

Toddler 871

Chapter 871 Memory Recovery

A trace of dense amazement flashed across everyone's eyes. Other than being stunned, the fear in their hearts seemed to have dissipated. The morning light shone behind him, casting his face into the dark. However, even though they did not see who he was, everyone still seemed to have found their backbone.

When he got closer, everyone finally saw his face clearly and could not help but be stunned.

This was... the Second Young Master?

No, that's not it!

The Second Young Master did not have such powerful martial arts, nor did he have the temperament of a ruler.

But to say that it was the ancestor... It was not true either.

The ancestor was not so young...

Everyone looked at Yan Jiuchao with their mouths agape. Someone mustered their courage and asked, "Who are you?"

Yan Jiuchao did not say anything. He carried the unconscious Sikong Changfeng into the house.

The disciples of the Chaoyang Hall and the experts of the Sikong family hurriedly followed. However, the moment they approached the room, Yan Jiuchao's internal energy trembled and he closed the door with a bang.

Everyone looked at each other.

“Who is he?”

“I don’t know!”

If it was because of his face in the past, many people in the Sikong family would have recognized him as the second young master. However, after that glance just now, no one connected him to Sikong Yun.

“He has the aura of the ancestor.”

“Could he be the Ancestor’s last disciple?”

“But... I’ve never heard of the Ancestor taking in a disciple!”

Everyone discussed for a long time, but they could not come to a conclusion.

At this moment, Master Sikong arrived.

The Sang family’s sneak attack on the Nether Mountain was not the only one. The direction of the Saintess Hall was also attacked by experts. Master Sikong led more than ten experts of the Sikong family to guard for half the night before the battle finally ended at dawn.

The Sang family had placed their most elite forces in the Chaoyang Hall. The experts who attacked the Saintess Hall at night were not very powerful. The Sikong family did not suffer heavy casualties, but they were still in trouble.

When everyone saw Master Sikong walk over, they bowed to him.

“How’s the situation here?” Master Sikong asked. When they were fighting just now, he had used all his strength. Therefore, although he sensed the commotion in the Nether Mountain, he could not leave.

A guard from the Sikong family reported the situation in the Chaoyang Hall truthfully. Master Sikong had expected the Sang family to be ruthless, so when he heard that a Level Seven Asura King and two Level Six Asura Kings had come, his reaction was not too surprised. However, when he heard that the most powerful Asura King had actually died at Sikong Changfeng's hands, he was so shocked that he was speechless.

After a long while, he found his voice. "Why would Changfeng..."

"Young Master took the Hundred Phoenix Pill..." The guard paused and said sadly, "An entire bottle."

Master Sikong felt dizzy and staggered back a few steps. He clenched his fists and said, "Why is he so stupid? Can he... eat so much of that thing? Where is he? How is he now?"

"Eldest Young Master has gone crazy... Second..." The guard wanted to say that Second Young Master had appeared in time and brought him into the room, but when the words reached his lips, he felt that it was not Second Young Master, so he changed his words. "Someone saved Eldest Young Master. They're in the room."

The sky was bright, and golden morning light shone through the crack of the door and landed on Yu Wan's tightly shut eyes. Yu Wan raised her hand to block it and suddenly woke up.

She sat up.

Was it dawn?

She quickly looked to her side. Three naked little fellows were sleeping at the foot of the bed. Yan Jiuchao was nowhere to be seen.

"Yan Jiuchao!" She quickly lifted the blanket to look for him, but she saw two tall and muscular figures on the ground. One of them was Shadow Six, and the other—

Yu Wan walked over warily and sized him up. She said suspiciously, "Isn't this the expert from the Sang family who chased after Ah Wei yesterday? What level is the Asura King?"

Yu Wan took Shadow Six's pulse. He had only fainted and was fine. Then, Yu Wan probed that person's nose. He was still breathing. Strange, why would he fall in her room with Shadow Six? Could it be that the Sang family had sent him to ambush them last night but was stopped by Shadow Six?

"Alright, Shadow Six, I didn't expect a scout sacrificial soldier like you to have such powerful abilities!" Yu Wan touched her chin and thought of something. She narrowed her eyes. Forget it, she would send it to her Asura!

Yu Wan grabbed the Level Six Asura King on the ground and dragged him to the secret room. After doing this, Yu Wan heard the commotion in the front yard. She dusted her hands and walked to the front yard.

Yan Jiuchao and Sikong Changfeng had been in for two hours. Master Sikong called out twice, but there was no response. Gradually, everyone could not wait anymore.

"Why are they in there for so long?"

"What is he doing?"

"Is Young Master alright?"

"What happened?" Yu Wan walked over.

When Master Sikong saw that it was her, his expression relaxed, but soon, he frowned. "Last night, the Sang family sent assassins over. In order to resist them, Changfeng took a large amount of secret medicine and went crazy. Young Master Yan and Changfeng have been locked up inside for two hours. I wonder how the situation is. By the way, are you and the children alright?"

"I'm fine." Yu Wan shook her head and looked at the closed door. "I'll go take a look."

Master Sikong quickly nodded. "Okay."

Yu Wan walked towards the room, but after taking two steps, she suddenly stopped. She turned around and smiled. "Master... actually cares about Eldest Young Master, right?"

Master Sikong opened his mouth.

Yu Wan smiled and said, "The back and palm of your hand are meat, but your palm is thicker than the back of your hand. However, it still hurts if you hurt the back of your hand, right?"

Master Sikong did not know how to answer. He did not have the same feelings for his first wife as his step-wife, and even he could not be impartial to his two sons. However, they were biological children after all, so how could he not dote on them?

The moment he found out that he did not hesitate to destroy himself to protect the Nether Mountain, Master Sikong was extremely ashamed. The first thing he thought of was not how important the Nether Mountain was to Sikong Changfeng, but how unimportant his life was in Sikong Changfeng's heart.

He could die for the Ancestor, he could die for the Ten Thousand Gu King... Did he think that no one in the world cared about him, so he died without any worries?

Master Sikong paused. "If it were you... would you do that?"

"No," Yu Wan said firmly. "There are too many people in the world that I can't let go of. I can't bear to die. I believe Yan Jiuchao is the same. We won't make reckless sacrifices. We'll think of all the ways to live."

Master Sikong muttered, "There's no other way last night, right?" He did not give up his life easily. He was forced to do so.

Yu Wan smiled faintly. He could not answer this question for Sikong Changfeng, but she believed that Master Sikong actually already had an answer in his heart.

Yu Wan walked up the steps and came to the house. Just as she was about to raise her hand to knock, the door creaked open.

Yan Jiuchao walked out with a calm expression.

Yu Wan looked at him and then at Sikong Changfeng, who was lying motionless on the bed. She asked, "Are the two of you alright?"

"What can happen to me?" Yan Jiuchao said coldly.

"What about him?" Yu Wan asked.

Yan Jiuchao snorted arrogantly. "Yu Ah Wan, don't tell me you think I can't settle a qi deviation?"

"So you're saying that he's fine?" Yu Wan's eyes lit up and she smiled. "My husband is really powerful!" As soon as she finished speaking, she suddenly realized that something was wrong. She looked at Yan Jiuchao. "What... what did you call me just now?"

"Nothing." Yan Jiuchao walked down the steps expressionlessly.

Yu Wan blinked and chased after him. "You called me Yu Ah Wan!"

"You heard wrongly," Yan Jiuchao said with a straight face.

"I... I didn't hear it wrongly! You called me Yu Ah Wan! Don't you remember?"

"No."

"No?" Yu Wan was stunned. "That's not right! You didn't even ask me if I asked you what you remembered. You just said no! You, you, you... you remembered!"

“I didn’t!” Yan Jiuchao strode back into the room. Before Yu Wan could catch up, he closed the door and bolted it!

“You want to leave just like that after escaping my marriage?”

“I’ll marry you tonight. Don’t even think about escaping!”

“Woman, you’d better not play any tricks. Stay here obediently. Wear the wedding dress later and marry me. This time, I won’t allow you to escape again!”

“Heh, I’ve long heard that you found a pretty boy in the Central Plains... He’s called Yan Jiuchao, right?”

“Are you tired of living?! Believe me, you don’t want to see my torture methods!”

“My sons, Dabao, Er’bao, Xiaobao, they’re also your sons after the wedding!”

“Then... who did you have the children with?”

“Of course it’s with the woman I love!”

“Jiang Batian, are you jealous?”

...

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...

Memories that he could not bear to look at flashed across his mind. Yan Jiuchao's ears turned red. He held his forehead in shame.

Were those retarded words really said by him?

He-he really wants to die!

Chapter 872 Heaven-Defying Brother Jiu, The King Returns! (1)

Sikong Changfeng's situation had been completely controlled. The demonic aura in his body had been cleared, and even the internal injuries caused by the Asura King of the Sang family's evil internal energy had been repaired. Everyone felt that it was unbelievable, and only Master Sikong understood what was going on.

Everything was thanks to the Longevity Technique passed down from their ancestors. The Sikong family's ancestors were from the Sorcerer Clan and had a portion of the Sorcerer Clan's inheritance in their hands. The Longevity Technique was a set of orthodox Sorcerer Clan's mental cultivation techniques. It could greatly restrain all evil energy and demonic energy. Of course, it also had to be that the other party's Longevity Technique's realm was high enough. Otherwise, they would not be able to save the dying Sikong Changfeng.

"Master, who is that young master? He looks the same as the Second Young Master and his aura is the same as the Ancestor..." A guard from the Sikong family could not help but wonder.

Master Sikong shook his head. "I'm not sure of his background either. I only know that he's the son-in-law of our Sikong family."

"Huh? Son-in-law?" The guard was shocked. "Does our Sikong family have such a young son-in-law?"

It was no wonder that the guard was so surprised. It was really because Master Sikong did not have any sisters, and he only had two sons, Sikong Changfeng and Sikong Yun. There were daughters from concubines from the collateral family, but they were already in their thirties or forties. Whose son-in-law was a young genius in his early twenties?

Master Sikong did not continue. They were the descendants of the Ancestor, so it was up to the Ancestor to decide if they should announce their identities or not.

Master Sikong instructed, "We'll make a decision after the ancestor comes out of seclusion. Don't discuss it rashly first."

The guard bowed. "Yes, I understand!"

On the other hand, after Yan Jiuchao saved Sikong Changfeng, he returned to his room alone in embarrassment. He controlled his emotions and expressions and calmly went to Shadow Thirteen's room.

Shadow Six had already woken up and returned to his room. He was guarding Shadow Thirteen's bed and washing his face. Seeing Yan Jiuchao come over, he quickly stood up and bowed. "Young Master."

Yan Jiuchao looked at the unconscious Shadow Thirteen and then at the dazed Shadow Six. Another unbearable memory rushed to his mind.

"Why? Are you thinking about your pretty boy again? You're already my woman. You won't have a chance to see him again in your life! If you know what's good for you, listen to me obediently. Otherwise, I'll kill your two subordinates!"

"Which two subordinates?"

"Those two called Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen!"

Yan Jiuchao closed his eyes and clenched his fists tightly under his wide sleeves.

Shadow Six called out to his Young Master but there was no reaction. Seeing his Young Master's forbearing expression, he blinked and realized something. He quickly said solemnly, "Young Master... Uh, no... My King, I forgot to call you that in private. My King, you disguise yourself as the Young Master of Yan City in order not to expose your identity as the Ghost King in the Nether Capital! Don't worry, Shadow Thirteen and I remember! We won't call you wrongly again!"

Yan Jiuchao wanted to die even more.

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After using the Longevity Technique to remove the evil aura left in Shadow Thirteen's meridians by the Sang family's experts, Yan Jiuchao resisted the urge to bang his head against the wall at any time and silently walked back to his room. In the room, the three little black eggs woke up one after another. They sat on the bed like fat balls, rubbing their eyes and yawning.

"Daddy!" Er'bao saw Yan Jiuchao and slid off the bed naked. He ran towards him.

Dabao and Xiaobao also ran over. The three little fellows raised their heads and widened their black eyes as they looked at him without blinking.

"Elder Yin, do you have a son?"

"My King, I didn't."

A certain Ghost King smiled. "I do."

Elder Yin, who had been shot in the heart: "..."

"Elder Mo, do you have a son?"

"My King, I have two."

The smile on a certain Ghost King's lips widened. "I have three!"

Elder Mo, who had also been shot in the heart: "..."

“King, King!” Elder Jin raised his hand with a smile. “I have five sons!”

A certain Ghost King’s face instantly darkened. “...You’re not an elder of the Ghost Clan anymore! Drag him away!”

Elder Jin was dumbfounded. “King! King! What did I do wrong?!”

The corners of Yan Jiuchao’s mouth twitched as he grabbed a rope in embarrassment.

Er’bao asked, “Daddy, what are you doing?”

Yan Jiuchao: Hanging on the spot!

...

Yu Wan walked around the Chaoyang Hall and thoroughly investigated the situation last night. The Sang family had really sent experts to the Nether Mountain to assassinate. The reason why the Sang family dared to do this was probably because they had guessed the weakness of the Ancestor and Yan Jiuchao. They wanted to use the last chance on the night of the full moon to kill the Ancestor and Yan Jiuchao.

Chapter 873 Heaven-Defying Brother Jiu, The King Returns! (2)

Not many people knew about this weakness. Other than the person involved, there was only her and the Saintess. The Saintess was currently imprisoned in the dungeon of the Nether Mountain and could not contact the outside world. Unless—the Saintess had already leaked the news before she was imprisoned.

As for who it was leaked to, it was obvious that it was Sikong Yun. And Sikong Yun had been “picked up” by Master Sang. With his idiotic personality, wouldn’t it be easy for Master Sang to get information from him?

“What an incompetent fellow. He’s been sold and he’s still counting money for others.”

The disciples of the Sikong family and the Chaoyang Hall did not notice that the Asura Kings had sensed the Saint King’s aura and turned to capture her. In their opinion, they were going to assassinate Yan Jiuchao, so Yu Wan did not know that she had almost become the Sang family’s prey.

When Yu Wan returned to the house, the three little fellows had already put on their clothes and eaten breakfast. They slipped away to play. Yan Jiuchao sat by the window with a cold and arrogant expression.

Yu Wan walked over with a faint smile and held the back of his chair with one hand. She said mischievously, “We’ve been married three times. Is it fun, Young Master Yan?”

“It’s not...” Yan Jiuchao stopped in time.

“What?” Yu Wan raised her eyebrows at him, indicating for him to continue.

Yan Jiuchao snorted and turned his face away. Yu Wan did not let go of this opportunity to tease him. She chuckled and leaned over. “Young Master? Princely Heir? Huh?”

Yan Jiuchao looked at her face that was leaning towards him. His eyelashes trembled as he looked ahead. He said solemnly, coldly, and without looking sideways, “In broad daylight! How improper!”

Yu Wan snorted and glanced at him from the corner of her eye.

“Yu Ah Wan!” Yan Jiuchao’s ears turned red.

Yu Wan continued mischievously, “A certain some even brought me to watch the sunrise, and said that I can forget about leaving that said person for the rest of my life...”

Yan Jiuchao held it in!

Yu Wan bent down and rested her elbows on the table. She held her chin with both hands and looked at him. "Yan Jiuchao, do you like me to death?"

Yan Jiuchao did not look at her and said seriously, "That's the Ghost King's feelings towards Jiang Batian!"

Yu Wan curled her lips. "You don't mean what you say."

Yan Jiuchao looked out of the window and said expressionlessly, "I didn't!"

"Not good! Not good! Something happened in the dungeon!"

While the two of them were arguing, a young disciple who had gone to patrol the dungeon hurriedly walked over. The couple gathered their thoughts and walked out of the door. Master Sikong also came out of Sikong Changfeng's room. The three of them looked at each other and looked at the young disciple.

"What happened?" Master Sikong asked.

The junior disciple said, "The woman locked in the dungeon injured Senior Brother and escaped!"

"Where did she escape to? Is it the Holy Temple?" Yu Wan asked.

The young disciple shook his head. "No, she didn't go to the Holy Temple. Senior Brother chased after her for a while and didn't catch up, but Senior Brother said that she seemed to be going in the direction of the Sang family."

"The Sang family?" Yu Wan frowned. "She's not stupid. She still knows how to go to the Sang family. With the sins she committed, the Sikong family and the Holy Temple can't tolerate her no matter what. Sooner or later, the Lan family will cripple her and Lan Jiao. Right now, only the Sang family has the ability to protect her."

Master Sikong's eyes turned cold. "I'll send someone to chase after her!"

"There's no need." It was Yan Jiuchao who spoke. Master Sikong and Yu Wan looked at him in confusion. Yan Jiuchao looked in the direction of the Sang family and said, "Let her go."

...

The Sikong family did not chase after the Saintess, so she successfully arrived at the Sang family. She was covered in blood and did not even have decent clothes. The guards of the Sang family looked at her in disdain. "Where did this beggar come from? Get lost!"

The effect of the Cultivation Disintegration Powder had passed, and the Saintess's strength had recovered. She had to teach this person a lesson for being so rude.

She raised her hand and sent the other party flying with a palm. The guard fell heavily to the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood. His companion was stunned and looked at this disheveled woman in disbelief. "Who... who are you? How dare you cause trouble in the Sang family?"

The Saintess said coldly, "Go tell your master that the Saintess is here!"

"You? Saintess?" The companion looked at her disdainfully.

The Saintess circulated her internal energy. "Do you want to take a palm strike from me too?"

The companion felt a huge killing intent and was shocked. He did not dare to be negligent anymore and ran away.

About fifteen minutes later, a man who looked like a butler came to the door and brought the Saintess to the front hall.

Chapter 874 Heaven-Defying Brother Jiu, The King Returns! (3)

Master Sang sat high up in the air at the master seat and casually sized up the holy maiden. "You said you're the Saintess? What evidence do you have?"

The Saintess walked to the screen inlaid with the Saintess Stone and placed her hand on it. The Saintess Stone on the screen was all emitting a dark green light.

The strongest Saintess in the history of the Lan family, the Saintess in green, Lan Ji!

Master Sang narrowed his eyes slightly. "You're indeed the Saintess, but why do you have to disguise yourself as someone else?"

"This has nothing to do with you," the Saintess said impatiently.

A trace of coldness flashed across Master Sang's eyes, but he smiled and said, "I didn't know it was the Saintess. I apologize for not welcoming you early." As he spoke, he stood up and cupped his hands at the Saintess, giving his seat to her. "Saintess, please take a seat."

The Saintess said arrogantly, "So be it. Give me a courtyard and get someone to prepare water. Find a few clean clothes. I need to take a bath."

Master Sang rubbed his chin and laughed. "This... doesn't seem appropriate. It's not that I'm unwilling to entertain the Saintess, but..."

The Saintess raised her chin and interrupted him. "There's no need to pretend. I know that Sikong Yun is in the Sang Manor, and I also know that you and the Sikong family have completely fallen out. You were the ones who caused the commotion in the Nether Mountain last night, right? You didn't succeed, right? You want to deal with the Sikong family, I'm the same. We have a common enemy. Why don't we join forces?"

Master Sang said cunningly, "You're just a stray dog now. What can you help us with?"

The Saintess's eyes turned cold as she said seriously, "You want to replace the Sikong family as the royal family of the Nether Capital. Without the approval of the Holy Temple, even if you win, it won't be official!"

Master Sang lowered his eyes and pondered for a moment. "Alright, I promise to join forces with you."

The Saintess turned around and walked out of the reception pavilion.

"Take it." Master Sang threw a small medicine bottle to her.

"What is this?" The Saintess took the medicine bottle and turned around.

Master Sang said indifferently, "It's a pill that can increase your bloodline power. I don't want my ally to be just a mere green-clothed saintess."

Mere? Did this person know how precious a green-clothed Saintess was? The Lan family had been passed down for many years, and the most powerful Saintess was her!

"Don't think I don't know that your Lan family has a Saint King." Last night, he had also sensed the aura of a Saint King near the Nether Mountain.

The Saintess clenched her fists and suppressed her jealousy. "So what? Do you think the Saint King can be used by you?"

Master Sang smiled faintly. "That's why you can't be too bad. Don't lose too much to the Saint King."

"Hmph!" The Saintess rolled her eyes angrily and left with the pill.

The Sang family's pills really had miraculous effects. That night, the Saintess felt that her bloodline had changed. The Saintess Stone turned from green to blue, from blue to indigo. Until dawn, it actually vaguely emitted a few purple lights.

The Saintess sat cross-legged on the ground and looked at her hand in disbelief. "I... I'm the Purple-clothed Saintess?"

She was the Purple-clothed Saintess with the purest bloodline!

She was the purple-clothed saintess!

The Saintess was overjoyed and did not notice that the maidservant guarding the door had silently left. The maidservant came to Master Sang's room and bowed respectfully. "Master."

"How is it?" Master Sang asked.

"Elementary Purple-clothed Saintess," the maidservant said.

Master Sang smiled meaningfully. "She can really touch the barrier of the purple-clothed saintess. As expected of a bloodline that's once in a thousand years... Bring her over."

"Yes!" The maidservant accepted the order and returned to the Saintess's courtyard. She reported from outside the door, "Your Highness, the Master invites you."

The bloodline of the Saintess had undergone a tremendous change. This was simply impossible. However, on second thought, no matter how impossible it was, it had happened. That girl could be pregnant with a Saint King, so what was so strange about her becoming a purple-clothed Saintess?

"The Saint King is still nothing. With my current strength, I can kill her with my pressure!" The Saintess was immersed in great joy. Even her expression became better towards Master Sang who had helped her turn things around. When she heard that he wanted to see her, she left without a word.

"Master Sang." She smiled and greeted him.

Master Sang sized her up and smiled in satisfaction. "After not seeing you for a night, the Saintess's strength seems to have increased again."

The Saintess smiled faintly and nodded. "If my bloodline power increases, my strength will naturally increase."

It was not only her strength that had increased, but her aura had also become much redder. She had never felt so energetic.

"Is the Saintess hungry? Do you want to eat something?" Master Sang asked with concern.

Look, look, her cultivation level had increased. This old thing's attitude towards her was very different from yesterday. The Saintess said casually, "I'm not hungry. Did Master Sang look for me to discuss the plan to destroy the Nether Mountain and the Sikong family?"

Master Sang smiled. "There's no hurry. I want to bring the Saintess to a place first."

"Oh?" The Saintess drawled.

Master Sang looked at her and said, "It's our Sang family's forbidden area. Other than me and the experts in the forbidden area, no one else has been there, not even Yun'er."

The Saintess raised her eyebrows and said, "Master Sang, are you showing me your sincerity? Thank you for the Sang family's pills. I'm the Purple-clothed Saintess now. I, Lan Ji, am not someone who knows how to repay kindness. I will definitely help the Sang family with all my might!"

Master Sang glanced at her and cupped his hands. "I thank the Saintess first."

The Saintess said arrogantly, "Aren't you taking me to the forbidden area? What are you waiting for? Hurry up and go to the forbidden area so that I can kill the Saint King!"

Master Sang smiled. "Please."

The Saintess and Master Sang entered the Sang Family's forbidden area together.

The Lan family and the Sikong family also had forbidden areas, but they were far inferior to the Sang family's size and mystery. At first, the two of them entered a cave. The deeper they went, the narrower the passageway and the dimmer the light. After walking for an unknown period of time, they arrived at a dark cave.

The cave was filled with the thick smell of blood, making one nauseous.

The Saintess covered her nose. "How long until we're there?"

"Soon," Master Sang said lightly.

The Saintess' stomach churned violently, and the blood in her body seemed to be agitated uncontrollably. "It smells too bad. What do you want to show me? Take it out directly. I don't want to go in anymore!"

"How can you not go in?" Master Sang turned around and smiled sinisterly. He was holding a Night-Luminescent Pearl in his hand. The faint light of the Night-Luminescent Pearl shone on his face, making him look like a malicious ghost from hell.

The Saintess's heart skipped a beat!

Master Sang held her shoulder. "Do you know what's down there?"

The Saintess lowered her head and realized that she was walking on a dark wooden bridge. Under the bridge was a sticky blood pool. No wonder the smell of blood was so strong.

Master Sang said sinisterly, "I originally planned to feed it with the Saint King, but unfortunately, I didn't catch it. I think the Purple-clothed Saintess is not bad."

The Saintess turned pale. "You!"

The Saintess suddenly struck out with her palm and sent Master Sang flying. Then, she used her qinggong and flew out of the cave. However, just as she was about to fly out of the cave, a pillar of blood surged over, wrapped around her body, and dragged her down the blood pool—

Chapter 875 The Sang Family's Forbidden Ground

In the afternoon, it rained on Nether Mountain. The rain was not heavy or long. In less than an hour, the sun was shining brightly. After the rain, the atmosphere on Nether Mountain had an additional hint of soil. The vegetation was lush and beautiful.

Yu Wan was basking in the sun in the courtyard with her nephew, who had just burped. Xiaobao ran over and pulled Yu Wan's hand. He waved his hand and pointed at the sky. "Mother, what's that?"

Yu Wan took a look and smiled slightly. "It's a rainbow."

"It's so beautiful!" Xiaobao said with his head tilted.

"As good-looking as Mom!" Er'bao walked over and said adorably.

Yu Wan was amused by him and couldn't help but laugh.

Xiaobao, who had lost the argument, glared at his brother resentfully and went to look for Dabao with a dark expression.

"I'll go too!" Er'bao followed.

Yu Wan looked at her sons who had run far away in amusement, then at her cute nephew in her arms. She said, "When you grow up, you can also play with your brothers."

Her nephew blew a milk bubble.

The wet nurse walked over and said to Yu Wan, "Madam, let me do it. The little master is going to sleep."

This was the wet nurse that Master Sikong had asked the steward in the manor to find. Her family background was clean and she was loyal. Yu Wan handed the child over to her without worry. The child was very obedient. He did not cry or make a fuss. He slept after eating and wasn't very worrisome.

The wet nurse carried the little master down.

Yu Wan sat on a rattan chair and comfortably basked in the sun. She could not help but stretch. Suddenly, a thought flashed across her mind. "Great-grandpa gave me a longevity technique and I forgot to give it to Yan Jiuchao! Yan Jiuchao also practices the longevity technique. It should be useful to him..."

As Yu Wan spoke, she held onto the rattan chair and stood up. She had just taken a step when she stopped and wondered, "The person who practices the Longevity Technique is the Ghost King. Now that he's not the Ghost King, will he still be willing to practice it?"

In the blue sky, a group of swallows flew past.

Yu Wan touched her chin. "Forget it, I'll give it to him first!"

Yu Wan returned to her room and took out the longevity technique that had been perfected by Sikong Ye from the drawer. She had once heard Yan Jiuchao mention that the Ghost Clan's longevity technique was an incomplete version and only had six levels. However, there were eight levels after Great-Grandpa had perfected it. Because Great-Grandpa had never practiced the ninth level himself, he had yet to annotate it. Whether he could practice it or not, Yan Jiuchao had to think about it himself.

"Eh? Where's Yan Jiuchao?" Yu Wan took the Longevity Technique and left the room, intending to look around. Just as she passed by the small garden, a familiar figure crossed the threshold and walked over.

"Ah Wan," Sikong Changfeng called out to her.

A trace of surprise flashed across Yu Wan's eyes as she greeted him politely. "You're awake? How do you feel? Are you feeling unwell?"

Sikong Changfeng had just recovered from his serious injuries and his face was still a little pale. However, he shook his head and said indifferently, "I'm fine. I'm here to..." He deliberated over how to address him and said, "to thank Young Master Yan. I heard from my father that if it weren't for him, I might have already caused irreversible consequences."

Yu Wan thought that he would say, "If it weren't for him this time, I might have died." Unexpectedly, at this moment, he was still not thinking about himself. Why couldn't this man care more about himself? How could he understand that no one was more important than his own life?

"I was too rash. I almost killed you too," Sikong Changfeng said self-reproachfully.

Yu Wan comforted him. "Don't mention what's in the past. Besides, the situation was critical at that time. If you hadn't done that, someone might have already died at the hands of the Sang family's experts."

Sikong Changfeng smiled bitterly and looked around. "By the way, why don't I see Young Master Yan?"

Yu Wan spread her hands. "I'm looking for him too."

"Is this the Longevity Technique?" Sikong Changfeng's gaze landed on the secret manual that Yu Wan had revealed because she was spreading her hands.

Yu Wan nodded. "Yes, do you want to see it?"

"No, I can't look at such an important thing casually." Sikong Changfeng refused.

Yu Wan handed the secret manual forward. "Great-grandpa has already passed it to me. It's mine. It's fine if I show it to you!"

Sikong Changfeng lowered his head and smiled bitterly. "To be honest, I've practiced the Longevity Technique, but... I didn't succeed."

That was many years ago. He had raised Gu well. In a fit of joy, Old Ancestor Sikong taught him a few mental cultivation methods of the Longevity Technique. Unfortunately, he could not understand them and practiced hard to no avail. At that time, Old Ancestor Sikong had told him that the Longevity Technique was also about fate. Although it was a mental cultivation method passed down from the Sikong family's ancestors, it did not mean that the descendants of the Sikong family could practice it well. It also did not mean that only the descendants of the Sikong family could practice it well.

"Actually... Yan Jiuchao's longevity technique..." Yu Wan pursed her lips and didn't say the rest.

Sikong Changfeng smiled knowingly. "I know. He got it from the Ghost King. Father told me. However, Father also said that the Longevity Technique can't be given just like that. Back then, the Ancestor had also tried to teach the descendants of the Sikong family, but no one could withstand the Longevity Technique. Therefore, it wasn't Young Master Yan who obtained the Longevity Technique, but the Longevity Technique chose him."

Yu Wan propped her elbow on the back of her hand and pinched her chin. "In that case, it seems to make sense. However, he was poisoned since he was young and his meridians were corroded by poison. He's different from ordinary people, so he withstood the Ghost King's power."

Sikong Changfeng smiled gently. "Therefore, it's predestined. It's a blessing in disguise, isn't it?"

Yu Wan nodded thoughtfully.

Yu Wan had told Master Sikong about the Saintess and their identity and motive for coming to the Nether Capital. This time, Master Sikong did not hide anything from Sikong Changfeng. Since she mentioned Yan Jiuchao's situation, Sikong Changfeng thought of something else. "Father said that you still lack a medicinal primer. I don't know how I can help you. The Sikong family has a lot of books. I wonder if we can find something useful. I'll bring you to the library to take a look later."

"Thank you," Yu Wan said sincerely.

Sikong Changfeng was here to thank her, but he did not expect Yu Wan to thank him. Sikong Changfeng could not help but laugh and say, "Then, I won't disturb you anymore. Thank Young Master Yan for me."

"Young Master," Yu Wan called out to him.

"Huh?" Sikong Changfeng stopped in his tracks and turned around.

Yu Wan hesitated for a moment and said, "When you spoke to me just now, you mentioned Master Sikong several times. You... care about him, right?"

Did it matter... whether he cared or not? He was not born to be the son his father liked. No matter how outstanding he was, in his father's heart, he would always dote on Sikong Yun the most.

In the Sikong family, he was an extra person.

"I'll leave first," he said.

Yu Wan watched him leave. He that hides can find. The knot in the father and son's hearts had been around for so many years, and it was definitely not something that could be resolved in a day or two. Moreover, Master Sikong doted on his eldest son too little. Without experiencing what Sikong Changfeng had experienced, she was not qualified to ask him to let go and accept him.

Of course, on the other hand, the Sang family was so sinister that they definitely could not bear to see Sikong Changfeng favored. The Sikong family's coldness towards him happened to become his life-saving talisman.

Yu Wan looked at Sikong Changfeng's departing figure and smiled. "It's indeed predestined. How do you know if it's a blessing in disguise?"

Yu Wan searched the entire Chaoyang Hall before she found out that Yan Jiuchao had gone down the mountain. At dusk, Yan Jiuchao returned to the Chaoyang Hall. Grandma, Old Cui, Yue Gou, and Qing Yan returned with him.

Yu Wan felt relieved. She was afraid that this fellow would become a Ghost King and get lost again. In fact, the ones who were lost were Grandma and the others. If Yan Jiuchao had not found them, they would have probably followed some caravan out of the Nether Capital.

Yu Wan asked strangely, "Why are you lost? Aren't you with Second Grand-aunt?"

Second Grand-aunt was very familiar with the Nether Capital, and she wasn't a directionally challenged person.

Qing Yan said, "We bumped into a few elders of the Lan family on the way. They picked up Granny Lan and Zi Yan. Don't worry, the elders don't want to lock them up. They want to re-examine the matter about Lan Jiao and Young Master Qin."

"Let's go in and talk." Yu Wan led them into the cleaned room.

On the way here, they had a rough understanding of the situation in the Nether Mountain. They knew about Yu Wan's relationship with Old Ancestor Sikong and also knew that the Sikong family was in danger. As for regaining their memories, everyone could guess it without Yan Jiuchao saying anything.

After all, the Ghost King would get lost!

Yu Wan poured tea for them. "Have a sip of water first. In the few days you were missing, I was still worried that you would have been captured by the Sang family."

Qing Yan drank the tea in big mouthfuls and wiped his mouth with his sleeve. "We really went to the Sang Manor!"

Yu Wan was stunned. "You... went to the Sang Manor?"

Qing Yan's eyes flashed. "Ahem, I... accidentally passed by..."

Yu Wan mercilessly exposed him. "You must have gotten lost!"

It seemed that it was already considered a light punishment for Ah Wei to get lost and enter the Nether Mountain. These few... had actually lost their way to the Sang Manor!

Qing Yan cleared his throat. "We... We don't know the Sang family. We just took a walk and... we arrived at the Sang family's forbidden area."

Yu Wan widened her almond-shaped eyes. "You even entered the Sang family's forbidden area? Then how did you come out alive?!"

"This isn't important anymore," Qing Yan said. He glanced at Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao and his expression suddenly turned solemn. "Do you know what Yue Gou and I saw in the Sang Family's forbidden area?"

"What?" Yu Wan said.

Chapter 876 The Truth About the Forbidden Area

Qing Yan swallowed his saliva in fear. That scene was too terrifying. He felt his hands and feet go numb even when he thought about it.

Yu Wan had rarely seen him like this. He seemed to have returned to the time when he first met Asura. The difference was that Asura brought fear and suppression to people with his strength. This time, Qing Yan and the others could come out alive. At least, it meant that they had not been discovered. Since they had not been discovered and were not attacked, what was Qing Yan afraid of?

Yu Wan's heart could not help but skip a beat. Seeing that Qing Yan's face was pale and he could not speak, she turned to look at Yue Gou. "Did you see that too?"

Yue Gou clenched his fists imperceptibly and slowly shook his head. "Qing Yan didn't let me see it."

At that time, in order to scout the way, they hid Grandma and Old Cui in a tree hole. The two of them accidentally entered the Sang family's forbidden area. Of course, at that time, they did not know that it

was a forbidden area. It was only after Yan Jiuchao asked and they described it that Yan Jiuchao deduced that it was the Sang family's forbidden area.

Qing Yan's five senses were naturally sharp. The moment he entered the forbidden area, he smelled a thick smell of blood. Then, he saw a pool of blood. It was not that it was motionless. There seemed to be something slowly swimming in the pool, causing the smell of blood in the pool to become even thicker.

Qing Yan instinctively felt danger and covered Yue Gou's eyes.

After that...

Qing Yan saw two people, a man and a woman.

"A man and a woman?" Yu Wan paused thoughtfully. "Master Sang and the Saintess?"

"I don't know that man, but that woman... should be the Saintess," Qing Yan said reminiscently. "I thought it was you at first glance when she had your face, but her figure and tone didn't look like you, so I thought of the Saintess who was pretending to be you. After that, the man did admit to her identity as the Saintess, but..."

"What's wrong?"

"Isn't that Saintess of the Lan family the green-clothed Saintess? But I heard that man address her as the Purple-clothed Saintess."

"Oh? How did this happen?" Yu Wan was stunned.

Grandma, who had been silent all this while, said, "Maybe the Sang family used some medicine to forcefully increase her bloodline power."

Yu Wan blinked. "You can do that?"

“It will shorten one’s lifespan,” Grandma said. “And it will make it impossible for one to give birth.”

Yu Wan frowned. “If the bloodline of the Saintess can’t be passed down, then it’s useless no matter how powerful she becomes. Why is she so stupid?”

Qing Yan thought for a while. “Maybe... the Sang family didn’t tell her the stakes. No, they definitely didn’t tell her.”

Qing Yan thought of the conversation he had heard in the cave.

“How much longer do we have to walk?”

“Soon.”

“It smells too bad. What do you want to show me? Take it out directly. I don’t want to go in anymore!”

“How can you not go in? Do you know what’s below? I originally planned to feed it with the Saint King, but unfortunately, I didn’t catch it. I think the Purple-clothed Saintess is not bad.”

These were the words of the Saintess and that man. Qing Yan remembered them without missing a word. Qing Yan looked at Yu Wan and then at her stomach. He hesitated.

Yan Jiuchao glanced at Qing Yan and said to Yu Wan, “Xiaobao is calling you.”

“Really?” Yu Wan stood up strangely. “I’ll go take a look.”

Yu Wan was sent away. It was not that they sincerely wanted to hide it from her, but she was pregnant. If they told her that her child was being targeted by such a terrifying evil creature, she would definitely be worried. Of course, more importantly, she had always thought that she was the strongest saintess in the history of the Lan family. They really could not bear to expose the truth and tell her.

Qing Yan told them everything he had heard in the cave.

From this arrogant tone, it was undoubtedly Lan Ji. From Qing Yan's description of his appearance and temperament, Yan Jiuchao was certain that the other man was Master Sang.

The Saintess was unwilling to accept the Sikong family's judgment and did not hesitate to injure the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall to escape from the dungeon. She thought that she had a chance to turn the tables when she found the Sang family, but she did not know that she had jumped into a tiger's den from a wolf's den.

"Jiuchao, you don't seem surprised. Did you guess it long ago?" Qing Yan looked at Yan Jiuchao and said.

"I guessed a little," Yan Jiuchao said.

When they encountered the Yin Gu in the Sang Manor's passageway, he and Yu Wan had already felt a very thick smell of blood. At first, he thought that it was the aura of the Yin Gu, but when he really held the Yin Gu in his hand, he realized that the Yin Gu itself did not have any blood energy.

Then, the Nether Mountain was assassinated by the Sang family's experts.

At the critical juncture, all the experts surged towards his and Yu Wan's room. Others thought that they were going to assassinate him, but only he understood that they were here for the fetus in Yu Wan's stomach. And the conversation between Master Sang and the Saintess just now confirmed this guess.

The Saintess and the Saint King were from the same lineage. Since he could not catch the Saint King, it was also good to have the Saintess fall into his trap. Yan Jiuchao guessed that the Saintess would not have a good time if she went, so he did not let Master Sikong take the risk of being attacked by the Sang family to chase after her.

There were pros and cons to this. The drawback was that the evil thing had obtained the blood of the Saintess and would definitely become stronger than before. The advantage was that it had obtained the blood of the Saintess and would not have any ideas about the Saint King for the time being.

Qing Yan was enlightened. If it were him, he would definitely only care about not letting that evil thing grow stronger and chase the Saintess back. However, the consequences of chasing her back were unimaginable. The Sang family would definitely come to capture the Saint King again. The Nether Mountain and the Sikong family would not even have a chance to catch their breath.

“Jiuchao understands.” Qing Yan patted Yan Jiuchao’s shoulder and was rewarded with a cold gaze. He rubbed his nose resentfully and retracted his hand. He muttered, “Speaking of which, what evil thing is raised in the Sang Family’s forbidden area?”

“It’s Rakshasa,” Grandma said.

“Raksha... sa?” Qing Yan was stunned.

Grandma frowned and said, “Rakshasa were also called Yin Asuras at the beginning. They were sacrificial soldiers who were as powerful as Asuras, but more sinister and terrifying than Asuras. The cultivation techniques they cultivated were very sinister, and those who were injured by Rakshasa almost had no chance of survival. The evil thing in the Sang family’s blood pool was not an ordinary Rakshasa, but a bloodthirsty and brutal Blood Rakshasa. Blood Rakshasa was raised with the blood of ten thousand poisons. The Sang family’s Yin Gu should be one of his offerings.”

In that case, Qing Yan understood. “No wonder the Sang family didn’t hesitate to expose their strength to snatch the Yin Gu back. Unfortunately, they didn’t manage to snatch it. At this time, they discovered the Saint King again.”

Grandma nodded. “The Saint King is a better offering than the Yin Gu. If the Blood Rakshasa had the Saint King, he would be able to break through to the ninth level in one go and become Rakshasa King. At that time, no one in the Nether Capital will be his match.”

“Then what should we do?” Qing Yan asked.

Grandma said, “We have to kill him before he becomes a Rakshasa King!”

Qing Yan asked softly, “How?”

“The Longevity Technique can originally restrain the Blood Rakshasa, but that’s under the premise that there’s not much of a difference in cultivation realm. If Old Ancestor Sikong has come out of seclusion, he might be able to kill him. You guys...” Grandma couldn’t bear to give them a blow, but the Blood Rakshasa’s strength was obvious. Even though he hadn’t entered the Sang Family’s forbidden ground, he could sense the Blood Rakshasa’s strength. The difference in cultivation realm between them and the Blood Rakshasa was definitely not something that numbers and tactics could make up for.

Qing Yan lowered his head in frustration. “Can we only wait for death?”

Grandma sighed and said, “Let’s see if the Ancestor breaks through to the ninth level first or if the Blood Rakshasa becomes the Rakshasa King first.”

Once the Blood Rakshasa became a Rakshasa King, he would become an undying existence. At that time, even the Ninth Level Longevity Technique would not be able to get rid of him. Qing Yan thought about how the guy in the blood pool would become an unkillable monster one day and couldn’t help but shudder. “Grandma, who did you hear these things from?”

Grandma said, “I’ve read a lot of books from the Sikong family recently. There are records of the Blood Rakshasa.”

Qing Yan asked in distress, “Is there really no other way?”

“Yes,” Grandma said.

“What?” Qing Yan looked at him.

Yan Jiuchao’s eyes also flickered.

“The Sorcerer King,” Grandma said. “The Sorcerer King can kill the Rakshasa King.”

Qing Yan was dejected again. “Then forget it. We haven’t even found a sorcerer, so how can we talk about the sorcerer king? I’ll go see how the ancestor is doing. I hope he can come out of seclusion as soon as possible and kill the Blood Rakshasa before he becomes powerful!”

Everyone stood up and returned to their respective rooms. Yu Wan lay on the bed and fell asleep. She was holding a longevity technique that Sikong Ye had left for her.

Yan Jiuchao gently carried Yu Wan back to the soft bed and pulled the blanket over her. Then, he took the longevity technique from her hand and flipped through it page by page.

Chapter 877 Blood Rakshasa!

That night, Sikong Changfeng came to the Nether Mountain. He was here to deliver books to Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao. He still did not know about the Sang family's Rakshasa matter. The books he sent were all books related to the Sikong family's inheritance. Although it was important to find the medicinal primer, the most important thing now was to resolve the Rakshasa matter. Otherwise, they might not be able to live to find the medicinal primer.

"May I go to the Sikong family's library?" Grandma said.

"Of course." Sikong Changfeng agreed without hesitation. Putting aside his relationship with Yu Wan, just the Sang family was now their common enemy. There was no reason for the Sikong family to hide anything.

Sikong Changfeng brought Grandma to the library.

The Sikong family had so many books that even the disciples of the Sikong family had not finished reading them. The two of them stayed in the library for a long time and only got up and left in the latter half of the night. After that, Grandma did not return to his room to rest. Instead, he made a list and asked Sikong Changfeng to finish the things on it as soon as possible.

Sikong Changfeng called the best experts and craftsmen of the Sikong family and made the things on the list overnight.

The next evening, Yan Jiuchao left the secret room.

Grandma had been waiting for him for a long time. When he finally saw him, he quickly walked forward and called out to him, "Jiuchao."

"Grandma." Yan Jiuchao nodded.

Grandma looked at the room behind Yan Jiuchao. He had passed by here just now and did not enter. It seemed like he was going out. "Are you going down the mountain?"

Yan Jiuchao said, "I'm going to the Sang Family's forbidden area."

Grandma paused and frowned. "You want to kill Rakshasa?"

"If there's a chance, I'll kill him," Yan Jiuchao said.

Grandma looked at the endless mountains and said, "I was far away at that time and couldn't accurately sense the Rakshasa's realm, but I guess his cultivation is not inferior to the Ghost King, so you have to be careful."

"Young Master, I'll go investigate first."

A familiar voice sounded beside Yan Jiuchao. Yan Jiuchao turned around and saw Shadow Thirteen, who had been unconscious for a few days, standing upright under the porch, looking at him eagerly.

Yan Jiuchao glanced at him. "You're awake?"

"Yes." Shadow Thirteen bowed and said, "My strength has also recovered."

Yan Jiuchao looked at him steadily. With a flick of his sleeve, an internal energy hit Shadow Thirteen's chest and flowed around his dantian and meridians. Then, he retracted his internal energy and placed his hand behind his back. As he turned around and entered the room, he said indifferently, "Let Shadow Six go with you."

Shadow Thirteen cupped his hands and agreed. "Yes!"

...

Fifteen minutes later, Shadow Thirteen returned to Shadow Six's room. Shadow Six rushed over. "What did Young Master say? Did he agree?"

"He did. You'll go to the Sang Family's forbidden area with me tonight." Shadow Thirteen was still worried that his strength was not enough and Young Master would not agree to him going. Actually, compared to being an injured person who stayed in his room and did nothing, he was more willing to risk his life for Young Master.

"We'll leave when it's dark," he said.

Shadow Six nodded. "Alright, then eat something first. I'll go ask Qing Yan how to get to the Sang family's forbidden area."

"Ask what? Isn't it enough for me to go with you?" Qing Yan strode in with a heavy bag in his hand.

Shadow Six's gaze landed on his bag. "What is this?"

"Aren't we going to the Sang Family's forbidden area to investigate the Blood Rakshasa's situation tonight? No matter what, we have to get some protective treasures," Qing Yan said with raised eyebrows. He took out the items that Grandma had asked Sikong Changfeng to prepare one by one. "This is talisman water that can hide the aura of the sacrificial soldiers on your bodies. This is a blood pill. When necessary, we'll feed it to the Blood Rakshasa so that we don't let him eat us as a sacrifice. Also, this is a chain specially used to tie the Blood Rakshasa. However, we better pray that we won't use the chain. After all, that means that we'll have a direct confrontation with the Blood Rakshasa. Whether we die or not is secondary. The main thing is that we'll alert the enemy, and it'll be difficult to ambush them in the future."

"Oh, alright, I remember it." Shadow Six divided the talisman water and the blood pill into three portions and carried one each. There was only one iron chain, so Qing Yan carried it.

“I almost forgot about this.” Qing Yan took out a small porcelain bottle. “This is the Blood Clotting Powder. Sprinkle it into the blood pool. If it’s already the Rakshasa King, then the Blood Clotting Powder is useless against it.”

As the saying goes, know yourself and know the enemy and you will win a hundred battles. The outcome of a head-on battle was not high, so there was only a sneak attack. However, even if he wanted to sneak attack, he had to figure out Rakshasa’s habits and residence. The blood pool was only a place for him to cultivate, so it might not be around all the time.

Also, how they were going to leave after the sneak attack was a very important problem. Tonight, they had to figure out the background of the Rakshasa and the terrain of the Sang Family’s forbidden area.

Shadow Thirteen looked at the dark sky. “It’s getting late. Let’s go!”

The few of them changed into their night clothes and used their qinggong to go to the Sang Family’s forbidden area.

The Sang family’s forbidden area was located on the west side of the Sang family’s residence. On one side was the Sang family’s mansion, and on the other was the Yuxiu Mountains.

Qing Yan and Yue Gou had accidentally entered the forbidden area from the mountains.

“I remember there’s a river...” Qing Yan said as he recalled.

“That way!” Shadow Six discovered a stream that spanned the mountains.

They flowed through the stream.

Qing Yan had no impression of the rest of the journey. However, because they had walked past it, Shadow Six found his and Yue Gou’s footprints on the ground. He followed the footprints and followed them into the Sang Family’s forbidden area.

Qing Yan was not a sacrificial soldier. The Asuras of the Sang family were not sensitive to his aura, but Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen were different. The two of them had no choice but to take out the talisman water that Grandma had concocted and apply it on themselves.

Shadow Six was crying from the choking smell. "By the way, what's this talisman water made of? Why does it smell so strange?"

Qing Yan thought for a while. "I think it's... horse urine?"

Shadow Six: "?!"

The three of them continued forward.

Shadow Thirteen suddenly stopped Shadow Six and Qing Yan and whispered, "Don't bring the match. Also throw away the Night-Luminescent Pearl."

"Why?" Shadow Six asked in confusion.

"Rakshasa doesn't like it," Shadow Thirteen said.

"How do you know?" Shadow Six looked at him blankly.

Shadow Thirteen frowned. "Intuition. Throw it away quickly. Don't alert the enemy."

"Oh." Shadow Six obediently threw it away.

Qing Yan pursed his lips. "You threw it away when he told you to? Why are you so obedient? You're not his little wife!"

Shadow Thirteen looked at him coldly. "If you continue to talk, I'll throw you away too!"

Qing Yan shut his mouth resentfully.

After throwing away everything that had light, the three of them came to an inconspicuous hole. They were getting closer and closer to the Sang Family's forbidden area. The three of them even held their breaths.

Is this the place? Shadow Six asked Qing Yan with his eyes.

Qing Yan frowned and thought for a while. It seemed like it, but it didn't seem to be... He didn't remember... Didn't all the caves in the world look the same?

Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen exchanged glances. Shadow Thirteen nodded and gestured for him to press down. Shadow Six understood and pushed Qing Yan and Shadow Thirteen away before walking in.

Qing Yan tugged at Shadow Thirteen's sleeve. Why did he let Shadow Six enter first? If there was danger inside, he would be the first to die!

This was the difference between a scout and an assassin. Pathfinding was a scout's business. Shadow Thirteen was in charge of attacking. When carrying out a mission, if only one person could survive, that person would be an assassin. This was because if assassins could not bring back the news, it was even more impossible for scouts with inferior martial arts to do so.

However, Shadow Thirteen did not let Shadow Six take the risk because of this consideration.

There were traces left behind by Qing Yan and Yue Gou inside. He did not understand these things. If he walked ahead, it would be easy to destroy the scene.

As it turned out, Shadow Thirteen's decision was right. The cave looked small, but after walking for a while, they entered a huge cave. There were five small caves in the cave, and each of them led to different places.

Shadow Six investigated and still entered the third cave on his left.

Shadow Thirteen and Qing Yan followed. Along the way, they did not even see a rat. From this, it could be seen how terrifying the monster in the blood pool was. After walking for an unknown period of time, the cave began to emit a thick smell of blood. Qing Yan covered his chest and gestured that the smell of blood was even stronger than last time.

Shadow Thirteen frowned. It seemed that the offering of the purple-clothed Saintess had indeed made the Blood Rakshasa stronger. They could not help but clench the blood pills in their hands. The blood pills were made of beast blood and could not be compared to offerings, but they could still be used as a snack.

After taking another three to four steps, they arrived at a huge cave. What greeted their eyes was a red blood pool with a lonely wooden bridge on it.

Qing Yan was dumbfounded. The color of the blood pool had deepened. Suddenly, footsteps came from another entrance of the cave. The three of them hurriedly flashed behind a rock.

“Seriously, we have to pour blood inside every day!”

“Stop talking. If we anger that thing later, you and I will be unable to bear the consequences of failure!”

“It’s not here!”

It was two seventh-stage Asura Kings. The two of them each held two buckets of blood in their hands and poured them into the blood pool. After doing this, the two of them left without looking back.

Shadow Six and the other two looked at each other. Two Level Seven Asura Kings could not defeat a Blood Rakshasa. This was too terrifying.

“Did they say that the Blood Rakshasa isn’t around just now?” Qing Yan asked softly.

“Yes.” Shadow Six nodded. “That’s what I heard.”

“Perfect! Let’s try the Blood Clotting Powder!” Qing Yan said.

Shadow Six took out the medicine bottle.

“Let me do it,” Shadow Thirteen said.

He took the medicine bottle from Shadow Six, removed the cork, and squatted down by the pool. Just as Shadow Thirteen was about to sprinkle the Blood Clotting Powder in, a bloody hand suddenly reached out from the blood pool and pulled Shadow Thirteen down!

Chapter 878 Little Black Eggs and Blood Rakshasa! (1)

This sudden scene stunned the people on the shore. Didn’t the two Asura Kings say that the Blood Rakshasa wasn’t around just now? Did they hear wrongly... or did the Sang family’s Asura King make a mistake?

No one expected that there was danger hidden in the blood pool, so the moment Shadow Thirteen was pulled down, no one immediately reacted. Even Shadow Thirteen himself did not understand how all of this happened. By the time he came back to his senses, he had already been pulled down to the bottom of the pool.

Shadow Six jumped down without thinking. He jumped down faster than Shadow Thirteen. Qing Yan couldn’t stop him and was anxious. “You, you’re really his little wife! You jumped too!”

Great, now one of them couldn’t be saved and the other one was with him. Without anyone to lead the way, how was he going to return to the Nether Mountain later?!

Qing Yan was so angry that his heart twitched!

On the other hand, after Shadow Thirteen was pulled down from the blood pool, he immediately began to struggle. However, the blood pool was different from ordinary lake water. It was so sticky that he could barely move. Most of his strength was blocked, and he could not successfully use his strength.

In comparison, the thing pulling him was much more at ease.

The bloody hand was actually not big. Because it was covered in blood, it was fast and ruthless. Shadow Thirteen did not see it very clearly, but at this moment, when he was pulled by it, Shadow Thirteen only felt that it was not a normal-sized hand. Of course, it was not a normal-sized hand.

Shadow Thirteen was dragged all the way to the bottom of the pool, unable to resist.

The thick blood made it impossible for him to see anything even if he opened his eyes. He could only use the intuition of a sacrificial soldier and sense the gradually approaching danger. That thing swam above him, rode on him, aimed at his neck, and bit down!

Gulp! Gulp! Gulp!

A few bubbles came out of the blood pool.

Shadow Thirteen felt that that guy had vomited and was vomiting in the blood pool. He remembered that before they entered the forbidden area, they had smeared talisman water made from horse urine on their bodies. Could it be that this thing was disgusted by the horse urine?

While he was thinking, Shadow Six swam down.

That thing immediately gave up on Shadow Thirteen and swam towards Shadow Six.

Although Shadow Thirteen couldn't see, it wasn't difficult for him to capture Shadow Six's aura. He could die himself, but he couldn't let anything happen to Shadow Six. He used all his strength and swam towards that guy. Just as it was about to bite Shadow Six, he grabbed its leg.

This, this wasn't a human leg, right? Why was it so thin and small?

Shadow Thirteen couldn't care less about tidying up his doubts and slammed that thing towards the bottom of the pool!

Shadow Thirteen planned to press it down with his body.

Rumble~

Shadow Six spat out a bubble and grabbed Shadow Thirteen's wrist. He shook his head at him and pulled him ashore.

Qing Yan took out all the blood pills and scattered them on the other side of the blood pool as if they were free. "Eat the blood pills, eat the blood pills. Don't eat them..."

The thing at the bottom of the pool really smelled the smell of the blood pills and did not chase after Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen anymore. The two of them swam ashore. Qing Yan heaved a sigh of relief and fell onto the wooden bridge. "Where... where's that thing?"

Shadow Six gave him a frightened look.

Qing Yan looked at Shadow Six and then at the place where he had scattered the blood pills. He saw something swimming around under the blood. It swallowed all the blood pills he had scattered.

That thing was so close to him that Qing Yan's hair stood on end.

He straightened his body with trembling hands and threw the blood pills in his pocket down one by one. The thing swimming around under the water became even faster, as if it was impatient with Qing Yan's slow feeding, but the blood pills were almost gone.

As Qing Yan dug out, he quietly walked out. Just as he took out the last few, a stream of blood pillar gushed out of the pool. Qing Yan was so frightened that he threw all the blood pills over!

Shadow Thirteen grabbed Qing Yan with one hand and Shadow Six with the other and darted out of the cave!

The three of them fled for a while and thought that they were finally safe. Unexpectedly, a cold wind suddenly blew from the cold passageway. The wind was mixed with the thick smell of blood, and everyone's hearts tightened!

"Not good! It's chasing after us!" Qing Yan frowned.

"You guys go first!" Shadow Thirteen pushed Shadow Six and Qing Yan to the front while he stayed behind to cover the back.

Shadow Six: "But..."

"But what? Don't hold him back!" Qing Yan grabbed Shadow Six and ran out of the cave.

Shadow Thirteen did not really plan to fight him head-on. The blood pill and blood clot powder had landed in the blood pool, but he still had a few bottles of sealed talisman water on him. He poured out all the talisman water and sprinkled it in the passageway for a long time.

Chapter 879 Little Black Eggs and Blood Rakshasa! (2)

The smell of horse urine was so pungent that he couldn't stand it anymore. Only then did he put away the bottle and chase after Shadow Six and Qing Yan. He originally thought that the thing hated the smell of the talisman water and would obediently return to the blood pool, but he did not expect it to chase after him.

At this moment, the three of them had already completely escaped from the cave and were running through the silent forest.

Everyone's scalp went numb when they felt that thing getting closer and closer to them.

Qing Yan screamed, "What's going on? Why is it chasing after us?"

"Does it still want to eat blood pills?" Shadow Six asked.

Qing Yan said in distress, "But the blood pills are gone!"

"I think I still have a few!" Shadow Six used his qinggong as he took out the remaining small porcelain bottle and threw the blood pills in different directions with his internal energy.

That thing really turned around to chase after the blood pills. The three of them did not dare to let their guard down and still raised their qinggong to the extreme.

Qing Yan asked, "How many did you throw?"

Shadow Six thought for a while. "I think... eight."

Qing Yan patted his chest. "That should be enough for that thing to search for a while." As soon as he finished his words, the strong smell of blood wafted over with a loud roar. Qing Yan was dumbfounded. "This, this, this... so fast!!!"

Shadow Thirteen's eyes turned cold. "Split up!"

The three people who were originally running side by side separated. Qing Yan chose a direction to the south. He wanted to see where Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen had gone, but when he turned around, he was instantly dumbfounded!

What happened to acting separately? Why did the two of you escape in the same direction? So you only left me behind?!

The moment the three of them parted ways, the thing stopped. It squatted on the ground and looked in the direction where the three of them had left in shock, as if it was thinking about who to chase after.

“Don’t chase after me, don’t chase after me, don’t chase after me...” Qing Yan chanted silently and turned around. “Ah! I told you not to chase after me!!! There are two over there! Are you blind!”

Qing Yan was using his life to escape. He had never been so accurate in finding his way. Under the pressure of that thing, he actually returned to the Nether Mountain accurately.

However, that thing was also getting closer and closer to him. Qing Yan felt that the blood in his body was no longer under his control. He began to bleed from his seven orifices. His skin was not damaged, but fine blood beads seeped out.

He had never seen such an evil cultivation technique. If this continued, he would become a dried corpse before he could be captured. In fact, it was not only Qing Yan. Even the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall felt strange.

“Senior Brother! Your eyes!”

The eldest disciple of the Chaoyang Hall touched his eyes. “Blood?!”

“Second Senior Brother! You...”

That thing was actually still quite a distance away from the Chaoyang Hall, but even so, the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall began to bleed one by one.

Everyone fell into endless fear.

Suddenly, Qing Yan remembered that he still had a black iron chain specially used to deal with the Blood Rakshasa. He wiped the blood off his face and took out the iron chain wrapped around his waist with his bloody hand. With a loud shout, he threw it fiercely at the blood shadow behind him.

That thing probably thought that it was a blood pill, so it did not dodge, nor did it use its strength to block. The black chain caught it and it fell with a bang, rolling into the river at the side.

Qing Yan heard the sound of falling into the water and paused in the air. He turned around and saw that the thing had fallen into the water. He pulled out his dagger. He was extremely sure that the thing was entangled by the black iron chain. This was the best time to deal with it!

If he could kill it...

Qing Yan gripped the dagger in his hand tightly and took a deep breath. He flew to the river and stared at the rippling river without blinking. He did not dare to go down. After all, that thing was good at swimming. He was probably not its match underwater. Of course, he was not its match above the water either, but at least his five senses were sharper on the water.

He was only waiting for that guy to surface and kill it! Unexpectedly, after waiting for a long time, when the water was quiet, there was still no sign of that thing. Even the movements underwater were gone.

“Could it be that he was entangled by the black iron chain and couldn’t swim up... and drowned?”

Other than this explanation, Qing Yan could not think of any other possibility. Moreover, he had also stopped bleeding from his seven orifices. If the Blood Rakshasa wasn’t dead, what was?

To be cautious, Qing Yan waited by the river for a while more. After confirming that he could not sense the Blood Rakshasa’s aura, he held his dagger and returned to the Chaoyang Hall with his head held high.

Not long after Qing Yan left, a series of water bubbles suddenly appeared on the calm water. Then, a small shadow surfaced and grabbed the seaweed by the shore with its thin little hand. It slid up.

Qing Yan was the first to arrive at the Chaoyang Hall. Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen were still on the way.

Yu Wan only found out later that they had gone to the Sang family’s forbidden area. Seeing that he was the only one who returned, she quickly asked, “Where are Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen?”

Qing Yan patted his chest and said happily, "They're fine. Don't worry, the Blood Rakshasa is already dead!"

"What? The Blood Rakshasa is dead?" Yu Wan looked at him in disbelief.

Qing Yan raised his eyebrows. "Of course, I killed it with my own hands! It's all thanks to Grandma's black iron chain. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to kill it!"

Yu Wan touched her chin. "Is the Blood Rakshasa so easy to kill?"

Qing Yan smiled and said, "Actually, it's also a coincidence. It thought that I gave it a blood pill, so it didn't dodge. In the end, it was injured by the black iron chain."

Yu Wan reached out. "Where's the corpse?"

If he was alive, she wanted to see him. If he was dead, she wanted to see his corpse. Otherwise, how could she believe that such a powerful fellow had been killed?

Qing Yan said, "It's in the river under the Nether Mountain. If you don't believe me, send someone to retrieve it! It's entangled by the black iron chain and can't float far!"

Yu Wan really sent someone. The disciples of the Chaoyang Hall searched for a long time, but they only found a few broken black chains. There was no sign of the Blood Rakshasa at all!

Qing Yan was dumbfounded. "How, how did this happen? I clearly saw it..."

Yu Wan narrowed her eyes and said, "It's obvious that the black iron chain is not much of a threat to it since it's broken like this. This Blood Rakshasa is stronger than we imagined."

Qing Yan held his forehead and seemed to understand why it was pretending to be dead underwater. This was a Blood Rakshasa with a brain!

Qing Yan looked like he was facing a great enemy. “Oh no, it has infiltrated the Nether Mountain!”

...

“Dabao! Come here! We can’t let Er’bao find you! You, you, you... you’re with me! We won’t play with Er’bao today!”

Xiaobao, who was still holding a grudge, pulled the confused Dabao and hid behind a big tree.

“Dabao ~ Xiaobao ~ Where are you?” Er’bao grabbed his little milk bottle and stood outside the back door of the Chaoyang Hall, looking around adorably.

Xiaobao stuck out his tongue at Er’bao smugly! He couldn’t find us!

Er’bao pricked up his ears. “I heard Xiaobao’s voice!”

Xiaobao hurriedly covered his mouth. He looked at Er’bao, who was looking for him, and gave Dabao a look. He pointed at the big tree on the other side, indicating for Dabao to hide with him.

Dabao nodded.

Xiaobao took the lead and darted behind another tree. Then, he waved at Dabao. Come over! Come over!

Er’bao walked closer.

The tree was not safe anymore. Xiaobao slipped to another big tree and hid behind it with a naughty smile. A small figure about the same height as Xiaobao slowly leaned over, dripping water.

Xiaobao grabbed his hand and ran forward without looking back. “Quick! Er’bao is here! Hurry up and leave!”

The little figure looked at the chubby little hand holding his and slowly licked his lips.

Chapter 880 Subduing Little Rakshasa

Xiaobao still didn't know that he had pulled the wrong person. He only wanted to shake Er'bao off quickly and not let him catch up to him and Dabao. He ran forward, panting, and held the little hand tightly.

However, he still sensed something amiss.

"Dabao, why are your hands wet?" He asked. Because he was in a hurry to recognize the way, he did not turn around.

The little figure did not react.

Xiaobao nodded. He had forgotten that Dabao didn't know how to speak!

"Xiaobao~ Xiaobao~"

Er'bao's cute call came from behind. Xiaobao ran forward with all his might. When he came to a fork in the road, he decisively turned around and climbed up a small hill. "Here, here!"

There was a small cave on the hill. Dabao was the first to discover it. Dabao had brought Xiaobao here once, but he hadn't had the time to bring Er'bao over. Therefore, Xiaobao was sure that Er'bao won't find his and Dabao's secret so quickly.

The cave was dark, so dark that they could not see their own hands. The entrance of the cave was facing away from the bushes where they were playing hide-and-seek, but there was a small wind hole the size of a head in the direction of the bushes, a foot and a half above the ground.

Xiaobao let go of “Dabao’s” hand, stuck out his little butt, and knelt on the ground, looking down from the wind hole. He was looking at Er’bao and laughing. He had no idea that the little figure was showing him a greedy and cruel expression.

The little figure slowly came behind him and opened its bloody mouth at him. However, just as the little figure was about to bite down, Xiaobao’s body suddenly froze. His face scrunched up and his expression became especially pained.

With a plop—

Xiaobao felt relieved after the little fart was released.

The little figure never expected such a situation. The moment the voice sounded, he was stunned. The little smelly farts were long and loud, and they all landed on the little figure’s face. The little figure’s bloodthirsty eyes widened and he took a few steps back. Then, he rolled his eyes and stuck out his tongue, rolling down the hill.

Xiaobao was immersed in his own world and did not know that “Dabao” had already gone down the mountain because of him.

Er’bao was getting closer and closer, but Xiaobao was not afraid.

“When Er’bao comes, I’ll show him my Nether Mountain Shadow Feet!” Xiaobao kicked out his little foot!

It was not easy for the little figure with a dizzy head to climb into the cave, but it was kicked down by Xiaobao’s Nether Mountain Shadow Feet.

“Eh? I think I kicked something?” Xiaobao retracted his little foot and scratched his head. He looked around. “Where’s Dabao?”

Xiaobao ran down the mountain to look for Dabao in the bushes. The little figure held his dizzy head and stood up. Xiaobao had already disappeared, but Er’bao approached step by step.

“Xiaobao ~ Where are you?” Er’bao looked around.

The little figure flashed behind Er’bao and followed him step by step. A bloodthirsty glint appeared in his eyes. He gradually approached Er’bao. Five steps, four steps, three steps, two steps...

When he was one step away from Er’bao, the little figure opened its bloody mouth again, revealing sharp teeth.

Crack!

Er’bao stepped on a stick under his feet. He stepped on the end of the stick. The other end of the stick rose and hit the little figure’s crotch.

The little figure felt the pain from his soul. It clamped its legs and covered its crotch. It was petrified on the spot for three seconds before it fell straight down—

...

The little figure’s last target was Dabao, who was squatting on the ground and digging Gu.

This time, it did not plan to approach the other party. It opened its palm and a powerful Rakshasa pressure was about to erupt. Suddenly, a beautiful figure appeared behind it.

“Eh? Whose child is this?”

Yu Wan walked towards the little figure. The Blood Rakshasa had entered the Nether Mountain. She was bringing people to search the mountain when she heard Er’bao’s voice nearby. When she found out that the little fellows had slipped out of the Chaoyang Hall again, she quickly came over to capture them. Unexpectedly, she did not meet the little fellows and saw a thin and pitiful little fellow.

The little pitiful boy was wearing tattered clothes. From the size and style of the clothes, it didn't look like a child's, but like an adult woman's. Was this child so poor that he couldn't even afford to wear clothes?

Yu Wan judged that he was poor. It was not only the tattered clothes he was wearing that did not fit or fit him. He was about the same height as the three little fellows, but he was so thin that he was only skin and bones. Therefore, not only were his clothes incomplete, but he was also starving.

"Your clothes are wet. Did you fall into the water?" Yu Wan squatted down and pushed away the wet hair on his forehead. "Aiya, your forehead is broken. You're injured."

As Yu Wan spoke, she lowered her head and untied the ribbon of her cloak. The little figure licked the corners of his lips and slowly opened his mouth.

Swish!

Yu Wan took off her cloak and covered his cold little body. She opened her purse and took out a clean handkerchief. She first wiped his wound and then his face and small hands. "Where are you staying? Why are you here?"

Although the little figure's appearance was very strange, Yu Wan would never have expected the legendary Blood Rakshasa to be a three-year-old child.

Little Rakshasa did not say anything and only stared at the blood vessels on Yu Wan's neck without blinking. After Yu Wan finished wiping him, she stood up and held his hand. "Can you still walk? I'll send you back."

This was the second time Little Rakshasa was held by someone. It was different from being held by a little smelly fart. It was stunned for a moment. It blinked its big eyes and stared at Yu Wan's hand, drooling.

Yu Wan had pure Yin blood and the aura of a Saint King in her body. It could be said that her temptation to the Blood Rakshasa was fatal.

Yu Wan did not know that this fellow was coveting her blood. Seeing him drooling, she guessed that the little fellows were hungry. She had come out in a hurry and did not bring anything else except a bottle of milk that Xiaobao had dropped.

She handed him the milk bottle. "Here."

The goat's milk had been boiled before. It had removed the gamey smell and fishy smell. There was a faint sweetness that children liked very much.

Little Rakshasa had never drunk from a small milk bottle before, so he didn't know if he was going to put it in his mouth. He pinched it roughly with his little hand, and goat milk spurted out and splashed all over his face.

It did not like the smell. It frowned in disdain and threw the little milk bottle to the ground.

Yu Wan was rummaging through her purse for the ointment. When she saw the little fellow throw the milk bottle away, she hummed strangely. "You don't like it?" She bowed and picked up the little milk bottle. Little Rakshasa looked at her back and licked his lips greedily before pouncing on her.

However, the Little Rakshasa did not succeed. It was knocked away by an extremely powerful internal energy. It looked at the tall figure who had ruined its plan with widened eyes. It bared its teeth and pounced over fiercely.

Yan Jiuchao was afraid of hurting Yu Wan. He swept through the air and led the Little Rakshasa to another mountain.

When Yu Wan finally found a bottle of ointment from her purse, she was surprised to find that the little fellow was gone. "Strange? Where did he go?"

Little Rakshasa and Yan Jiuchao started fighting.

Qing Yan, the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall, and Grandma all rushed over when they heard the news. The two of them were so fast that it was difficult to catch them with the naked eye. They could only

vaguely see phantoms flashing across the air. The air was filled with the thick smell of blood, but in just a moment, it was suppressed by the cold air of the Longevity Technique.

Little Rakshasa was furious. He roared and suddenly bumped into Yan Jiuchao's heart. This scene made Qing Yan's heart jump to his throat. "Is... is that the Blood Rakshasa? Why... does it look a little small..."

Grandma said solemnly, "This is a little Rakshasa."

"Little Rakshasa?" Qing Yan was stunned.

A trace of amazement flashed across Grandma's eyes. "Such a young Blood Rakshasa is really rare in the world..."

Qing Yan could not believe that such a little thing had chased after him all the way.

As if guessing Qing Yan's disdain, Grandma said indifferently, "Although it's small, the experts of the entire Sikong family combined are not enough for it."

"It's-it's that powerful?" Qing Yan shrank his neck in fear. He thought of something and said, "Is this the Blood Rakshasa we encountered the first time in the forbidden area?"

Grandma shook his head. "No, not this."

Qing Yan: "Could there be more than one Blood Rakshasa in the Sang family?!"

Without waiting for Grandma to answer, the Little Rakshasa was trapped by Yan Jiuchao's internal energy. The aura of the Longevity Technique was like a whip that snatched the soul, whipping the Little Rakshasa's body one after another.

Little Rakshasa let out a painful cry.

Yan Jiuchao reached out and was about to smash it with his palm. At the critical moment, Yu Wan came over with the ointment and small milk bottle.

Yan Jiuchao's internal energy paused.

As if seeing that Yan Jiuchao did not want to hurt Yu Wan, the Little Rakshasa pounced over and jumped into Yu Wan's arms. He grabbed the little milk bottle that he despised and drank it!

Yu Wan, who was confused: "..."

Yan Jiuchao, who was even more confused than Yu Wan: "..."