

Toddler 881

Chapter 881 Background and Truth

“What’s going on?” Yu Wan asked in confusion.

“It’s a Rakshasa,” Yan Jiuchao explained.

“No...” She wasn’t asking about this. Didn’t this little fellow hate to drink goat milk and even throw the milk bottle to the ground? Why did he take the initiative to jump into her arms and drink non-stop after not seeing him for a while?

“Wait, what did you just say he was?” Yu Wan finally realized that her husband seemed to have revealed incredible news.

“It’s a Rakshasa,” Yan Jiuchao said again.

Yu Wan’s chubby body trembled. “Ra... Rakshasa? The Blood Rakshasa of the Sang Family’s forbidden area?”

“That’s right,” Yan Jiuchao said calmly.

Yu Wan looked at Yan Jiuchao in disbelief and confirmed that he was not teasing her. Then, she looked at the little fellow lying in her arms and felt terrible. This skinny little thing... the pitiful little thing that she thought was from a poor family... was actually the terrifying Sang family’s Rakshasa?

She simply did not know how to react. She looked at the Little Rakshasa with a dark expression. “Are you really a Rakshasa? Were you going to eat me just now?”

Yan Jiuchao picked up the Little Rakshasa with one hand.

Little Rakshasa wailed and grabbed the little milk bottle, flapping it at Yu Wan. Yu Wan ruthlessly turned her face away. Little Rakshasa's appearance was too deceiving. As a mother, she really couldn't bear to see him like this.

"If you continue to be noisy, I'll kill you!" Yan Jiuchao said coldly.

It was unknown if it was because he understood Yan Jiuchao's words or because he felt the huge killing intent from Yan Jiuchao, but Little Rakshasa really obediently stopped moving.

Qing Yan and the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall rushed over. The news of the Sang family's Rakshasa had long spread in the Chaoyang Hall. The disciples all knew that the Sang family raised such an evil creature, but this was the first time they had seen it with their own eyes. No one expected it to be such a little fellow.

Little Rakshasa was thin and had a thin face. Only his eyes were huge. When he did not emit the aura of a Blood Rakshasa, he looked like an ordinary child or even weaker. However, under this weak skin was power that could destroy the entire Nether Mountain.

Yan Jiuchao threw Little Rakshasa to Qing Yan. Qing Yan hugged Little Rakshasa in his arms in disgust. Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely at Qing Yan, scaring him so much that he almost threw him out!

Yan Jiuchao moved his fingertips and activated the Longevity Technique to condense an internal energy. Little Rakshasa instantly became obedient and stopped moving.

Yan Jiuchao retracted his internal energy and walked back to the Chaoyang Hall. The three little black eggs had already been found by the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall. They were obediently sitting on the threshold, drinking milk and waiting for their mother.

The moment she saw her sons, Yu Wan's heart seemed to be filled with joy. She could not help but reveal a gentle smile.

Little Rakshasa saw the smile in her eyes and blinked in shock.

Yu Wan walked over and rubbed the heads of the three little black eggs. "Where did you go just now? I've been searching for half a day!"

"We're nearby!" Xiaobao said shamelessly. "If you don't believe me, ask Er'bao."

At this moment, he remembered that he had to unite with Er'bao.

Er'bao looked at his mother adorably, intending to use his invincible coquettish and cute skills to fool them of their "crimes". However, he inadvertently glanced at Little Rakshasa in Qing Yan's arms. Er'bao's eyes lit up. "Little brother?"

Xiaobao hummed and stood up. He stood on his tiptoes and looked out. "Where's Little Brother?"

Qing Yan coughed lightly and quickly flashed into another courtyard with Little Rakshasa in his arms.

Yu Wan understood. She glanced in the direction where Qing Yan had left from the corner of her eye and turned to her sons. "That's not your younger brother. Alright, it's getting late. Go take a shower."

"Okay!"

The three of them nodded in agreement and fought to hold their mother's hand so that she could bring them to take a shower. The three of them jumped into the room. Yan Jiuchao wanted to change his clothes and returned to his room first.

Without Yan Jiuchao in front of him, Qing Yan could not control Little Rakshasa. Little Rakshasa jumped down from Qing Yan's arms and flashed into the courtyard where Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao lived.

Yan Jiuchao went to change his clothes. The three little black eggs sat cross-legged in a small wooden basin in the outer room. Each of them held a small ladle in his hand and clumsily scooped water to pour on his head.

Yu Wan moved a stool over and sat behind the three of them. She took the rose-scented soap and smeared it on their heads. The three of them were already used to this and closed their eyes.

Yu Wan rubbed their heads one by one. Little Rakshasa widened his big eyes in a daze. He raised his little hand and rubbed his head according to Yu Wan's actions.

"Don't hit me!" Er'bao turned around and glared at Xiaobao. He said to Yu Wan, "Xiaobao hit me!"

"I didn't!" Xiaobao shook his head in denial.

Little Rakshasa also shook his head.

Yu Wan said solemnly, "Xiaobao, stop fooling around!"

Xiaobao stuck out his tongue.

Little Rakshasa also stuck out his tongue.

"Close your eyes. The soap will go in later," Yu Wan said gently to Er'bao.

Er'bao obediently closed his eyes.

When Yan Jiuchao came out after changing into clean clothes, he immediately saw Little Rakshasa peeping outside the door. He glanced at him indifferently and Little Rakshasa immediately felt the pressure of the Longevity Technique. His hair stood on end and he flashed back into Qing Yan's arms in the courtyard next door.

When Little Rakshasa fought Yan Jiuchao, he briefly released the aura of a Blood Rakshasa. Master Sikong and Sikong Changfeng did not rest and keenly sensed this abnormality. However, the two of them did not know what it was. When they came to the Chaoyang Hall, they were told that it was the Blood Rakshasa.

In the room illuminated by the oil lamp and candlelight, Yan Jiuchao sat at the master seat with a calm expression. Little Rakshasa sat obediently on the center seat. Grandma, Qing Yan, Master Sikong, and Sikong Changfeng were also there.

“Is this... the Rakshasa raised by the Sang Family?” Master Sikong looked at the obedient little thing in disbelief and asked.

It was no wonder that he was so surprised. It was really because he could not sense any Rakshasa’s aura on it. Of course, he did not believe that Yan Jiuchao could not be wrong. Then there were only two possibilities. This Little Rakshasa’s strength was too weak, making it impossible for others to sense its aura. Or perhaps the Little Rakshasa’s strength was too strong and he could already freely retract his aura. If it was the second possibility, this Little Rakshasa was too terrifying.

Yan Jiuchao did not say anything. He only condensed internal energy at his fingertips and punched at Little Rakshasa.

In order to protect himself, Little Rakshasa suddenly soared into the air and released a powerful Blood Rakshasa’s aura. Master Sikong felt his heart tremble and broke out in cold sweat.

After Little Rakshasa dodged the attack, he looked at Yan Jiuchao warily. As if confirming that he had no intention of attacking again, he obediently climbed back onto the bed and sat down.

Although Master Sikong had not personally cultivated the Longevity Technique, he was not unfamiliar with it. Yan Jiuchao did not seem to have used much strength in that attack just now, but no expert present could dodge it. Not only did Little Rakshasa of the Sang family dodge it unscathed, but he also seemed to have the ability to counterattack. He did not do this because he was not Yan Jiuchao’s match after all. He understood that it was useless to counterattack. However, if he encountered a powerful enemy, he would definitely be the last one to die.

To have such ability at such a young age, Master Sikong was simply amazed.

“Was it born a Blood Rakshasa?” Master Sikong asked.

Grandma nodded. "Maybe he was born with it, or maybe... he was fed by the blood of Rakshasa after he was born."

Master Sikong clenched his fists. "The Sang family is really heartless! They didn't even let such a young child off!"

Qing Yan frowned and said thoughtfully, "I think... the Sang family might not know of the existence of Little Rakshasa."

"Oh? What do you mean?" Master Sikong looked at Qing Yan.

Qing Yan recalled and said, "When I went to the forbidden area with Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen, I heard two experts from the Sang family say, 'He's not around'. They didn't stop, and their movements weren't serious. They were clearly certain that there were no Rakshasas in the blood pool. When a Rakshasa appeared in the blood pool, I once suspected that they had made a mistake. After thinking about it, I felt that they shouldn't have made a mistake."

Grandma pondered for a moment. "The Blood Rakshasa cherishes their blood very much. It's very difficult for outsiders to force them to use their blood to feed other Rakshasas unless they're willing. Moreover, the Blood Rakshasa's territorial awareness is very strong. They won't allow other Rakshasas to stay in the same place as them."

"In that case, it..." Qing Yan pointed at Little Rakshasa and whispered, "It's the Blood Rakshasa's son, right?"

Only when he is the biological son would he be willing to use his blood to feed him. Only then would he be willing to keep him by his side.

Chapter 882 Blood Rakshasa Shows His Might, Tearing The Sang Family Apart (1)

At the Sang Manor.

On the branch of the moon, Master Sang sat quietly in the study, flipping through the plan to control the Nether Capital submitted by his strategist. This was clearly a matter for the Sikong Family, but the Sikong Family could not be carefree for long. When the Sang Family replaced the Sikong Family as the new royal family, the position of the City Lord of the Nether Capital would be his.

Some things had to be adapted in advance. It was better to be prepared.

Just as Master Sang was engrossed in his work, a guard suddenly rushed over. "Master..."

As soon as the guard spoke, Master Sang frowned unhappily. The guard was stunned for a moment before he realized that he had disturbed the master's peace. He hurriedly coughed lightly and left. He reported softly, "Master, I have something to see you about."

The Sang family was a newly promoted noble family. The rules were not that big originally, but seeing that they were about to replace the Sikong family, Master Sang also brought over the airs of the Sikong royal family early.

Master Sang put down the booklet in his hand and took a sip of tea before asking unhurriedly, "What's making you so flustered?"

The guard was snubbed, but he did not dare to touch it a second time. He replied respectfully, "Master, something happened in the forbidden area."

"Forbidden area?" Master Sang paused in his actions of drinking tea. He wanted to scold him for not saying so earlier on such an important matter, but when the words reached his lips, he remembered that he was the one who set the rules here. He coughed lightly and said, "The Yin Gu has already been stolen. What else can happen?"

Of course, he did not expect something to happen to the Blood Rakshasa. After all, the Blood Rakshasa was so powerful that he was the last person in the Sang family who would be in trouble.

The guard said fearfully, "The Blood Rakshasa went crazy and killed many experts of the Sang family!"

“What?!” Master Sang stood up. He finally couldn’t maintain his status as the City Lord anymore and rushed to the forbidden area.

In the forbidden area, the Blood Rakshasa had already killed three Level Six Asura Kings in a row and was about to kill the fourth. One had to know that although the Sang family had used a secret medicine to increase the Asura King’s realm, it was not something that could become a Asura King just by capturing a sacrificial soldier, especially the Asura King above Level Five. Killing one meant one less. It was definitely not something that could be nurtured in three to five years.

They had already lost a few when dealing with the Sikong family. Now, they had let the Blood Rakshasa kill three for no reason. Master Sang’s heart ached.

“Stop!” Master Sang stepped onto the wooden bridge and shouted at the Blood Rakshasa who was breaking the neck of the fourth Level Six Asura King.

Most of the Blood Rakshasa’s body was soaked in the blood pool, and there were three Level Six Asura King’s corpses floating beside him. Their blood had been placed in the blood pool, and they had become dried corpses. However, no one dared to salvage their corpses, not even taking a step closer.

Only Master Sang had the guts. Unfortunately, the Blood Rakshasa ignored him.

“I told you to stop, did you hear me?!” Master Sang said coldly.

This time, the Blood Rakshasa finally reacted. He slowly turned around and looked at Master Sang without blinking with his green eyes.

“Let him go!” Master Sang ordered again.

The Blood Rakshasa let go, but in the next second, he tore him in half with his bare hands.

Master Sang fell back in anger!

He had raised the Blood Rakshasa for so many years. It was impossible for him not to have accidentally killed someone. When they did not have enough supplies, the Blood Rakshasa would capture an expert from the Sang family to absorb his blood energy. However, ever since they found out about the Blood Rakshasa's temper and the number of offerings he needed, the Sang family had never made a similar mistake.

This time, it was clearly not caused by insufficient supplies. The Blood Rakshasa did not absorb their blood energy, so it was more like he was venting his anger.

Strange, what was there to be angry about?

Didn't he just sacrifice a purple-clothed saintess to him a few days ago? The purple-clothed saintess was much more nourishing than the Yin Gu. He should be very happy and satisfied.

Master Sang could not understand and could only continue to guess. "What's wrong with you? Do you want the offerings again so quickly? Didn't we agree that we can only give you the Saint King after a few days?"

There was a trace of anger on that blood-red face. Then, an extremely unpleasant hoarse voice said in a voice that was no longer smooth, "Let—me—out—"

This was simply not a sound that a human could make.

Master Sang could not remember the last time the Blood Rakshasa spoke. Ten years ago? Fifteen years ago? It did not sound human after not saying anything for so long.

It took Master Sang a long time to react to what he had said. A trace of shock flashed across his eyes, but he was not stunned for long. He looked down at him and said, "You can't go out. Have you forgotten?"

Chapter 883 Blood Rakshasa Shows His Might, Tearing The Sang Family Apart (2)

The Blood Rakshasa roared and his body trembled!

The experts of the Sang family were so frightened by his murderous posture that they retreated. Only Master Sang stood rooted to the ground without changing his expression.

The Sang family was famous for forging weapons in the Nether Capital. This blood pool was the Sang family's greatest weapon. The walls and bottom of the pool were both made of black iron. There was a passageway under the blood pool that led to a courtyard for the Blood Rakshasa to live in. The courtyard was also made of black iron. Actually, it was more suitable to say that it was a cage. There was a black iron chain tied to the Blood Rakshasa's right foot. From the blood pool to the courtyard, the other end of the iron chain was always in the rope. This was a complicated and huge project that only the Sang family could do.

Master Sang looked at him calmly. He was neither timid nor sympathetic. "This is your own decision. Whether it's the blood pool or the cage, they're all tailored for you. You once said that only on the day you become the Rakshasa King will you have the ability to break free from the chains and leave the cage and blood pool. Have you forgotten all of this?"

The Blood Rakshasa let out an angry roar!

Master Sang frowned in confusion. He had survived for so many years and had never seen the Blood Rakshasa unable to stay. He was only one step away from the Rakshasa King, so why did he suddenly want to go out early?

Master Sang called over the guards. "You guys, search the forbidden area from beginning to end!"

The Blood Rakshasa must have suffered some trauma. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so abnormal.

"Yes!" The guard accepted the order and searched the Sang Family's forbidden area.

"Wait." Master Sang stopped them again. He looked in the other direction of the blood pool. That was an unused cave and desolate mountain. Logically speaking, no one would barge in, but to be cautious, it was better to get someone to search too. "After searching the interior of the Sang Family, send someone to search the cave and desolate mountain."

“Yes! Master!” The guards left without stopping.

Master Sang looked at the irritable Blood Rakshasa and left the forbidden area with a cold expression.

Not long after everyone left, Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen, who were hidden behind a large rock on the other side of the cave and desolate mountain, secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

After the two of them parted ways with Qing Yan, they returned to the cave. They had originally planned to see how the Sang family would react after the Rakshasa disappeared. Unexpectedly, they bumped into such an incredible secret.

At first, when they saw this Rakshasa, they thought that the Rakshasa who was chasing after Qing Yan had returned. However, after hearing Master Sang’s words, it seemed that this Rakshasa could not leave the Sang Family’s forbidden ground. In other words, the Sang Family had raised two Rakshasas!

Also, this Rakshasa... was actually willing to become one!

The third thing that surprised the two of them was that the Sang family did not seem to know of the existence of the other Rakshasa. This Rakshasa should know. After all, they were the same kind, so it was impossible for him not to sense the other party’s existence.

Then did he want to go out to look for the other Rakshasa?

The Sang family would be searching for them soon, so it was not good to stay here for long. The two of them exchanged glances and planned to leave here. At the same time, they would clean up the traces they left behind.

Unexpectedly, at this moment, the Blood Rakshasa seemed to have sensed an unfamiliar aura and suddenly turned around.

Shadow Six saw his face.

...

When Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen returned to the Nether Mountain, it was already afternoon the next day. The two of them were almost discovered by the Blood Rakshasa. Fortunately, Master Sang turned back, as if he had something to say to the Blood Rakshasa. They took the opportunity to leave, but after soaking in the blood pool, evil aura invaded their bodies. Halfway there, they both fainted. Fortunately, they were not discovered by the Sang Family.

After the two of them entered the Chaoyang Hall, they immediately found Yan Jiuchao. Yan Jiuchao was discussing how to deal with the Blood Rakshasa in Grandma's room. Qing Yan, Yue Gou, and Master Sikong were also there.

"Are you alright?"

"You're still alive?"

Qing Yan and Shadow Six spoke in unison.

Qing Yan's face darkened. "What do you mean I'm still alive? Will I definitely die if I'm chased by the Blood Rakshasa? Also, since you know that I might die, you still left me alone! Are you brothers?!"

Shadow Six rubbed his nose resentfully. "Ahem, aren't you fine?"

"I worried about you for nothing!" Qing Yan rolled his eyes and ignored these two infuriating fellows.

"Let's get down to business," Shadow Thirteen said. "We returned to the Sang Family's forbidden area last night."

Qing Yan exploded. "What? It wasn't easy for you to escape, and you still dare to go back? Do you know that there's a Blood Rakshasa there? Even without the Blood Rakshasa, the Sang family's high-level Asura King isn't something you can deal with!"

Chapter 884 Blood Rakshasa Shows His Might, Tearing The Sang Family Apart (3)

Therefore, Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen were definitely not unwilling to save Qing Yan in order to live, but because they had a mission. They were also determined to die to obtain news about the Sang family.

Qing Yan's reaction touched Shadow Six. Not only did he not blame them for abandoning him, but he was also so worried about them—

Shadow Six suddenly said, "Wait, how did you know that the Sang family has a Blood Rakshasa?"

Qing Yan raised his eyebrows. "I'm not telling you!"

Shadow Six: "Hey—"

Shadow Thirteen was not led by the nose by Qing Yan. He continued, "I feel that the Blood Rakshasa we encountered when we turned back is stronger than the one we chased out. Also, for some reason, he went crazy."

Qing Yan laughed. "How can he not go crazy when his son is gone?"

Shadow Six was stunned. "Son? You mean... the Blood Rakshasa who chased after us? They're father and son?"

Qing Yan did not answer him. Instead, he patted his chest. "It's a male Rakshasa. Gu God bless him. That little fellow is wearing a woman's clothes. I thought the Great Rakshasa was a woman!"

"What do you mean by that?" Shadow Six asked in confusion. Wasn't it just that they didn't return for a night? Why did he feel that they had missed each other for the rest of their lives!!!

Qing Yan vividly told the two of them about capturing the little Rakshasa. The two of them were dumbfounded. The other Blood Rakshasa was actually a child?

Shadow Six said in shock, "Then... what does Young Master plan to do with him... it?" Strictly speaking, Rakshasa could no longer be considered a human.

"Of course we have to get rid of such an evil thing," Yan Jiuchao said indifferently. "Continue, what else did you find in the forbidden area?"

Shadow Thirteen said seriously, "That Blood Rakshasa was willing to be raised by the Sang family. From the tone of Master Sang, he seems to be an old acquaintance. Shadow Six saw him."

"Draw it," Yan Jiuchao said.

"Yes!" Shadow Six took Grandma's pen and paper and drew the face in his mind.

When they saw the face in the portrait, everyone was stunned.

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In the courtyard where birds were chirping and flowers were fragrant, the wind was gentle and the sun was bright.

The little fellows ran around the courtyard. When they found out that they could not sit still in the courtyard and always slipped into the depths of the Nether Mountain, Sikong Changfeng considerably found novel things for the little black eggs and built a beautiful small swing.

The three little black eggs liked swings.

"It's my turn! It's my turn!" Er'bao had already played ten times. Xiaobao couldn't wait.

After Er'bao landed, he gave the swing to Xiaobao while he and Dabao pushed him. Yu Wan was comfortably basking in the sun on a rattan chair at the side. She touched her gradually bulging stomach and her gaze landed on the little fellows with a gentle smile.

In the courtyard next door, Little Rakshasa was tied up by a black iron chain and guarded by two Level Three Asura Kings of the Sikong family. Unfortunately, other than Yan Jiuchao, Little Rakshasa was not afraid of anyone. They could not keep an eye on him at all.

Little Rakshasa's pressure trembled and the two Level Three Asura Kings fell asleep.

Little Rakshasa broke free from the black iron chain and flashed into Yu Wan's courtyard. He leaned his little body behind the moon door and stuck out his round little head to look at Yu Wan in the courtyard without blinking, as well as the little black egg swinging on the swing beside Yu Wan.

"Wow! It's so high! So high!" Xiaobao felt like he was going to fly and cried out in excitement.

Little Rakshasa's eyes widened as he watched enviously and curiously.

"Alright, stop playing. Go drink some water." Yu Wan brought the little black eggs back into the house.

Little Rakshasa flashed to the swing with a whoosh! As soon as Xiaobao left, the swing was still swaying. Little Rakshasa reached out with his thin finger and carefully touched the swing before retracting it.

After touching it a few times, he licked his lips and sat down like Xiaobao.

No one pushed Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa used his internal energy to swing the swing up, once, once, and again.

Chapter 885 The Truth About the Blood Rakshasa (1)

In the study, other than Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen, everyone who was staring at the portrait revealed looks of disbelief.

Qing Yan opened his mouth and hesitated, but in the end, he said, "Uhm... Shadow Six, are you sure you didn't draw wrongly?"

Shadow Six put down his pen and widened his eyes. "How can I draw wrongly? My drawing skills are very good!"

This was the truth. In order to become a more perfect scout, Shadow Six's calligraphy and painting had all been taught by a famous master in Yan City. Although he had not obtained 100% of the teachings of a famous master, at least a portrait was not a problem.

Qing Yan thought for a while. "Then... then you remembered the appearance wrongly?"

Qing Yan still could not believe that the Blood Rakshasa in the forbidden area was actually the face in the portrait.

Actually, Shadow Thirteen was also surprised. However, he had been with Shadow Six for many years and knew his ability better than anyone. After ordinary people saw a person's face, it was very difficult to remember it accurately when they closed their eyes. Shadow Six was different. He had received special training. As long as he wanted to, he could remember any face he had seen.

Yue Gou scratched his head. "Why do I feel that he looks so familiar?"

Qing Yan said, "Nonsense! Of course he looks familiar! We've seen people similar to him. Have you forgotten?"

"Oh." Yue Gou didn't remember.

On the other hand, Master Sikong said in a daze, "Why is it him?"

When Shadow Six heard his words, he looked at Yan Jiuchao and then at him. "Master Sikong, do you know this person?"

Master Sikong was not in a hurry to answer Shadow Six. Instead, he looked at Yan Jiuchao. "Jiuchao, do you think he looks familiar?"

"He looks familiar," Yan Jiuchao said.

Grandma also felt that he looked familiar, but unlike the others present, he had never seen someone similar to the Blood Rakshasa. Instead, he had seen a portrait of this person in the Sikong family's library.

Master Sikong stared at the portrait for a long time before sighing and saying, "If I'm not wrong, he's the previous family head of the previous family head of the Sang family, and also the Sang family's ancestor, Sang Qiuhan."

When Qing Yan and Yue Gou first entered the Sang Family's forbidden area by mistake, they had seen Master Sang and the disguised Saintess. The reason why Yue Gou and Qing Yan felt that he looked familiar was because other than being a little older, the Blood Rakshasa in the portrait looked very similar to Master Sang they had seen that night.

Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen returned to the forbidden area this time. Shadow Thirteen also saw Master Sang's face, but Shadow Six, who was blocked behind him, did not see it. Therefore, Shadow Six did not know that his portrait was similar to Master Sang.

As for Yan Jiuchao, he had been to the Sang family openly and interacted with Master Sang.

Yan Jiuchao's gaze landed on the portrait thoughtfully.

Shadow Six asked strangely, "How did this happen? The Sang family turned their ancestor into a Blood Rakshasa? No, no, from what Master Sang said, he willingly turn into that! Is this ancestor crazy? Why did he turn himself into something neither human nor ghost? Isn't it good to live well? Why does he have to be a Blood Rakshasa?"

Only Master Sikong could answer this question. Everyone looked at Master Sikong, hoping that he could answer their doubts. Even Master Sikong did not expect such a thing to happen.

The secret refinement of a high-level Asura King was already shocking enough. After that, it was revealed that he had nurtured a Yin Gu and a Blood Rakshasa. Master Sikong felt that his entire life's worth of knowledge had been spent on the Sang family. Unexpectedly, the even stranger truth was exposed—the Sang family's ancestor had refined himself into a Blood Rakshasa!

But it wasn't necessarily true that there were no signs.

Master Sikong recalled something that he had heard his father and the elders of the Sikong family mention when he was young. "That was when the Ancestor was young. The Ancestor was a martial arts fanatic, and so was Sang Qiuhan. The two of them were both geniuses of the family. However, the Sang family at that time was not as powerful as they are now. Sang Qiuhan could only accompany the Ancestor as a companion. The Ancestor was young and frivolous, so he inevitably did not listen to the teachings of the teachers and masters. However, every time he made a mistake, Sang Qiuhan would suffer on his behalf."

At this point, Master Sikong looked at Yan Jiuchao. "I heard that the royal family of the Central Plains is also like this."

Yan Jiuchao nodded.

The descendants of the royal family were noble, so how could they be punished with a whip and stick? Yet they had no choice but to be punished, so there was the matter of punishing the companions.

Master Sikong said, "Sang Qiuhan wasn't the only one companion of the Ancestor, but he was the one who was punished the most. It was for no other reason than that he was the one with the lowest status among them. I think this buried a hidden danger in the early stages."

Chapter 886 The Truth About the Blood Rakshasa (2)

Shadow Six exclaimed, "He refined himself into a Blood Rakshasa just because of this?"

Master Sikong shook his head. "These are all small matters. Sang Qiuhan's qualifications are not bad. In that generation, other than the Old Ancestor, almost no one can fight him to a draw. You have to know that others have the support of their families. They secretly hired a master and gave themselves special

treatment. Sang Qiuhan relied on himself to cultivate. Gradually, he was valued by his masters. The masters taught him more and more martial arts, and those descendants of the aristocratic families were increasingly not his match. However, there was one person he could never defeat.”

“Ancestor Sikong?” Shadow Six asked.

Master Sikong nodded. “That’s right. As I said earlier, the Ancestor is a martial arts fanatic, and so is Sang Qiuhan. In terms of diligence, the Ancestor is inferior to Sang Qiuhan. However, sometimes, the gap in talent can’t be made up for by hard work. Sang Qiuhan has always refused to admit that he’s inferior. He thinks that he has lost in terms of resources. He’s not the legitimate son of the Sikong Family, so the masters will still have reservations about him when they teach him.”

“Then... did they hold back?” Shadow Six asked again.

“Of course they did,” Master Sikong said.

The corners of everyone’s mouths twitched. He still said that he didn’t lose in terms of resources?

Master Sikong said, “After all, he’s not from the Sikong Family. There are some things that can’t be easily spread. However, the Ancestor has always been generous. When Sang Qiuhan expressed to him that he had only lost because he didn’t have a good cultivation technique, the Ancestor taught him the Longevity Technique.”

The corners of everyone’s mouths twitched again. The old man was really... indescribable.

Master Sikong continued, “What’s worth mentioning is that at that time, the Ancestor was still young and had yet to understand the Longevity Technique. He had only cultivated the first level, so Sang Qiuhan definitely did not lose to him because of his cultivation technique. When Sang Qiuhan went back to cultivate the Longevity Technique and realized that he could not cultivate it, he suspected that the Ancestor had given him a fake cultivation technique. You have to know that only a few of the direct disciples of my Sikong Family could cultivate this cultivation technique, let alone an outsider. The Ancestor treated him kindly, but was mistaken by the other party for malicious intentions. After that, Sang Qiuhan suffered internal injuries and suspected that it was because of the fake cultivation technique that the Ancestor had given him. From then on, Sang Qiuhan hated the Ancestor.

“Sang Qiuhan practiced martial arts diligently. If the Ancestor practiced for two hours, he would practice for four to six hours. After a few years, Sang Qiuhan’s martial arts had indeed improved greatly, but he was still not the Ancestor’s match. Sang Qiuhan was so jealous that he infiltrated the Sikong family’s library and stole the top-secret cultivation technique.

“To be honest, I’ve never seen that cultivation technique either. The Sikong family has an ancestral teaching that all the descendants of the Sikong family can’t cultivate it. I once wondered what it was, but now, I seem to understand a little. It was that cultivation technique that turned Sang Qiuhan into a Blood Rakshasa!”

“The culprit is the Sikong family...” Qing Yan raised his eyebrows.

Master Sikong smiled bitterly. “Our Sikong family has guarded it for many years and has always followed our ancestral teachings. No one cultivated it. Sang Qiuhan has ill intentions himself. Is this also my Sikong family’s fault?”

Qing Yan muttered, “But your Sikong family always wants to forcefully marry the Saintess. You’re not good people!”

Master Sikong choked.

To be honest, the Sikong Clan had indeed married many saintesses in the past, but forcefully marrying... was only done by his grandfather, an old fool. His grandfather had indeed committed an unforgivable sin. Before he died, he repeatedly regretted it. He had let down the Saintess Lan Yi and the Lan family, but what was the use? The dead could not be revived. Everything could no longer go back.

“We’ll discuss the old score later,” Yan Jiuchao said indifferently. “Since the Blood Rakshasa cultivates the Sikong family’s cultivation technique, can the Sikong family deal with it?”

“No.” Master Sikong shook his head regretfully. Perhaps it was precisely because the Blood Rakshasa was too powerful and could not be suppressed that their ancestors did not allow their descendants to cultivate it. “The Longevity Technique can restrain it for a while, but... once the Sang family’s ancestor becomes the Rakshasa King, I’m afraid even the Longevity Technique will be useless.”

Yan Jiuchao tapped his slender fingers on the table. "All things complement and counter each other. The Blood Rakshasa must have its weakness."

Qing Yan had an idea. "Don't we have a little Rakshasa here? Wouldn't we be able to find the Blood Rakshasa's weakness if we try with it?"

Shadow Six said, "How can we try?"

Fifteen minutes later, Qing Yan came over with a large pile of sharp and cold torture tools. There were also a few large bottles of poison above the torture tools.

Shadow Six picked up an iron hook and a sharp dagger. He couldn't bear it and said, "Isn't it too much to torture a child with these things?"

Qing Yan did not say anything. He looked at Shadow Thirteen. Shadow Thirteen said, "It's not a child, it's an evil thing. Evil things are inhumane."

Little Rakshasa swung alone for a while, not daring to let Yan Jiuchao discover him. Before Yan Jiuchao returned to the courtyard, he flashed back to his room and tied himself up with a black iron chain.

The two unconscious Asura Kings woke up with a whoosh. Their first reaction was to look at Little Rakshasa. Seeing that it was still there, they heaved a long sigh of relief. Seeing that the sky was dark, it was time for it to eat. They took out a bottle, poured a few blood pills, and threw them on the ground before striding out.

It was time for their meal.

Little Rakshasa jumped off the stool with the black iron chain tied around him. He opened his mouth to eat the blood pills on the ground. Suddenly, laughter came from the courtyard next door. Little Rakshasa was stunned for a moment before he broke free from the black iron chain and flashed out.

The little black eggs played for the entire afternoon and were so hungry that their stomachs growled.

Yu Wan asked the kitchen to prepare food. It was their favorite Fuyuanzi. Although it was not as authentic as Nanzhao, it was exquisitely made and the little black eggs liked it very much.

“I want second bowl!” Xiaobao said.

“I want three bowls!” Er’bao said.

I want four bowls! Dabao said in his heart.

“It’s two bowls.” Yu Wan corrected Xiaobao in anger and amusement. She glanced at the little fellows. “You still have dinner later. Don’t eat too much.” With that, she scooped a small bowl each for the three little black eggs and placed a small wooden spoon inside. She said softly, “It’s just out of the pot. Be careful of the heat.”

The stool was a little high, and the three little black eggs only managed to climb up after a while. Then, the three of them sat down in a row, grabbed the small wooden spoon, and stirred it while blowing.

Little Rakshasa leaned against the door and stuck his little head out. He widened his bloodshot eyes and looked at the bowl in the hands of the three little black eggs without blinking.

Xiaobao was the most impatient. He scooped a small spoonful and impatiently brought it to his mouth. He blew on it twice and stuffed it into his mouth.

It was so hot!

Hoo~ Hoo~

Little Rakshasa opened his mouth.

Er’bao also scooped a spoonful. “Mom, blow.”

Yu Wan blew on it dotingly and patted his head. "It's fine. It's not hot anymore."

"Okay!" Er'bao nodded and fed him a spoonful of delicious Fuyuanzi. It was so delicious that he narrowed his eyes.

This bowl of Fuyuanzi was only a snack for the three little black eggs. The three of them quickly finished it. Yu Wan was packing the herbs to dry in the backyard. They jumped down and slipped away to look for their mother.

There was no one in the room. Little Rakshasa flashed in and landed steadily on the chair.

It paused and seemed to have thought of something. It jumped down again and imitated the little black eggs as it climbed up clumsily.

It sat down and picked up a small wooden spoon that the little black eggs had eaten. It scooped it from the empty bowl and brought it to its mouth. Hu hu ~

It scooped another spoonful and sent it to the side. After waiting for a while, as if someone was blowing for it, it nodded and fed the empty spoon to its mouth. It tilted its head and pretended to eat.

Chapter 887 Xiaobao and Little Rakshasa

Halfway there, Qing Yan was called away by Grandma. They went to the Sikong family's library to see if they could find more ways to deal with the Blood Rakshasa.

"Then should we still try?" Shadow Six looked at the poison and torture tools left behind by Qing Yan and was a little hesitant about what to do next.

Shadow Thirteen was much harder-hearted than him. He said firmly, "Of course we have to try. One more person to think of a way means one more chance of success."

Shadow Six whispered, "Didn't they say it's a child? Could it be that they really treat it like this?"

Shadow Thirteen did not know how to answer. Shadow Six was a sacrificial soldier. Sacrificial soldiers were hard-hearted, but Shadow Six was not. Shadow Thirteen silently picked up the poison and torture tools on the ground and walked towards the courtyard where Little Rakshasa was imprisoned.

Shadow Six sighed and followed. He thought of something and asked in confusion, "By the way, why does the Sang family's ancestor have such a young son?"

"Men can have sons at any age," Shadow Thirteen said.

"Oh." Shadow Six didn't fully understand. He had never given birth to a son.

Shadow Thirteen cleared his throat. "However, it might not be his biological son."

Shadow Six rolled his eyes. "Picked him up?"

Shadow Thirteen crossed the courtyard door. "We don't know about that. In short, that little evil thing is also a Blood Rakshasa. We just have to find its weakness. Nothing else is important."

"Oh." Shadow Six followed behind him slowly.

Shadow Thirteen understood that he couldn't bear to do it, so he didn't force him. He said to him, "Go back to your room and rest first. I'll go myself."

Shadow Six vaguely realized that Shadow Thirteen had seen through his resistance. He quickly straightened his back and strode after him. "No, I'll go with you. I've never seen Little Rakshasa before!"

This was the truth. That night, when they were chased by Little Rakshasa, the other party's movement technique was too fast. They couldn't even see his afterimage. How could they have expected it to be a little fellow?

Little Rakshasa, who was “eating” in Yu Wan’s room, heard the commotion in the courtyard next door. He put down his spoon and disappeared with a whoosh!

When Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen entered the room, Little Rakshasa had already obediently tied himself up and was sitting on the chair without moving. When it came, it was wearing a tattered woman’s clothes. After entering the courtyard, Yu Wan had changed it. It was wearing Xiaobao’s clothes. The two of them were about the same height, but it was as thin as a matchstick, so the clothes were still big and looked loose.

Its hair was messy and uneven, as if it had been chewed by a dog. This was what it ate when its hair covered its eyes. It was thin and small, and its face was also thin. Only its eyes were shockingly big.

Shadow Thirteen had a heart of stone and did not have much of a reaction. Shadow Six, who was at the side, was stunned. Even though he had long heard that it was a little fellow and had been fantasizing on the way here, he could not help but be stunned when he really saw it.

Too, too young...

Moreover, although those big eyes were terrifying, they were also a little cute.

Shadow Six pulled Shadow Thirteen to the side and whispered, “Is it... the Blood Rakshasa? It doesn’t look like it...”

“Are you doubting Young Master’s judgment?” Shadow Thirteen asked indifferently.

“No, no, no!” Shadow Six shook his head like a rattle-drum.

“Go to the room next door and adjust the poison.” Shadow Thirteen found an excuse to send Shadow Six away.

Shadow Six reluctantly left. He looked back at Little Rakshasa every few steps. Little Rakshasa also looked at him blankly until Shadow Thirteen closed the door with a bang. The moment the door closed,

Shadow Thirteen's killing intent burst out. Little Rakshasa felt his killing intent and a ferocious glint flashed across his eyes.

Shadow Thirteen picked up a cold black iron hook and hooked it towards Little Rakshasa's lute bone.

Little Rakshasa was clearly locked by the black iron chain, but the moment he approached, it brushed past his head and the iron chain fell to the ground.

Shadow Thirteen's eyes darkened and he attacked Little Rakshasa again.

Little Rakshasa's cultivation was mostly sealed by Yan Jiuchao's Longevity Technique. Even so, he still dodged Shadow Thirteen's attack safely and broke through the window to escape.

Shadow Thirteen followed in a flash, but in the blink of an eye, Little Rakshasa was gone!

The most powerful qinggong Shadow Thirteen had ever seen came from the Milk Asura, but Little Rakshasa's movement technique was even above the Milk Asura. This was even when most of his strength had been sealed. If he was at his peak, he really could not imagine how powerful it would be.

If it was already so powerful, let alone the Blood Rakshasa in the forbidden area.

Shadow Thirteen clenched his fists. He had to... he had to find the Blood Rakshasa's weakness as soon as possible!

With Yan Jiuchao around, Little Rakshasa did not dare to escape into Yu Wan's courtyard. It did not know which courtyard it had entered. This place was noisy and had a strange smell.

This was the kitchen of the Chaoyang Hall. At this moment, the chefs were preparing dinner for everyone.

Little Rakshasa stood under the porch and looked at the busy chefs.

Suddenly, a crisp voice sounded behind it. "Little Brother!"

Little Rakshasa was shocked and instinctively jumped onto the roof beam.

Xiaobao looked up, dumbfounded, and exclaimed sincerely, "Wow!"

Little Rakshasa looked at Xiaobao warily. Xiaobao was too young and could not understand the vigilance in its eyes. He only felt that his little brother was amazing. His qinggong was as good as Master Ah Wei!

"Little Brother! You're amazing!" Xiaobao clapped.

Little Rakshasa did not forget its experience of being half-dead from the smelly farts. It bared its teeth and revealed a ferocious expression, wanting to scare Xiaobao away. Unexpectedly, not only was Xiaobao not scared off, he even bared his teeth and made a face.

Little Rakshasa was stunned.

Xiaobao opened his pocket, took a candy, and waved at it. "Little Brother, come down! I'll give you candy!"

Little Rakshasa looked curiously at the candy in Xiaobao's hand and it fell with a whoosh. Xiaobao broke the candy in half, half for himself and half for his little brother. Little Rakshasa looked at the action that was handed to him and subconsciously dodged back.

Xiaobao hurriedly said, "I won't bully you. Don't be afraid!"

Little Rakshasa looked at the candy and then at Xiaobao. In the end, he reached out and took the candy. Xiaobao pulled it to sit down on the steps. As he licked the candy, he said, "This is very delicious. Mom won't let me eat it. Uncle Changfeng secretly gave it to me. Don't tell anyone."

Little Rakshasa opened his mouth and watched Xiaobao lick the candy in a daze.

“Don’t watch me eat. Eat yourself.” Xiaobao urged it and said, “Whose house are you from? Where’s your father and mother?”

Little Rakshasa looked at Xiaobao blankly. Coincidentally, Yu Wan passed by the kitchen after drying the herbs.

Xiaobao pointed at Yu Wan and said, “That’s my mother!”

Yan Jiuchao walked towards Yu Wan.

Xiaobao continued, “That’s my father!”

When Little Rakshasa saw Yan Jiuchao, he disappeared with a whoosh!

“Little brother, you...” Xiaobao was talking when he turned around. “Eh? Where’s Little Brother?”

...

Not long after Little Rakshasa escaped from the kitchen, he bumped into Shadow Thirteen. Shadow Thirteen lashed out with his black iron whip. He didn’t hit Little Rakshasa, but he hit the candy that Xiaobao had given him.

The candy fell to the ground with a thud. Little Rakshasa flew over to pick it up and was whipped firmly.

Little Rakshasa was in pain. Shadow Thirteen frowned. He had clearly hit its Achilles heel, but he only felt pain? Did this evil thing really not have weaknesses?

Shadow Thirteen and Little Rakshasa fought again. The more Little Rakshasa fought, the more violently the Longevity Technique worked. Little Rakshasa suffered a lot and was drenched in cold sweat. In the end, he was so tired that he hugged Shadow Thirteen’s whip and fell asleep.

Little Rakshasa woke up two hours later. It was locked in a dark room again with black chains tied to its feet.

Rumble~

It was hungry.

In its pocket was the candy that Xiaobao had given it. It took it out, licked it, and rolled its eyes in disdain.

There were blood pills on the ground that the Asura King had thrown at it. It jumped down, bent down, and picked up the blood pills one by one with its hand. Just as it was about to take one out and feed it, Yu Wan's gentle voice sounded in its ears.

"Cow... sheep... horse..." Yu Wan was teaching Dabao how to speak.

Dabao obediently sat in his mother's arms.

Yu Wan patiently taught him over and over again. "Cow... sheep... horse..."

Little Rakshasa jumped onto the windowsill and leaned his little hand on the window lintel. He rested his chin on the window lintel and opened his mouth slightly. "Ma... Ma..."

...

To the Sang family, this night was destined to not be peaceful. The Blood Rakshasa, who had gone crazy for some reason, had killed three Asura Queens in a row and destroyed half of the forbidden ground in one go. Master Sang was so angry that he was twitching, but there was no other way.

Just as Master Sang was overwrought, a shuddering aura suddenly surged from the direction of the forbidden area. The clouds in all directions seemed to have been affected and surged uneasily.

The air was filled with the smell of blood.

Master Sang stood up in disbelief. "Is... is he going to break through? The Blood Rakshasa... is finally going to become the Rakshasa King!"

Chapter 888 Mighty Little Rakshasa! (1)

After getting pregnant, Yu Wan became more sleepy than before. However, on this day, she still woke up early for no other reason than that the supplies in the Chaoyang Hall were about to run out and she needed to go down the mountain to buy them. In the past, this was always a matter for Sikong Changfeng and his disciples, but because there were too many things that they needed, Yu Wan decided to personally go to the market.

When she opened her eyes, Yan Jiuchao was no longer by the bed. She did not need to guess to know that he had gone to comprehend the Longevity Technique. Yu Wan had privately asked Sikong Changfeng how long it took her great-grandfather to break through from the sixth level to the eighth level. Sikong Changfeng's answer was that it took ten to twenty years to break through.

Yu Wan immediately did not have any hopes for her husband.

Yu Wan was neatly dressed and packing her things. Suddenly, she felt the Nether Mountain shake. A coldness that was like frost instantly enveloped the entire Chaoyang Hall. It was powerful and wanton, but also familiar.

She stopped in her tracks. "This is..."

Before she could figure it out, Qing Yan's excited cry came from the courtyard. "Jiuchao has broken through to the seventh level of the Longevity Technique!"

Yu Wan: "Uh..."

What happened to ten or twenty years?

Xiaobao and Er'bao were still sleeping soundly. Dabao woke up and touched his little bald head, looking at his mother adorably.

Yu Wan walked over and pinched his little nose dotingly. "Daddy has already broken through. Why aren't you saying anything?"

Dabao tilted his head and blinked at Yu Wan. Yu Wan had lost to him. Forget it, there was still time. She could slowly teach him how to speak. Yu Wan put on Dabao's shirt and handed him a pair of pants. He could already clumsily put on his pants himself. After he put it on, he magically walked around the courtyard.

"You wore it yourself?"

It was Qing Yan's voice.

Dabao nodded.

"Dabao is awesome!" Qing Yan smiled and rubbed his head.

He went to Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six's room.

Shadow Six: "Dabao is really awesome!"

Then, he went to Old Cui and Grandma's room.

"Aiyo, why is my Dabao so capable?" Old Cui praised him from the beginning to the end.

After showing off his pants skills, Dabao returned to his room in satisfaction.

His two younger brothers had also woken up and were clumsily wearing pants. However, the two of them were not as lucky as Dabao. One of them was wearing his pants upside down, and the other was wearing his two chubby legs into a pant tube.

Dabao looked at his younger brothers who were fighting against their pants and walked out arrogantly.

“Master Ah Wei is in seclusion. After breakfast, you’ll go to Uncle Qing Yan’s place, understand?” Yu Wan took the underwear and changed Er’bao and Xiaobao.

When Xiaobao heard this, he felt that something was wrong. He widened his eyes and said, “Where are you going?”

Yu Wan said warmly, “I’m going down the mountain...”

Xiaobao hugged Yu Wan’s thigh. “We want to go too!”

“Go,” Er’bao said coquettishly.

“Mm.” Dabao nodded like an old cadre.

Yu Wan could not dissuade the three little fellows. In the end, she agreed to bring them along. However, the premise was that they did not cause trouble and could not leave her sight. The three of them patted their chests and agreed.

Jinghong was the smartest disciple in the Chaoyang Hall. He accompanied Yu Wan. He prepared two carriages, one for the four of them to ride, and the other for storing supplies. The coachman was him and his eldest senior brother.

The most dangerous place now was the Nether Mountain. After all, it had been targeted by the Sang family. In comparison, the Nether Capital was very safe.

There was a secret exit to the Nether Mountain. It was neither in the Sikong family nor in the Saintess Hall. Instead, they could reach it by following the small river near the Chaoyang Hall and passing through a small pine forest that had been used as a smokescreen. Ah Wei had gotten lost here, which was why he accidentally entered the Nether Mountain.

“Not many people know about this exit. Other than Eldest Senior Brother and me, there’s only Young Master Changfeng,” Jinghong explained to Yu Wan as she carried the little black eggs into the carriage.

“Why are you telling me such a big secret?” Yu Wan teased him.

Jinghong scratched his head. “Aren’t you... the descendant of the Ancestor? I heard you call the Ancestor Great Grandpa that day.”

Ah, this kid, it turned out that he already knew her background. No wonder he had been so eagerly attentive these few days.

Yu Wan did not ask him where he had heard it. This was not important. If she wanted to hide it, she could hide it no matter what. If he could hear it, it could only mean that she subconsciously did not want to hide her background anymore.

“By the way, Madam, what do you want to buy?” Jinghong asked.

Yu Wan said, “I want to buy some herbs, ready-made clothes, and some spices and ingredients.”

Chapter 889 Mighty Little Rakshasa! (2)

Jinghong thought for a while and said, “The herbs and spices can be bought in the same shop. It’s best to go to the market for the ingredients. It’s more appropriate to go to the embroidered building for ready-made clothes.”

“Make the arrangements,” Yu Wan said. After saying that, she sighed in amusement when she saw that the three little fellows were silent and only looked at her with anticipation. “And candied hawthorn.”

The wheels of the carriage moved and slowly drove out of the Chaoyang Hall.

When the carriage passed by Little Rakshasa's courtyard, Little Rakshasa was standing on the windowsill, holding the iron window with both hands. It heard their laughter and conversation, as well as the sound of the wheels turning.

"I saw Little Brother yesterday!" Xiaobao said.

"How can there be a younger brother?" Yu Wan rubbed his little head.

Xiaobao argued, "There is! I even gave him candy!"

Little Rakshasa looked at the tasteless candy in his pocket and blinked his big eyes. In the next second, it disappeared with a whoosh, leaving only a cold black chain on the windowsill.

The carriage drove on the busy street. The three little fellows had not been to the market for a long time and could not suppress their excitement. They squeezed their heads to the window and looked out.

Yu Wan was worried that they would fall down and grabbed their clothes.

"Mom, what's that?" Xiaobao pointed at the little monkey in the hand of a martial artist and asked.

Yu Wan said, "Little monkey."

"What about that?"

"Lantern."

"That?"

“Candy shop.”

“That?”

“Bun shop.”

“That?”

“Bro...” thel.

Yu Wan hurriedly pulled Xiaobao in and pressed Dabao and Er’bao onto the stool.

The hearts of the three of them had long flown out of the carriage, but they were good babies who kept their promises. They promised not to run around and meant what they said.

“There’s a pharmacy there. Let’s go down and buy herbs and spices first!” Jinghong said to Yu Wan.

“Okay,” Yu Wan agreed.

Jinghong stopped the carriage in an alley at the side. Eldest Senior Brother stayed behind to guard the two carriages. He brought Yu Wan and the little black eggs to the pharmacy. Halfway there, he inadvertently turned around and found a hawker selling candied hawthorn at the other end of the alley.

He pointed. “Madam, candied hawthorn!”

The eyes of the three little black eggs instantly lit up!

Yu Wan smiled and said, “Then let’s go buy candied hawthorn first.”

The little black eggs jumped and followed! Not far away, Little Rakshasa also followed silently. They walked slowly, and it slowed down, always maintaining a distance from them. This became a very strange thing in the eyes of passers-by.

“Where did this child come from?”

“That’s right, did he get lost with his family? Why is he walking alone on the streets?”

Little Rakshasa changed into the clothes of the little black eggs. The material was luxurious, but his messy hair and thin body did not look like the child of a rich family.

A kind auntie walked forward. “Child, where are your parents?”

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely. His little beast-like ferocity frightened the auntie until she fell back. The surrounding commoners were also frightened. They had never seen such a fierce child, as if he was about to eat them at any time!

No one dared to go forward and talk to it anymore.

Yu Wan instinctively sensed something and turned around to look at the endless crowd. Little Rakshasa flashed onto the roof. Yu Wan only saw a group of dumbfounded pedestrians and shook her head strangely. She didn’t take it to heart anymore and led her sons to buy candied hawthorn.

“Eh? Where’s the child just now? Where did he go? Did you see him?”

“No! Are we seeing things? He was clearly here just now! Did you see that?”

“I saw it!”

“No, no, no... It’s not a ghost, right?”

It was broad daylight, and a little living person was gone just like that. Just the thought of it made one shiver. Everyone's faces turned pale. They really thought that this place was dirty and hurriedly pulled their families away.

Little Rakshasa jumped from the roof to the tile closest to Yu Wan and the little black eggs. It slowly lay down and looked at them without blinking.

"I want, I want... I want the largest!" Xiaobao pointed at one of the sticks of candied hawthorn.

"I want the biggest one too," Er'bao said.

"They're all the biggest!" The vendor said with a smile.

Yu Wan opened the money bag. "Give me three sticks."

"Alright!" The vendor picked three sticks of candied hawthorn that looked the best and handed them to the three little black eggs. He had never seen such cute triplets in his life. He was willing to give them to them for free!

Yu Wan gave the money and brought the little black eggs to the pharmacy.

Little Rakshasa also walked back. When the group arrived at the entrance of the pharmacy, Xiaobao held the candied hawthorn in one hand and suddenly covered his crotch with the other. He jumped up from the ground. "Pee, pee, I want to pee!"

Yu Wan took his candied hawthorn and handed it to Jinghong. "I'll bring you there. Jinghong, look after Dabao and Er'bao."

Jinghong smiled and said, "Don't worry, Madam. I'll keep an eye on them!"

Jinghong was young, but he was smart and meticulous. There was nothing to worry about handing the children over to him. Yu Wan held Xiaobao's hand and went to the toilet behind the pharmacy.

Yu Wan untied Xiaobao's belt. "Go in."

"Okay!" Xiaobao tugged at his pants and slipped in!

...

"Are you done?" Yu Wan asked.

"Done! I... I... can't wear my pants!" Xiaobao said anxiously.

Yu Wan said, "Come out. I'll put it on for you."

Xiaobao pulled his pants out. Yu Wan squatted down and lifted Xiaobao's pants. Just as she was about to fasten his belt, something unexpected happened. A thief suddenly rushed over and carried Xiaobao away!

Yu Wan was stunned by this scene. There was actually someone openly snatching a child in broad daylight?

"Mom—" Before Xiaobao could finish speaking, the person covered his mouth with a handkerchief sprinkled with knockout medicine. His little head tilted and he fainted.

This thief was clearly an old hand. His movements were smooth and natural. By the time he passed through the alley, he had already changed his clothes. Xiaobao was also wrapped up like a dumpling. It was impossible to tell that he was the well-dressed little master from before.

However, just as the thief thought that he had successfully shaken off Yu Wan and the others, a small figure accurately chased after him. His tricky shot of changing his appearance was so fast that it was difficult to catch with the naked eye, but in Little Rakshasa's eyes, it was just a few slow motions.

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth, flew on roofs and walls, and jumped onto his back. He opened his bloody mouth and bit fiercely at his neck!

The thief never expected this change. He could feel a little thing jumping onto his back, but he did not expect it to be a Rakshasa. That light weight made him think that it was a little monkey. The moment his neck was bitten open, he did not even have time to react before the blood in his body was sucked dry.

His eyes widened and he fell to the ground. Xiaobao was still in his arms. If he fell, he would most likely be seriously injured. No one saw how Little Rakshasa moved. They only knew that the moment the thief fell to the ground, Xiaobao had already been pulled out by Little Rakshasa.

All the passers-by who saw it with their own eyes were stunned by this cruel and heaven-defying scene.

What did they see? A three-year-old child had bitten a man to death... and turned him into a dried corpse?

Little Rakshasa placed Xiaobao flat on the floor that was warm from the sun. His movements were a little careful. When Yu Wan arrived, she saw Xiaobao unconscious on the ground. Little Rakshasa was kneeling on Xiaobao's body, staring fixedly at him, blood still dripping from his mouth.

Chapter 890 Little Calamity of the Nether Capital

"It ate people!"

"What evil thing is that? It actually eats people!"

"...He didn't even let the children off!"

The crowd erupted with uncontrollable screams.

Xiaobao's neck was covered in blood and he had fainted.

Yu Wan did not forget the first time this little fellow saw her, it was drooling over her. At that time, she thought that it was a real child and even found candy for it. After that, she understood that it had taken a fancy to her blood.

Yu Wan walked over without hesitation and carried Xiaobao over. A few darts made of black iron appeared on her fingertips as she looked at him coldly. "Don't come over!"

Little Rakshasa stopped in his tracks.

Little Rakshasa was small, even smaller than Xiaobao. He had to raise his head high to see Yu Wan. It had a body that was much thinner than ordinary children and a pair of eyes that were much bigger than ordinary children. Coupled with the blood in its mouth, it was indeed terrifying.

Yu Wan felt that she should not be able to defeat it. If it insisted on messing around, then she could only give it a try. She was calculating how to send Xiaobao out when she heard a sound. Someone in the crowd had thrown a rotten egg at Little Rakshasa.

However, Little Rakshasa nimbly avoided it. The rotten eggs did not smash onto its body, but fell onto the bloodstained street. This scene seemed to have opened a vent. After the first rotten egg, quickly, a second and a third smashed over, and the smelly swill also splashed towards Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth angrily, revealing a bloodthirsty ferocity.

"Get lost!"

"Where did this little bastard come from? Get lost!"

No one saw Xiaobao being kidnapped by the thief, nor did they see why he fainted. Everyone only saw this little evil thing suck the man's blood dry and even place the child in the man's arms on the ground. It was obvious that it planned to suck this child's blood.

"What kind of evil thing was this? It actually harmed the Nether Capital like this?"

Little Rakshasa glared fiercely at everyone, his anger on the verge of erupting.

Yu Wan looked at it warily. It also took one last look at Yu Wan. It bit its fangs and disappeared with a whoosh!

After confirming that it had left, Yu Wan heaved a sigh of relief. This little thing was clearly locked in the Chaoyang Hall, but it had followed her silently. The Blood Rakshasa's strength was indeed terrifying.

"Is the child alright?" A kind-hearted uncle walked forward and asked Yu Wan.

"I don't know yet. Let me take a look first," Yu Wan said as she stretched out her fingertip to check Xiaobao's neck. However, she was surprised to find that the blood on his neck didn't belong to Xiaobao. Xiaobao didn't have any wounds! She quickly took Xiaobao's pulse and looked at his entire body carefully. Xiaobao didn't have any external or internal injuries, but he was drugged.

It was impossible for the Blood Rakshasa to drug Xiaobao. Firstly, it did not have such medicine, and secondly, it was unnecessary. It could kill the Asura King with a flick of its finger, let alone a child like Xiaobao.

Yu Wan remembered that Xiaobao had been kidnapped by an adult man. She chased after him right on the heels of that man, but in the blink of an eye, the man seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Could it be—

"Aiyo, don't just care about your children. Look at that man! Is he a servant in your house?" The old man sighed.

Servant?

Yu Wan frowned strangely. She looked in the direction the old man was pointing and saw a corpse on the ground. Because it was blocked by a stone lion in front of a bank, Yu Wan did not see him at first glance.

Yu Wan carried the unconscious Xiaobao over. This person was lying facedown on the ground, his head tilted to the side. His eyes were wide open, and the blood in his body had been sucked dry.

Even though she saw this scene in broad daylight, she still felt a chill run down her spine. However, Yu Wan quickly sensed that something was wrong. This was not the youngest disciple, Jinghong, nor was it the eldest disciple, Jingchen. There was no doubt about it, but this man's sleeve was bulging, as if he was stuffed with something.

Yu Wan pulled out the things from his sleeve. It happened to be a familiar outfit and a handkerchief sprinkled with knockout medicine.

It was this man! He was the one who kidnapped Xiaobao!

The old man clicked his tongue. "Aiya, you didn't see how fierce that evil thing was. It bit your servant to death the moment it came up!"

Little Rakshasa bit the thief who kidnapped Xiaobao to death...

She had misunderstood Little Rakshasa. Little Rakshasa did not want to hurt Xiaobao. It had saved Xiaobao...

Yu Wan straightened her body and turned around, looking around.

Where's Little Rakshasa? Where did it go?

Little Rakshasa actually did not go far. Instead, he sat on a tall roof, spread his legs, and looked in the direction of Yu Wan and the others.

Yu Wan searched for a long time but still could not find Little Rakshasa. She thought that Little Rakshasa was no longer here, so she could only get into the carriage and leave with the three children.

This time, Little Rakshasa did not chase after them. It was not until the carriage had gone far and disappeared at the end of the street that Little Rakshasa turned over and landed. It drooped its head and took out the candy from its pocket. It glanced at it indifferently and threw it away expressionlessly.

It walked through the silent alley, down the noisy street, and squeezed into the endless crowd. Its clothes were already big. After rubbing and lying down, they had long become loose.

The sky gradually darkened. Its out-of-place hair and big eyes were covered by the night. No one looked straight at a thin little thing.

“Mother, I’m hungry!” In a rice shop, a four-year-old girl in a dress walked to the door and grabbed a woman’s sleeve.

“It’s a total of ten copper coins.” The woman settled the bill for the customer and turned to hold the little girl’s hand. “Okay, I’ll go bring the food now!”

The little girl sat on a chair happily. The woman went to the kitchen and brought over a bowl of hot food. When she looked up, she saw a thin little beggar. She put down the bowl and grabbed the broom. “Where did this beggar come from? Get out! Get out!”

Little Rakshasa was chased away. In the next second, Little Rakshasa turned back and rushed into the room. He bared his teeth fiercely at the little girl sitting on the chair and she cried!

“You bastard!” The woman grabbed a broom and hit Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa disappeared with a whoosh.

“Daddy, I want to eat candied hawthorn!” A little boy riding on the man’s neck said.

“Okay!” The man smiled dotingly and walked to the stall selling candied hawthorn. He bought a stick of sparkling candied hawthorn and handed it over his head. “Here.”

The little boy took the candied hawthorn and was about to stuff it into his mouth when a hurricane suddenly blew past. The little boy's hair was scratched into a chicken nest. When the little boy came back to his senses, he realized that the candied hawthorn in his hand was gone.

The little boy also cried—

Little Rakshasa held the candied hawthorn and walked out. It ate a mouthful of candied hawthorn as it walked. "Bah, bah, bah!" It spat it out in disdain and threw away the candied hawthorn without a word.

"Fourth Brother, it's him!"

A young voice suddenly sounded behind Little Rakshasa. He sounded like he was no more than seven or eight years old, but the youth he called Fourth Brother was twelve or thirteen years old. These were a few beggars who had been in the Nether Capital. The one called Fourth Brother was their leader.

Fourth Brother strode over. "Hey! Where did this wild kid come from? Do you know that this is Master Hu's territory? If you want to beg, go somewhere else!"

Little Rakshasa did not understand and walked forward with its head lowered.

The young man was furious. "Eh? I'm talking to you! Are you deaf or stupid? Who brought you here? This is my place!"

Little Rakshasa continued to walk forward with his head lowered.

The young man flew into a rage out of humiliation after being humiliated by a little beggar. He raised his leg and kicked Little Rakshasa. He clearly saw that he was going to kick him, but the moment he really kicked him, the little beggar disappeared!

The young man was stunned!

Almost at the same time, a small figure pounced on him from ahead and threw him to the ground.

When the little beggars accompanying them saw this scene, they ran away in fear.

The young man was pressed to the ground. At such a close distance, he could finally see Little Rakshasa's face clearly. It was a terrifyingly thin face, but it had a pair of copper bell-like big eyes. Dried blood was stuck to the corner of his mouth and he revealed a ferocious expression, like a little malicious ghost that was about to bite him at any time.

"W-what are you going to do?" The young man asked with a trembling voice.

Little Rakshasa opened his bloody mouth, bared his teeth, and bit towards the young man's neck.

"Little Brother!"

A carriage stopped at the entrance of the alley. Xiaobao jumped down and ran towards Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa looked at Xiaobao and then at the young man who was trembling from fear. With a whoosh, he disappeared.