

## Toddler 851

### Chapter 851 Divine Brave Ten Thousand Gu King, Invincible Milk Asura (1)

A trace of suspicion flashed across Lord Mo's eyes. Although he had not used all his strength in that move just now, it was still an attack that could not be ignored, not to mention that the dagger was made of black iron from the Zhuge family. It could cut through iron like mud and was not much inferior to the Coiled Dragon Stone. It was actually bent by that force just like that?

This was...

The sharp whistling continued. Ordinary people could not hear it, but to experts, it was like a sharp awl that pierced straight into their minds.

"Ah—" The Saintess covered her head and fell to the cold ground in pain.

Lord Mo had the strength of a peak Level Five Asura King. Although he could not block this scream, he still felt a trace of discomfort.

In the tomb, the Gu King's pressure was everywhere.

Lord Mo focused his energy. He could tell that the Gu King was still very far away, but even so, its pressure still protected Sikong Ye. He had long heard that Ancestor Sikong had a powerful Gu worm in his hands, but he did not expect it to be so powerful.

If he was not wrong, this Gu King was probably at the strength of a Level Five Asura King.

Although he was not afraid of it, it was a little troublesome. It was best to kill Sikong Ye before it arrived.

Lord Mo no longer used a weapon. He condensed a powerful internal energy in his palm and was about to slap Sikong Ye's vital point.

“Ah—”

It was the Saintess who suffered internal injuries from the pressure of the Ten Thousand Gu King. She lay on the ground, her meridians reversed, and she vomited blood!

She was Sikong Yun’s wife and also the Saintess of the Nether Capital. She still had a very considerable value. Lord Mo would not really let her die in the hands of the Ten Thousand Gu King.

Lord Mo had no choice but to divert a portion of his internal energy to stand in front of the Saintess and resist the pressure of the Ten Thousand Gu King.

The Ten Thousand Gu King’s speed was faster than expected. In just this moment, it had already flashed into the ancient tomb like a ghost.

The Ten Thousand Gu King knocked aside the internal energy that Lord Mo used to restrain Sikong Ye, and Sikong Ye fell to the ground.

The Ten Thousand Gu King stood in front of Sikong Ye, his eyes that seemed to have been closed for ten thousand years stared at Lord Mo without blinking, as if there were two holes in hell that emitted a cold light that could devour souls.

Little Gu was blown by the strong wind all the way, and its antenna exploded. If it wasn’t for its tight grip, it would have fallen countless times. It finally stopped. Little Gu lay on the Ten Thousand Gu King’s back, so tired that it stuck out its tongue and rolled its eyes!

So angry!

It didn’t even greet it when it flew!

Little Gu revealed its small fists and punched the Ten Thousand Gu King’s hard insect shell!

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

Lord Mo narrowed his eyes.

So there were two Ten Thousand Gu Kings. Although the little one was a juvenile Gu, its potential was not inferior to this old one.

Lord Mo said proudly, "You came at the right time. I'll take you all in today. The King of Ten Thousand Gu is a great tonic for martial artists. When I suck this old one, I'll capture this little one!"

The higher the strength of the Ten Thousand Gu King, the more effective it was to increase his strength. He had been lingering at this realm for more than three years and had not been able to break through. At his realm, the pills in the Nether Capital were no longer helpful to him, yet he could not find any qualified Gu King. It was not that he did not know that Ancestor Sikong had the Gu King, but who dared to have any ideas about him?

He did not look for them, but they automatically came to him to enjoy. He could not reject them even if he wanted to.

Lord Mo suddenly raised his pressure to the extreme.

A battle between experts did not need too fancy moves. He wanted to use his pressure to suppress it until it submitted to him.

The troublesome Little Gu was also very afraid in front of experts. When the powerful pressure swept over, it immediately retracted its small fists and hugged the Ten Thousand Gu King's insect horn.

Although they both had the strength of a Level Five Asura King, he was at the peak of Level Five. This was definitely not something an expert who had just entered Level Five could compare to.

Lord Mo flicked his wide sleeve and said arrogantly, "A worm dares to be impudent to me? You overestimate yourself!"

The pressure of a peak Level Five was like a vast sea, drowning the entire ancient tomb. Only the Saintess was not affected under his protection. As for the rest...

He reached out, preparing to put the heavily injured Gu King into his bag at any time.

At this moment, something unbelievable happened.

The aura of the Ten Thousand Gu King, who was originally only at the early-stage of Level Five, suddenly began to increase. Mid-stage Level Five, late-stage Level Five, peak Level Five, perfected Level Five... Level Six!

However, it did not stop!

Chapter 852 Mighty Ten Thousand Gu King, Invincible Milk Asura (2)

Early-stage Level Six, middle-stage Level Six... Peak Level Six!

The King of Ten Thousand Gu had increased his realm by an entire level.

This was something that many peerless experts could not do for decades. It actually...

Could it be that this was the Ten Thousand Gu King's true strength? It had been hiding before?!

A mere Level Five Asura King actually had designs on a Level Six Gu King. He probably did not even know how to write the word "death".

Lord Mo finally realized this and ran!

Unfortunately, he could not escape.

The Ten Thousand Gu King let out a sharp scream. The pressure was like an invisible light wave as it suddenly collided with his back. The Asura King, who was at the peak of Level Five, fell to the ground and twitched twice.

Crack! Crack, crack, crack...

The Ten Thousand Gu King continued to pressure him, breaking all the bones in his body.

The torture that Sikong Ye had suffered returned to the Level Five Asura King a thousand times over.

When his strength could not protect his body, he would no longer be able to withstand the pain. The pain attacked, and he let out a miserable scream. "Ah—"

The scream was too terrifying. The Little Gu covered its eyes with its little claws. After a while, it stole a glance through the gaps in its little claws. Seeing that the big bastard had fallen to the ground and could not fight back, it immediately ate the gall of a bear! Its aura was ten meters high!

It jumped onto the body of the Level Five Asura King, took out its small fists, and punched!

...

In the courtyard in the east of the city, the Level Five Asura King wanted to kill the Milk Asura who had appeared halfway. Killing an early-stage Level One Asura was simply as easy as flipping his hand. He did not take the Milk Asura seriously and was only waiting to strangle him and the man called Yan Jiuchao to death.

Milk Asura also knew that his realm was inferior to his, so he did not fight him. He carried Yan Jiuchao on his back and used his qinggong to escape into the night.

"Trying to escape?" The Level Five Asura King snorted coldly and chased after him.

His goal was Yan Jiuchao and Milk Asura. As for the remaining group of people, there would naturally be other assassins to deal with them.

As expected, not long after he left, a wave of assassins in black surged into the courtyard. Ah Wei had already left with the little black eggs. Yue Gou and Qing Yan respectively brought Grandma, Granny Lan, and the others and were too busy.

Just as the group of people was about to swing their swords at Shadow Thirteen, who was lying in a pool of blood, a wave of fatal plum blossom darts flew over with a huge force, ruthlessly flipping the five men in black to the ground.

The plum blossom darts were poisoned, and the five men in black died on the spot.

Shadow Thirteen lay in a pool of blood, on the verge of death, unable to move. He turned his face to the side and looked in the direction where the person had appeared. Blood flowed from his forehead, blurring his vision.

Shadow Six did not like to kill. At least, he did not like such massacres. However, he was like a ferocious beast that had lost its rationality. Every strike was fatal. Shadow Thirteen opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he couldn't make a sound.

Don't kill anymore...

He did not feel sorry for those people's lives, but he did not want them to dirty Shadow Six's hands.

After killing the last man in black, there was no clean place on Shadow Six's body. It was as if he had been soaked in a blood pool, and blood dripped from his entire body. He came to Shadow Thirteen and knelt down on one knee.

Plop.

Something hot dripped onto Shadow Thirteen's pale face.

Shadow Thirteen's throat ached. "Shadow... Shadow Six..."

"Stop talking!" Shadow Six knelt down on one knee and wiped his surging tears. He reached out his arm and carefully picked him up. "I'll bring you to Old Cui."

Shadow Thirteen said weakly, "Save... Young Master."

The moon was dark and the wind was strong. The night was like a natural curtain, covering the figures of Milk Asura and Yan Jiuchao. However, the sound they made could not escape the ears of the Level Five Asura King.

The Level Five Asura King chased after him relentlessly. However, to his surprise, the level-one Asura King's realm was not high, but his qinggong was not low. He clearly had a man with him, but he still could not catch up.

Every time he thought that he was going to catch them, the other party would suddenly disappear with a strange step.

The Level Five Asura King frowned. "What kind of qinggong is this?!"

Milk Asura turned around and stuck out his tongue at him!

However, the Nether Capital was only so big. There was always a place where people had nowhere to escape. Milk Asura darted into an alley. The Level Five Asura King sneered and took a shortcut to go around another alley. At the end of the road, he blocked Milk Asura and Yan Jiuchao's path.

Chapter 853 Mighty Ten Thousand Gu King, Invincible Milk Asura (3)

This was an old street that had long been abandoned. The houses on both sides were empty, and there were no commoners living there. Because of this, it seemed especially sinister and terrifying in the dark night.

The Level Five Asura King slowly walked towards them and said arrogantly, "Do you still want to escape?"

Milk Asura looked at him innocently and took two steps back.

The Level Five Asura King asked, "Tell me, what qinggong did you use just now?"

Milk Asura did not say anything and continued to look at him adorably. When he walked forward, Milk Asura retreated. When he was forced to retreat without any way out, Milk Asura pouted aggrievedly.

The Level Five Asura King threatened, "Hand over your qinggong secret manual and I'll let you die a quick death. Otherwise, I'll break your bones one by one and eat your flesh bit by bit. I'll let you know what it means to live no better than death!"

Milk Asura was unmoved.

The Level Five Asura King sneered. "Alright, I'll cripple you first before slowly torturing you. Let's see if you're stubborn or if my fist is stronger!"

With that, he was about to attack when Milk Asura suddenly stretched out a hand and made a "wait" gesture. The Level Five Asura King thought that he had compromised and looked at him with a faint smile.

Milk Asura stroked his head elegantly and took out a small milk bottle. He suddenly took a sip and threw the person on his back to the Level Five Asura King before escaping!

The Level Five Asura King looked at the dummy in his arms and realized that he had been played. He immediately flew into a rage out of humiliation. "You fooled me. You will pay the price!"

The Level Five Asura King was so angry that he lost all his rationality. He did not care where the real Yan Jiuchao went and chased after him without care.



This time, he did not compete with the other party in qinggong. He directly released the pressure of a Level Five Asura King, suppressing Milk Asura until he screamed and fell from the sky.

Milk Asura fell to the ground.

The Level Five Asura King landed steadily beside him and walked towards him step by step. He gritted his teeth and said, "I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it!"

Milk Asura suddenly stood up and raised his hand in a gesture of surrender.

The Level Five Asura King narrowed his eyes. "You're finally willing to hand over the secret manual?"

Milk Asura nodded aggrievedly.

The Level Five Asura King stretched out his hand. "Bring it over!"

Milk Asura took out a large pile of things from his pocket and sleeve: a small milk bottle, a small pot lid, a small bead, a small red rope, a small handkerchief, a small diaper...

The corners of the Level Five Asura King's eyes twitched. It was fine if a man like you used a handkerchief, but why did you have a diaper?!

Uh... This is the milk friend's diaper, he took the wrong one. Milk Asura stuffed the little diaper back into his arms. After emptying all his pockets, he finally found a square box and carefully handed it to him.

The Level Five Asura King would not let him off so easily. "Open it and take a look!"

Milk Asura obediently opened the box. Other than a folded secret manual, there was nothing else inside.

The Level Five Asura King was also guarding against him from ambushing him the moment he got close. He said coldly, "Throw it over."

Milk Asura reluctantly threw the box over. As soon as he finished throwing, the Milk Asura ran!

The Level Five Asura King frowned. He wanted to escape? Wait, something was wrong!

The Level Five Asura King suddenly looked at the box in his hand.

The Qianji Box exploded with a bang!

The Level Five Asura King did not even have time to exclaim before he was exploded into a pool of flesh by the thousand mechanisms.

Chapter 854 The Might of the Black Eggs!

After Milk Asura finished blowing up the Level Five Asura King, he quickly returned to the street that had been blocked by the Level Five Asura King for the first time. He jumped into a dilapidated room, opened the cabinet, and saved Yan Jiuchao, who he had hidden inside.

He matched his fingers, not knowing where to go.

Yan Jiuchao slowly opened his eyes and said weakly, "Go look for Shadow Thirteen."

Milk Asura carried Yan Jiuchao on his back. Just as he was about to use his qinggong to fly towards the east courtyard of the city, he saw Shadow Six rushing over.

Shadow Six originally did not know where Young Master and his Asura had gone. He had only taken the opportunity to look for them when he heard the huge commotion. He was not sure if it was Young Master, so he wanted to try his luck, but he found him.

"Young Master!" His eyes lit up and he strode forward.

Yan Jiuchao glanced at him. "Where's Shadow Thirteen?"

When Shadow Thirteen was about to die, he was obsessed with his Young Master. He did not expect his Young Master to be so injured. The first person he was concerned about was also Shadow Thirteen. Shadow Six was relieved by their relationship but also a little jealous. He did not know why.

Shadow Six said, "The courtyard in the east of the city is very safe for the time being. I left him there, but... his condition isn't too good..."

Yan Jiuchao endured the pain in his meridians and dantian and took out a small medicine bottle. "Give it to him to take."

"What is this?" Shadow Six took the small medicine bottle and opened it. There was a black pill inside.

"The Sikong family's pills." Yan Jiuchao's situation was not good either. It was difficult for him to speak and he did not explain much.

However, even if he didn't say it, Shadow Six could guess that with his Young Master's personality, ordinary things with curative effects wouldn't catch his eye. What could make him carry it on him at all times must be a good medicine to save his life.

Young Master had clearly lost his memories and thought that he was the Ghost King. He had only agreed to pretend to be their Young Master for the sake of the plan, but at such a critical moment, he gave the last life-saving medicine to Shadow Thirteen.

Shadow Six was so touched that he wanted to cry.

Such a good, such a good Young Master...

They had to...

Before Shadow Six could finish moving, Yan Jiuchao took out seventeen to eighteen small medicine bottles from his wide sleeve.

“...” Shadow Six was instantly petrified!

Two Level Five Asura Kings had died in a row in the Nether Capital. Such a huge commotion naturally could not be hidden from the experts of the Nether Capital. The Sikong Manor was at the foot of the Nether Mountain, and the tremors in the Nether Mountain were very strong. Master Sikong had long sensed it.

The Ancestor had cultivated in the Nether Mountain for many years, and it was not that there had never been a big commotion. However, that aura did not seem to come from the Ancestor.

Could it be that someone had barged into the Nether Mountain?

Although Master Sikong was confident in his ancestor's martial arts, he did not feel the ancestor's pressure and aura from the beginning to the end. Why was this? Could it be that the ancestor had already encountered something unexpected?

Master Sikong's expression turned solemn. However, he was not qualified to enter the Nether Mountain, so he could only call his eldest son, who had never been doted on by him, over.

“Father.” Sikong Changfeng bowed politely and distantly.

Master Sikong was anxious about the situation in the Nether Mountain and did not care about his son's distance from him. He said seriously, “Did you hear the commotion in the Nether Mountain?”

Not only did he hear it, he also saw the Ten Thousand Gu King suddenly break out of the bottle and bring Little Flower to the Nether Mountain. His intuition told him that something had happened to Ancestor Sikong. He was about to go to the Nether Mountain to take a look when he was called by his father's people to the study.

“I heard you, Father,” he replied.

Master Sikong continued, "Do you know what happened? Did someone barge into the Nether Mountain? The Ancestor..."

Although Sikong Changfeng could enter and leave the Nether Mountain freely, he never revealed everything about the Nether Mountain to outsiders. Therefore, even when his biological father asked him, he only replied, "I don't know."

Master Sikong knew that his son's lips were sealed and he could not pry out half a sentence. He said impatiently and helplessly, "Then go take a look," and let him leave.

When Sikong Changfeng rushed to the Nether Mountain's tomb, the peak Level Five Asura King had already been beaten unconscious by Little Gu's invincible fists. Little Gu wanted to bite him to death, but it was restrained by Yu Wan, who arrived in time.

Yu Wan said, "He's also Asura. His strength can be used by Asura."

Only then did Little Gu pat its little claws and jump back onto the Ten Thousand Gu King's back.

The Ten Thousand Gu King returned to his meditative state. He silently lay on the cold ground and guarded the dying Sikong Ye.

Sikong Ye was injured by the peak Level Five Asura King at the same time that he had almost lost all his internal energy. His life was rapidly depleting, and his aura was becoming weaker.

"Great-grandpa!" Yu Wan walked over in three steps and helped Sikong Ye up to lean against the wall of the secret room.

Yu Wan clearly remembered that she was very careful. After leaving the tomb, she did not say a word about her great-grandfather's weakness. Unexpectedly, someone still took advantage of it!

Sikong Ye's condition was not good. The blood had completely drained from his face. Yu Wan pinched his pulse and realized that his pulse was unprecedentedly chaotic. Blood kept flowing from the corner of his mouth.

"Great-Grandpa, hang in there... I have a life-saving medicine on me... Yan Jiuchao gave it to me... He said that it's the best pill in the Sikong family... It can revive the dead..." This kind of pill was even better than the medicine that Great-Grandmother had made at the bottom of the cliff back then, so not only did Yan Jiuchao stockpile a bunch himself, but he also stuffed a lot of it on her.

Yu Wan took out all the medicine bottles on her. "Great Grandpa, look! There's so much medicine! You'll definitely be fine!"

Yu Wan picked up a medicine bottle, removed the cork, and poured out the pills inside.

Sikong Ye shook his head slightly and said in a weak voice, "It's useless... These pills... can't treat Great Grandpa..."

Yu Wan said anxiously, "No, try it!"

Sikong Ye raised his hand and gently pressed down on her little hand that was feeding him the medicine. "In my realm, these pills... are useless..."

These were not polite words, but the truth. With the Sikong family's financial resources and ability, they would not be stingy with a few pills that could revive the dead. However, after cultivating the Longevity Technique to the eighth level, there were no more pills in the Nether Capital that could treat him.

"But..." Yu Wan was unwilling to give up her last hope.

Sikong Ye looked at her with a pale face. "Let Great Grandpa finish speaking."

Yu Wan's throat hurt and her eyes turned red.

Sikong Ye squeezed out a weak smile. "It's Great Grandpa, silly."

Yu Wan was stunned.

Ah...

Grandma's father... seemed to be Great-Grandpa...

What was wrong with her? She had been calling him great-grandfather for two days.

Sikong Ye was amused by her silly look. In his heart, he was unwilling to add the word "external" to his and Lan Yi's descendants. She was his little great-granddaughter and would always be.

He raised his hand to stroke her head. "...I've let you suffer."

At this point, what else could he not understand? This girl was actually protecting him when she was at odds with the Saintess. He was too stupid to see that she was his only great-granddaughter.

"I've never regretted anything in my life... Now... I regret not being able to leave with Lan Yi back then..."

If he had done that, he would have realized that Lan Yi was pregnant. He wanted to accompany Lan Yi to give birth and personally raise her child. He still wanted to see her get married and find the best man in the world for her. If that man dared to bully her, he would beat him up!

And her children, her children's children... He wanted to protect them all the time...

"Great Grandpa can't accompany you anymore..." Sikong Ye coughed up a mouthful of blood and took out a secret manual." This is... the perfected longevity technique... My life's hard work is inside... Take this..."

"I don't want the Longevity Technique!" Yu Wan choked.

Sikong Ye smiled bitterly and wiped her tears. "Actually, a few days ago... I felt that my time was almost up... I was unwilling to accept it for a long time... I thought... perhaps it was to wait until I could reunite with you... Now... Great Grandpa doesn't have any regrets... I can go in peace..."

Yu Wan's heart trembled. "Great Grandpa!"

Sikong Ye lay peacefully on the ground.

Yu Wan's tears fell. "Great-grandpa... Great-grandpa! Great-grand—"

Bang!

Before she could finish her sentence, a tall figure smashed in from outside the tomb with three black things in his arms.

It turned out that Ah Wei had escaped from the east courtyard of the city with his three useless disciples. As he fled, he got lost and entered the Nether Mountain in a daze. He even rolled into a gloomy tomb.

Ah Wei used his body as a meat cushion. The three little black eggs first hit him, then rolled to the ground.

Sikong Ye opened his eyes. This was his last look before he died.

But... What did he see? Three round, chubby little black eggs?!

"Son!" Yu Wan shouted.

This, this, this... These cute little fellows were his little great-grandsons?



Sikong Ye's eyes widened. He grabbed Yu Wan's hand and said with his last bit of strength, "I think... I can still be saved!"

#### Chapter 855 The Mission of the Ten Thousand Gu King (1)

When Sikong Changfeng walked into the tomb and happened to hear Ancestor Sikong's last sentence, he was so shocked that he staggered and almost fell!

"Ancestor!"

He quickly walked to the secret room at the end.

However, Sikong Ye closed his eyes and fainted after saying that. Even though he fainted, his face was still facing the little black eggs.

The little black eggs were dizzy and their eyes were seeing stars. They walked as if they were drunk and were swaying.

The first thing Sikong Changfeng saw was these three black little fellows. Triplets were simply too rare, and they were so black and beautiful that they could not be found even with a lantern. Before he could be surprised, he saw Yu Wan with tears in her eyes and an indescribable expression. He could not be bothered to be surprised because a loud and clear baby cry came from the tomb.

He glanced around and saw a young man less than twenty years old carrying a baby.

Then there was the Asura King who had fallen to the ground and—

"Aiya!"

He tripped, but he accidentally stepped on the Saintess who was lying on the ground.

The Saintess was originally awake and was about to escape when no one was paying attention. However, Sikong Chengfeng stepped on her head and her eyes rolled back on the spot. She was so dizzy that she couldn't faint anymore.

Sikong Changfeng stepped on the Saintess until she was a pig's head. However, he could not tell that it was a face very similar to Yu Wan.

Sikong Changfeng was puzzled. There had never been outsiders in the Nether Mountain. Why were there so many people today? There were even men, women and children.

Sikong Changfeng simply did not know how to express his shock. In the end, he saw Old Ancestor Sikong, who had fainted on the floor in a strange posture.

The corners of Sikong Changfeng's mouth twitched. "..."

Sikong Changfeng took a few deep breaths and suppressed all his churning emotions. He asked Yu Wan, who was still awake and knew her, "Why are you here? Your face... has recovered? Also, what happened here? Who are they?"

A series of questions were thrown at Yu Wan. Yu Wan did not know who to answer first. At this moment, the little black eggs finally touched their mother's side and threw themselves into her arms.

Sikong Changfeng: "?!"

Yu Wan said, "My sons, don't look at me like that. I'm even more surprised than you."

Who knew what had happened? Why did Ah Wei, her sons, and her nephew all come to the tomb of the Nether Mountain?

"Ah Wei, what happened?" She asked the number one villain of the Ghost Clan, who had coaxed the baby until he was overwrought.

Ah Wei said with an ashen face, "An assassin came to the courtyard. We got separated."

Yu Wan's eyes turned cold. Even that side had encountered assassins?!

"What about the others? Did Yan Jiuchao go over?" This was what she was most worried about. The Ghost King and Great-Grandpa practiced the same cultivation technique. If Great-Grandpa lost his strength, then Yan Jiuchao would not be spared to a large extent.

"He went, and so did Asura. I don't know what happened after that," Ah Wei said truthfully.

He walked far away with the children. When his Milk Asura appeared, he only felt a familiar aura in the dark. He really did not know if his Milk Asura had saved Yan Jiuchao.

Sikong Changfeng could not get an answer from Yu Wan. However, from their conversation, it was not difficult to guess that Yu Wan was originally in this tomb, and this man who was coaxing the baby had accidentally barged into the Nether Mountain.

Sikong Changfeng thought that the woman he had accidentally knocked out was also Yu Wan's friend. He hurriedly cleared his throat and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know that your friend had knocked her out."

Only then did Yu Wan look at the Saintess. She was so concerned just now that she did not notice that there was a fish that escaped the net behind the stone pillar.

Yu Wan immediately recognized the Saintess. In an instant, she was enlightened and knew everything.

She knew that her great-grandfather's weakness had never been mentioned to a third person. Why would someone barge into the Nether Mountain fearlessly to assassinate him? It turned out that it was secretly planned by the Saintess! The Saintess must have eavesdropped on her conversation with her great-grandfather and deduced that Yan Jiuchao also had this weakness, so she sent two groups of assassins to kill her great-grandfather and Yan Jiuchao.

Yu Wan could understand why she wanted to kill Yan Jiuchao. After all, Yan Jiuchao had injured her and schemed against her and Sikong Yun. However, how did Great-Grandpa offend her? Could it be that she

was worried that Great-Grandpa would see through her identity, so she killed him in advance to silence him?

What a vicious woman!

## Chapter 856 The Mission of the Ten Thousand Gu King (2)

Yu Wan suppressed the urge to cut her into pieces on the spot and looked at Sikong Changfeng. “Young Master Sikong, there are some things I don’t have time to explain to you. Great Grandpa is seriously injured. I don’t want anyone to discover this. Can I trouble you to lure the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall away?”

Great-Great Grandpa?

Sikong Changfeng was shocked, but he knew his priorities and did not let himself continue to drown in shock. He immediately turned around and went to the Chaoyang Hall.

The moment the Nether Mountain shook, the Chaoyang Hall was in chaos. The disciples were all guessing what had happened. Where did the unfamiliar aura that suddenly appeared in the Nether Mountain come from?

Also, such a big thing had happened. Why was there no sign of the old ancestor?

Sikong Changfeng said seriously, “An assassin broke into the Nether Mountain and has been captured by the Ancestor. The Ancestor is interrogating him. All of you, follow me to search the other places on the Nether Mountain and see if there are any hidden assassins.”

“Yes!” The disciples followed Sikong Changfeng.

The Saintess and the peak Level Five Asura King stayed in the tomb, guarded by the Ten Thousand Gu King and the Little Gu. Yu Wan and Ah Wei brought the children and the unconscious Old Ancestor Si Kong back to the Chaoyang Hall.

Sikong Ye's situation was not optimistic. To be precise, it was not optimistic at all. His "life is coming to an end" was not fake, and "no medicine can cure" was not a casual word. At his age, he was still unable to break through to the ninth level of the Longevity Technique and reach the end of his life.

And it was indeed because he was too powerful that the pills in the Nether Capital were no longer useful to him.

"Can your Gu worm find Yan Jiuchao and the others?" Yu Wan asked.

"Yes," Ah Wei said.

Yu Wan wanted to know the whereabouts of Yan Jiuchao and everyone else because she was worried that something would happen to them. After all, this assassin was so powerful, so the person who chased after Yan Jiuchao was definitely not bad. With her Asura's realm, he was probably not the other party's match.

Secondly, Yu Wan's medical skills were limited, so she still needed Old Cui to treat Sikong Ye.

Just as Ah Wei was about to go out to look for Yan Jiuchao and the others, Yan Jiuchao had already brought Asura, Shadow Six, and Shadow Thirteen, who also needed to recuperate, into the Nether Mountain.

Yan Jiuchao was still wearing Sikong Yun's face. No one stopped him from bringing many people into the Sikong Manor. Then, they followed the secret passageway of the Nether Mountain to the Chaoyang Hall.

The moment they saw each other, both sides heaved a long sigh of relief.

"How are you?" Yu Wan came to Yan Jiuchao.

"I'm fine," Yan Jiuchao said.

The Sikong family's life-saving pill was temporarily effective on him.

Yu Wan was still worried. She raised her hand to take his pulse. There were signs of internal injuries and he even said that he was fine. However, his pulse was not too bad and there were faint signs of improvement. It was a blessing in disguise.

Yu Wan thought of something and asked, "Have you also lost your martial arts? I just found out that people who practice the Longevity Technique will suffer a backlash when the moon is full."

Yan Jiuchao had already sensed this on the way to the Nether Capital. However, at that time, he did not know if it would flare up once a month. He thought that his cultivation had been messed up because he was not careful.

Yu Wan looked at the door. "By the way, where's Second Grand-aunt and Qing Yan?"

Shadow Six said, "They escaped and haven't been contacted for the time being, but all the assassins are already dead. They shouldn't be in danger for the time being."

Yu Wan looked at Shadow Thirteen in Shadow Six's arms. "Thirteen is also injured?"

"Yes." Shadow Six nodded sadly. Actually, he had long given Shadow Thirteen a pill to revive him, but with the same pill, Young Master had come back to life, but Shadow Thirteen was still unconscious. He was very worried and afraid that Shadow Thirteen would never wake up again.

Yu Wan tidied up the rooms next door and let the group stay in her great-grandfather's courtyard for the time being. Firstly, it was for the convenience of recuperating, and secondly, it was to prevent anyone from assassinating them again.

Shadow Six carried Shadow Thirteen back to the room. Yu Wan stayed in her great grandfather's room. Even though she knew that it was not very effective, Yu Wan still fed him a pill. Then, Yu Wan tried to administer acupuncture to her great grandfather to suppress the internal injuries caused by the peak Level Five Asura King.

However, it was in vain.

Yu Wan sighed. "It seems that we have to find Old Cui."

Yan Jiuchao, who was sitting by the window and silently guarding her and the children, said softly, "It's useless even if he comes. His time is up. Even if Hua Tuo reincarnates, he won't be able to extend his life."

Chapter 857 The Mission of the Ten Thousand Gu King (3)

Yu Wan's eyes darkened. "Is there really no other way?"

Yan Jiuchao said calmly, "The only way to save him is to break through to the ninth level of the Longevity Technique."

Yu Wan pondered and said, "This should be very difficult. I remember Great-Grandpa saying that he's been lingering at the eighth level for many years, but he's still unable to do it."

Yan Jiuchao said, "Find someone who has already reached the ninth level and give him his strength."

This was impossible. In this world, no one from the Sikong Clan had cultivated the Longevity Technique to the ninth level. Even the Ghost Clan's Ghost King had only cultivated it to the sixth level.

Yan Jiuchao continued, "Or we can use the Ten Thousand Gu King as medicine and use poison to urge it. There might be a chance of breaking through to the ninth level."

Yu Wan was stunned. "You mean... to kill Great Grandpa's Gu King?"

Yan Jiuchao said, "That Little Gu is fine too. Although it's a young Gu worm, it has the body of the Gu Emperor."

Yu Wan was silent.

“You have to make a decision as soon as possible. He doesn’t have much time. Which one do you want to kill... tell me.”

I’ll do it.

Yan Jiuchao stood up and carried the three black eggs back to the room next door.

...

Sikong Changfeng lured all the disciples out and asked them to search the Nether Mountain with all their might. The Nether Mountain was so big that they would probably not be able to finish searching in seven to eight days.

When he returned to Old Master Si Kong’s courtyard, he saw Yu Wan sitting under the porch, at a loss.

Actually, he had already digested most of what he needed to digest on the way. Since Yu Wan was the descendant of Old Ancestor Si Kong, in terms of seniority, they were cousins.

Back then, there were rumors about the Old Ancestor and Saintess Lan Yi. There was a saying that Saintess Lan Yi had once been imprisoned by his great-grandfather and that the Old Ancestor had secretly released her. He had never believed this. However, after recalling the portrait of Saintess Lan Yi and looking at Yu Wan’s face, it did not seem difficult to guess something.

No wonder he felt very close to her. They were family to begin with.

Sikong Changfeng walked over and sat down on the steps. “Are you still worried about the Ancestor’s injuries?”

Yu Wan nodded and told Sikong Changfeng the way to save the Ancestor. Be it Little Gu or the Ten Thousand Gu King, she could not bear to kill them.



Sikong Changfeng was not too surprised after hearing her words. He lowered his eyes and pinched the jade bottle in his hand that was used to store the Ten Thousand Gu King. "Actually... the ancestor... expected such a day."

Yu Wan looked at him strangely.

Sikong Changfeng said with difficulty, "The reason why the Nether Mountain raised so many Gu is to better raise the Ten Thousand Gu King..."

He didn't finish his sentence.

Yu Wan muttered to him, "It's so that one day, when the time is almost up, Great Grandpa can refine it into a pill and help himself break through the time limit."

"That's right." Sikong Changfeng felt a little uncomfortable. After raising the Ten Thousand Gu King for so long, he had long treated it as a part of his life.

Even though Little Gu could do it, that was not its mission.

Sikong Changfeng choked. "I've always... always imagined that one day, the ancestor might be able to break through the limit himself, but in the end..."

Yu Wan whispered, "Great-grandpa... probably doesn't want to kill the Ten Thousand Gu King..."

Otherwise, he would have done this in the tomb, but he chose to close his eyes peacefully. Even though he could not bear to part with the little black eggs and hoped to live, he did not tell her that she could use the Ten Thousand Gu King to save him.

He must be looking forward to another way.

While Yu Wan was in a dilemma, the Ten Thousand Gu King slowly crawled over.

The Ten Thousand Gu King was at the peak of the sixth-stage. It was very difficult for them to deal with it with their current strength. To put it bluntly, Yan Jiuchao had lost all his strength in the past two days. On the other hand, it could take advantage of others' danger and kill all of them.

However, it did not do so.

It crawled into Yu Wan's palm, curled its body into a ball, and quietly accepted its fate.

#### Chapter 858 Little Gu Showing Its Might

Sikong Changfeng could not bear it and looked away. Even though he had expected this, at this point, he still felt an indescribable pain in his heart.

He recalled the first time he came to the Nether Mountain to see the Ten Thousand Gu King. At that time, his mother had not long passed away and his father had married a second wife. He could vaguely feel that he was a child in the family who was not valued highly. He had accidentally entered the secret passageway of the Nether Mountain.

Old Ancestor Sikong did not care if the person who trespassed into the Nether Mountain was a disciple of the Sikong family or his grandnephew. He immediately wanted to start a massacre. It was the Ten Thousand Gu King who fell into his hands.

At that time, the Ten Thousand Gu King also obediently curled up into a ball like now.

Perhaps he had been chosen by the Ten Thousand Gu King to become its keeper, he had the qualifications to enter the Nether Mountain.

This gave him a place in the Sikong family as a young master who was neither favored nor protected by his maternal family. Perhaps his father had wanted him to leave the Sikong Manor more than once, but he did not dare to really touch him, the only person who could enter and leave the Chaoyang Hall freely.

All these years, on the surface, he was the one raising the Ten Thousand Gu King, but wasn't it also the Ten Thousand Gu King protecting him?

Not to mention that Sikong Changfeng couldn't bear to see it die, even Yu Wan was the same.

It was always said that the human heart was made of flesh, but sometimes, humans were not as loyal as a worm.

"Are you stupid... Don't you know how to escape? We're injured and pregnant. Who can defeat you?" Yu Wan felt like her throat was blocked as she watched it sacrifice its life for her great-grandfather without hesitation.

The Ten Thousand Gu King was still in meditation.

However, it was unknown if it was Yu Wan and Sikong Changfeng's imagination, but the Ten Thousand Gu King was quieter than any other day.

Perhaps it had been waiting for its mission for a long time. It had never thought of escaping.

Clack!

Little Gu scrambled and fell onto the steps.

The Old Gu had always brought it around every time. This time, it was left behind.

Little Gu chased after it, but it could not catch up no matter what. It fell into the quagmire, fell into the crack in the ground, and was almost eaten by a pheasant!

However, it tenaciously survived!

It was here to look for the Old Gu!!!

Little Gu panted as it climbed up Yu Wan's skirt and ran towards the Ten Thousand Gu King.

The Ten Thousand Gu King moved its pressure and shook Little Gu down.

Little Gu fell to the ground with a thud. It was stunned for a few seconds before continuing to climb onto Yu Wan.

The Ten Thousand Gu King "beat" it to the ground again.

Little Gu also got up again.

After crawling countless times, it fell until it lost consciousness. It raised its little head aggrievedly and looked at the meditating Ten Thousand Gu King with tears in its eyes.

Yu Wan finally could not bear to attack the Ten Thousand Gu King. The Ten Thousand Gu King flew down and silently crawled towards the pill furnace.

Little Gu did not understand what the Ten Thousand Gu King was going to do, but it instinctively felt that it was not a good thing. It jumped over and hugged one of its large insect feet with all its claws, firmly holding it back!

Don't go!

Don't go, don't go, don't go!

The Ten Thousand Gu King crawled under the pill furnace and waved Little Gu away.

Little Gu rolled to the corner of the wall. Its head hurt from hitting the wall. It had tried to pull the Ten Thousand Gu King off the hot pill furnace countless times. If it couldn't pull it off, it would hit it.

The young Gu's small body erupted with unimaginable power, actually knocking the rock-steady Ten Thousand Gu King off the pill furnace.

... The price was that one of its little claws broke.

The Ten Thousand Gu King did not even look at it. It only silently turned around and continued to climb towards the pill furnace.

Little Gu dragged its broken little claw and continued to bump into it, but it was suppressed by the Ten Thousand Gu King's pressure.

Watching the Ten Thousand Gu King fall into the pill furnace, Little Gu cried!

Bang!

Yu Wan smashed the pill furnace with a stool! She panted and said, "No one is allowed to die! I... I'll think of another way!"

Sikong Changfeng clenched his fists and said with reddened eyes, "There's no other way. Either the ancestor or the Ten Thousand Gu King can live."

"Who said there's no other way?"

A dignified and familiar voice sounded in the courtyard.

Yu Wan and Sikong Changfeng turned around at the same time and saw Master Sikong in navy blue brocade clothes walking calmly with one hand behind his back.

"Father?" Sikong Changfeng was stunned.

Yu Wan touched her face guiltily and realized that she had already pasted her appearance back. She was no longer his daughter-in-law, the "Saintess of the Nether Capital". She was instantly relieved.

"Master Sikong," she greeted.

"Why are you here?" Sikong Changfeng walked forward.

Master Sikong said, "Such a big thing happened in the Nether Mountain, how can I not come and take a look? I'm the head of the Sikong Family after all. It's my duty to protect the Nether Mountain."

The truth was that he did not feel the ancestor's aura all night. He suspected that the ancestor was injured, so he had the guts to enter the Nether Mountain. Of course, he did not have any ill intentions towards the ancestor. On the contrary, he hoped more than anyone that this stabilizing pillar of the Sikong family could live for a long time.

"You are..." Master Sikong looked at Yu Wan in the room. Was it an illusion? Why did he feel that this girl was familiar?

Sikong Changfeng was worried that his father would recognize Yu Wan, so he stood in front of her and said with a righteous expression, "She's the descendant of the Ancestor. She's from my generation. Her name is Ah Wan."

Master Sikong sized up Yu Wan from head to toe. "Lan..."

He stopped in time.

Yu Wan understood that what he didn't finish was Saintess Lan Yi.

Yu Wan nodded. "Master Sikong."

Master Sikong was not stupid. He could guess the story just by looking at this face. However, now was not the time to sort this out. Although he did not know how seriously the ancestor was injured, it

seemed that there was no other way when it came to the point where he had no choice but to sacrifice the Ten Thousand Gu King.

Seeing that his father did not ask about the ancestor's situation, Sikong Changfeng did not specially explain. He only used the topic from before to say, "Father, when you entered, you said that there were other ways to save the ancestor? What is it?"

"Ten Thousand Gu King," Master Sikong said.

Do you need to say that? Yu Wan looked at him in surprise.

He raised his hand indifferently and said, "Let me finish speaking first. I'm not referring to the Ancestor's Ten Thousand Gu King, nor is it that little one, but..."

At this point, he paused and a complicated expression flashed across his face. However, he finally made a decision and said, "The Sang family's Ten Thousand Gu King."

"The Sang family?" Sikong Changfeng was stunned. The Sang family was Madam Sikong's maternal family and was also a family second only to the Sikong family in the Nether Capital. However, he had never heard of the Sang family having the Ten Thousand Gu King.

Master Sikong cleared his throat and said in embarrassment, "Your mother drank too much and accidentally let it slip."

This mother was naturally not Sikong Changfeng's biological mother, but his stepmother.

Master Sikong said, "The Sang Family's Ten Thousand Gu King is different from the Ancestor's Gu King. The Ancestor's Gu King feeds on Gu worms, but the Sang Family feeds on human blood. It's an extremely sinister thing. If you want to obtain it, I'm afraid you have to be careful."

It sounded the same at first, but Sikong Changfeng frowned at the last sentence. "Father, you mean... you don't plan to come forward and ask the Sang family for the Gu worm?"

Master Sikong sighed helplessly. "The Sang family won't admit that they raised such a strange thing at all. How can I get it if I go and ask for it?"

Sikong Changfeng smiled bitterly. "At the end of the day, Father just can't bear to make things difficult for Madam. Father really dotes on Madam. Since Father and Madam are so loyal, why did you marry my mother back then?"

"You... you child..." Master Sikong blushed and changed the topic. "Is this the time to argue about this? Aren't you afraid that the ancestor's life will be in danger for another day?"

It was as if Great-Grandpa still had many days. Only Yu Wan understood that he probably wouldn't even be able to survive tomorrow.

Yu Wan looked at Master Sikong and probed, "It belongs to the Sang family after all..."

Master Sikong waved his hand. "There's no need to test my attitude. It's just an evil thing. It's fine to get rid of it. I'm worried that you won't be able to obtain it. Don't lose your lives before you get the Gu."

Yu Wan said indifferently, "We'll think of a way to catch the Gu ourselves. May I ask where the Gu King is raised in the Sang family?"

Master Sikong shook his head. "I'm not sure either. The only thing I can help you with is to bring you into the Sang family. As for after you enter, it's all up to you. However, you have to promise me that once you're caught, you can't have anything to do with the Sikong family!"

Sikong Changfeng said, "Father!"

Master Sikong looked at him and said firmly, "As for you, you're not allowed to go!"

...

Yu Wan returned to her room and told Yan Jiuchao about Master Sikong's arrival.



Yan Jiuchao said without thinking, “Then let’s go to the Sang family.”

As he spoke, he looked at the bright moon outside the window. “But we only have twenty-four hours. Tomorrow, the night of the full moon will be the time when the backlash of the Longevity Technique is the strongest. At that time, if we haven’t obtained the Sang family’s Gu King... we can only sacrifice the Ten Thousand Gu King.”

#### Chapter 859 Sang Family’s Gu King (1)

As the saying goes, one never visits unless they need something. Even if the Sang family and the Sikong family were in-laws through marriage, there was no reason to casually bring a large group of people to visit. Therefore, last night, Master Sikong sent an invitation to the Sang family in the name of Sikong Yun—he missed his maternal grandparents and specially brought his new wife to greet the two elders.

Master Sang had always doted on this grandson and would grant his every request. When he heard that he wanted to come, he agreed without a word.

But—

Master Sikong searched for the entire night, but he could not find the main characters, Sikong Yun, or the Saintess.

There was no need to worry about Sikong Yun’s safety. Firstly, Sikong Yun was the second son of the Shang family, the cousin of the Sang family, and the son-in-law of the Lan family. With his status, no one dared to touch him in the Nether Capital. Secondly, this was not the first time such a situation had happened. His youngest son was not as sensible as his eldest son and would behave atrociously every two to three days. It was common for him to not return home at night. However, it seemed to be too much to do this not long after they got married.

Fortunately, the Saintess was not around either. The couple should have gone out together. With the Saintess restraining Sikong Yun, he was not worried that Sikong Yun would do anything too out of line.

It was just that...

The invitation was in the name of Sikong Yun and his wife. If the two of them were gone, what would they use to visit the Sang family?

Just as Master Sikong was having a headache, Yan Jiuchao appeared with Yu Wan.

Yu Wan let Yan Jiuchao hold her hand with one hand and grabbed a piece of osmanthus cake with the other to eat. The effect of the Lan family's disguise was still there. Yan Jiuchao was still wearing Sikong Yun's face, and Yu Wan was also wearing her second human skin mask—her own face.

Seeing that his son had finally appeared, Master Sikong heaved a sigh of relief. However, before he could finish heaving a sigh of relief, he realized that the person he was holding was not the Saintess.

"You... you..." The Sikong family's head looked at his youngest son and then at Yu Wan. He was so shocked that he was speechless. It was no wonder that he was so surprised. It was really because last night, he only saw Yu Wan and not Yan Jiuchao. "You guys..."

Master Sikong did not understand why his son would appear in the Chaoyang Hall. Why would he be with the ancestor's little great-granddaughter? And they were so close?

Wait. Why did he feel that the Saintess in front of him looked familiar? Especially the way she ate, her cheeks puffed up like a greedy little fat squirrel.

He recognized it!

This was his daughter-in-law who had gained weight from eating!!!

In a flash, all the abnormalities that had inadvertently flashed across his mind had an answer. These few days, his son and daughter-in-law were indeed fake. On their wedding night, the unruly people of the Sikong family were the real Saintess and Sikong Yun.

No wonder Ah Wan's face looked familiar, as if he had seen her somewhere before. He thought that she looked like Lan Yi, but now that he thought about it, wasn't this the face of the person who came to the Sikong family that night and claimed to be the Saintess?

It turned out that the two of them had disguised themselves as each other.

He did not recognize his real son and daughter-in-law in front of him. Instead, he left the fake ones behind. There was no one else in the family who could do this.

Master Sikong gritted his teeth and gasped. He secretly told himself that this girl was his biological granddaughter, the ancestor's biological great-granddaughter. The blood of the Sikong family flowed in her body. According to seniority, she had to call him uncle.

She was his niece. He couldn't hit her, he couldn't hit her...

Master Sikong almost suffered internal injuries.

Master Sikong glanced at Yan Jiuchao again. Needless to say, he knew that he was his nephew-in-law. Master Sikong said angrily, "Where did you take the real Yun'er and the Saintess?"

Yu Wan said indifferently, "We locked up the Saintess. She was the one who ambushed the ancestor this time. As for your son, we don't know where he is."

Master Sikong frowned.

He naturally did not suspect the truth in Yu Wan's words, but he did not expect that the culprit behind the assassination of the ancestor would actually be the Saintess. Why did she do this? She was also a member of the Sikong family. What benefits would it bring her to kill the ancestor? Also, where did she get the expert? If he did not sense wrongly, the aura last night should have come from a peak Level Five Asura King. He did not remember that the Lan family and the Holy Temple had such a terrifying expert.

Yu Wan said, "Master Sikong, let's go to the Sang family first. I'll explain to you later about the Saintess and my great-grandfather. As for Sikong Yun, we'll know his whereabouts when the Saintess wakes up."

## Chapter 860 Sang Family's Gu King (2)

Master Sikong nodded in agreement.

“However.” He looked at the group of people who were following behind the young couple and said, “It’s already dangerous enough that the two of you are fake. We can’t have so many people. It’s easy to give ourselves away.”

Yu Wan thought about it and felt that it made sense. She looked at Yan Jiuchao in agreement. In the end, Yan Jiuchao brought Ah Wei and Asura along. Asura could blend in with the experts of the Sikong family. He did not have time to enter seclusion to break through and still suppressed his strength to the realm of a Level One Asura King. This was not too eye-catching in the Sikong family.

As for Ah Wei, he acted as the attendant of “Sikong Yun”.

“But you...” Master Sikong looked at Yu Wan suspiciously. This face was no longer the face of the Saintess. How could she pretend to be the Saintess?

“We have a brilliant plan!” Yu Wan took out a white veil from her sleeve and gently put it on her face. Then, she held Yan Jiuchao’s arm. “Isn’t this fine?”

He acknowledged her, and so did “Sikong Yun”. The Sang family would not suspect anything. As this thought flashed through his mind, Master Sikong was slightly relieved and brought the group to the Sang family.

In order to better hide it, Master Sikong explained a lot of the Sang family’s situation to them on the way. The Sang family was a new aristocratic family that had risen in the past hundred years. Their foundations were not as deep as the Lan family and the Sikong family’s ancestors. The Sang family was good at refining weapons. Almost every expert in the Nether Capital was proud to use the Sang family’s weapons. The dagger that the Saintess took from Sikong Yun was personally given by the Sang family’s master.

In recent years, the Sang Family had gradually developed into a family second only to the Sikong Family. Unlike the Lan Family who only relied on a Saintess to support their family, the disciples of the Sikong Family were all outstanding. Even if they casually picked one from the collateral branches, they were all experts who could shake the Nether Capital.

“How is it compared to Eldest Young Master?” Yu Wan asked.

Master Sikong said proudly, “Of course it’s not as good as Changfeng. Changfeng is one of the top experts in the young generation.”

“Hmph.” Yan Jiuchao snorted in disdain.

Yu Wan hooked his finger and whispered, “Of course he’s inferior to you. You’re the most powerful.”

Only then did a certain fake Ghost King, the real young master, arrogantly retract his gaze.

Half an hour later, the carriage arrived at the Sang Residence. As he had handed over the invitation in advance, Master Sang, Sang Zhonghua, was already waiting at the door. When he saw Master Sikong alight from the carriage, he strode forward and cupped his hands with a hearty smile. “The City Lord is here!”

The Sikong family was a royal family of the Nether Capital. All the previous family heads were the City Lords of the Nether Capital. Even though Sang Zhonghua was his father-in-law, he had no choice but to be polite to his son-in-law.

Master Sikong nodded politely. “Father-in-law.”

Sang Zhonghua smiled and said, “Jing’er has been talking about Uncle these few days. It’s rare for you to come over. It’s out of this kid’s expectations!”

Sang Jing, the third young master of the Sang family, was Sang Zhonghua’s legitimate grandson. He was also Sikong Yun’s cousin and the future heir of the Sang family. He liked chess and always pestered the Sikong Master to play chess.

Master Sikong revealed a gentle smile. "Get Jing'er to come over later and play two rounds of chess with me."

"That kid couldn't ask for more!" Sang Zhonghua laughed loudly. Then, he thought of something and looked behind Master Sikong. "Why don't I see Yun'er and the Saintess?"

"Coming, Grandpa!" Yu Wan lifted the curtain and alighted from the carriage with Yan Jiuchao.

Master Sang was stunned by the word grandpa. Master Sang did not have much contact with the Saintess, but he had seen her before. In his impression, the Saintess was not so... fat.

Master Sikong hurriedly said, "Yun'er, Saintess, come and see your grandfather."

Yan Jiuchao and Yu Wan came to the Master Sang and bowed as juniors.

Master Sang's gaze swept across Yu Wan's veil. The Saintess was an envoy of the heavens, holy and inviolable. It was not strange for her to wear a veil. He looked at Yan Jiuchao and patted his shoulder. "I haven't seen you for a few days. Yun'er has grown up."

"That's right. Ever since he found out that he was going to get married, he began to restrain his temper. Now, he's much more well-behaved and steady than before." Master Sikong tried to smooth things over for the calm bearing on Yan Jiuchao that was different from Sikong Yun.

Master Sang laughed in realization. "No wonder Grandpa almost couldn't recognize him. He's the good son of the Sikong family and can bear the heavy responsibility of the Sikong family!"

These words... were too serious, right? Why did he have to take on the heavy responsibility of the Sikong family? You make it sound like Sikong Yun was already the heir of the Sikong family. If Yu Wan remembered correctly, Master Sikong didn't seem to have announced the heir yet. Did Master Sang say it so openly because he knew that the Sikong family had already internally decided on Sikong Yun, or was he testing Master Sikong's attitude?