

Toddler 841

Chapter 841 Old Ancestor Sikong, Hungry Little Gu

Yan Jiuchao was accompanying three little black eggs in his room. The little black eggs had just taken a shower and were not wearing their clothes properly. They were running around the room naked.

Yan Jiuchao carried them one in each hand to the stool.

“Sit properly,” he said angrily.

With that, he took a few small clothes and began to carefully put them on his sons. Even though he had become a Ghost King, some things were still imprinted into his instincts. For example, he doted on Yu Wan, or he took care of the little black eggs.

While Stinky Daddy was putting on Dabao’s clothes, Xiaobao stretched out a little foot and slowly tapped the ground. He slid down the stool and glanced at Stinky Daddy. Seeing that Stinky Daddy was not paying attention to him, he ran towards the door!

He stepped out with one short leg. Just as he was about to step out with the other, a powerful internal energy sucked him back and he was firmly grabbed in his stinky father’s hand.

Yan Jiuchao grabbed the clothes on Yan Xiaobao’s back as if he was holding a little baby.

Xiaobao sighed helplessly and lowered his head, giving up resisting.

Yan Jiuchao placed Xiaobao on the stool and began to put on Er’bao’s clothes.

Xiaobao fled again. In the end, he was naturally caught by Yan Jiuchao again.

Daddy was really not cute!

The three little black eggs put on their clothes, held hands, and jumped to look for their mother.

When Shadow Thirteen entered the room, Yan Jiuchao was flipping through a few books that he had taken out from the Sikong family's library. Although this identity seemed ridiculous, it had actually given the two of them a lot of convenience. For example, these few Asura secret manuals that even the Ghost Clan could not find.

Their Asura was the most talented Asura. However, if there were no martial arts manuals suitable for him, he would be like an unpolished jade that could not be carved, and it would be difficult for him to unleash his greatest strength.

"Young Master." Shadow Thirteen bowed. "What are you looking at?"

Yan Jiuchao closed the book and handed it to him. "Give it to Grandma."

"Yes." Shadow Thirteen brought the secret manual over.

"What's the matter?" Yan Jiuchao asked when he saw that he had not left.

Shadow Thirteen told him about Ancestor Sikong and Saintess Lan Yi. "... Consort Yun's father might not be a member of the Shen family, but the ancestor of the Sikong family. I'm worried that the Saintess will also discover this secret and pretend to be Young Madam to enter the Nether Mountain to acknowledge her family."

Acknowledging it was a small matter. They were afraid that after she did, she would use Ancestor Sikong to deal with them. With her current face, the chances of her getting away with it were really not small.

The three little black eggs could recognize Yu Wan because Yu Wan did not change at all in terms of her figure and posture. Even if it was just her back view, they could still recognize her.

That might not be the case for Ancestor Sikong.

Yan Jiuchao tapped his fingertips on the table. "Prepare the carriage."

The moon was bright and the stars were sparse. The Nether Mountain was silent.

With Huazhi's help, the Saintess successfully entered the Sikong Manor and arrived at the foot of the Nether Mountain through the secret passageway.

Huazhi bowed and said nervously, "Saintess, I'll send you here. You have to be careful. If there's anything wrong, don't fight and leave as soon as possible."

Continue fighting? Who had the guts to fight with Ancestor Sikong? Even the combined strength of that group of people was not enough in front of the Ancestor. As this thought flashed through her mind, the Saintess raised her hand indifferently. "You can leave. He doesn't like outsiders disturbing him."

"Yes." Huazhi tactfully left.

The Saintess originally had the qualifications to enter the Nether Mountain, but this was the first time she was walking through a secret passageway. She looked around and found the direction of the Chaoyang Hall before walking over.

In order to better act as that girl, she had gained a lot of weight and had stuffed a few more pieces of clothes into her clothes. She did look a little chubby. That girl did not grow up by the Ancestor's side. The Ancestor did not know her body and aura well. The only evidence was this face that was quite similar to Saintess Lan Yi.

The Saintess was not worried about the aura of a saintess. Who asked that girl to also have a Saintess in her stomach? To a certain extent, their auras were enough to pass off as real.

As long as she did not expose the martial arts of the Holy Temple, the ancestor would not discover her flaws.

Of course, there was still a possibility of being seen through. Then what awaited her would be an extremely cruel ending. However, at this point, she had no way out. Moreover, she was never a timid person. The greater the risk, the greater the benefits. She knew the rules of the bet better than anyone.

The Saintess continued to walk towards the Chaoyang Hall.

Just as she reached a banyan tree, she heard familiar footsteps. She hurriedly flashed behind the banyan tree and composed herself. She stuck her head out and saw Sikong Changfeng strolling over with a lantern. He was dressed in white and looked handsome in the night.

The Saintess suddenly thought of what the two of them looked like when they were young. Compared to that idiot Sikong Yun, Sikong Changfeng was much more gentlemanly. He always took good care of her, was considerate and meticulous. Unfortunately, she was born heartless and had ambitions. Sikong Changfeng was too kind and honest and was not easy to control.

“Aye!”

Sikong Changfeng’s cry interrupted the Saintess’s thoughts.

The Saintess looked at Sikong Changfeng.

At this time, Sikong Changfeng shouldn’t have appeared in the Nether Mountain, but who asked Little Flower to be hungry?

The Nether Mountain’s Gu Kings were everywhere, and every one of them was of a high level. They were all raised by Sikong Changfeng for the Ten Thousand Gu King. Ever since Little Gu came, they had become food for Little Gu.

Of course, Little Gu was only a young Gu and was not a match for this group of old Thousand Gu Kings. However, with the Ten Thousand Gu King overseeing it, the Thousand Gu Kings did not dare to disobey its pressure. They could only obediently let Little Gu that was borrowing its might eat their companions one by one.

After Little Gu ate and drank its fill, its improvement became very fast.

Sikong Changfeng still remembered that when he entered the Nether Mountain, Little Flower could not even defeat a Gu King here, but now, it could defeat several of them.

Every time it killed one, it would show it off in front of the Ten Thousand Gu King. The Ten Thousand Gu King was in meditation and did not even bother to look at it.

Little Gu smugly sucked away the Thousand Gu King in front of the Ten Thousand Gu King!

Sikong Changfeng said, "Alright, Little Flower, that's all for today. We'll come back tomorrow."

Sikong Changfeng was worried that it would have too much nourishment if it ate more after eating a few.

Little Gu smacked its lips and jumped onto the Ten Thousand Gu King's body. Its little claws collapsed and it lay on its stomach without moving.

Sikong Changfeng put the two Gu Kings into the jade bottle and turned to return to the secret passageway in the Sikong Manor. Suddenly, his eyes turned cold. "Who is it?!"

The Saintess's eyebrows twitched!

"Eldest Young Master, it's me. You left something in the Chaoyang Hall during the day. I was just about to send it to you." A young disciple of the Chaoyang Hall walked over with a jade bone folding fan.

Sikong Changfeng dissipated his vigilance and said gently, "Thank you."

The disciple cupped his hands and said, "You're welcome. It's getting late. I'll go back and serve the ancestor first. Eldest Young Master, farewell."

“Farewell.” Sikong Changfeng walked over to the other side of the banyan tree with the jade bottle and folding fan.

It was not until he completely disappeared into the night that the Saintess heaved a sigh of relief.

However, before she could finish heaving a sigh of relief, the Saintess suddenly felt a suffocating pressure, as if a heavy mountain had pressed down! The clouds in the sky rolled over in a black mass, covering the stars and the moon. The surroundings became dim, the leaves rustled, the birds fluttered, and the Gu worms cowered!

The Saintess did not even have time to react before she felt a pain in her chest. Her meridians were reversed, and blood flowed out of her seven orifices.

In order not to expose her strength, the Saintess had taken a short-acting Cultivation Transformation Powder before she came. She did not have any strength now and could not withstand this destructive aura at all.

Her knees bent and she knelt on the ground with a thud. She covered her chest that was about to explode with one hand and held onto the ground with the other.

Crack!

Her ribs broke.

She had long expected the ancestor to be powerful, but she did not expect him to be so terrifying. She felt that she was going to die in this pressure in the next second. She used all her strength to lift her head and tremble as she took out the portrait in her arms.

With such a simple action, the bones in her hand broke. She broke out in cold sweat from the pain and squeezed out a few words through gritted teeth. “...Ancestor... I’m... Lan Yi’s...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she couldn’t take it anymore and fainted!

The strong smell of blood spread under the banyan tree, and the surroundings fell into a deathly silence. A tall shadow walked over. His sharp eyes moved, and the portrait flew up and slowly spread out in midair.

The tall shadow looked at the portrait in midair in a daze. After a while, he said in an old voice, "Lan Yi..."

Chapter 842 Acknowledgment

The Saintess was woken up by a nightmare. She dreamed that she had been exposed by Ancestor Sikong. The Ancestor grabbed her throat and a dagger stabbed her heart. She exclaimed and suddenly sat up!

She was born a Saintess and had received extraordinary training. She had long developed a calm personality, but she was still so frightened by a nightmare that she broke out in cold sweat. It could be seen how terrifying the Old Ancestor's strength last night had left a scar in her heart.

However, soon, the Saintess realized that she was in an unfamiliar room. Golden morning light shone through the window and shone on the tables and chairs that emitted a strong ancient aura.

The furnishings in the room were not complicated, but they were all made of high-grade golden silk wood. It was rumored that this wood was immortal for a thousand years. Therefore, even though it was the style from many years ago, it did not look dilapidated at a glance.

There was clearly no one in the room, but the Saintess had the illusion that she did not dare to be rash.

"Where am I?" The Saintess murmured. As soon as he finished speaking, there was a knock on the door.

Right on the heels of that, a young disciple asked, "Miss, are you awake?"

A trace of vigilance appeared in the Saintess' eyes. "I'm awake."

“Then I’ll bring the ginseng soup in for you.” With that, the junior disciple quietly waited for the Saintess’s instructions outside the door.

The Saintess’ eyes flashed, and she put down the curtain. “Okay.”

Creak—

The door was pushed open.

The young disciple walked in with a bowl of steaming ginseng soup. The room immediately filled with an alluring fragrance.

The young disciple placed the ginseng soup on the table and said without looking sideways, “Miss, drink some ginseng soup first. This soup is made from our Nether Mountain’s bamboo chicken and snow ginseng. It’s nourishing and tastes good. You can’t drink it outside!”

The Saintess touched the curtain and was about to pull it open when she paused and retracted her hand. She asked through the curtain, “You said just now... this is the Nether Mountain? May I ask where this is?”

“Chaoyang Hall!” The young disciple said.

The Saintess’s pupils constricted!

Chaoyang Hall, Old Ancestor Sikong’s territory. She actually came here by accident?

No, it wasn’t a coincidence. She vaguely remembered that she was seriously injured by Ancestor Sikong’s pressure. Before she could say her “background”, her vision darkened and she fainted.

Why was she in the Chaoyang Hall the moment she woke up? From this young disciple’s tone, he seemed to be very respectful to her. Could it be that... Ancestor Sikong had seen the portrait of Saintess Lan Yi and had already guessed that she was the descendant of Saintess Lan Yi?

In order to confirm her guess, the Saintess slowly lifted the curtain and looked at the little disciple standing by the table. She said softly, "Who brought me here?"

"It's the ancestor," the young disciple said.

At the mention of the ancestor, the young disciple's expression became even more respectful than before. At the same time, an uncontrollable trace of doubt appeared on his face.

The Saintess understood what he was puzzled about. The Old Ancestor had never allowed outsiders to enter the mountain, but now he had brought a girl back and even asked someone to serve her well. Everyone here was probably stunned, right?

The Saintess did not care if they were stunned. It was enough as long as the Ancestor recognized her.

The young disciple was indeed not lying to her. The taste of this bamboo chicken ginseng soup was extremely delicious. It had nothing to do with cooking skills, but with the taste of the snow ginseng mixed with the bamboo chicken itself. After a few bites, the Saintess felt her entire body warm up.

Then, she remembered that many of the bones in her body had broken, but there was no pain at all.

"Who treated my injuries?" She asked the young disciple beside her.

The disciple thought for a while and said, "It should be the Ancestor, right? We've never treated Miss's injuries."

This time, the Saintess was almost certain that the Ancestor had acknowledged her. She originally thought that she would die, but she did not expect... to survive this crisis.

The Saintess suppressed the corners of her lips that were curled up in smugness and drank a few more mouthfuls of ginseng soup. Then, she quietly sized up the young disciple who was looking down. "What's your name? How old are you this year?"

The young disciple replied, "My name is Jinghong. I'm fourteen this year."

The Saintess squeezed out a gentle and harmless tone. "Then can I... call you Jinghong in the future?"

Jinghong scratched his head and smiled foolishly. "Okay."

"How long have you been in the Nether Mountains?" The Saintess asked.

The young disciple replied, "Five years."

Five years. In that case, he was very familiar with the ancestor.

The Saintess stirred the ginseng soup in her bowl with her spoon and did not continue to ask about the ancestor. Although she did not think that this young disciple would hide it from her, more haste less speed. In order not to expose herself, she had to take her time.

The Saintess did not eat meat or fish. No matter how delicious the chicken soup was, after a few more bites, she felt her stomach churning. However, in order not to let anyone see through her, she braced herself and finished the bowl of chicken soup.

The young disciple was very obedient and quietly guarded at the side. When she asked, he would answer and never took the initiative to ask her.

The Saintess teased, "Aren't you curious about who I am?"

The disciple scratched his head and smiled awkwardly. They were definitely curious, but they did not have the guts to ask about the ancestor.

The Saintess was even more certain that she had cozy up to the right person. With the Ancestor backing her, was there a need to be afraid that she could not deal with a mere "Saintess" and the "Second Young Master" of the Sikong family? Even the current Master Sikong had to obediently call the Ancestor Uncle!

The young disciple said, "Miss, do you have any other instructions? If not, I'll go to the kitchen to see if breakfast is ready."

The Saintess' consciousness returned and she shook her head politely at him. "No, you can go."

"Aye!" The disciple picked up the bowl and was about to leave when he was stopped by the Saintess.

The Saintess asked softly, "Jinghong, do you know where the Ancestor is?"

The disciple turned around and said, "He's practicing martial arts. Miss, if you feel that the room is stuffy, you can go to the garden to take a walk. However, don't leave this courtyard. There are many Gu worms in the Nether Mountain. Miss, you don't know martial arts. I'm afraid you'll be bitten by Gu worms."

"Thank you." The Saintess nodded amiably. After the young disciple left, she stood up and strolled around the courtyard.

Naturally, she would not obediently listen to her young disciple. She did not stroll around for long before leaving the courtyard as if she had accidentally done so.

The Chaoyang Hall was very big. She casually picked a direction and mustered her courage to stroll around.

This was the ancestor's territory. She did not believe that he would not notice that she was injured in his territory. She wanted to see how important his great-great-granddaughter was to the ancestor.

As she thought, the Saintess walked towards the Gu Garden that was filled with danger. This place raised the lowest-grade Gu worms, but it was also a place filled with insects and snakes. She carefully walked in and suddenly, a huge poisonous snake flew towards her.

"Ah—" She screamed and fell to the ground.

The heavy damage she imagined did not come. The moment the poisonous snake bit her, it was shaken away by an invisible force. Then, the surrounding insects and snakes seemed to feel a fatal threat and fled back to their nests.

The Saintess slowly removed the sleeve that was covering her eyes and looked at the man who had landed in front of her.

It was a burly expert in black. His white hair was as white as snow and his aura was powerful. However, it was also because he was too powerful that no one dared to look at his face.

The Saintess's gaze went up and landed on his tightly tied collar. She did not dare to go up again. She looked away and timidly looked at the small hill beside her. She was like a little girl who was frightened and could not speak. She did not ask who he was or thank him. She only shrank back, coincidentally revealing her sprained foot from the fall.

Sikong Ye glanced at her swollen ankle, bent down, and stretched out his arms to her. The Saintess' body trembled in fear. His hand paused, as if he was hesitating.

The Saintess bit her lip and leaned towards him.

Sikong Ye carried her up lovingly.

The Saintess felt his love for her and her hanging heart gradually calmed down. She obediently leaned into his arms and let him carry her back to the Chaoyang Hall.

"What is your name?" Sikong Ye asked.

"L-Lan Yu," she whispered. That girl seemed to be called this name. Who cared if it was true or not, she would use it first!

"Who is Lan Yi to you?" Sikong Ye asked again.

“Great-grandmother,” said the Saintess.

Sikong Ye stopped in his tracks.

The Saintess blinked. At this point, she was naturally not worried that the Ancestor would suspect her, so she mustered her courage and asked, “Are... are you my great-grandfather? Before my great-grandmother died, she asked me to come to the Nether Capital to look for you. I... I don’t know if I found the right person.”

Sikong Ye did not answer her question directly. Instead, he said, “What’s wrong with your injuries?”

The Saintess would not think that he was referring to the injuries caused by his pressure last night. A few days ago, when she fought with Yan Jiuchao, she had suffered a lot, and there were still old injuries that had yet to heal. When the Ancestor healed her, he must have sensed it and simply treated her injuries.

“Someone hit me,” she whispered.

“Who is it?” Sikong Ye’s body emitted a strong killing intent.

The Saintess pursed her lips and lowered her head. “Saintess.”

Chapter 843 Fat Wan and the Ancestor, Doting on His Grandchildren

The Saintess was an envoy from the heavens and was a very transcendent existence in the entire Nether Capital. However, with Sikong Ye’s strength, he did not take the envoy that others chased after seriously.

When he heard that the person who hurt his little great-granddaughter was the Saintess of the Nether Capital, Sikong Ye did not even lift his eyelids and let out a disdainful snort.

The Saintess naturally understood where this snort came from. It was none other than the Saintess that everyone was afraid of. In the eyes of the Ancestor, she was like an ant that could be pinched to death with one hand. Otherwise, why did she never barge into the Nether Mountain despite having the qualifications to enter? Why did she always restrain herself and stay in her Holy Temple? Did she really think that she was lazy and could not walk?

“Why did she hit you?” Sikong Ye asked coldly.

The Saintess said, “Her mother snatched my things. I went to ask for them, but she injured me.”

This matter was not made up by the Saintess. After all, when Yu Wan first entered the Nether Capital, Lan Jiao had indeed snatched a Gu King away. Yu Wan had indeed gone to ask for it. She was indeed injured that night.

The only difference was that when she was injured, she was the Saintess, but now she had become “Lan Yu”. However, the ancestor would not know this. The ancestor would only know that she had been injured by that brat.

Sikong Ye frowned and said, “Don’t you even have a guard? How can that kind of dilettantish injure you with just middling?”

After all, she was an expert ranked in the top five of the Nether Capital. However, this ancestor actually said that she was a dilettantish. The Saintess took a deep breath and suppressed the urge to vomit blood. She said in a low voice, “My family is poor and can’t afford guards. I still borrowed money from the villagers to come to the Nether Capital.”

Only by living a wandering life among the commoners could this ancestor dote on her more, right? As expected, after hearing the Saintess’s words, Sikong Ye hugged her arm even tighter. “Who else is in the family?”

“That’s all. I’m the only one left,” The Saintess choked out.

Sikong Ye carried the Saintess back to the Chaoyang Hall. When the disciples in the hall saw that their immortal-like ancestor had actually carried a girl back, they were all frightened. After Sikong Ye entered the room, the disciples exploded.

“Who is that girl?”

“It’s the one that the Ancestor brought back last night, right? The Ancestor carried her back last night like this too...”

“Could it be that the ancestor has finally bloomed and taken a fancy to a little girl at his age?”

Sikong Ye only instructed his disciples to serve the girl he brought back well, but he did not say her identity. Therefore, no one guessed that she was his little great-granddaughter. They only felt that that girl had great fortune and would probably be their ancestral mother in the future.

“Is our Chaoyang Hall finally going to have a mistress?”

“Shh! Lower your voice! Don’t let the Ancestor hear you! Disperse. The Ancestor’s matter is not something we can guess. Let’s do our duty in peace and try our best to be loyal to the Ancestor!”

The disciples dispersed.

Sikong Ye carried the Saintess back to her room. Her ankle was seriously injured, and her entire ankle and instep were swollen. Sikong Ye used his internal energy to disperse the blood clots for her. In the blink of an eye, her foot recovered to its original state.

“Get up and take two steps,” Sikong Ye said.

“Okay!” The Saintess obediently stood up and took a few steps. It really didn’t hurt anymore!

Rumble~

The Saintess's stomach growled.

In the morning, she had only drunk a bowl of bamboo chicken ginseng soup and was injured outside. It was inevitable that she was hungry.

"Eat first," Sikong Ye said.

In other words, he would take revenge after eating.

The Saintess had no reason to disagree. She nodded and revealed an obedient expression. "I'll listen to you."

Sikong Ye asked his disciple to set up the food, but he did not eat. He just sat there and watched the Saintess eat.

If the Saintess ate too slowly, he would frown. If the Saintess ate a few more bites, his brows would relax.

The Saintess had the illusion that she was deeply doted on. She was the strongest Saintess of the Lan family since she was born and could be considered to have grown up in the palm of others. However, the meaning of being supported by ordinary people was incomparable to being supported by the most powerful expert in the entire Nether Capital.

Old Ancestor Sikong was an existence that could compete with the legendary Nether King. If nothing had happened to Saintess Lan Yi back then, he might have been the true Nether King.

The Saintess could not help but be jealous of Yu Wan again. What kind of dog shit luck did that girl have? Why did she get to have all the good things in the world? No one knew better than her how unreasonable Old Ancestor Sikong was, but it was precisely because of this that his love seemed especially precious. Moreover, he did not look old at all. Although he had a head of silver hair, he was peerless and was like a god from the nine heavens.

The Saintess could not think further. The more she thought about it, the more jealous she would be of that brat.

“I’m full,” said the Saintess.

Sikong Ye frowned slightly, clearly not satisfied with her appetite. Perhaps in the eyes of outsiders, the Saintess was a girl who had reached marriageable age, but in Sikong Ye’s eyes, she was still a little girl. It was not good for her to eat so little.

Sikong Ye pushed the bowl of rice in front of the Saintess. “Eat.”

The Saintess, who had never had a big appetite, was stunned. “Huh?”

Other people’s children were fat and round, but his child was thin and deflated. It was obvious that she had never been properly fed. Sikong Ye was a qualified elder and would never allow his little great-granddaughter to starve into a little skinny monkey.

“Eat it,” Sikong Ye said firmly.

In order to act as a good great-granddaughter who had suffered among the commoners and was not picky, she had already finished the rice in her bowl. One had to know that when she was still the Saintess, her three meals combined were not even as much as one bowl.

She was already a little full. “Ancestor, I...”

“Eat it and don’t make me say it a third time!” He was an elder who doted on his children, but he would never allow his children to be picky!

The Saintess braced herself and took the bowl of rice, eating it with her life.

Sikong Ye realized that she did not eat dishes and only ate rice. No wonder she was not strong anymore.

Sikong Ye picked up a few mouthfuls of fat and greasy red braised pork for her. When the vegetarian Saintess saw those trembling lumps of fat meat, she even wanted to die! It was not enough for Sikong Ye to pick up a large piece of fat meat. He even picked up two large drumsticks, making the Saintess roll her eyes.

Seeing that she was so full even with such a small amount of food, it could be seen how hard she had lived among the commoners in the past. Was she starving till her appetite became small? Sikong Ye became even more certain of his determination to nurture his child and strengthen her.

By the time the meal was over, the Saintess was half dead. If there were a few more meals, she felt that she could die here.

“Ancestor... Ancestor, should we...” Take revenge on the “Saintess”?

Sikong Ye understood what she meant. He did not suspect anything because of her anxiety. If he was bullied, he should fight back. This was only right and proper. He had originally planned this too, but now, he had more important things to do.

He called over the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall and asked them how to raise the children. When he was still the young master of the Sikong family in his early years, he had seen many children. However, meeting them was one thing, and raising them himself was another.

The disciples were stunned. The ancestor had not summoned them for hundreds of years, but the moment he did, he actually asked them how to raise children?!

“Although I’ve never given birth, I have a younger brother...”

It was that young disciple called Jinghong. He kept talking about his parents’ parenting scriptures. It was nothing more than eating well, drinking well, dressing well, and sleeping well.

Sikong Ye frowned deeply. There were no women in the Chaoyang Hall, and his little great-granddaughter did not even have a change of clothes.

At that moment, Sikong Ye brought the Saintess, who had lost half her life because she ate too much, out of the Nether Mountain and went to the market to buy.

The Saintess lay paralyzed in the carriage, not wanting to move. She was really about to die of hunger and her stomach was about to burst!

“Candied hawthorn—candied hawthorn—”

Along the street, a hawker called the candied hawthorn seller walked past. Sikong Ye saw an auntie walking over with a seven-year-old girl. The auntie bought a stick of candied hawthorn for the little girl. Sikong Ye nodded after being taught, jumped off the carriage, and bought a stick of candied hawthorn for his child.

Just as he turned to get into the car with the candied hawthorn in his hand, he saw a chubby little figure at the stall from the corner of his eye.

Looking at the side, it was a girl about the same age as his child. There were a few bowls of glutinous rice balls in front of her, and four of them had been finished by her. She was eating the fifth bowl. Soon, the stall owner presented her with a large plate of roasted meat skewers.

She ate a mouthful of salty roasted meat and a mouthful of sweet glutinous rice balls.

Sikong Ye was very envious. Look, this was someone else’s child. It would be great if his child could also be raised to be so fair and fat. As he was thinking, the fat little girl said, “Another bowl of glutinous rice balls!”

When the Saintess in the carriage heard this familiar voice, she sat up! She lifted the curtain and looked in the direction of the voice. From her angle, she could only see the other party’s back. However, she had not spent more than ten days with her for nothing. She almost recognized her at first glance.

She had searched high and low for it, only to find it without any effort.

The Saintess smiled coldly. “Can’t you just obediently stay in the Sikong Manor? You can still live for a day or two. Don’t blame me for being impolite when you come knocking on my door!”

The Saintess alighted from the carriage and came behind Yu Wan. She patted Yu Wan’s shoulder indifferently. She was only waiting for Yu Wan to turn around and tell the ancestor loudly that this was the culprit who injured her.

Unexpectedly, before she could speak, Yu Wan threw herself into her arms. “Sister—I’ve worked so hard to find you—”

Chapter 844 Fat Wan Torturing the Saintess

The Saintess ate the Cultivation Disintegration Powder and suppressed her cultivation. Yu Wan caught her off guard and pounced at her, so she really could not dodge.

But did she hear wrongly? What did this girl call her?

Sister?

The Saintess looked at the fat girl who was hugging her tightly and refusing to let go. She raised her hand to push her away, but the more she pushed, the tighter she pushed. Yu Wan wished she could entangle herself with her.

“Sister—I’ve worked so hard to find you—the heavens have eyes—finally let us sisters reunite—Boohoo—” Yu Wan cried without tears!

The Saintess was shocked by this situation. Where did this brat get the guts to acknowledge her as her sister on the streets? Did she think she would fall for it just like that? Did she not dare to let the Ancestor kill her?

Naive!

The Saintess raised her hand to grab Yu Wan's hair.

However, before she could touch a strand of Yu Wan's hair, Yu Wan straightened her body from her arms and looked at her with tears in her eyes. "Sister... Why aren't you saying anything? Do you not recognize me?"

The-the Saintess was shocked. It was not from her words, but from her face. Why, why did she change her face back? This kind of disguise technique passed down from the Lan family's ancestors would not drop for at least ten days to half a month. What went wrong? What?!

Yu Wan saw her confusion and laughed evilly in her heart. Of course, it was not that there was a problem with the Lan family's disguise technique, but that she had pasted a human skin mask on her face. The Lan family's disguise technique was harmful to the skin, so often, after the mask fell, the skin would become fragile and she could not use the disguise technique in the short term. However, it was a different matter if she pasted another mask on her fake face.

In any case, it was fake. It didn't matter how many she pasted! Of course, it still required some technical skills to stick it flawlessly.

The second face was also using the Lan family's disguise technique. As long as the mask below did not fall, this one would not fall either. It was fine if it really fell. If it fell, the Saintess' one would also fall. And her face was real, so the Saintess's true colors would be revealed.

I'm really smart! Yu Wan puffed up her chest proudly and whispered into the ear of the stunned Saintess, "What's wrong, Sister? Haven't you guessed what's going on?"

The Saintess subconsciously touched her face. At this point, she would not be able to say anything if she could not guess. No matter how she thought about it, she did not expect this girl to think of such a tricky method!

Looking at this face, no one would believe that she wasn't her biological sister!

Yu Wan smiled and said, "Originally, I didn't plan to reunite with you so quickly, but don't you think it's good for you to stay in the carriage? Why did you have to come out?"

This was the truth. She was not an immortal, so how could she guess that the Saintess would suddenly come here? She had just gone to Second Grand aunt's courtyard to paste this human skin mask and planned to eat something before returning to the Sikong Manor to see the ancestor.

But they actually met in advance.

Therefore, the person who really came to her door was not Yu Wan, but the Saintess.

On the other side, Sikong Ye walked towards his granddaughter with a stick of sparkling candied hawthorn in his hand.

Yu Wan watched as he alighted from the Saintess' carriage. He looked like a white-haired god, so she could guess that he was the supreme ancestor of the Sikong family.

Yu Wan wiped her nonexistent tears and plunged into the Saintess' arms again. "Sister—"

Sikong Ye heard Yu Wan's voice and saw her face.

The Saintess opened her mouth. "Ancestor, listen to me..."

Before she could finish explaining, Yu Wan turned around and threw herself into Sikong Ye's arms. "Great Grandpa—"

Sikong Ye, who was petrified on the spot: "...!!"

Yu Wan complained about her experience with snot and tears (no snot and definitely no tears). "Great-grandmother is no longer around. They're all gone... Sister and I came to look for Great-Grandpa together, but we accidentally got separated... Sister must think I'm dead... I've searched so hard for you..."

So she thought her sister was dead. No wonder she said that there was no one at home.

Sikong Ye could not doubt this face that looked like a pair of twins. Moreover, Yu Wan had taken out the token of Saintess Lan Yi—the love letter that Saintess Lan Yi did not have the time to give Sikong Ye back then.

This was much more concrete than a portrait.

Sikong Ye looked at the familiar handwriting and the affection on the letter. He could not help but turn around and raise his head. He took a deep breath and cried like a sieve.

...

With the face and evidence, Sikong Ye firmly believed that this was his second great-granddaughter! He no longer had to be envious of other people's children. His children were very fat!

Yu Wan continued to complain about her miserable experience. "...I really suffered a lot..."

This clumsy acting was really a little blinding. She's so fat. She had the cheek to say that she had suffered? Did she think the ancestor was blind?

Sikong Ye blamed himself. "...You've been wronged."

The speechless Saintess : "..."

The Saintess looked at Sikong Ye, who looked like he wanted to acknowledge Yu Wan, and said coldly, "I don't have a sister!"

Yu Wan said aggrievedly, "I know you're still blaming me for snatching the man you love."

The Saintess was furious. "You!"

Sikong Ye raised his hand and said seriously, "Men are like clothes, and sisters are like family. Don't make enemies for a man."

Yu Wan raised her eyebrows at the Saintess.

The Saintess was furious! This girl was really good at making up stories. Even if she didn't acknowledge her, the ancestor would only think that she was angry with this girl!

"What's your name?" Sikong Ye asked.

"Ah Wan," Yu Wan said.

Then, Yu Wan stared at the candied hawthorn in Sikong Ye's hand without blinking. Sikong Ye sensed her gluttony and asked dotingly, "I bought this for your sister. Do you want to eat it too?"

"Yes, I want to eat, Great Grandpa!" Yu Wan nodded.

"Great-grandpa will buy it for you." Not only was this child fat, but she also spoke sweetly. It was really to his liking.

Sikong Ye went to buy candied hawthorn again, but he did not buy just one stick. He bought the whole rod. The rod was filled with sparkling candied hawthorn.

The corners of the Saintess' mouth twitched. Why should he buy only one stick for her and a stall for that girl?

Sikong Ye was not sincerely biased, but his little one could clearly eat more than her eldest sister.

"Thank you, Great Grandpa!" Yu Wan grabbed a stick of candied hawthorn and bit into it. The candied hawthorn in the Nether Capital was sourer than Nanzhao, and it was just right for her taste during her pregnancy.

“What else do you want to eat?” Sikong Ye asked.

Yu Wan smiled awkwardly. “Nothing. Just some more... roasted duck, beggar’s chicken, lamb spine, red braised pork, stir-fried tripe, and so on.”

The Saintess staggered and almost fell! This was nothing? Then how do you usually eat?!

Sikong Ye brought his two little children to the largest restaurant in the Nether Capital. Yu Wan naturally would not monopolize it. She was now a sensible and kind sister. She did not forget to give her good sister a share of everything.

The Saintess had eaten too much at noon and could not digest it even now. Not to mention eating, she felt uncomfortable just looking at it.

“Sister, eat! Eat!” Yu Wan kept putting food into her bowl. “Don’t be angry with me anymore. I’ll definitely treat you well in the future!”

This girl must have done it on purpose. She wanted to stuff her to death!

“Eat quickly,” Sikong Ye said. “Let what’s past pass.”

If she didn’t eat, it would mean that she didn’t respect her sister! The Saintess was full of anger, but she did not dare to really anger the Ancestor, so she could only brace herself and eat. She only took a bite of every dish, but Yu Wan ordered a large table. After tasting dozens of dishes, she was just short of meeting Buddha.

After dinner, Sikong Ye brought the two sisters to buy some high-grade rouge, makeup, and clothes before returning to the Chaoyang Hall in the Nether Mountain.

When the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall saw that the ancestor had actually brought back another woman, they were so shocked that their mouths could not close. If the ancestor brought one back every time he went out, the ancestor would not be able to keep his integrity.

Sikong Ye brought the two of them to the most elegant and quiet courtyard in the Chaoyang Hall. He pointed at one of the rooms and said to Yu Wan, "Your sister lives here. Can you stay next door to her?"

Yu Wan smiled and said, "There's no need to go to such trouble. It's enough for me to stay in the same room as Sister! Besides, I've been separated from Sister for so long. I miss her and want to talk to her!"

This girl clearly didn't know martial arts, but she dared to stay in the same room as her. There must be something wrong with this!

The Saintess said indifferently, "My sleeping posture isn't that good..."

Yu Wan interrupted her. "I won't despise you! Didn't we all sleep together when we were young? Or are you still unwilling to forgive me? I really know my mistake. Sister, don't be angry with me."

Sikong Ye said, "Ah Yu, you're the older sister. Don't keep arguing with your sister. She already knows her mistake."

Yu Wan grabbed the Saintess' arm. "That's right, Sister. I know my mistake. Please, let me sleep with you! I promise to be good at night and definitely not disturb you!"

The Saintess was about to refuse when Sikong Ye was touched by his little great-granddaughter's sincerity. He got someone to move Yu Wan's things into the Saintess' room.

Chapter 845 Mighty Yan Xiaosi

Yu Wan lived in the Saintess' room as she wished.

The Saintess was distraught. She had been stuffed for an entire day and her internal organs felt uncomfortable everywhere. At this moment, she only hoped that this girl would get lost as far as possible!

Yu Wan did not seem to see her disdain. She tidied up her clothes. "Coincidentally, there are two cabinets here. The left one belongs to you, and the right one belongs to me. Sister, do you have any objections? If you do, I'll get my great-grandfather to send another cabinet over."

The Saintess looked at her in hatred and narrowed her eyes. "What game are you playing?"

"Aiya, look at what you're saying. Didn't I specially move here to relieve your boredom because you miss me?"

"The ancestor has gone to cultivate. There's no one else here. You don't have to pretend anymore!"

Yu Wan shrugged.

The Saintess was furious when she saw that she was ignoring her. She walked over and said, "Why did you move into my room?"

Yu Wan's hand that was putting the clothes in the cabinet paused. She turned to look at the Saintess and smiled. "Let me correct you first. This room is mine. I'm Great-grandfather's biological granddaughter. You know in your heart what kind of person you are, so not to mention this room, even the entire Chaoyang Hall is mine."

"You..." The Saintess choked until her face turned red. She thought of something and mocked, "Then didn't you snatch my status as the Saintess and pretend to be me to marry into the Sikong family? What do you say about this? I'm not a thing. Are you?"

Yu Wan would not be led by the nose by her. "Ah, if you didn't say so, I would have forgotten that I'm also the daughter of the Sikong family. If I don't agree to your marriage with the Second Young Master, I wonder if the Sikong family will consider divorcing you?"

The Saintess turned pale. "You dare?!"

Yu Wan said arrogantly, "It doesn't matter if I dare or not. It's fine as long as my great-grandfather supports me. If I'm not wrong, you must have complained to my him that the Saintess bullied you, right?"

You want me to die in his hands, but unfortunately, I'm not the Saintess anymore... Aiya, actually, there's no need to divorce you from the Sikong family."

At this point, Yu Wan paused. "When your human skin mask falls, your life will be my great-grandfather's."

The Saintess was trembling with anger, but she could not help but feel worried. The brat was right. After the human skin mask lost its effect, she would reveal her true colors. At that time, Ancestor Sikong would definitely not let her off.

Therefore, before that, she had to deal with this girl!

"You want to deal with me?" Yu Wan exposed her thoughts. "In order not to let Great-grandfather discover your identity as the Saintess, you suppressed the martial arts of the Holy Temple, right? Without martial arts, aren't you the same as me?"

The Saintess threatened, "I can still kill you!"

"Is that so?" Yu Wan raised her eyebrows.

Of course, it was. With this girl's lousy skills, so what if she didn't have internal energy? She could easily kill her with just her moves.

As the Saintess thought about this, she indeed planned this. She secretly took out the knockout medicine she had prepared earlier and sprinkled it in Yu Wan's bath. Yu Wan took the knockout medicine, fell into bed, and fell asleep.

The Saintess looked at a certain someone sleeping soundly on the bed and sneered. "You dare to fight me with your pig brain?"

The Saintess took out an exquisite dagger from the cabinet. This was Sikong Yun's dagger. When she killed her with it, she would frame Yan Jiuchao who was pretending to be Sikong Yun. If the Ancestor asked her, she would say that Sikong Yun had disguised himself as a disciple and sneaked in.

If the Ancestor asked about Sikong Yun's motive again, wouldn't it be even more obvious?

"She" had once been captured by the Saintess to Sikong Yun's courtyard. Sikong Yun had taken a fancy to "her". These things were no longer a secret in the Sikong family. Any servant of Sikong Yun could identify Sikong Yun for the Ancestor.

She would tell the ancestor that Sikong Yun wanted to kidnap her, but she would rather die than obey. She even threatened to expose him. In his guilt, Sikong Yun wanted to kill her to silence her, but her sister took the knife for her.

Then, Sikong Yun escaped. In order to avenge his beloved great-granddaughter, the ancestor would definitely go to the Sikong family to kill the fake Sikong Yun!

In that case, everyone who had humiliated her would disappear from the world!

What a flawless plan!

The Saintess calculated smugly and held her dagger tightly as she walked towards Yu Wan. Just as she was about to stab down, she suddenly felt a pain in her stomach. It was like a sharp awl that spun wantonly in her internal organs.

She covered her stomach and bent down.

Rumble~ Rumble~

It was the sound of her intestines...

She... she ate too much... and had a stomachache...

She couldn't hold it in any longer...

The Saintess hurriedly put away her dagger and flashed towards the toilet.

Fifteen minutes later, she returned to the bed. However, before she could raise her dagger, there was another cramp. With a bitter expression, she covered her stomach and went to the toilet.

After running seventeen to eighteen times, she almost didn't even have the strength to climb back. She crossed the threshold with difficulty and staggered to the bed with the help of the wall and the furniture in the room.

The moonlight shone on her weak and pale face.

She picked up the dagger with trembling hands. "I'm going to kill you... kill... kill..."

Dong!

She fainted...

Yu Wan slept until dawn. She sat up and stretched comfortably. She looked at the side of the bed. The Saintess was not around, but when her gaze landed on the stool opposite her, she was so frightened that she almost stood up!

The Saintess was sitting on a stool like a female ghost. She had huge dark circles under her eyes, her lips were pale, and she was extremely haggard. She looked at Yu Wan resentfully.

Yu Wan felt a chill run down her spine. "You-you encountered a ghost?"

Isn't it true that she had met a ghost?

She wanted to kill this girl, but she didn't have the strength to kill anyone after running to the toilet so many times. It wasn't easy for her to finally reach the last step, but she fainted again. When she woke

up, it was already late at night. She was no longer in the mood to torture herself. She only wanted to sleep well.

However, the moment she lay on the bed, this girl kicked her. She lay on the bed again and another kick flew over. She sat on the stool. The other party did not move. As soon as she lay on the bed, this girl started practicing the Flying Kick.

She seriously suspected that she did it on purpose!!!

She had really wronged Yu Wan. Yu Wan's sleep was extremely good to begin with, and she had inhaled a small amount of knockout medicine. She was sleeping soundly. If she had to say that she felt anything, it was that the little fellow in her stomach seemed to have moved.

It made her a little uncomfortable, so she turned over a few times.

Could it be that the few turns she had turned over had frightened the Saintess so much that she did not dare to sleep with her?

"You're so timid! How could you be the Saintess!" Yu Wan pursed her lips and went to wash up.

The Saintess was so angry that she spat out a mouthful of blood.

However, the Saintess was not a stupid person after all. After being frustrated one after another, she gradually realized that her method had gone astray. In terms of luck, she could not compare to that girl, and in terms of appetite, she was definitely not that girl's match.

Although the hands were all meat, the palms of the hands were thicker after all. Therefore, even if she and that girl were both the little great-granddaughters recognized by the ancestor, it was inevitable that the ancestor would be biased towards one of them.

Since she could not win against that girl no matter how she fought, she might as well... find another way!

After Yu Wan washed up, she planned to go to the kitchen to look for food. As soon as she left the private room, she heard the young girl's laughter and Sikong Ye's rare praise.

Yu Wan walked over curiously and saw Sikong Ye sitting in the room. There was a dazzling array of delicacies on the small table in front of him. The Saintess said to Yu Wan as she set up the bowls and chopsticks, "Sister is here. Just nice, we're waiting for you to eat."

This woman was actually smiling so brightly at her? Was she seeing things?

Yu Wan sat down strangely.

The Saintess enthusiastically scooped a bowl of porridge for Yu Wan and picked up a lot of dishes on Yu Wan's plate. "The porridge and noodles were made by the chef in the kitchen. I was the one who cooked the cold dishes and braised food. I wonder if they suit Great-grandfather and Sister's appetite."

Sikong Ye's eyes were filled with relief. Although this child was not the strongest, she was diligent and capable.

"Your hand..." Sikong Ye noticed the wound on the Saintess' finger.

The Saintess smiled. "It's fine. I accidentally hurt myself when I was chopping vegetables. It's a small injury. I'm used to it."

She was already used to it. How bitter must this child have been in the past?

Sikong Ye frowned.

As elders, although they liked obedient and strong children, it was inevitable that they would feel more sorry for the weak and sensible one.

Their little one could eat and sleep. She was heartless and had nothing to worry about. His eldest was too weak. She couldn't eat or sleep well, but she was still so sensible. She was so sensible that it made one's heart ache.

Yu Wan glanced at the Saintess. This fellow actually knew how to use a ruse?

She understood her great-grandfather's feelings. She also had children. Among the three sons, she doted on Xiaobao the most at first because Xiaobao was the one who was bullied the most in Yan Ruyu's hands. However, later on, the three of them slowly grew up and looked like normal children. Her heart ached even more for Dabao, who didn't know how to speak.

Yu Wan pinched the fat on her stomach. After putting on too much weight, her great-grandfather no longer felt sorry for her.

"Actually, I'm already satisfied to see that my sister is fine." The Saintess picked up another piece of food for Yu Wan, as if she had no regrets as long as Yu Wan was full.

Chapter 846 The Sorcerer Clan's Secret (1)

Yu Wan sighed inwardly. As expected of the Saintess. In a day, she had taken over her superb acting skills and flawless plan.

Yu Wan also picked up a large bowl of food for the Saintess. Eat, eat, eat, eat until you die!

However, the Saintess did not brace herself and eat it like yesterday. Instead, she took out a handkerchief and said with a crying expression, "I can't eat anymore. Sister, eat it yourself."

Sikong Ye asked, "Are you feeling unwell?"

"No." The Saintess shook her head and choked. "Today is the anniversary of Great-grandmother Lan Yi's death. I... I... When I thought that she was no longer around... I..."

The anniversary of Great-Grandma Lan Yi's death? Why didn't she know? This fellow must be making it up!

Yu Wan said, "Sister, did you remember wrongly? Today isn't Great-grandmother's death anniversary."

She would make up stories too!

The Saintess said with tears in her eyes, "Sister, you and I have been separated for many years. Perhaps you don't remember much about your family. Today is indeed the anniversary of Great-grandmother's death. I definitely won't remember wrongly."

Yu Wan wanted to say something, but Sikong Ye had already put down his chopsticks and stood up without any taste. "Eat by yourself. I'll go out for a while."

It did not matter if it was the death anniversary or not. What was important was that it evoked Ancestor Si Kong's nostalgia for Saintess Lan Yi. Since the Ancestor was no longer around, the Saintess did not have to bite the bullet and eat the food Yu Wan gave her.

After Sikong Ye left, the Saintess put down the chopsticks in her hand, and the gentleness on her face disappeared. She looked at Yu Wan indifferently. "Don't think you're the only smart person in this world."

Yu Wan took a bite of the fat but not greasy red braised pork and smiled. "So what if you're smart? Haven't you heard of the saying that smart people are fooled by their own intelligence?"

The Saintess sneered. "What a glib tongue!"

Yu Wan said slowly, "Lan Ji, don't think that you can fool my great grandfather for the rest of his life just because you fooled him once. Don't blame me for not reminding you. There don't seem to be many days left of your face, right? I wonder how you'll face my great grandfather's anger at that time?"

The Saintess said disdainfully, "We'll talk about it when you're alive!"

Yu Wan approached her and said, "It won't be so easy for you to kill me."

"Hmph!" The Saintess rolled her eyes and left the room.

She naturally understood that it was not easy to kill her. However, if she could not succeed now, she would have no chance after her identity was exposed. Therefore, she had to kill her even if she could not!

For the entire day, Old Ancestor Si Kong did not appear again.

After dinner, Yu Wan strolled around the Chaoyang Hall. Sikong Ye gave the sisters absolute freedom, and no one stopped her from going anywhere.

As she walked, she came to a place that looked like an ancient tomb. The huge ancient tomb was like an inverted bowl. Yu Wan walked over curiously and raised her hand to touch the tomb door. The tomb door opened with a bang.

She staggered and fell in.

There were a few huge Night-Luminescent Pearls embedded in the wall, emitting a quiet light in the tomb.

Yu Wan looked outside and then inside. Just as she was hesitating whether to stay or leave, she heard an uncomfortable voice at the end of the tomb.

"It sounds like Great-grandfather's voice..." Yu Wan blinked strangely and asked, "Great-grandfather, is it you?"

The uncomfortable voice sounded again. This time, Yu Wan was sure that it was Sikong Ye. Although the ancient tomb was eerie, with her great-grandfather inside, Yu Wan still mustered her courage and walked towards the end of the tomb.

She walked a long way and came to a secret room at the end.

Sikong Ye was lying on the cold ground on his last breath. Blood was flowing from the corner of his mouth and he was sweating profusely.

“Great Grandpa!” Yu Wan’s expression changed. She knelt down on one knee and helped him sit up.
“Great Grandpa, what’s wrong?”

Sikong Ye raised his hand to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth and said patiently, “I’m fine... Why are you here?”

“You still say that you’re fine? You’re already like this! I walked casually and came here...” Yu Wan took Sikong Ye’s pulse and realized that his pulse was very chaotic and his breathing was becoming weaker and weaker. She couldn’t help but worry. “Great-grandpa, how did this happen?”

Sikong Ye panted. “Don’t worry... I’m fine... I’ve been so happy to see you guys these few days that I forgot that it’s almost fifteen...”

Yu Wan frowned. “What do you mean? Why don’t I understand?”

Sikong Ye composed himself and formed a hand seal with both hands. He suppressed his chaotic aura and explained to Yu Wan, “I cultivate the Sikong family’s unique longevity technique. This mental cultivation technique has a fatal flaw. When it’s close to the night of the full moon, my strength will become very weak, and on the night of the full moon, I’ll lose all my martial arts.”

Yu Wan asked in confusion, “Since there’s such a big flaw, why do you still practice it? Don’t the Sikong family have any other mental cultivation techniques?”

Sikong Ye said, “Yes, of course. There are also better ones than the Longevity Technique.”

“Then why did you still...”

“Because only the Longevity Technique has the secret to immortality.”

“Immortality?” Yu Wan was stunned. There was such a powerful cultivation technique in the world? It couldn’t be a bluff, right?

Sikong Ye could see his great-granddaughter’s disbelief. He smiled and said, “You only know that the Lan family is the descendant of the Saintess, then do you know whose descendant the Sikong family is?”

Yu Wan shook her head.

Sikong Ye said, “The ancestor of the Sikong family is from the Sorcerer Clan.”

Yu Wan’s eyes lit up. “The sorcerers of the Sorcerer Clan?”

“That’s right.” Sikong Ye only thought that she was excited because she was a child and had heard about the legendary person.

Yu Wan was more than excited. If she hadn’t been supporting her great-grandfather, she would have jumped up, okay? Yan Jiuchao’s last medicine primer was only short of the sorcerer’s tears. If the Sikong family was the descendant of a sorcerer, in that case, they had found the sorcerer’s tears?!

Yu Wan blinked and looked at Sikong Ye. “Great Grandpa, are you a sorcerer?”

Sikong Ye couldn’t bear to see his child looking at him with such anticipation. He said, “I’m not. The inheritance of the Sorcerer Clan is different from that of the Sacred Clan. It doesn’t come from the bloodline. Although the Sikong family is a descendant of the Sorcerer Clan, there are no more sorcerers.” Sikong Ye didn’t know that Yu Wan needed sorcerer’s tears, so he didn’t talk too much about the sorcerer. He only continued what he said just now, “The longevity technique left behind by our ancestors is said to hide the secret of immortality. I had already cultivated to the eighth level twenty years ago, but after twenty years, I still couldn’t break through to the ninth level. I don’t understand what mistake I made just now. Just now, I was comprehending the longevity technique here when my internal energy suddenly disappeared and my true energy reversed. That’s why I was injured.”

“Is it serious?” Yu Wan looked into his eyes and asked.

It had been a long time since Sikong Ye had felt such heartfelt worry. He looked up at his great-granddaughter’s chubby face. “This small injury is fine. After the full moon, I will recover.”

Yu Wan suddenly thought that the Ghost King seemed to be cultivating the Longevity Technique too. Yan Jiuchao had absorbed the Ghost King’s power. She wondered if he would become abnormally weak on a full moon night like her great-grandfather.

Tomorrow was the night of the full moon...

Yu Wan touched her chin and asked, “Great Grandpa, do you need me to get you some pills to treat internal injuries?”

Sikong Ye waved his hand. “There’s no need. This is the backlash of the Longevity Technique. Pills are useless. Even the previous heads of the Sikong family don’t know this secret. You have to keep it a secret for me.”

Yu Wan patted her chest. “Don’t worry, Great Grandpa. I won’t say anything!”

The ancestor, who could not even be killed, actually had such a huge weakness. If word got out, he might be chased by his enemies.

At this point, Yu Wan finally understood why her great-grandfather would kill all the strangers who had barged into the Nether Mountain. This was to guard against danger and also to create a deterrent in case someone happened to assassinate him when he was weak.

Yu Wan’s eyes darted around and she said seriously, “By the way, Great Grandpa, don’t tell Sister about this. She’s not in good health and has a soft heart. She likes to let her imagination run wild. If she finds out about this, she’ll definitely be so worried that she won’t be able to eat.”

“Okay.” Sikong Ye pondered for a moment and agreed.

Sikong Ye stayed in the tomb to cultivate in seclusion, and Yu Wan returned to her courtyard.

Not long after Yu Wan left, a white figure flashed behind the tomb.

Who else could it be but the Saintess?

The Saintess glanced at the gloomy tomb and curled her lips smugly. "The world-destroying ancestor actually has such a big weakness... Yan Jiuchao must have it too, right? What a gift when I'm out of ideas... I was worried that you would see through me... But I'm afraid you won't have this chance."

Didn't that brat always feel that she was lucky? When she killed the Ancestor and Yan Jiuchao, let's see who else... would support that girl!!!

Chapter 847 An Expert at Courting Death (1)

The moon was dark and the wind was strong. The Saintess quietly left the Sikong family and came to a luxurious courtyard in the south of the city.

In the courtyard, Sikong Yun was drinking and having fun with his new maidservant when the door was suddenly kicked open. The two of them were stunned.

The maidservant sat in Sikong Yun's arms and glanced at the cold Saintess. She didn't recognize her as the Saintess and thought that she was some new maidservant. She snorted angrily and said, "Can't you see that Young Master is busy? You barged in rashly and didn't know how to knock... Ah—"

The last exclamation became her last scream in the world.

The Saintess pulled out the dagger that was stabbed into her heart. The blood on the dagger dripped to the ground. When Sikong Yun was so frightened that he pushed the maidservant away, the blood dripped onto the maidservant's face.

Sikong Yun's face turned pale when he saw the scene in front of him. "You... Lan Ji, you're crazy!"

This was a top-notch dagger. After a while, all the blood dripped down. The Saintess put the clean dagger back into its sheath and said coldly, "I'm not the crazy one, it's you. At a time like this, you're still in the mood to have fun with others?"

Sikong Yun cleared his throat. "Isn't... isn't it just two glasses of wine?"

The Saintess said coldly, "Are you really not anxious at all about someone occupying your identity?"

Sikong Yun snorted. "What's there to be anxious about? Didn't you say that your Lan family's disguise technique will lose its effect in ten days to half a month! And you can't use it a second time in the short term! In other words, after this period of time, the truth will come out!"

The Saintess could not agree with Sikong Yun's concept. It was mainly because Sikong Yun and Yan Jiuchao did not have much of a grudge. Even if he was schemed against by Yan Jiuchao, it was not a life and death enmity. The Saintess was different. Thanks to Yan Jiuchao, not only was her innocence ruined by a trash like Sikong Yun, but even her pride and confidence were ruthlessly stepped on. She was unwilling.

There was also Yu Wan. She was actually pregnant with the Saint King. This would directly threaten her status in the Nether Capital, so she had to get rid of her no matter what!

The Saintess placed Sikong Yun's dagger on the table.

Sikong Yun glanced at his dagger. He had many such divine weapons, so he didn't care that the Saintess had taken one.

The Saintess sat down on the chair beside Sikong Yun. Seeing Sikong Yun's dark expression, she raised her hand and poured him a glass of wine. "Do you have the expert your grandfather left for you?"

When Sikong Yun saw her pour wine for him, his expression softened. Actually, how could a mere maidservant be more important than his new wife? So what if she died? He was angry because this woman was too fierce and did not take him seriously.

Sikong Yun took a sip of wine and said indifferently, "Yes, I do. What do you want?"

"Lend it to me," the Saintess said.

"No." Sikong Yun refused without thinking.

"Why?" The Saintess asked.

Sikong Yun snorted. "That was left by my grandfather to save my life. Even my father doesn't know. If my father finds out that I'm secretly hiding such a powerful expert, he'll definitely suspect that I have ulterior motives! If he suspects me, he'll suspect my grandfather. My grandfather gave me such a powerful expert. What do you think he's up to? Do you think my father will think positively? Would my father still dare to pass the position of the family head to me?"

The Saintess said calmly, "Then aren't you afraid that your family will pass the position of the family head to your brother in the next few days?"

Sikong Yun snorted and finished the wine in his glass in one gulp. "How is that possible? My father dotes on me the most!"

The Saintess filled his cup again. "What if you don't want it and insist on giving it to him?"

"How can I not..." Sikong Yun was halfway through his sentence when he suddenly realized something. His eyes widened as he said, "You mean... Yan Jiuchao deliberately gave in to my brother with my face?"

The Saintess said lightly, "That's right. Why else do you think he entered the Sikong family? He pretended to be you, which is an unforgivable crime. What if you become the head of the Sikong family and deal with him later? But it's different if your brother becomes the head of the family. Your brother will protect him and use the power of the entire Sikong family."

Sikong Yun stood up. "This shameless person!"

Yan Jiuchao would not interfere in Sikong Yun's internal affairs. Everything was just a malicious fabrication by the Saintess, but it seemed to be enough to fool Sikong Yun.

Chapter 848 An Expert at Courting Death (2)

The Saintess patiently tempted him. "You and I are in the same boat. We're bound together for good or ill. Your worries are also my concerns. Don't worry, I won't let an expert appear in the Sikong family. I'll lure him out."

Sikong Yun hesitated.

The Saintess looked at him and said, "What are you still hesitating for? If you don't take the opportunity to kill Yan Jiuchao, are you really going to wait for him to give the position of the family head to your brother?"

Sikong Yun frowned. "That Yan Jiuchao looks quite powerful... It's fine if he's killed, but what if... he's not killed? What if he complains to my father?"

The Saintess sneered. "You don't have to worry about that. In the past few days, he'll be so weak that he can't even defeat a child. It's the best time to take his life!"

...

In the courtyard in the east of the city, the little black eggs were holding small milk bottles. They fed the little brother in the swaddling clothes one mouthful at a time. Ah Wei was cooking the next pot of goat milk at the side. Qing Yan and Yue Gou were practicing martial arts in the courtyard. Old Cui went to Madam Lan's room to perform acupuncture to recuperate. As for Grandma, he was studying the books Shadow Thirteen carried out of the Sikong Manor.

He discovered a magical secret. The ancestors of the Sikong family were actually from the Sorcerer Clan. In that case, it was not difficult to explain why the Saintess and the Sikong Clan had no descendants.

It was rumored that the Sacred and Sorcerer races had once been cursed and their bloodlines could not fuse. However, this curse seemed to have finally been broken.

This was not what Grandma was concerned about. Instead, he was concerned about the inheritance of the Sorcerer Clan. According to the records in the ancient books, the inheritance of the Sorcerer Clan did not rely on bloodline. To become a sorcerer, one had to practice the cultivation methods and sorcery of the Sorcerer Clan, but these things could no longer be found.

“Doesn’t Grandma know sorcery too?” Shadow Thirteen asked.

Grandma shook his head. “Those are just superficial knowledge. They can’t even be considered entry-level. The sorcery of the Sorcerer Clan is powerful. I can’t even imagine it.”

“Then... what about the cultivation technique?” Shadow Thirteen asked again.

Grandma said, “There are many cultivation techniques passed down from the ancestors of the Sikong family, but I don’t know which one is the orthodox one for the time being. A large part of the inheritance of the Sorcerer Clan depends on opportunities.”

Shadow Thirteen said, “Then I’ll go get more books tomorrow.”

Just as Grandma was about to nod, a sharp killing intent came from all around!

Grandma’s eyes darkened.

Shadow Thirteen pushed him away!

Swish! Swish! Swish!

A row of arrows broke through the window and passed through the place where the two of them were standing just now with a murderous aura. They were nailed to the wall where the public map was hung.

The feathers on the tails of the arrows swayed, showing how strong and fast they were. If they did not dodge in time, they would probably be pierced through the chest by these arrows.

The same thing happened in the courtyard and in the little black egg's room.

Ah Wei flew up and kicked the arrow away. The overwhelming pressure was like a huge mountain that rumbled down on everyone. The ground cracked and their feet sank into the cracks.

A shadow flew towards Ah Wei and the black eggs.

Xiaobao and Er'bao screamed. "Aiya—"

Just as the shadow was about to grab the three little black eggs, a black figure descended from the sky and sent the other party flying with a palm.

Xiaobao shouted, "Daddy!"

Yan Jiuchao hung in the air. He held a light blade formed from internal energy in his palm and suddenly attacked the shadow.

The shadow disappeared with a whoosh! It was as if they had fused into the night, but also as if they had disappeared into thin air.

Qing Yan frowned. "This, this is..."

Grandma said solemnly, "A Level 5 Asura King."

Qing Yan's expression changed drastically. "What? Level 5?"

They had gradually realized that there were also realms for Asura Kings after coming to the Nether Capital. Previously, the one in Lan Jiao's hands was a Level Three Asura King, and their Asura had just

broken through and was not even a Level One Asura. But this assassin was actually a Level Five Asura King? This was too terrifying!

Every time the Asura King advanced to a level, his strength would undergo a tremendous change. To be able to reach the fifth level was almost the top power in the Nether Capital.

“You guys go first!” Yan Jiuchao said.

Shadow Thirteen’s heart skipped a beat. After interacting with Yan Jiuchao for so long, he naturally understood Yan Jiuchao’s personality. If he could defeat him, he would never say that. Even Young Master did not have absolute confidence in dealing with a Level Five Asura King?

“What are you waiting for!” Yan Jiuchao said coldly.

Shadow Thirteen and Ah Wei exchanged glances. Without any hesitation, they took a large basket and stuffed the three little black eggs and the swaddling little fellow in.

Chapter 849 An Expert at Courting Death (3)

Shadow Thirteen said, “Ah Wei, I’ll leave it to you.”

Ah Wei nodded, carried the basket, and used his qinggong to disappear into the night.

Yue Gou and Qing Yan entered the room and carried Grandma and Granny Lan out. Shadow Thirteen brought Old Cui and Zi Yan. The Level Five Asura King released a terrifying pressure. Shadow Thirteen and the others had just taken a few steps when their legs were almost broken on the ground.

Yan Jiuchao flicked his wide sleeve and blocked the pressure of the Level Five Asura King.

Everyone hurriedly used their qinggong to leave.

The Level Five Asura King sneered. His expression did not change. Anyone could tell that he had yet to use half of his strength. On the other hand, Yan Jiuchao had almost used his full strength and was about to collapse.

Yan Jiuchao's strength had greatly decreased, and beads of sweat broke out on his forehead.

The Level Five Asura King was like a lazy cat teasing a dying rat. He was not in a hurry to strangle Yan Jiuchao to death. Instead, he casually increased his strength.

In the air, Yan Jiuchao's cultivation completely disappeared. The intense pain pressed down on him like a stone. He felt a pain in his chest and fell from midair.

Shadow Thirteen turned around and his face turned pale. "Young Master!"

The Level Five Asura King stretched out his sharp claws and turned them into fists in midair, punching Yan Jiuchao's chest! No sooner said than done, Shadow Thirteen flashed over and protected Yan Jiuchao tightly.

Crack—

The fist smashed into Shadow Thirteen's body. The bones in his body shattered like jade that had fallen to the ground. The Level Five Asura King unceremoniously threw this annoying fellow away and punched Yan Jiuchao again.

"Roar—"

An angry shout suddenly came from the sky. A powerful Asura King pressure blocked his fist like a barrier.

A trace of shock flashed across the Level Five Asura King's eyes. It was clearly the aura of a Level One Asura King, but it actually blocked a Level Five Asura King's attack?

Qing Yan said, "It's Asura! Asura has come out of seclusion!"

Ever since Asura was injured, he had found a hidden place to enter seclusion. They had plundered many secret manuals suitable for Asura from the Sikong family and successfully let their Asura break through to the Level One Asura King.

Qing Yan quickly realized something and frowned. "Not good, he came out of seclusion early!"

The Level Five Asura King could tell that this opponent was at the peak of the Level One Asura King and had faint signs of breaking through. In other words, he had forcefully suppressed himself at the critical juncture of breaking through. This was very dangerous.

If he suppressed himself, he would not be able to use his full strength. However, even so, he actually withstood nearly fifty percent of his strength. This Asura King was still insignificant. If he succeeded, who among them could be his match?

The Level Five Asura King immediately wanted to kill the Milk Asura!

While the Level Five Asura King was killing Yan Jiuchao and the others, the ancient tomb on the other side also welcomed its killing intent.

Sikong Ye sat on the round altar in the middle of the secret room and meditated with his eyes closed. In order to let him cultivate in peace, Yu Wan closed the stone door. The secret room was quiet, and only his weak breathing could be heard.

With a bang, the stone door opened.

"Ah Wan, is that you?" Sikong Ye slowly opened his eyes. He thought it was the younger sister, but what he saw was the eldest sister, who was clearly thinner.

He was stunned. "Yu'er? Why are you here?"

The Saintess smiled. "I'm here to see the ancestor."

This greeting made Sikong Ye frown.

The Saintess slowly walked over and raised her hand to gently pat Sikong Ye's shoulder. "Ancestor, are you very weak?"

She pressed down on Sikong Ye just like that, and Sikong Ye could not resist. She laughed. "It seems to be true. Ancestor, you've lost all your martial arts."

Sikong Ye's eyes narrowed slightly, and he instinctively sensed that something was wrong. "You're not Yu'er!"

"Of course I'm not Yu'er. There's no Yu'er in the world. Unfortunately, you know it too late."

The Saintess sneered, grabbed his shoulder, and threw him to the ground!

Chapter 850 Might of the Ten Thousand Gu King

The higher the realm of the Longevity Technique, the stronger the strength and the longer the lifespan obtained. However, at the same time, the backlash suffered by the full moon would also be greater.

At Sikong Ye's level, he was as fragile as babies during the nights of the full moon.

When the Saintess threw him down, he did not even have the strength to resist. All the pain that he could not feel in the past pressed down on him exponentially, and cold sweat quickly broke out on his forehead.

However, even in such a sorry state, his eyes still emitted an unruly cold light. "You're the Saintess?"

The Saintess was shocked. The medicinal effect of the Cultivation Disintegrating Powder in her body had yet to pass, but Old Ancestor Sikong actually sensed her aura?

No, he didn't notice it. He could tell.

With just a casual action, he could tell her martial arts path. As expected of an ancestor, his attainments in martial arts had already reached the peak. However, so what?

He was going to die soon. There would no longer be Ancestor Sikong in the world.

"That's right, I'm the Saintess," the Saintess said unscrupulously. What did she have to hide from a dead person? Could it be that she was afraid that he would turn around and take revenge on her? Did he have the ability?

However, before killing him, the Saintess had one thing to do.

The Saintess squatted down and gently patted his face with her dagger. This seemingly harmless action was extremely insulting.

Sikong Ye looked at her coldly.

The Saintess smiled faintly. "Don't look at me like that. You can't even kill an ant now. Do you think I'm afraid of you? Let me ask you, where's the Longevity Technique? It's not the one provided by the Sikong family, but the one you perfected!"

The Longevity Technique left behind by the Sikong family's ancestors was an incomplete copy. After so many years, the Saintess had only seen two people who had mastered it. One was Yan Jiuchao, and the other was Ancestor Sikong. In the end, Ancestor Sikong had the advantage of age and resources and his realm was higher. Therefore, the Longevity Technique in his hands was definitely more perfect and better.

Sikong Ye said weakly and mockingly, "You want the Longevity Technique... dream on!"

The Saintess smiled and said, "Aren't you afraid that after I kill you, I'll turn to deal with your little great-granddaughter? I'm fake, but that one is real."

Sikong Ye moved back as if he wanted to avoid her dagger. "Whether I hand it over or not, won't you let her off?" He had already been tricked once. It would not be so easy to trick him a second time!

The Saintess continued, "Then why don't we make a deal? Give me the Longevity Technique and I'll spare that girl's life."

She had spared her life, but it did not mean that Sikong Yun's experts would spare hers. However, there was no need to let Ancestor Sikong know about this.

Sikong Ye glared at her without blinking. "Do you think I'll believe you at this point?"

The Saintess narrowed her eyes. "Name a condition. What must I do to make you hand over the Longevity Technique?"

"Your life." Sikong Ye enunciated each word clearly.

The Saintess's eyes darkened. She stood up and shouted, "It seems like you want to do this the hard way. Fine, I'll kill you first before killing that girl. When I turn the entire Nether Mountain upside down, I don't believe I can't find the Longevity Technique!"

As soon as she finished speaking, the Saintess gripped the dagger in her hand and stabbed at Sikong Ye.

Just as she was about to succeed, Sikong Ye touched a mechanism in the dark. He suddenly pressed it, and the floor cracked as he fell.

The Saintess reached out to grab it, but the floor closed with a bang. The Saintess retracted her hand in time. It was too dangerous. If she had been a step later, her hand would have been broken!

No wonder that old fellow kept moving back. She thought that he was afraid and wanted to avoid her dagger, but she did not expect him to approach this mechanism.

The Saintess also pressed the mechanism with her bare hands. Unfortunately, this was originally a mechanism to save oneself. After locking it from the inside, the outside could no longer be activated.

“Detestable!” The Saintess gritted her teeth and stood up. She looked at the tightly closed floor and said disdainfully, “Do you think I can’t catch you like this? Lord Mo, you can come in.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a man in a dark red cloak slowly entered the secret room.

He was seven feet tall, had a muscular body, and a powerful aura. He was one of the three experts that Sikong Yun’s grandfather had given him. He was also a Level Five Asura King, but he had already reached the peak of Level Five and was only a step away from Level Six.

When he walked into the Nether Mountain, the vegetation there had withered.

He stepped on the cold limestone floor step by step. The floor seemed to be burning from his internal energy, emitting black smoke.

The Saintess had never seen such an expert in the Sikong family, other than Ancestor Sikong. It was no wonder that Sikong Yun’s grandfather had repeatedly reminded him not to let Master Sikong discover him. Sikong Yun’s maternal family was really bold. They actually nurtured such a terrifying expert behind the Sikong family’s back!

If she controlled the Sikong family in the future, she would definitely have to guard against Sikong Yun’s maternal family.

However, they were in the same boat now.

The Saintess said to him, “Ancestor Sikong has hidden underground. The stones here are all made of the Sikong family’s Coiled Dragon Stone. They’re indestructible. I wonder if Lord Mo has a way to shatter them?”

“Hmph!” The Level Five Asura King, who was called Lord Mo, gave the Saintess a cold look. He walked to the mechanism and waved his hand, indicating for the Saintess to move aside.

The Saintess was a little angry at this action of sending the shop assistant away. After all, she was the Saintess of the Nether Capital, but he actually looked down on her. If she didn't have a favor to ask of him, she would have punished him.

The Saintess swallowed her anger and retreated out of the secret room.

Lord Mo sank his energy into his dantian and raised his hand to strike the ground with a domineering astral energy. The astral energy was so powerful that even the entire tomb shook, but the Coiling Dragon Stone did not crack at all.

The Saintess was surprised. Fortunately, she did not listen to Sikong Yun and secretly brought the expert to the Nether Mountain. Otherwise, with the power of the Coiling Dragon Stone, she would not be able to catch the Sikong Ancestor even if she spent three days and three nights.

Once Ancestor Sikong recovered two days later, what awaited her would not be a good fruit.

Lord Mo had only used thirty percent of his strength just now. He was not in a hurry to open it. He increased his internal energy by twenty percent. This time, although the Coiling Dragon Stone still did not shatter, it trembled at a visible extent.

The Saintess' eyes lit up.

It moved, the Coiled Dragon Stone moved!

There was hope of it opening!

Lord Mo shouted and used 70% of his strength to smash the Coiling Dragon Stone under his feet.

Crack!

A small crack appeared on the Coiled Dragon Stone.

The Saintess was overjoyed!

As expected of a peak Level Five Asura King, he could even crack the legendary invincible Coiling Dragon Stone.

As Lord Mo punched down, the crack on the Coiling Dragon Stone gradually became bigger—

On the other hand, after Yu Wan returned to the courtyard, she first went to pack some clothes for her great-grandfather and then went to the kitchen to get some food. She did not tell a third person about Sikong Ye's weakness, so Yu Wan did not say anything. Everyone saw that she could eat and only thought that she was taking it for herself.

After she was done packing, she wondered if she should go to Yan Jiuchao's place to take a look later. She suddenly felt that something was wrong.

Eh? Where was the Saintess? She had been here for so long, but she had not seen her. Didn't she want to kill her all the time? Why did she suddenly disappear?

"Hey." Yu Wan stopped a disciple. "Have you seen my sister?"

The disciple shook his head.

Yu Wan asked, "You haven't seen her all day?"

The disciple thought for a while. "I saw her just now."

"When?" Yu Wan asked.

The disciple said, "In the evening. Not long after you went out, she also went out."

Yu Wan continued, "And didn't come back?"

"Yes." The disciple nodded.

"She disappeared for no reason. It's obvious that it's not a good thing! No, I have to find her!" Yu Wan turned around to look for the Saintess, but the moment she crossed the threshold, the ground suddenly trembled. Yu Wan staggered and almost fell!

She hurriedly held onto the door frame. Just as she stabilized herself, the ground trembled again.

She frowned. "What happened?!"

In Sikong Changfeng's courtyard.

Little Gu was lying on the back of the Ten Thousand Gu King, acting tyrannically.

Tsk!

It turned over!

Huff!

It punched out with its beautiful little fist!

The Ten Thousand Gu King sat in meditation without moving.

Little Gu plucked its tentacles!

Little Gu pulled its insect horn!

Little Gu punched its insect shell eighteen times!

Swish!

The Ten Thousand Gu King opened its eyes, and a light as sharp as an ice blade instantly filled the surroundings.

Even though Little Gu was on its back, it was instantly stunned by the cold pressure.

The Ten Thousand Gu King looked in the direction of the Nether Mountain. With a pressure, the jade bottle exploded.

Yiya!

Little Gu was so frightened that it hugged the Ten Thousand Gu King's horn.

The Ten Thousand Gu King flew out domineeringly and coldly. It was so fast that it did not even leave an afterimage.

Little Gu, which was being blown around, was trembling in fear.

The Coiling Dragon Stone completely cracked. The pressure from a peak Level Five Asura King made Sikong Ye's meridians reverse and his bones break.

Lord Mo used his internal energy to grab the heavily injured Sikong Ye and grabbed his neck.

He was an unattainable god, an invincible king. It was the wish of all the experts in the Nether Capital to defeat Ancestor Sikong with their own hands!

Sikong Ye's life was rapidly draining away.

Lord Mo controlled his internal energy with his right hand to strangle him. He held a dagger in the palm of his left hand and stabbed it fiercely at Sikong Ye's heart.

At the critical moment, a sharp scream sounded from behind the tomb.

The powerful pressure of the Gu King swept over like a wave. The dagger that was about to stab Sikong Ye's heart was pressed into a bow and fell to the ground with a clang.