't understand.

However, the holy luan actually flew down slowly and landed in front of Dabao. He carefully placed Yan Xiaosi on the ground, and then took two steps back, facing Dabao, bowing his head reverently.

The white-haired old man was stunned by this scene.

what happened?

Shengluan, who took Yan Xiaosi away, actually brought Yan Xiaosi back, and returned it to Dabao obediently, looking at it with its head down and motionless, like a courtier waiting for King's Landing.

Dabao ignored the surprise of the white-haired old man, he took a few steps forward and picked up his sister.

Yan Xiaosi grabbed Dabao's shirt aggrievedly and plunged his little head into Dabao's arms: "Wow, wow."

Big bird, bad!

The white-haired old man stared at Dabao for a moment. Could it be that...is he the destined person in the Holy Land?

Xiaobao and Erbao ran over and touched their beloved sister.

Er Bao asked: "Da Bao, what did you just say? It returned the younger sister."

Dabao actually doesn't know.

At that moment, his mind went blank, but there seemed to be a voice echoing in his heart, and he said that voice.

"It's Feng Yu! It's Feng Yu!" Feng Yu has been lost for thousands of years, and if he could hear it in his lifetime, the white-haired old man was so excited that his body trembled, "Shengluan is a descendant of the Phoenix Clan, and only the language of the Feng Clan can speak the language. Drive it! Children! No... Dabao, you... what is your relationship with the Feng Clan?"

The reason why        didn't ask Dabao if he was related to the Feng clan was because the three little guys looked exactly the same, so they were obviously triplets. If they were related, of course the three were related.

Without waiting for Dabao to speak, Xiaobao snorted and said, "Isn't the phoenix just a bird? Then the phoenix language is the bird language, Dabao, you have been silent, so it's because you speak the bird language!"

Dabao: "..."

Er Treasure: "..."

The white-haired old man: "..."

#### Chapter 762 Devil Yan Xiaosi

What an ancient and sacred language, how did it become bird language when it reached this kid's mouth? Well said to be tall!

The white-haired old man suddenly remembered what this kid said that he had no birds and no eggs. He thought that this kid was deliberately trying to avoid him, but he didn't expect that he was good at indiscriminate attacks.

With such a younger brother, the white-haired old man began to sympathize with Dabao.

Dabao's little face was so dark, but he couldn't find words to refute, so angry!

...

But he said that after being woken up by the three little guys, Yu Wan was no longer sleepy, lying in Yan Jiuchao's arms and enjoying some intimate time with him, suddenly thought of something, and asked doubtfully: "The Wu clan? Is there any news yet?"

"You said Zhou Jin's? No." Yan Jiuchao shook his head.

This incident has something to do with Yu Wan. At the beginning, Yu Wan was attacked by the Holy Clan and could not be treated for a while. In a rage, Shura took the younger brothers to kill the Holy Clan, while the Nanzhao army and the Wu Clan The army also went to crusade against the saints, and they won a great victory.

However, shortly after the battle, Zhou Jin disappeared.

disappeared without warning, and even his cronies were bewildered.

"What happened when he disappeared, you can tell me more." Yu Wan turned her head and said to Yan Jiuchao.

Yan Jiuchao nodded and told Yu Wan carefully about Zhou Jin's disappearance.

That was the third day after Zhou Jin set off to return to the Wu Clan after they defeated the Holy Clan. They had just left the Holy Clan. On the way back to the Wu Clan, when they passed a forest, Zhou Jin suddenly stopped the carriage.

The cronies did so.

Zhou Jin got off the carriage and walked into the woods.

He did not order his cronies to follow, but neither did he forbid them to follow.

The cronies maintained a distance of about two feet. This distance would neither disturb Zhou Jin, but also rush over to protect Zhou Jin in case of danger.

Zhou Jin came to a plane tree. The plane tree was a few years old. Zhou Jin touched the body of the tree, muttered something, and then walked around behind the big tree.

The cronies thought he would come out again, but after waiting for a while, no one was seen, and the cronies ran over to take a look and found that Zhou Jin was gone.

They didn't hear Zhou Jin's footsteps walking away, and they didn't find any footprints left by Zhou Jin nearby, but Zhou Jin just wasn't in that forest anymore.

"With Zhou Jin's temperament, it is unlikely that he would leave without a word." Yan Jiuchao said.

Yu Wan nodded: "Then... is it possible that some masters kidnapped Zhou Jin?"

Yan Jiuchao said: "The Wu clan also suspected this possibility, but at that time, Zhou Jin's cronies were all martial arts of the peak realm, and it was not so easy to steal people away from their eyes without a sound, not to say that it must not be beaten, but there will inevitably be movements, such as breath, and fluctuations in internal strength, which cannot be concealed from Wu Rakshasa's perception."

Yu Wan murmured, "So Zhou Jin really disappeared out of thin air?"

Yu Wan felt a little self-blame. This incident happened after Zhou Jin attacked the Saints for herself. If she had been more careful at the time and didn't fall into the plot of the Saints, maybe Zhou Jin would not have to go to the Saints to seek justice, and she would not have encountered an accident on the way back to the Wuzu.

Yan Jiuchao looked at her frustrated face and comforted softly: "You don't have to blame yourself, I think this matter may not have much to do with you. Zhou Jin is not the only one who disappeared."

"Is there anyone else?" Yu Wan looked at him with wide eyes.

"Hmm." Yan Jiuchao stroked her hair, and withdrew her inner strength, she brought over a few sealed letters on the table. It is good to have inner strength, and you can do that thing without getting out of bed.

Yu Wan sat up in his arms and carefully read the contents of the letter, her face gradually became not right.

She did not expect that the same thing as Zhou Jin would happen all over the country.

A secret letter said that in a small clan several hundred miles south of the Underworld, an old man with a three- or four-year-old child was walking on the road, and he disappeared as he walked.

The old man was not described much in the letter, except that he was wearing a black robe. As for the child, he didn't speak very well, and his eyes were very large.

Yu Wan thought of Rakshasa King and Xiao Zhao.

... Could it be the two of them?

They also disappeared out of thin air?

Yu Wan is not sure if it is them, so let's assume it is. If it is said that they and Zhou Jin disappeared because they were kidnapped or they used their inner strength and magic power, then the handicap mentioned in the following letter will be abducted. There is no explanation for the disappearance of the villagers who have no power to bind chickens.

These are all things that happened in the last six months. Because they are scattered all over the country and the information exchange with each other is not developed, it has not attracted too many people's attention for the time being, but Yan Jiuchao has paid attention to it.

"I don't know if it's an illusion, but I always feel that the surroundings have become different." Yu Wan said strangely.

"Did you go to your world?" Yan Jiuchao asked.

Yu Wan paused, and said, "My world... maybe I can only go after I die, that is, soul wear."

And these people disappeared with every strand of hair.

"Yan Jiuchao, I suddenly had an idea. Did they suddenly find the entrance to the Holy Land by accident? Perhaps, the Saints made a mistake from the beginning. The entrance to the Holy Land is not in the capital, but somewhere else, and there are more than one place."

"I don't think the saints should be mistaken. There may be multiple entrances, but the capital must also have one."

"Then why did the court and the saints search for so long, but couldn't find the entrance to the capital? These people just found it while walking on the road?"

In fact, there is no evidence to prove that they are the entrance to the Holy Land. Everything is just Yu Wan's guess, but for some reason, Yu Wan always feels that her guess is right.

Yu Wan leaned on the pillow behind her and said, "I feel that this holy place... It will be a world that neither of us can imagine, and no one can tell what weird things will happen there."

Yan Jiuchao didn't speak, just gently stroked her shoulder.

"Not good! Not good! Miss is gone!"

Outside the door, the cry of a nurse suddenly sounded.

The two of them sat up straight.

"What happened?" Yu Wan lifted the curtain.

Ping'er came in and said, "The nurse went to the small kitchen, and when she came back, the little lady was gone."

Yu Wan said, "What is the wet nurse going to do in the small kitchen? Can't you ask the maids in the room to do it if you need anything?"

Ping'er said: "It was Xiaobao who called the wet nurse to the small kitchen, maid... The maid was called away by Erbao. They said that Dabao would watch in the room, but when they returned to the wing, Dabao and Miss are gone!"

Hearing this, what else does Yu Wan not understand? It must be a few little guys who are naughty again!

Yu Wan didn't have any thoughts about discussing the Holy Land, so she hurriedly packed up and got on the carriage to Guozijian with Yan Jiuchao.

On the other side of the cave, Xiaobao and Dabao were talking: "Dabao, you call me! You call me! Do you really only speak bird language?"

Dabao: "..."

Dabao doesn't want to deal with this stuff.

Yan Xiaosi lay on Dabao's back and yawned, then twisted hummily.

She is going to sleep.

But before going to bed, you have to breastfeed.

When Dabao has no time to care for her, she will obediently eat by herself, but when Dabao is there, she is not willing to eat by herself.



Dabao handed her the bottle and she threw it away.

Dabao took milk to feed her, and she spit out the pacifier.

Dabao looked at the white-haired old man, two younger brothers, and a huge holy luan in the cave, and sighed with an incomparable headache.

He picked up a pen and wrote: "My sister is going to sleep, I'll coax her, you don't come here, she won't sleep well when she's excited."

Da Bao took his younger sister to a corner of the cave to breastfeed.

Little Treasure came over wickedly, and was about to peep, but Shengluan ran over, spread his huge wings, and enveloped Dabao and Yan Xiaosi in his own wings.

With Shengluan blocking him, Dabao felt a little at ease. Dabao sat down on Shengluan's thick paws and took his sister into his arms.

Then, he unbuttoned his shirt.

Yan Xiaosi was so excited when he saw the action of unbuttoning his clothes!

Da Bao shamefully stuffed the small bottle into his arms.

Yan Xiaosi took a drill into his arms, and started eating.

"You..." Dabao wanted to say something, and suddenly remembered that there were three people nearby, so he wrote it instead: You won't remember your childhood, right?

Yan Xiaosi took a sip of milk and looked at him cutely while holding the pacifier.

"Wow!" Yan Xiaosi smiled happily.

Dabao breathed a sigh of relief, I'll take it as you agreed, although...in fact...you may not understand it at all...

Xu is that Shengluan's wings were too warm, and Dabao fell asleep leaning against Shengluan's arms.

He had a dream, dreaming that he was dressed in white, entered a mysterious world and became the \*\*\*\* of that world.

He is majestic, he is as cold as a knife, and he has tens of thousands of children.

However, one day, a stinky girl fell from the sky and fell on his altar.

"Yan Dabao, it's you!"

Immediately he felt bad. He was a god, and tens of thousands of people looked up to him. How could he be called such a childish name? !

He looked at the crowd under his eyes and said calmly, "Girl, you have mistaken the person."

Smelly girl akimbo said, "How could I admit I was wrong? You forgot? I grew up on your milk!"

He stumbled down!

Everyone: "..."

Chapter 763 Black-bellied treasure, pet girl madman

Dabao was almost woken up by his own nightmare. Thinking of his powerful and respected image, he was instantly disillusioned by a little girl, and his whole person was not well.

He took out the small bottle.

Yan Xiaosi was about to fall asleep with the pacifier in her mouth, so she woke up.

"Wow!" She opened her mouth to look for a pacifier, but Dabao didn't give it to her.

Yan Xiaosi looked at Dabao aggrievedly, her small mouth deflated: "Wow—"

Cried!

Da Bao tightly clenched the bottle, if you don't give it, I won't give it to me!

one two three!

Dabao stuffed the bottle into his arms, and fed the pacifier back into Yan Xiaosi's mouth.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

Very good, I persisted for three seconds!

This is a huge improvement!

After Yan Xiaosi fell asleep, Dabao came out from under Shengluan's wings.

Then Dabao found out that Erbao and Xiaobao also fell asleep on Shengluan's wings, but he and Yan Xiaosi were inside, and the two younger brothers were outside.

Dabao put his sister into the schoolbag and carried it on his back.

Shengluan saw that Yan Xiaosi was quite heavy, freed up a wing that was not held down by Xiaobao and Erbao, and gently touched Dabao's shoulder, probably indicating to Dabao that he could help him hold his sister.

An ordinary four-year-old child can't carry a chubby baby who is eight months old. Dabao is stronger than ordinary children. The key is that Yan Xiaosi is not an ordinary baby, and it is quite difficult to carry her.

Dabao understands that Shengluan is out of good intentions.

He thought about it, walked over, and handed the two younger brothers to Shengluan's arms.

The younger sister is still your own, the younger brother is yours.

Shengluan: "..."

The white-haired old man: "..."

This is so eccentric that there is no limit to it!

Brothers and sisters fell asleep, and Dabao began to think about the plan to leave here. It is reasonable to say that it would be good to return the same way, but with such a big bird, how can he keep it from being discovered?

There are so many people in Guozijian, can't let it find a place to hide on its own?

Well, it seems that hiding is not bad.

Just when Dabao secretly thought about how to arrange Shengluan after leaving, the white-haired old man said with a sneer: "Are you thinking about how to leave? Don't waste your energy, Shengluan has all flown out, which represents the Holy Land. The entrance has been opened, and the way you came here is gone. To be cruel, you can't go back. Be smart, hurry up and enter the Holy Land quickly while the entrance is not closed, otherwise, the entrance will be closed for a while. , all of you will only have to wait to die in this secret room."

Dabao gave him a light look, took out a pen and paper, and wrote: Why are you so kind all of a sudden? Are you trying to trick us into unchaining you and taking you out of here?

The white-haired old man choked instantly, are you really just a four-year-old child? Don't you get tired of being so smart?

But then again, he is not a fool, he, he, he is tactful!

Bringing someone with predestined relationship to the Holy Land is the only way for him to atone for his sins, okay? This is the task that the grandfather left him! He has to do it!

"Cough, cough!" The white-haired old man cleared his throat and said cheerfully, "How can you say that to me? It makes me look like some kind of wicked person, you forgot, when Shengluan rushed out just now, I I didn't know you knew Fengyu, thinking that it would hurt you, and let you leave me and run away!"

Dabao pondered for a moment.

White-haired old man: Ha ha ha.

Dabao wrote: You want us to lead Shengluan away. Once we leave, the stone gate will be closed, and Shengluan will no longer be able to enter, hehe.

At the end of , a bold contempt was also drawn.

The white-haired old man who was pierced felt that his heart was not very good, what a \*\*\*\* child? So shrewd? Can you even guess that the stone gate will automatically close as soon as someone who is destined to leave?

No, he can even tell that he made a few of them as bait?

Is it because he has been locked up for a long time and his brain is rusted, or is this child too defiant, why can't he beat him?

Suddenly, the white-haired old man thought of something, looked at Dabao strangely and said, "Wait, don't you know how to speak? Why do you keep writing and writing, don't you feel tired?"

Dabao wrote: How many wives have you married?

The white-haired old man who had never married his face turned black: "What are you doing?!"

Dabao wrote: Then I write or speak, and what are you doing?

The white-haired old man: "..."

He was choked to death by this baby. He understood it. He couldn't handle this child. He committed too many crimes in the first half of his life. What kind of punishment is this? He just thought that he had found a place of retreat and slept in it for dozens or hundreds of years, but it turned out that he was waiting here.

Every moment he spends with these little fools, he feels that he can be mad a hundred times!

To his surprise, Dabao came over and started to untie his chains.

Dabao first unfastened his shackles. Dabao didn't even have to do it himself. As soon as he approached, the shackles automatically opened.

The white-haired old man looked at Dabao in astonishment.

Destiny is really this little guy...

After Dabao showed his Fengyu skills, the white-haired old man was basically sure that he was the person who was destined by the patriarch, but he didn't understand why Dabao would undo his chains.

Doesn't he believe in himself?

Dabao has his own considerations.

The white-haired old man is afraid of Shengluan, which means that he can't beat Shengluan, and Shengluan is on his side, so he no longer has to be afraid of the white-haired old man.

After Dabao approached, the handcuffs and ankle cuffs of the white-haired old man were automatically loosened. The white-haired old man who was finally free looked at his hands in disbelief. No matter how stubborn he was at the beginning, he said that it didn't matter how long he was locked up, but he was deceived. No one else could fool him - he longed for freedom, for a long time.

Dabao asked Shengluan to put his younger brother down and motioned for Shengluan to take the white-haired old man out.

The white-haired old man now understands why Dabao saved himself. This child is worried that there is really no way to go back. Once a few of them leave, the stone gate will fall back down. At that time, the only exit, the entrance to the Holy Land, will not be able to enter. .

So Dabao decided to stay with his younger brothers and let Shengluan go to explore the way, but Shengluan went to explore the way, and the white-haired old man stayed here and the threat to the

four brothers and sisters was too great. It is better to let Shengluan take the white-haired old man. go out.

"So that's your original intention to save me..." The white-haired old man was about to cry, just a little bit, he thought that Dabao was actually a good-hearted boy, he was a black sesame dumpling!

Dabao said to Shengluan in Fengyu: "Remember to bring it back."

The white-haired old man didn't understand, but Dabao wrote him a sentence: Don't have an accident, come back safely.

The white-haired old man was suddenly moved. It's okay, it's okay, the child's heart is not completely black...

In the next second, he saw Dabao wrote in a swish: My mother said that the waste should be recycled, and I will go to the entrance of the Holy Land later, and I will throw you in to explore the way.

The white-haired old man: "..."

Dabao pointed the way. Shengluan took the white-haired old man to the passage where they came, but after a circle, he returned to the original place. Dabao then let Shengluan go forward, but Shengluan came back.

This proves the words of the white-haired old man. When they enter here, they only have the choice of the entrance to the Holy Land.

At this time, Dabao didn't know what kind of place the Holy Land was, but he believed that if there was an entrance, there must be an exit. After entering that Holy Land, he would slowly inquire about the way back to the Young Master's Mansion.

Dabao carried the two younger brothers to Shengluan's back and secured them with a cloth ruler.



lead the way.

Dabao wrote to the white-haired old man.

"Actually I also..."

I want to sit on the back of Saint Luan.

Before the white-haired old man could finish speaking, Sheng Luan grabbed him with one claws and flew into the hole in the mural, where is the entrance to the Holy Land!

"Why can you ride a holy luan, but I can only hold its claws——"

The screams of the white-haired old man disappeared in the stone room.

The stone door of the stone room began to fall slowly.

At this time, Yan Jiuchao and Yu Wan had already arrived at Guozijian.

They searched all over the Guozijian, but they didn't see any trace of the children. They asked everyone who could ask, and they all said that they had disappeared after eating in the restaurant.

The child was born by Yu Wan, and Yu Wan naturally knew what they liked to play the most.

"Are there any caves here, tree holes, etc?"

The master of Guozijian took them to three man-made caves. They said they were caves, but they were actually just two small rockery passages. From this rockery, they entered another rockery and came out. That's all.

The problem is, none of the three holes have their breath!

Just when everyone was at a loss, Yan Jiuchao suddenly looked in one direction and said, "There's another one there?"

Everyone was surprised, where?

No.

Isn't the direction the Regent looks at a plane tree? Where did the hole come from?

Yu Wan also looked at the direction Yan Jiuchao was staring at, and then looked at Yan Jiuchao: "What hole?"

Yan Jiuchao closed his eyes and felt it for a while. The sound of the stone gate closing was faintly heard, his eyes narrowed, he grabbed Yu Wan's hand, and flashed into the cave.

"Prince Regent, that... eh? Where's the person?" A master of the Imperial College had just turned his head and said a word to someone, but when he turned to look for Yan Jiuchao, he had already disappeared!

The princess is gone too!

"Where's the regent and princess? Did you see them?"

"I was here just now!"

"Yeah, I saw the two of them here too."

"Why did that disappear?"

"I don't know, did you leave?"

"So fast?"

Everyone looked at the empty pastures around, and felt that the regent couple was a little unbelievable.

Boom!

The stone gate fell, and a new world opened.

#### Chapter 764 Three shifts

But he said that after Shengluan flew into the hole in the mural, he flew out of the cave, but Dabao was surprised that it was noon when they came in. How long has it been since then, why is it getting dark?

Shengluan didn't fly too high, and it didn't fly very fast. It wasn't that it couldn't do it with an adult and four children on its back, but Dabao let it do so.

Dabao needs to observe the terrain to determine where they came from.

After so many days of schooling, and King Yan also took his three brothers to study abroad, Dabao was still very familiar with the topography of the capital.

After they entered the cave, they did walk for a while, maybe they walked out of Guozijian, but they should never have walked out of the capital, but looking at the surrounding terrain, where does the capital look like? It is clearly a barren mountain.

Why is it like this, Dabao doesn't understand.

No matter how smart Dabao is, he is still just a child after all. No one has given him any knowledge about the Holy Land, so for him, the Holy Land is just a place name for the time being.

The mountain below was very quiet, and occasionally there would be one or two beast sounds. Dabao found an empty grass below. He patted Shengluan on the back and motioned for it to put them down.

Shengluan flew down low, and when he was about to land, he threw the white-haired old man to the ground.

The white-haired old man fell and gnawed at the mud.

However, Dabao also discovered that although he was the same age as Grandma and Doctor Cui, his body was much stronger than theirs. He was more like Sikong Zuzu, a man with martial arts.

So Dabao is not worried about him being thrown out.

Shengluan was very gentle when he put down a few children. It first landed gently on the ground, and then slowly lowered its wings. Dabao slid down his wings.

Dabao has no plans to put down his two sleeping brothers for the time being. It's good to sleep on Shengluan's back, warm and safe.

Dabao took out the pen and paper.

His pen and paper was a set, made by Yu Wan himself, with a wooden board at the bottom. On the board, a lot of white paper the size of a book was stitched with needles and thread, and fixed at the top with an iron frame. The charcoal pen was improved by Yu Wan and covered with a set. The metal sleeve has a wire on the top connected to the iron clip. When not writing, the charcoal pen is placed in the card

slot next to the wooden board. If you forget to put it back after writing, you don't have to worry about losing it.

Dabao wrote: Where is this?

The white-haired old man spat out the mud in his mouth: "On the way to the Holy Land!"

What is the Holy Land?

Dabao wrote again.

The white-haired old man said impatiently: "The Holy Land is the Holy Land, where else can it be? How old are you? Have you never heard of the Holy Land?"

In the world that the white-haired old man is familiar with, everyone knows about the Holy Land, just like everyone in Dazhou has heard of the capital, so how could such a well-informed child not know about the Holy Land?

In fact, Dabao did not know.

Suddenly, Xiaobao rubbed his eyes and sat up. He looked at the cloth ruler tied to his belly, then at Erbao beside him, and Dabao and his sister on the opposite ground. Even in the dark, he would be silent. Breathed a sigh of relief.

"Dabao, I'm hungry." Xiaobao said.

"I'm hungry too." Erbao also woke up.

Today's schoolbag is for Yan Xiaosi, so there is no snack. Dabao's stomach growled and he was hungry too.

Shengluan opened his wings in surprise and walked towards Dabao. The bird's ears were attached to Dabao's stomach, making sure that he heard the sound of hungry stomachs. He flapped his wings, indicating that he could find something to eat!

Dabao thought about it and decided to go with everyone.

Dabao had thought about letting Shengluan go by himself, but he was always worried about this old man who was full of lies. He didn't want them to be alone with each other. As for letting Shengluan bring the old man with white hair, but This is not a cave, but a wilderness ridge. The four of them stay here and may encounter danger at any time.

So the best way is for everyone not to leave St. Luan.

Dabao sat on Shengluan's back with his younger sister on his back.

The white-haired old man rubbed his sore waist: "By the way, I can sit this time... ah—"

He was caught by Shengluan and flew into the air.

The night was dark, the wind was cold, and in a strange place, San Xiaodan sat on Shengluan's back and leaned tightly together. As long as they were still together, they seemed to have the courage to face everything.

"Goo—" Sheng Luan called out, flapping his wings and flying to the southeast.

The white-haired old man cried out: "Oh, can't go, can't go!"

This time, Dabao didn't ask why the white-haired old man couldn't go, because he saw the place where Shengluan flew to was enveloped by a thick fog-like black air.

Not only he saw it, but Erbao and Xiaobao also saw it.

"What a big dark cloud." Xiaobao said.

"It's not dark clouds, it's black fog." Erbao said.

"Where is the black fog? The fog is all white!" Xiaobao said.

"Oh, that's the black mist! It's just that!"

"No no no no!"

"that is!"

"no!"

The two little black eggs quarreled.

The white-haired old man is going crazy, when are you still in the mood to quarrel? It wasn't a dark cloud, it wasn't a black fog, it was demonic energy!

But it's very strange. When I passed by here, I clearly didn't have any demonic energy. How many years have passed? Why is such a large area covered with strong demonic energy?

Has something happened to the Holy Land?

Dabao gently scratched Shengluan's feathers, signaling it not to go.

Shengluan turned his head and grunted.

There is something to eat!

"Dabao, I'm so hungry." Xiaobao touched his hungry belly.

"I'm so hungry too." Erbao also touched his belly aggrieved.

Dabao of course understood that the two younger brothers were really hungry, because even he was hungry, and they ate the same lunch, but he was still a little hesitant.

At this moment, Yan Xiaosi woke up in a daze. She stuck out her little head from her schoolbag and leaned against Dabao's shoulder, "Wow~"

She is also hungry.

Dabao decided to go!

Shengluan flew into the black fog, the white-haired old man was so frightened that his soul was almost gone, he wanted to shout, but he was afraid of attracting some danger.

Shengluan flew to the edge of a cliff outside an orchard.

Dabao jumped to the ground, walked in front of the white-haired old man, took out a pen and paper and wrote: Go and pick some fruits.

It is already very dangerous to enter here, and the white-haired old man will not do it!

The white-haired old man glared: "You're going to be crazy! I'm not crazy! You're so fat and still eat, go and pick it yourself if you can!"

Yan Xiaosi cried with a wow!



People are not fat!

People are little ladies, little beauties, little cuties!

Dabao motioned for Shengluan to pick up the white-haired old man and hang it on the cliff, and then he wrote coldly: I will give you a chance to reorganize your language.

The white-haired old man: "..."

Chapter 765 Super powerful treasure!

The white-haired old man looked at Dabao with a cold expression. He really didn't understand where a child had the courage to do such a thing to a Venerable from Heaven?

However, now is not the time to think about the answer. The white-haired old man can clearly realize that Dabao is serious. If he does not pick the fruit, he will let Shengluan throw himself into the abyss.

In the past, let alone the abyss, he would have the courage to venture into the abyss of Nine Dragons, but hasn't his skill recovered yet? A good man does not suffer from immediate losses!

Although picking fruit is also dangerous, but be careful, the chances of survival are still greater than falling into the abyss.

"Cough cough." The white-haired old man cleared his throat, "How many do you want to eat?"

Unexpectedly, Dabao did not immediately let Shengluan bring the white-haired old man back, but continued to write: I will give you another chance to reorganize the language.

The white-haired old man was stunned. Could it be that his answer was wrong? Don't you just want me to pick fruit for you? I ask you how many you eat. Is this answer sincere enough?

Wait, what did you just say?

"You're so fat, you still eat!"

The white-haired old man had a flash of inspiration in his mind, and he smiled hehely: "I said I am so fat, how can I still eat? You are not fat, you are so cute and bloated!"

Yan Xiaosi sobbed and finally stopped crying.

It turned out that he didn't ask himself to pick the fruit, he just asked himself to say a few compliments. The white-haired old man breathed a sigh of relief, but in the next second, Dabao wrote again: 100.

The white-haired old man was stunned for a while, before he realized that Dabao was answering his own question. Is it necessary to make such a jump? I almost can't get it!

Also, what's up with a hundred?

Is this going to pick it up until dawn?

There was no room for bargaining, and Dabao asked Shengluan to throw the white-haired old man into the garden.

This time, Dabao was relieved to let him go alone and did not ask Shengluan to supervise him.

The reason why he suddenly felt at ease with him was not because Dabao made a logically inconsistent mistake, but because the entire orchard was shrouded in a huge black mist, and the empty grass where they were located was the only "pure land", which could also be called "pure land". It is the only exit. As

long as the white-haired old man wants to live well, he will definitely pick the fruit and return to this open space as soon as possible.

Sheng Luan stayed in the open space to protect a few of them.

The white-haired old man naturally guessed Dabao's plan. He couldn't help but wonder. The child's decision changed several times, and each time he weighed the stakes to the extreme. In the cave, the child knew that Shengluan would take him to try it out. The road is the best strategy; when looking for food, the child understands that it is the best strategy to bring everyone; now picking fruit, of course, it is the best strategy to take risks alone, after all, he has to go back to the open space, and in case if he accidentally hit the grass and startle the snake, the Shengluan outside would immediately be able to take the four of them away.

The white-haired old man became curious, what kind of parents can give birth to such a perverted child?

That's right, his definition of Dabao has changed from clever to eccentric to perverted.

Fortunately, there are many fruits in this orchard, and he has already picked many of them without going inside. He doesn't know what these fruits are, and he has never seen them in his life. Soft, heavy in the hand, as if well hydrated.

He picked it at random, wrapped it with his hem, returned to the open space in a panic, and threw the fruit to the ground.

Dabao glanced at it lightly, picked up a pen and wrote: There are still seven more.

The white-haired old man immediately said, "...!!!"

If you count, there are still seven!

The white-haired old man didn't believe in evil, so he counted them one by one, hemp! ninety three!

So when you say 100, you really mean 100 in the literal sense. A four-year-old child, is it really good to be accurate to this extent?

I thought I picked more than 100, more than enough!

"Oops, it's only seven... ah—"

Before the white-haired old man finished speaking, he was slapped back to the courtyard by Shengluan's wings.

Sheng Luan is on the side, and there is a lot of stance that you won't let you out until you finish picking the big bird.

The white-haired old man is bitter in his heart, but the white-haired old man does not say anything.

He honestly picked seven, in fact, he could pick more, but somehow, he was always worried that he picked the wrong number, and the kid would give him another shit!

When the white-haired old man put the last seven red fruit fruits in front of Dabao, Dabao hummed with satisfaction.

Dabao gave the white-haired old man a red fruit.

The white-haired old man smiled: "I also know that honoring the elders will save you."

He said, opened his mouth and ate the red fruit. The skin of the red fruit was thick and astringent, but the slurry inside was sweet, milky white, and looked like stalactite, but tasted somewhat like melted buttermilk.

Dabao saw that he had finished eating, and wrote to his two younger brothers: It's not poisonous, you can eat it too.

The white-haired old man choked immediately.

After a long time, you are trying to poison me!!!

When he ate the peel, his brows were so astringent that the three little eggs saw it, so he threw the peel away decisively and only drank the serum inside. Sweet and a little thicker.

Yan Xiaosi looked at the milky white slurry and was instantly greedy: "Wow wow wow!"

Da Bao took some fruits, squeezed the slurry into a feeding bottle, and gave it to Yan Xiaosi to drink.

Yan Xiaosi knew that this was not milk, so she didn't quarrel to let Dabao breastfeed her, she sat on the ground and obediently held the bottle and started drinking.

"Gu~" Shengluan looked at these fruits and seemed a little greedy.

Dabao gave it twenty fruits.

Unexpectedly, Shengluan pushed back the twenty fruits and returned them to Dabao. Shengluan touched the shriveled peel of the fruit they had eaten with his beak.

Dabao thought about it, picked up a peel, peeled it off, took out the core, and asked it with his eyes, do you want to eat this?

Shengluan flapped his wings excitedly, and then he took a few steps back, distanced himself from Dabao, and opened his big beak.

Dabao probably understood what it meant. He threw the fruit core into the world. Sheng Luan raised his head to catch it and swallowed the core. The next second, it spit out a flame.

Everyone was stunned!

Big bird...how could it even breathe fire?

Shengluan seemed to be satisfied with the sensation he had caused, and maybe he was very happy with the fire-breathing itself. It took another peel and handed it to Dabao. He continued to take a few steps back and waited for Dabao to feed him.

Dabao fed it another one.

After it ate it, it spewed out another flame.

"Wow wow wow!" Yan Xiaosi stopped drinking the fruit juice, clapped her hands and shouted excitedly.

Dabao looked at Shengluan with a bewildered face, so he was not hungry, he just wanted to play with fire?

Children's focus is always childish, but the white-haired old man is different. What kind of fruit is this? Even eating the core can make Saint Luan breathe fire? Can he spray?

He decisively took out the pit of his own fruit. The pit was about the same size as a normal peach pit. It was really hard to eat it, but if it could breathe fire, would it be okay to give it a try?

The white-haired old man swallowed the core decisively, and he also wanted to breathe fire!

As a result, he didn't know if he was breathing fire or not, he was choked and put out the fire!

Dabao and Shengluan played three times and then stopped. My mother said that fire is the most powerful weapon in nature. When encountering an invincible beast, holding a fire can make them fearful. If so, then these It is better to save the kernels for use in critical moments.

Shengluan was a little unfinished, but Dabao told him that these fruit pits belonged to him, and he only gave him a bird to play with, and he was happy again.

The four brothers and sisters ate a total of 20 fruits, and after removing the three pips that were fed, there were still 17 fruits left.

Dabao poured out the books in the schoolbags of his two younger brothers and put the remaining fruits in.

The fruit pit was small and put it in the pocket of Yan Xiaosi's clothes.

After watching Fire Spit three times, Yan Xiaosi probably couldn't establish some kind of connection between the fruit core and fire. She patted Xiaodoudou and was very satisfied with Dabao's decision!

Xiaobao looked at the homework book that was messed up in the wind, pouted and said, "Don't you want the homework I just wrote?"

Er Bao nodded seriously: "Yes, what if the Master asks?"

Dabao glanced at his two younger brothers, picked up the blank homework on the ground and opened it, did you really write it?

Xiaobao who never does homework: "..."

The second treasure of fishing in troubled waters: "..."

The strong wind blew, and the thick fog spread so much that it instantly shrouded the whole world. They couldn't tell the direction, so they had to rest in place temporarily and wait until dawn.

The white-haired old man was choked to death by the fruit stone.

Shengluan was lying on the ground, San Xiaodan was nestled in Shengluan's arms, Yan Xiaosi was nestled in Dabao's arms, Shengluan protected them with his wings.

"Dabao, I miss my mother."

"I think so too, and I still miss Daddy."

"Whoa whoa whoa."

Dabao touched the head of his younger brother and sister.

"Sleep, I'll take you home."

Xiaobao was in a daze and muttered: "Dabao...Did you speak..."

The night was quiet, and everyone breathed evenly from their mouths.

But at this moment, a dark vine grew out of the ground, like the claws of a ghost, quietly wrapped around Yan Xiaosi's ankle.

Chapter 766 Iron Fang Yan Xiaobao!

The white-haired old man was stunned by choking. Not to mention, the four little eggs slept very sweetly. There was no way. They were children. All day long, it is no exaggeration to say that it was struck by lightning.

The first one to wake up passively was Sheng Luan.



Saint Luan is a powerful species. Because its body is too strong, it is not as vigilant as a weak species. Otherwise, the species is weak and not very alert, isn't it too easy to go extinct? On the contrary, the species of Shengluan will not be too overbearing in every aspect.

However, when the strange vine dragged Yan Xiaosi out, Shengluan's wings felt a real friction, which would not be normal if he didn't wake up.

Shengluan opened his eyes and instinctively used his wings to protect the children in his arms more tightly.

The strength of the vine was hindered, but it did not stop because of this, on the contrary, it increased its strength, and slammed Yan Xiaosi out of Shengluan's wings.

The moment he pulled out, it seemed to prevent Yan Xiaosi from falling and waking up. The vines actually branched out into a soft branch and held Yan Xiaosi softly.

Yan Xiaosi was not awakened.

Shengluan raised his head, looked at Yan Xiaosi, and looked at the three remaining children in his arms, he was instantly unhappy!

Shengluan flapped his wings, opened his beak, and grabbed the vine in one bite.

The vines didn't seem to expect that Shengluan could hold it, and was stunned for a while, then the vines began to pull back, and Shengluan bit his mouth firmly, and the two started a tug of war.

Shengluan is huge and powerful, but the vines are not bad, especially if one is not enough, then it is better to have a few more.

In an instant, seven or eight crooked vines grew out of the ground, entangling Saint Luan tightly.

Those vines are getting tighter and tighter, and there is a great tendency to strangle Saint Luan.

In order to prevent these vines from hurting the three little eggs under the wings, Shengluan did not retract the wings. Its wings and the vines fought stubbornly, but a vine drilled out from the ground, and all of a sudden its A pair of wings tightened!

Seeing the three little eggs that were about to be pressed into his arms, suddenly, a long knife flew over and cut off the vines that bound Shengluan's wings. His face woke San Xiaodan.

"Huh?" Xiaobao rubbed his eyes, "What's wrong? Dabao, Erbao, sister."

"Where's your sister?" Erbao looked to the side, and her sister was gone!

Dabao took a closer look and saw that Yan Xiaosi, who was sleeping soundly, had been swept away by a vine.

Dabao's eyes suddenly turned cold, he pulled out his dagger and plunged it into a vine in front of him.

The vine made a sharp sound.

This time, even the white-haired old man was stunned.

When I cut these demon vines with a long knife just now, I didn't see the demon vines reacting so much. What kind of knife is this doll holding in his hand? Did the demon vine suffer like this?

"Sister, sister, sister!" Xiaobao stretched out his hand towards Yan Xiaosi, but he was tied to Shengluan's body by a vine, he grabbed the vine in front of him with both hands, "Get out of the way! bit you!"

Vine: Hehe, you bite!

Millennium Demon Vine, will it be afraid of a child's mouth?

Although these vines look so dirty, but for the sake of his sister, he gave it up!

Xiaobao opened his mouth and bit the vine!

vine: "..."

vine: "!!!!"

Grass!

It hurts me to death!

This vine also screamed terribly.

The white-haired old man was puzzled, no, it's fine if the dagger is so powerful, it's a weapon anyway, what's the matter with you being so arrogant?

"I bite! I bite! I bite!" Xiaobao opened his teeth and danced his claws, and actually bit off all the vines on Shengluan's body.

This is the first time the white-haired old man has seen someone bite the demon vine with his teeth, and if he is not mistaken, this doll still has a baby tooth in his mouth, right? The baby teeth are so powerful, don't you want to bite the King Kong after changing the teeth?

Little Treasure bit to the end, the group of demon vines no longer entangled him, and they did their best to \*\*\*\* the main demon vine and take Yan Xiaosi away.

The white-haired old man has already determined that Dabao is his destiny. As long as the person captured by the other party is not Dabao, the white-haired old man can stand by and watch. The problem is, Dabao actually rushed over with a dagger!

The white-haired old man did not do anything, he commanded his long saber to chop at the demon vine that was entangling Yan Xiaosi.

However, what is disappointing is that the hardness of the main demon vine is comparable to that of ordinary demon vines. He used all his strength to just cut a small hole in the opponent's body, and this is nothing, and this even more desperate move angered The demon vines, all the demon vines rushed towards the white-haired old man and San Xiaodan.

"Saint Luan!" Dabao called it in Feng language.

Shengluan carried Dabao up, Dabao grabbed Xiaobao's schoolbag, grabbed a fruit from it, punched it open with a fist, and took the core to Shengluan.

Shengluan ate the core and slammed out a flame of fire towards the demon vine.

This fire is not an ordinary fire, and the demon vines made a sound of howling and howling.

Dabao struck while the iron was hot, smashed two more fruits, and fed the cores to Shengluan in one go.

The power of the two fruit pits was terrifying, and when the flames erupted again, it almost burned most of the vines.

The vines retreated to the ground one after another, but the main demon vine that wrapped Yan Xiaosi was firm and determined not to let go of Yan Xiaosi.

Attacking with fire is definitely not acceptable. After all, Dabao is not sure if his sister can carry the fire or not.

"Sister give it back to us!"

"younger sister!"

Xiaobao and Erbao ran towards the main demon vine.

Dabao also decided to mount a frontal attack on Shengluan, but suddenly, the main demon vine took Yan Xiaosi into a towering tree.

That tree with luxuriant leaves covered the sky and the sun, so the Holy Luan couldn't fly in, and the two little black eggs couldn't climb up.

The white-haired old man was willing to help one or two, but unfortunately, his skill has not recovered at this time, and commanding that long sword is already his limit.

At this time, Dabao prayed that his sister would wake up soon. When she woke up, there should be nothing wrong with the main demon vine.

But, she just slept soundly and soundly!

Uncle felt that his hair was about to turn white.

Just when everyone was at a loss, the main demon vine suddenly shook for some reason, and then it threw Yan Xiaosi out, like... throwing a hot potato, and then got back to the ground after tossing it. .

Shengluan flew over to catch Yan Xiaosi.

"younger sister!"

"younger sister!"

Er Bao and Xiao Bao were ecstatic.

Shengluan flew back to the ground carrying the big treasure.

Dabao hugged the sleeping sister in his arms, made sure she was okay, and let out a long sigh of relief with his two younger brothers.

Unexpectedly, before he could relax in one breath, a huge net was thrown down, and without warning, one bird and four people were caught.

The white-haired old man finally understood why the vine didn't even want the prey in his hand, so he hurriedly fled. He looked at the big net that also covered his body, and felt hopeless in his heart.

The price of stealing the fruit has finally come!

was able to frighten the main demon vine to flee, and the strength of the opponent can be imagined. The white-haired old man, Shengluan and Si Xiaodan were taken to a dungeon by two demon guards in black and gold armor.

When was caught, the net arrived first, and the talent arrived, and before the two demon guards came, Dabao hid his sister back in his schoolbag without a trace.

The two demon guards locked them in a cell in the dungeon and then turned and left.

The prison cell was pitch-dark, and there was not a trace of light. Only Dabao's hand was faintly reflecting a hint of clear light, which was the juice from the fruit he had just hammered and exploded. I don't think there is moonlight outdoors. I just found out that it actually emits light.

Dabao wrote on the paper: Who are they?

"People from the Demon Race." The white-haired old man sat on the ground with his back against the wall, "I told you earlier, don't steal other people's fruit, how about you? Was someone arrested?"

But the old man is very strange. The demons caught the fruit thieves, shouldn't they kill them immediately? Why are they still locked up? This is not like the style of the demons!

And compared to this, the old man is even more puzzled that there are actually demons in this area, and even the dungeons have been built.

This is obviously the only place to go to the Holy Land. It has always been guarded by the people of the Holy Sect. Where did those guards go?

The old man wondered more and more what happened to the Holy Land during the years he was suppressed at the entrance? Why did the grandfather insist on letting him wait outside for someone with a predestined relationship?

Grandpa didn't say who's fate, he thought it was his fate at first, but now it seems that it's not.

What he was waiting for...maybe someone from the whole Holy Land.

Chapter 767 Suck Liuyan Xiaosi!

Vegetable Chicken.

Dabao wrote.

The white-haired old man was fried on the spot, you stinky boy, explain to me, what does a chicken mean?

Dabao ignored him, but the white-haired old man vaguely read a sentence from Dabao's contemptuous eyes - anyone who picks a fruit can be found, what's the use of you?

The fire in the heart of the white-haired old man is like eating a thousand gold dynamite. Isn't it because they shouldn't eat fruit in the first place? How did it end up being his fault?

Dabao resolutely put away the pen and paper, and stopped chatting with someone.

The white-haired old man saw that he died, pulled his sleeves, and hummed, "You know you're wrong, right? It's too bad, right? Why did you go earlier!"

Dabao paused, took out the pen and paper again, and wrote a line of words: Only compete with like-minded people, not with fools.

The white-haired old man: "...!!"

After that, Dabao really ignored him.

The white-haired old man stabbed a few more words, and Dabao pretended not to hear him, and the cell suddenly fell silent.

The lamb fell asleep, not to mention, but the three of them are awake, but they haven't cried once since they were caught, which is very surprising.

So calm?

What have you experienced?

The three little eggs have a lot of experience. It was not the three little milk buns who would be scared to cry by thunderstorms. They have their own sisters, and now they are all brothers. Of course, they can't be afraid. Now, they still have to protect their sister!

The white-haired old man also seemed to remember the situation in the cave. The moment Shengluan flew out, the three little dumb hairs became calmer than when they first came in. That is to say, the more critical the environment, the more the three little dumb hairs became. More calm.



It wasn't because he was half-dead from their anger, the white-haired old man wanted to express his heartfelt admiration, what a few treasures, idiots.

The sound of guards patrolling was heard from time to time at the door of the cell. Dabao held the schoolbag with Yan Xiaosi in his arms, Erbao and Xiaobao sat on either side of him, and both leaned their little heads on his shoulders.

The guards are heavily guarded right now, so it's not a good time to escape.

San Xiaodan closed his eyes and fell asleep.

The white-haired old man took a weak breath, what time is it, and still in the mood to sleep? The heart is so big!

But after a second thought, how could such a small child survive after all the tossing for so long in the middle of the night?

This is the only place where the white-haired old people still believe that they are children. The children sleep a lot, and there is nothing wrong with them!

The white-haired old man is not so easy to fall asleep. First, he has to be alert to the movements around him. Although it is already fish on the chopping board, no one will easily accept his fate until the last moment, right?

Secondly, he was naturally digesting the doubts in his heart.

Something must have happened in the Holy Land.

But what would it be?

I don't know how long he thought about it, and he felt drowsy after thinking about it. At this moment, there was a wow wow wow sound from Dabao's schoolbag. It was very small.

The white-haired old man ignored it until Yan Xiaosi climbed out of his schoolbag.

She was wearing beautiful clothes, white and glowing in the dim dungeon.

The white-haired old man was about to fall asleep in a daze. Seeing this little lamb, he was still thinking, why is there a sheep in the prison...

Wait, sheep?

sheep? !

The white-haired old man suddenly woke up!

He looked at Yan Xiaosi and saw that Yan Xiaosi had already climbed to the door of the prison, holding the wooden board with both hands, as if he was about to go out.

The white-haired old man shook his head, don't be stupid, you little stupid sheep, you can't get out!

Think he hasn't tried it? As soon as he sat down, he broke it with his hands. This is not an ordinary wood at all, but a mysterious wood with added strength. Its hardness is not much weaker than the black iron in the market.

Even if he uses a big sword to cut it, it will take an unknown number of strokes to cut it off.

As a result, the wooden board shattered into powder in Yan Xiaosi's hands.

The white-haired old man: "..."

What is the swollen illusion that this is a weak and harmless little sheep?

After having a perverted brother and an iron-toothed brother, I actually once imagined that this girl was a weak and harmless girl, I was really stupid...

Yan Xiaosi crawled out.

The white-haired old man tried to catch him but didn't catch it. He wanted to wake up Dabao, but he suddenly thought that if Dabao woke up, he would definitely leave here with his younger brother and sister, but he didn't want to leave so soon. Since he came, he would If you want to investigate the inside of the Demon Race carefully, you may be able to get some useful information.

The thought flashed by, he closed his mouth, and followed Yan Xiaosi crept out.

When Yan Xiaosi climbed to the door of the prison, two guards from the Demon Race were talking.

The white-haired old man thought, "It's over, he's going to be caught before he goes out, but he sees Yan Xiaosi crawling between the two of them with his hands and feet on the ground.

The two were chatting and laughing, completely unaware of the little things at their feet.

The white-haired old man stared, is this okay? !

The white-haired old man also wanted to try it, and he also planned to climb over them. Just halfway through the climb, he suddenly noticed something was wrong. It seemed that there was some powerful murderous aura coming towards him.

He slowly raised his head, and saw the two demon guards who were still chatting and laughing just now, each carrying a large sword, looking at him intently.

The white-haired old man looked at them, and then at Yan Xiaosi who was climbing further and further, the corner of his mouth twitched——

Look at me and don't look at her, you are blind!!!

The white-haired old man was beaten and dragged back to the cell with two huge black eye circles.

"Broken the cell door!" A demon guard was furious and beat the white-haired old man again.

The white-haired old man is crazy.

It's not him!

If he has the ability, will he only open a "dog hole"?

You are also blind!

Yan Xiaosi threw the pot, and crawled up and down the corridor energetically.

"Huh? Look, there's a sheep there!"

The small garden in the distance, a patrolling guard pointed at Yan Xiaosi who was crawling non-stop.

His companion turned his head, but Yan Xiaosi had already turned around and went around to the other side of the corridor.

The companion didn't see it, so he turned to him and said, "Did you read it wrong? Where did we get the sheep from the magic palace? The wolf is almost the same!"

"Really! I just saw it! Such a small one, chubby, good..." The guard who patrolled like this gestured and wanted to say that he was cute, and when he spoke, he remembered that this is not what a demon guard should say. , hurriedly changed his mouth and said, "It seems that he was born not long ago."

The companion smiled lightly: "Maybe the ewes they caught gave birth, it's okay, such a small sheep, if it walks two laps, it may be slaughtered by whom, let's not worry about that, we will catch a few more tonight. A child, almost a hundred."

The patrolling guard said: "This is the last batch."

Companion said: "Well, when they are sent to Earth Demon Palace, the Demon Seed will be refined."

The patrolling guard folded his hands, palms facing inward, pressed his shoulders, looked at the bright moon above his head, and said sincerely: "With the devil, the devil will come to the world as scheduled."

Yan Xiaosi was stuffy in her schoolbag, so she finally got out to get some air. Naturally, she had to climb enough.

On the way, more than one guard of the demons saw her, but no one recognized that this was a baby of the human race, and they all regarded her as a little beautiful sheep.

No wonder they thought so, no human child would be so calm!

And that outfit is really small and beautiful, isn't it?

The little beautiful sheep climbed the high (gate) mountain (sill), crossed the big (fish) sea (pool), passed through the clump (flower) forest (garden), and came to a quiet courtyard.

She's exhausted (and not)!

"Hu~hu~hu~" She sat down, raised her chubby hand, and wiped the sweat that didn't exist.

The courtyard is unguarded, because there is a prohibition stronger than the guards here, and no master can pass through casually until—

Yan Xiaosi crawled in.

Yan Xiaosi climbed into a candlelit hall.

An exquisite cold jade coffin is placed in the center of the hall.

"Huh?" Yan Xiaosi looked up at the coffin.

The coffin was too high and the body was smooth, so she couldn't climb up.

She turned her head, climbed to a small stool, pressed her small head against the small stool, crawled up and down, and pushed the small stool to the front of the coffin.

She first climbed onto the stool, and then stepped on the stool to climb up the coffin.

The coffin had no lid, and inside was a boy who seemed to be asleep.

The teenager is not very old, about eleven years old, but he is dressed in blue clothes, with picturesque features and a beautiful face.

Yan Xiaosi clawed at the edge of the coffin with his hands, his small body was hanging on the coffin, his little fat legs were curled up, and he stared at the jade-like youth without blinking.

Yan Xiaosi's eyes are daring, and he sucks!

Who is this boy?

## Chapter 768 Nympho Yan Xiaosi!

Yan Xiaosi was drooling as he saw that, his calf kicked and beat on the coffin, and as a result, he accidentally glared somewhere, kicked himself up, and fell into the jade coffin with a thud.

Of course, she didn't fall in pain. After all, she had so much flesh on her body, and her clothes were so fluffy, mainly because the clothes were fluffy!

"Huh? Did you guys hear anything just now?"

Outside the ban, there was the voice of the demon guards talking.

"Looks like something fell on the ground?"

Another Demon guard said.

"Go, go in and see!"

These four demon guards were originally ordered to come here, holding the key to block and prohibition in their hands, and walked in unimpeded.

The four of them didn't go anywhere and went straight to the jade coffin in the hall.

At this time, Yan Xiaosi also heard the sound of conversation and footsteps, and instinctively told her that she had to hide herself, she twisted her little butt, grabbed the boy's sleeve, and covered her own little head.

Can't see me, can't see me, can't see me...

When the four demon guards came to the jade coffin, what they saw was a sleeping boy, and a... right, one?

A chubby lamb hides its head under the boy's sleeve, but its head is hidden, but its chubby body is still outside. The little tail that swayed and wobbled twice.

That little tail wagged, as if to say, you can't see me, huh huh huh...

Four demon guards: "..."

Of course, the demon guards didn't recognize this as a child, and really regarded him as a little sheep.

At the beginning, Yu Wan put a lot of thought into making this dress look like the real one. If she were to observe Yan Xiaosi crawling up close, she would naturally reveal her stuff, but if she hides it like a cat, who can say she's not a real little sheep?

Of course, if the demon guards picked up this little sheep, they would also find that the other party was fake, but no one paid attention to this sheep.

"It turned out to be it just now, so some thief broke in." A demon guard said carelessly.

Indeed, compared to the invasion of thieves, the existence of a little sheep is really nothing to fear.

It is no wonder that the guards of the demon race have such feelings. It is because of the tempering of the demon species, the demonic energy in this world has become more and more intense, attracting many attacks from the monks of the right way. Just a day ago, there was a mysterious The masters of Tianjing killed more than 30 guards of the demon race, and suffered heavy losses.



In the end, it was the Demon Domain Protector who shot and killed the expert of the Xuantian Realm.

But the matter did not end because of this. Before the master of the Xuantian realm fell, he let go of his own wisp of consciousness. No one knows how much information about the Demon Palace was carried in that ray of consciousness. Let more righteous monks in the Xuantian realm get it, and come prepared, that one may not be able to successfully refine the demon seed and welcome the demon master.

So, in contrast, there is just a soft, harmless little sheep, and no one will take it to heart.

"But, how did it get in?" said a demon guard.

"You forgot? The scope of the ban is very wide, including the back mountain. It may be that the back mountain came."

"Oh."

"Don't talk about this, the time is coming, carry people over."

"it is good!"

The four demon guards covered the coffin board, each with a corner, and lifted the jade coffin up.

This thousand-year-old jade coffin is extremely heavy, but it is nothing to the demon guards.

Yan Xiaosi was hiding under her sleeve, but suddenly she felt that the big box was covered by something, and it became pitch-black. She took her head out of her sleeve, blinked her big eyes, and looked around.

"Wow." She wondered.

"Eh? Did you hear anything? Did he wake up?" said a demon guard.

"Okay, don't make trouble, he was poisoned by the demons, how could he wake up? It's not far from death! It's that lamb!"

"Really?" The first demon guard scratched his head, "Why don't I feel like it?"

Yan Xiaosi pursed her lips.

The four demon guards carried the jade coffin into a dark hall in Earth Demon Palace, pulled the iron links that had been prepared and attached them to the four corners under the coffin, where there were iron rings that had been prepared.

"When the big formation opens, the altar will frantically extract the power of the Holy Lord from his body. Our realm is not enough. If we get too close, it will be purified by the power of the Holy Lord, so everyone should not approach the altar, you know? ?"

The demon guards headed by        reminded him.

The other three nodded: "Got it."

The demon guard headed by        said again: "Okay, now it's time to carry another jade coffin, come with me."

After the four of them talked, they decisively left the dark hall.

And as soon as their front feet left, someone in the jade coffin moved their back feet.

The boy suddenly opened his eyes and slid the coffin board away with the power of the Holy Master in his body.

Although this is a dark hall, it is also lit with candlesticks. The candlesticks flicker, and the shadows of the coffins sway gently on the ground.

The boy sat up from the coffin.

"Wow." Yan Xiaosi blinked and looked at him.

If Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao were here, they would have recognized the young man on the spot as Zhou Jin, who had been missing for many days, but Yan Xiaosi had never seen Zhou Jin, and Zhou Jin had never seen Yan Xiaosi after birth.

It was true that Zhou Jin went to Da Zhou to visit Yu Wan and Yan Xiaosi, but something happened to Yu Wan, Zhou Jin took the Wu clan army to kill the holy clan, finally ended the battle, and inexplicably came to a Weird place, and inexplicably became the Holy Lord in some people.

"Wow~" Yan Xiaosi tilted her little head with a cute face.

She dresses so cutely, and with this cute little expression, she is so cute and foul.

However, Zhou Jin is a very rational person.

He wasn't confused by a certain little cutie's head tilting, maybe it was this strange child who brought back a certain unforgettable past in him. Thinking of the three little black eggs like briquettes, Zhou Jin's expression became a little difficult to describe.

"Did you also get caught by them? They don't even spare such a young child?" Zhou Jin asked Yan Xiaosi.

"Wow~" Yan Xiaosi continued to be cute.

Zhou Jin looked around, remembered the conversation of a few demon guards just now, and understood that this place is safe for the time being, so he said to Yan Xiaosi: "You wait for me here, I'll come to you after I finish things, don't mess around. Move, don't scream, you know?"

In the end, he was worried, looked into Yan Xiaosi's eyes, and performed a little witchcraft on her to let her stay here obediently.

However, as soon as he got up, he found that the sleeve on his left was heavy.

He fixed his eyes and saw that Yan Xiaosi was sitting in his sleeve, looking at him cutely.

Zhou Jin: "..."

How did this get in?

No, your witchcraft has failed?

Zhou Jin took Yan Xiaosi out, and used witchcraft to look at her for a while, he clearly saw her eyes were crazy... No, drunk, he stood up again.

As a result, this time, Yan Xiaosi sat in his left sleeve again.

"You are a child, can you crawl so fast?"

And his sorcery, is it completely out of order? Could it be influenced by Earth Demon Palace?

Zhou Jin stopped using witchcraft and left people here, but just as he stepped out of the jade coffin with one foot, Yan Xiaosi climbed on his back.

He put Yan Xiaosi back in the coffin and took the other leg out. Just after taking a step, he found that Yan Xiaosi was hanging on his leg.

Zhou Jin: "..."

Zhou Jin took a deep breath, squeezed his small fist, picked up Yan Xiaosi, and said sternly: "I, really didn't go to play, don't follow me, it's dangerous, you know?"

Yan Xiaosi suddenly stopped moving, pursed her lips, her body tensed tightly, as if she was holding back something.

Zhou Jin felt that something was wrong, she realized something in a flash, and was about to put her down, but she was a step too late.

Yan Xiaosi urinated.

Yan Xiaosi felt relieved after urinating and closed her eyes intoxicated: "Wow~"

Zhou Jin looked at a large piece of wetness on his chest, and the whole person was not well!

But the other party is a child with no teeth, so he can't say anything!

He hurriedly put Yan Xiaosi aside, took out a set of clean clothes from the Qiankun bag, went around to the other side of the jade coffin, and looked back at the little guy on the ground: "Don't come here!"

Yan Xiaosi carried his small body with great integrity.

Zhou Jin began to undress.

Yan Xiaosi quietly turned his body around, and then saliva flowed...

"You...don't peek!" Zhou Jin turned his head and said.

Yan Xiaosi covered her eyes with her small hands.

Zhou Jin frowned and continued to turn his head. He had already taken it off, and the next step was to wash and change his clothes.

The sound of water fell with a rush.

Yan Xiaosi's little fingers quietly opened two small gaps...

When Zhou Jin came over after changing his clothes, Yan Xiaosi was already lying on the floor with his back on his back...and passed out gorgeously, with a drop of saliva hanging from his mouth.

Her clothes were also wet, and such a small child was easily frozen. Zhou Jin thought about it, and took a piece of his own clothes from the Qiankun bag, took off her little sheep's clothes, and wrapped her in his own clothes. .

She fell asleep at the moment, and it was a good time to leave her here, but Zhou Jin always felt that with this little guy's urination, once he woke up, he would definitely be rambling, and maybe people would find out. .

He sighed helplessly, took out a piece of cotton cloth and tied Yan Xiaosi in his arms.

Fortunately, he was quite honest when he fell asleep.

Zhou Jin thought.

Zhou Jin breathed a sigh of relief, but Yan Xiaosi, who was in a daze, started looking for milk.

Her little head tilted, biting Zhou Jin's little chest.

Zhou Jin instantly: "...!!!"

Chapter 769 Zhou Jin pets the little four!

On the other hand, after the white-haired old man was dragged back to the cage and beaten, he began to sit in the corner in a daze.

He really couldn't understand how he was reduced to such a situation step by step?

It was agreed at the beginning, waiting for the destined person at the entrance, and bringing the destined person back to the Holy Land can atone for his sins. In other words, he did not commit any unforgivable sins, right? Isn't it just flickering a little...cough, people who shouldn't fudge?

As for torturing him in this way?

If I knew this earlier, I might as well go to the water prison and be a prisoner for three hundred years!

He felt the malice from the grandfather, and the grandfather pitted him, so he didn't want it!

He will not say that he will return to the Holy Land with his fate, even if the sun will be seen tomorrow.

The white-haired old man sighed and wanted to accept his fate, but he was a little unwilling.

He looked at the sleeping Dabao and wondered if he should go and find that little girl back? After all, the three little fools care about her so much, will they get out of hand when they learn that she is gone?

As for how out of control it is, the white-haired old man is not sure, and he can guess if it is an ordinary child, these three, come on! It's them that are harder to guess than women!

The prison door has been repaired.

The white-haired old man had a long knife in his hand, but the movement of his long knife was too great. He silently glanced at the dagger on Dabao's waist. He had seen the dagger's power when he was hunting the demon vine earlier. Should be no problem.

The white-haired old man quietly touched Dabao's dagger and cut it lightly on the door of the prison. Sure enough, the board was cut open by him like a piece of paper.

The white-haired old man was stunned by the sharpness of the dagger. In other words, is it really okay for a four-year-old child to carry such a sharp dagger with you? Whose parents have such a big heart?

Is this something a child can play with?

However, the white-haired old man had to admit that if it wasn't for this dagger, they would have been more fortunate when they encountered the demon vine.

Besides, he didn't see these three little fools messing around with daggers. They were stubborn and stubborn, but they had their own measure.

So that doubt came to mind again, who is this special child? A little too strong, okay?

The white-haired old man used a dagger to cut a hole that he could get through. He was about to withdraw his hand when suddenly he felt a chill on his back. He subconsciously turned his head and saw Dabao holding an empty schoolbag and looking at him with a cold face. he.

The white-haired old man looked at the dagger in his hand, and then at Dabao: "I said...I'm going to find your sister, do you believe it?"

Dabao coldly whispered a phoenix language, Shengluan flew in, and slammed the white-haired old man with huge wings.



The white-haired old man is about to despair!

He really went to find that little girl, why didn't he believe him? Did he have a fooling face? !

The reason why Shengluan was able to fly in was because the demon guards at the door did not know where to go, and the reason why Dabao knew this was because he had just seen the scene outside through Shengluan's eyes in his sleep.

He thought he was dreaming at first, but he just tried it and found it was true.

It's amazing and incredible, Dabao doesn't even understand how it all happened, but it's not a bad feeling.

When Shengluan beat up the white-haired old man, Dabao also woke up his two younger brothers.

Shengluan came out of the dungeon with three little eggs on his back.

The white-haired old man limped behind him, he was about to cry without tears.

There were actually other people in the cell, but no one said a word. They had seen many people escape from here, but without exception, they were captured by the guards of the Demon Race. The fate after they were captured was terrible, and even because of them, the bystanders were so frightened that they no longer had the intention of running away.

Of course, they didn't report it, and there was no reward for it; they didn't say anything to discourage them, they had to be ignorant, or they would end up worse than they are now.

In the dark, everyone watched them walk out of the cell indifferently, and no one believed that they really could escape.

...

A hundred meters away from the dungeon, Zhou Jin took Yan Xiaosi out.

When Yan Xiaosi bit him, he was still in pain.

Yan Xiaosi, who is eight months old, has already grown two small teeth. It is no wonder that Zhou Jin is petite and frail. It was really painful just now.

But she probably came here because she was drowsy, and she was very gentle after that.

The reason for being gentle is because she was still looking for food in his arms, sucking and licking. Zhou Jin always felt that if things went on like this, there might be something wrong with his approach. He put his index finger in her mouth.

She sucked and slept soundly.

Zhou Jin carefully took out his fingertips, and after a while, he was soaked with sweat.

Is it so difficult to bring children?

The four little guys in Sister Wan's family, Sister Wan worked so hard!

Zhou Jin was caught halfway by this group of demons, and he was also caught with his servant. He wanted to leave with the servant. As for the destruction of the demon stronghold and the rescue of the people from the fire, he was not so conceited that I think I can do it alone.

The appearance of the little guy was purely accidental. She was too young to be able to go out while carrying her on her back, which did not affect her escape plan, so Zhou Jin felt that she could take her with her, but Zhou Jin did not think that she would always hold her like that.

His original plan was to save the servant first, let the servant take her, and they left together.

Zhou Jin looked at Yan Xiaosi in his arms and sighed helplessly.

Zhou Jin didn't know where the servants were locked up. It was probably in a prison cell, or in an abandoned courtyard. Just as he was groping forward, four demon guards suddenly walked towards him, carrying another pair of guards in their hands. Jade coffin.

Zhou Jin probably guessed that they were the demon guards who had just carried themselves to the demon altar.

He heard them mention that he was going to carry another jade coffin, but he didn't know who was in this jade coffin, alive or dead, and where did he get it?

"Ouch." One of the demon guards accidentally stepped on a wooden stick, and the sole of his foot slipped, almost knocking over the jade coffin.

"What are you doing?" The headed demon guard turned around, frowned at him and said, "Be careful, don't break the jade coffin! I finally found an inner elixir of holy demons, if you break it, you have ten lives that are not enough to pay!"

"Understood." The demon guard said embarrassingly.

Holy and Demon Fusion? Naidan?

Zhou Jin wouldn't think that such a big coffin only contained an inner alchemy, and the only possibility was that the person lying in it had an inner alchemy combined with holy and demon?

He just came to this world not long ago, and he has only heard of many things, and even more things have not been heard, such as... the combination of saints and demons, but he understands the inner alchemy, this kind of thing must be taken alive, otherwise would have no effect, so it seems that the person in the coffin should be alive.

In fact, until now, Zhou Jin still didn't quite understand what the demons and demon masters were in the population of this group of demons, and he didn't understand what happened to the power of the

Holy Master that suddenly appeared in his body. On the way to understanding, he was caught by the demons.

Could the one in the jade coffin know more than him?

Will he ask the whereabouts of the captured servants from his mouth?

Instead of searching aimlessly, Zhou Jin felt that it would be better to try his luck with the person in the jade coffin first.

Anyway, they were all captured by the demons, and they all have a common enemy. The enemy of the enemy is a friend. Even if they can't be friends, they can at least become temporary allies.

The thought of flashed, and Zhou Jin quietly followed the four of them.

When the four of them came to the other entrance of the dark hall, the demon guard led by them took out a key and shook it in the air. Zhou Jin saw a restriction in the air, the restriction was wide open, and the four were carrying it. The coffin went in.

Then the prohibition disappears, or rather, invisibility.

Zhou Jin was lying in the jade coffin before, and he didn't see the existence of the ban, but just now, he clearly saw the entire Earth Demon Palace, and even the back mountain was shrouded in this wave-like ban, in other words, the dark hall where he was. There are also restrictions, but I don't know why, I just got out of the key without any obstacles.

"If you can come out, you should be able to go in as well?"

Zhou Jin silently waited for the four to put the jade coffin out, confirming that the four had gone far, he carried Yan Xiaosi and successfully passed the restriction.

Zhou Jin was a little puzzled, why the ban didn't work for him? If it doesn't work, what's the point of setting this ban?

Who is in the other jade coffin, can you guess?

Chapter 770 Meet the Little Rakshasa Again

"Wow~" Yan Xiaosi murmured sweetly, not knowing what she was dreaming in her sleep.

Zhou Jin hurriedly covered her small mouth, lest any demon guard passing by might hear it.

Yan Xiaosi's small mouth pouted, soft like a cloud, touching Zhou Jin's palm.

An itchy warmth came from the palm of his hand, Zhou Jin blinked, pulled his hand back, and looked down at the little guy for a while.

Aside from the little guy being too clingy and \*\*\*\* him, she is actually... pretty, with a white and tender face, delicate eyebrows and eyes, soft hair, black and shiny, and a small fist pressed against her chin. , a pensive look, strangely cute.

"What am I thinking? Shouldn't we hurry to save people at this time?"

Zhou Jin came back to his senses, patted his head, and stepped into the dark hall here.

Zhou Jin originally thought that the coffins that escorted them should be placed in the same place. However, this was not the case. Zhou Jin's jade coffin was placed in a large formation. From the guards of the demon race, he learned that the formation was called offering sacrifices to demons. There is a stage, so it is not surprising that there should also be a sacrifice platform here.

But the altar in front of him is much bigger than the altar at his place, and there are still several steps to go up.

And this jade coffin does not have iron rings at the four corners, but uses all eight corners, and each iron ring is tied with an iron chain.

Intuition tells Zhou Jin that the identity of the person locked in the jade coffin is not simple.

He wasn't sure if the other party was awake for a while, so he had to take a look first.

He walked up the steps slowly, and opened the lid of the jade coffin with the power of the Holy Master. Surprisingly, the jade coffin turned out to be empty!

Was the guard of the Demon Race carrying an empty coffin, or—

Before analyzing the answer, Zhou Jin felt a terrifying murderous aura coming from behind him, and the murderous aura was still wrapped in a thick \*\*\*\* aura. Zhou Jin's heart suddenly rang a big alarm, he turned around, and hugged his arms with one hand. The baby, the other hand hit a powerful Holy Master power.

The power of the Holy Lord condensed into a shield in mid-air, trying to block the opponent's attack.

Zhou Jin is an eleven-year-old boy after all. Although he has dealt with Soul Rakshasa and led Wu Rakshasa to attack the Holy Clan, he is not fond of killing people and bloodletting, so he does not instinctively use his ultimate move.

However, with the power of the opponent he perceives, the power of his own Holy Master should be able to block it.

But what he never expected was that the little black shadow that was so hard to catch suddenly bypassed his shield. He had no idea how the other party did it!

He used the power of the Holy Master to condense a barrier again, but the little black shadow actually slammed through his power of the Holy Master.

This, this is such a deadly play?

The top of the opponent's head seemed to be slightly injured when he broke through the power of the Holy Lord, and two drops of blood were dripped on the ground, but the opponent did not show any signs of being timid or stopping the attack.

The little black shadow was so fierce that Zhou Jin felt the endless killing intent on the other side.

In terms of strength, Zhou Jin is not necessarily inferior to the opponent, but the difference is that Zhou Jin is a rational and calm person. It was the strength he couldn't defeat, and he had to bite off a piece of flesh from the opponent before he died.

Meeting such an opponent, Zhou Jin undoubtedly had a headache.

Zhou Jin hugged Yan Xiaosi and jumped to the other side of the jade coffin, the little black shadow smashed the jade coffin with a fist, and the jade coffin cracked with a bang!

This is a thousand-year-old jade, otherwise why would you use it to close Zhou Jin? It is so hard that even the power of the Holy Lord is difficult to destroy.

Zhou Jin has a toothache.

This little black shadow is the person in the coffin, right? You are an allied army, why do you shout and kill when you meet?

"Hey! Stop it!" Zhou Jin raised his hand and made a stop gesture, "I'm not with them, I was caught by them just like you!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the little black shadow really stopped attacking him.

At this time, Zhou Jin realized that the other party turned out to be a child of about three years old, and he was immediately stunned.

Such a thick blood evil spirit is a blood rakshasa, right? How can there be such a small blood rakshasa in the world?

"Who trespassed on the Demon Race?!"

Outside the dark hall, the roar of the demon guards suddenly sounded, and it was the four demon guards who heard the sound of fighting in the hall and turned back in unison.

As soon as they stepped into the dark hall, the little Rakshasa was like a small cannon barrel and slammed into them mercilessly. This was not to knock people out, but to smash their internal organs, fracture their muscles and bones, and lose their breath on the spot. Die!

Zhou Jin was startled, this is the killer move of the little Rakshasa. Compared with this level of murderousness, Zhou Jin began to suspect that this little guy was not fighting with himself, but greeting himself.

It was just like this that Zhou Jin finally understood that the little Rakshasa had just stopped, not because he heard his explanation, but because he had an enemy he wanted to kill more.

The first demon guard didn't even have a chance to make a move, so he was killed by the little Rakshasa, and the other three were stupid.

When they brought back this little evil creature, they still sneered a little, such a small holy devil combined? real or fake? Don't be mistaken by the law protectors, and at this moment, they can be regarded as completely trusting the decision of the law protectors.

However, probably even the protector underestimated the opponent's strength.

"Didn't he give him medicine? How did he wake up so quickly?"



Zhou Jin was blocked by the jade coffin, and several people didn't notice him for a while.

Zhou Jin couldn't help but wonder when he heard the words of the guards of the demon race. He was actually injected with medicine, but he swallowed the anti-toxic pill in advance, so the effect of the medicine was useless to him, but the anti-toxic pill was from the Holy Sect. He is extremely sure that this little guy has never eaten the unique medicine pill, so, has he been able to withstand the effect of the medicine completely by his own ability?

"You two keep it here, I'll inform the Dharma protector!" The demon guards headed around turned and left, but unfortunately, Little Rakshasa didn't give him a chance to leave.

All four demon guards died in the hands of the little Rakshasa.

Zhou Jin noticed that when Little Rakshasa was dealing with the other three, he made a forbearance and grinding his teeth. Zhou Jin felt that it was probably trying to \*\*\*\* the blood of the three people. After all, this is the nature of this evil, but I don't know. Why, it held back stubbornly.

It snapped their necks.

Zhou Jin took a deep breath, if he had known that the coffin contained a small evil thing, he would not have come to the muddy waters.

It seems too late to leave now.

This kind of evil is inhuman, it will kill all the creatures it sees, especially the human race.

As expected, the little Rakshasa turned around and looked at Zhou Jin with cold eyes.

Zhou Jin didn't plan to hold back any longer. He took off the burden on him, put Yan Xiaosi into the jade coffin first, and closed the coffin board with the power of the Holy Master.

This coffin is still hard, as long as it draws the fire away, it can withstand the energy fluctuations when the two of them are fighting.

Zhou Jin looked coldly at the little evil creature in front of him, opened his arms, and quickly activated the power of the Holy Master in his body.

Little Rakshasa also felt the murderous aura from Zhou Jin. He looked at Zhou Jin fiercely, turned around, and slammed into Zhou Jin fiercely!

Zhou Jin's Holy Master's power burst out!

Zhou Jin understands that this move is the ultimate move, either you die or I live.

However, just when his holy master's power was about to meet the little Rakshasa, Yan Xiaosi's dreaming sound suddenly came from the coffin: "Wow woo woo~"

Something incredible happened.

Zhou Jin saw that the little evil creature who was about to talk about a small fist and was about to die with him suddenly stopped his hand.

No, it doesn't count as stopping, but...stopping.

This is... not fighting?

"Hey, you..."

Zhou Jin's power of the Holy Master had already been cast out, and it was too late to take it back. The power of the Holy Master directly hit the dazed little Rakshasa, and the little Rakshasa was blown away and fell into a icy cold. On the floor, it took a dozen laps to hit the pillar and stopped.

Little Rakshasa was injured.

However, he stood up tenaciously, as if he didn't know the pain, strode on his bleeding legs, rushed towards the coffin, knocked off the coffin board with his small body, and jumped into the coffin.

Zhou Jin's eyes moved, and he used the power of the Holy Master to transform a blade, swept across the sky.

His blade was raised high, but what did he see?

The little evil creature covered in blood sat cross-legged in the coffin and embraced the sleeping Yan Xiaosi in his arms.

It was held carefully, the blood and evil spirit of its body faded, and there was a little expression similar to love on its cruel little face.