

Toddler 891

Chapter 891: Smart Yan Xiaobao!

Xiaobao stopped in his tracks and blinked. “Eh? Where’s Little Brother?” He walked forward and asked the frightened young beggar, “Little brother, have you seen my little brother?”

The young beggar was scared to death by that little thing. When he saw a child of about the same age, his soul was about to leave his body. He didn’t even hear what Xiaobao asked. He screamed and scrambled away!

“Huh?” Xiaobao scratched his head and looked in the direction of the carriage in confusion. He didn’t understand what had happened. Why did his little brother suddenly disappear? Why did that little brother suddenly run away?

Yu Wan also got off the carriage and walked towards Xiaobao.

Xiaobao spread his hands and said, “Little Brother left!”

“Yes, I saw it.” Yu Wan nodded. She stroked Xiaobao’s head and looked in the direction where Little Rakshasa had left. It was dark and it had long hidden in the night. For a moment, it was really difficult to say where it had gone.

Yu Wan held Xiaobao’s hand and walked towards the carriage.

Xiaobao looked back three times with every step, but he did not see his little brother until he got into the carriage.

The news of an evil being appearing in the Nether Capital and sucking an adult man into a dried corpse could not escape the Sang family’s spies distributed in the city. Almost as soon as the commoners

became restless, the Sang family's spies received the news. Little Rakshasa came and left quickly. When the Sang family's spies arrived at the location, there was no sign of Little Rakshasa. However, the dried corpse was still there. They transported the corpse back and personally carried it to Master Sang.

Master Sang looked at the corpse in the courtyard and frowned deeply. "This was found in the city?"

"Yes," said a Sang family's guard dressed as a merchant. "In front of a tea shop on Baishui Street."

"Baishui Street?" Master Sang frowned. He squatted down and carefully examined the corpse. From the wounds and the situation of the corpse's death, it seemed to be done by the Blood Rakshasa. However, the Blood Rakshasa was at a critical juncture in his breakthrough. It was impossible for him to leave the Sang family.

"Who is the culprit?" Master Sang asked.

The guard dressed as a merchant said, "I asked the commoners present and they all said that it's a child. He's about three years old and is thin. He's wearing inappropriate clothes and the material is very luxurious."

The rest was nonsense. The front was the main point.

Master Sang frowned even more tightly. "What did you say? It's a child?" "Yes!" The guard dressed as a merchant said.

"How can it be a child?" Master Sang muttered suspiciously. This was even more ridiculous than the Sang Family's ancestor secretly leaving the forbidden area. It was just that the other party was actually a child. In that case, it was a little Rakshasa?

Master Sang was puzzled. "Strange, the secret manual to cultivate the Blood

Rakshasa is in the Sang family. Only the Sang family can refine the Blood

Rakshasa. Where did that little thing come from?”

“Could it be... that the Sikong family also refined a Blood Rakshasa?” The guard dressed as a merchant asked.

This guess was quickly denied by Master Sang. “That’s impossible. There’s only one secret manual and it’s already been obtained by the Sang family. It’s impossible for the Sikong family to refine a Blood Rakshasa! Besides, even if they want to refine it, the Sikong family won’t use a child to refine it...’

“But we... didn’t refine a second Blood Rakshasa...” The guard dressed as a

merchant was considered Master Sang’s trusted aide. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have taken on an important position. He knew everything about the Blood

Rakshasa. He really couldn’t remember when they had refined another Blood Rakshasa.

It was not that he had never tried it before, but... the Blood Rakshasa’s territorial awareness was very strong and would not allow another of his kind to appear beside him. The Blood Rakshasa that the Sang family had secretly refined had been killed by the Sang family’s ancestor.

Master Sang had always firmly believed that other than the Sang family, no one could refine a Blood Rakshasa. If they did not refine it, there was only one possibility.

Master Sang looked in the direction of the forbidden area and narrowed his eyes. “I was wondering why he went crazy a few days ago and even clamored for me to let him out... So he lost the Rakshasa he raised? Heh, he hid it really well!”

The guard dressed as a merchant looked at the forbidden area strangely and then at Master Sang. His eyes widened. “Master, you mean...”

Master Sang did not answer him, nor did he think about how the Blood Rakshasa had raised a little Rakshasa under his nose. These processes were not important, the outcome was.

He smiled smugly. "It's all thanks to that little thing running away. It was in a hurry to find it and let itself break through all of a sudden... After such a big thing happened, our Sang family received the news. The Sikong family must also know about it soon. Little Rakshasa can't fall into their hands, or it will be troublesome. Hurry up and bring people to find Little Rakshasa. No matter what, you have to capture it!"

"Yes!"

"Wait!" Master Sang thought of something and instructed, "Do it in secret.

Don't alert the Sikong family."

The Sikong family might not be able to guess the matter of the little Rakshasa so quickly, but if they searched with great fanfare, it would arouse the Sikong family's suspicion. He did not want to complicate matters at the critical moment of the ancestor's breakthrough.

The guard dressed as a merchant weighed the pros and cons. He chose a few smart guards and a middle-grade Asura King who had suppressed his strength and left without stopping.

Since the Sang family had refined the Blood Rakshasa, they had a way to find it. As expected, they found traces of the little Rakshasa in less than an hour.

Little Rakshasa was sitting on a desolate ancient well, his legs hanging in the well as he swayed.

If not for the movement of the blood compass, it was not difficult for the Sang family's guards to imagine that this thin and pitiful little Rakshasa would be a ferocious and ruthless little Rakshasa.

Everyone exchanged glances and took out the blood pills they had prepared beforehand and placed them on the ground.

Little Rakshasa smelled the fragrance of the blood pills and turned its head. When it saw that it was the blood pills, it jumped over and picked up the blood pills one by one with its little hands. When it picked up half of them, it saw an iron cage.

It instantly went berserk and bared its teeth as it threw out all the blood pills! However, it was too late. The black iron net at the top had already fallen on it.

If it was at its peak, it could tear through such a net with its bare hands. However, most of its strength had been sealed by the Longevity Technique, so it could only fall to the ground and roll out!

The experts of the Sang family did not know the little Rakshasa's original strength. They were still lamenting at their speed that they had let this little thing escape.

Fortunately, they still had a backup plan.

The experts drew the crossbows they carried with them. These were weapons specially used to restrain the Blood Rakshasa. The arrows that covered the sky shot out, forming a dense rain of arrows in midair.

Little Rakshasa was shot in the back and fell heavily to the ground. It pounced forward for a full seven to eight feet and its body was scraped before it finally hit the corner of the wall.

The pain caused by the black iron arrow was fatal. Little Rakshasa's face turned pale and its body trembled slightly.

The experts of the Sang family walked forward and looked at it expressionlessly. Because they were worried that it would counterattack, they did not grab it with their hands. Instead, they took a black iron hook, hooked its lute bone, and dragged it on the ground. Blood trailed all over the ground.

Little Rakshasa was in pain.

Just as the experts of the Sang family were about to drag Little Rakshasa into the iron cage, Little Rakshasa, who was about to faint, suddenly had the strength to grab a hook and jump up, knocking down the experts of the Sang family.

It bit off the chain on the hook and escaped with a whoosh.

“Chase after him!” The guard dressed as a merchant shouted!

Little Rakshasa’s body was dripping with blood. This was really not difficult to track. When Little Rakshasa passed through an alley and arrived at the entrance, it was suddenly hit by an iron rod.

The Sang family’s expert pounced on him. Little Rakshasa gritted his teeth and jumped onto the roof. The experts chased after it. Little Rakshasa had lost too much blood and fell off the roof. The black iron arrow on its back and the iron hook on its lute bone were embedded deeper into its body.

It half lay on the ground and struggled a few times, unable to get up again.

It whimpered in despair.

The experts of the Sang family followed the smell of blood in the air and came to the place where Little Rakshasa had fallen. However, they angrily realized that someone had beaten them to it. They saw a carriage stop in front of the alley. The coachman jumped down, wrapped Little Rakshasa in his coat, and carried him into the carriage.

The four horses used by the carriage were all high-grade horses. It was not tiring for them to chase after them, but they still caught up in the end.

They blocked the carriage’s path.

The guard dressed as a merchant said, “Hand it over! Otherwise, I won’t be polite to you!”

“Hand... hand over what?” Jinghong asked guiltily. He looked at the citizens around him and mustered his courage. “There-there-there are so many people watching. Which family are you from? Why are you stopping my carriage?”

The guard dressed as a merchant did not want to talk nonsense with him. He stepped into the carriage, lifted the curtain, and coldly removed the coat that covered the little Rakshasa! Xiaobao stuck out his tongue at him.

Lo-lo-lo-lo!

The guard's eyes darkened.. "Oh no! We've been tricked!"

Chapter 892: New Little Favorite!

Although the experts of the Sang family could arrest the children and this coachman in front of them, they did not know Xiaobao and Jinghong. They were not sure which faction they were from and what relationship they had with the mastermind who had snatched Little Rakshasa. If they were just servants and children that they had casually found, capturing them would not be a problem.

The Sang family's experts never expected that Xiaobao was Ancestor Sikong's great grandson. They had missed the opportunity to threaten the Sikong family for nothing.

The Sang family's experts spared no effort in chasing after the little Rakshasa. Unfortunately, they were fooled by Yu Wan again. The blood smell they chased was a blood robe from Little Rakshasa.

After a few twists and turns, Yu Wan had already successfully brought Little Rakshasa and the others back to the Nether Mountain. Xiaobao and Jinghong went to the Lan family nearby and were escorted back to the Sikong family by the Lan family's elders.

Yu Wan carried Little Rakshasa, who was covered in blood, to Old Cui's courtyard. Old Cui was taking a bath when the door was kicked open. He was so frightened that he hurriedly hugged his arms and said in shock, "W-what are you doing! In broad daylight! Don't you have any shame?!"

"No," Yu Wan said. She strode into the room and placed the bloody Little Rakshasa on the bed. She grabbed a piece of clothing and threw it to him without looking sideways. "The situation is very critical! Stop dilly-dallying!" "You, you, you, you... get out!" Old Cui took the clothes and said angrily.

Yu Wan pulled the screen over and placed it between her and the wooden bucket. Then, she opened Old Cui's medicine box and cut open the clothes that were already stuck to Little Rakshasa.

Old Cui had rarely seen Yu Wan so serious and knew that the matter was serious. He immediately made up his mind and came out neatly dressed. When Old Cui saw that the injured person was a little child who was less than three years old, he was instantly stunned. "Where... where did this child come from?"

"Little Rakshasa," Yu Wan said.

Old Cui was dumbfounded. "It... is Little Rakshasa?"

It was no wonder that Old Cui was so surprised. It was really because Little Rakshasa was notorious. Although he lived in the Chaoyang Hall with it, he did not have the guts to go and admire it.

Yu Wan cut the clothes.

Old Cui took a closer look. "It's seriously injured."

The arrow on its back had been broken by Yu Wan, leaving only an arrowhead on its back. Yu Wan did not dare to move the hook on its lute bone. It was out there openly. Old Cui's head hurt just looking at it. He really did not know how this little thing survived.

"Is there a way to treat it?" Yu Wan turned to ask him.

Old Cui stroked his beard. "If ordinary children were so injured, they would have been hopeless. Fortunately, it's a Rakshasa. It's still breathing. I'll try."

Yu Wan gave up her seat and helped Old Cui. Old Cui first aimed at the iron hook on its lute bone. The hook caught the bone. Only a divine doctor like Old Cui was confident of successfully extracting it.

"Hemostatic powder!" Old Cui said.

Yu Wan poured the hemostatic powder on Little Rakshasa's wound.

"Needle and thread!" "Medicine wine!"

"Scissors!"

Yu Wan methodically handed the things to Old Cui. Old Cui meticulously treated the wound in front of Little Rakshasa. After that, there were arrows. This was more troublesome. The arrow had barbs. If it was pulled out forcefully, the flesh would also come out, but it could not be pushed out of the chest. That would cause a second injury. Old Cui cursed, "Who did it!"

"Can you take it out?" Yu Wan asked.

Old Cui snorted. "If I don't take it out, won't my reputation as a divine doctor be ruined?"

Even so, this was definitely not a simple matter.

Old Cui worked for a full hour. Halfway there, Little Rakshasa woke up and looked at Yu Wan in a daze. Yu Wan held its little hand with one hand and stroked its forehead with the other. She said softly, "Does it hurt?"

Little Rakshasa whimpered and fell asleep again.

Yu Wan frowned and said, "Is it alright if it faints?"

"It's a Rakshasa..." There was no other way. In the current situation, they could only do their best and leave it to fate.

"Done!"

Old Cui collapsed to the ground after the last stitch. He was not tired, but frightened. Who knew how tricky the position of the arrowhead was? If there was any mistake, he would gouge out the little fellow's heart.

Yu Wan fetched hot water and carefully wiped the places that it was not injured. She then changed Little Rakshasa into a set of dry clothes. It was still Xiaobao's. Then, she carried Little Rakshasa back into the house.

Shadow Thirteen and the others did not know that Little Rakshasa had already returned to the Chaoyang Hall. They were still searching for Little Rakshasa in the Nether Capital when the three little black eggs slipped in.

Little Rakshasa lay quietly on the bed. The three little black eggs subconsciously lightened their footsteps and tiptoed over. Xiaobao whispered to Yu Wan, "Is Little Brother asleep?" "Yes, he's asleep." Yu Wan nodded.

"Then we won't disturb him," Er'bao said adorably.

Dabao nodded solemnly.

Yu Wan smiled. "Are you hungry? Shall I ask the kitchen to make something to eat?"

"I want to eat Fuyuanzi," Xiaobao said softly, afraid that he would disturb his "sleeping" brother.

"I want to eat, too," Er'bao said even more softly than him.

Mm! Dabao said in his heart.

Yu Wan went to the kitchen and got someone to make a few bowls of Fuyuanzi. The three little fellows were not in a hurry to eat. Yu Wan said in surprise, "What's wrong? Aren't you hungry?"

Er'bao said sweetly, "We want to leave it for our brother."

Yu Wan's heart melted. She patted their little heads and said, "You guys eat first. Little..." Yu Wan deliberated over her words. Under the clean eyes of the little black eggs, she smiled slightly. "Little Brother will sleep for a long time. When Little Brother wakes up, I'll get the kitchen to make a bowl of hot food."

"This will turn cold. It won't taste good when it's cold." Er'bao was worried that his brother wouldn't understand what his mother meant, so he explained considerately.

"Yes." Yu Wan nodded. "It won't taste good when it's cold. There's food for Little Brother."

Besides, it didn't seem to like this. Only then did the three of them eat the Fuyuanzi in the bowl obediently.

At night, Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six returned to the Chaoyang Hall. When they heard the news of Little Rakshasa being injured, the two of them were stunned.

"That little thing can be injured?" Shadow Six was in disbelief. What was even more unbelievable was that Yu Wan carried it back to her room. Shadow Six was dumbfounded. "Uh... Does Young Madam know that it's a ferocious little evil thing? Young Master is in seclusion. Isn't Young Madam afraid that it will go crazy and hurt its own people?"

The ferocious little evil thing woke up early the next morning. After suffering such a serious injury, Old Cui speculated that it would be in danger for at least three days. However, when it opened its eyes, it could already sit up.

Yu Wan had been guarding it for half the night and was sleeping soundly.

Little Rakshasa opened its big eyes and looked at the unfamiliar room, then at Yu Wan, who was lying beside him. Finally, he looked at the three little black eggs lying around and opened its mouth in shock.

Little Rakshasa looked around and its gaze landed on Yu Wan's slightly bulging stomach. As if sensing something unusual, it crawled over curiously and stared at Yu Wan's stomach without blinking.

Suddenly, Yu Wan's stomach moved.

Little Rakshasa was so shocked that it jumped up and flashed to a table ten feet away. Its little feet hit the teapot, and the teapot fell down. It hit the teacup again, and the cup rolled a few times. Little Rakshasa scrambled to snatch it, but there was still a "fish that escaped the net" that smashed onto the ground.

Yu Wan was woken up. She suddenly opened her eyes and found that Little Rakshasa on the bed had disappeared. She sat up and looked in the direction where the teacup had fallen. She saw the thin Little Rakshasa standing on one foot on the table in order to avoid the tea that had spilled half of the tablecloth. It held two cups in its left hand and two cups in its right. There was a cup in its mouth. It was confused and guilty.

Yu Wan burst into laughter.

Little Rakshasa stood there in a daze.

Yu Wan lifted the blanket and got off the bed. She put on her shoes and walked towards it. Little Rakshasa took two steps back in a daze. It realized that Yu Wan was still walking towards it and bared its teeth fiercely.

Yu Wan reached out and gently touched its forehead. "It's not hot anymore. You recovered so quickly."

Little Rakshasa froze. In a moment of carelessness, the cup in its hand and mouth fell down. It flew over to snatch it, but Yu Wan hugged it. Yu Wan said softly, "Don't move around. Be careful not to pull your wound."

Little Rakshasa bared its teeth fiercely.

Yu Wan looked at it gently.

Little Rakshasa bared its teeth again!

Yu Wan was still looking at it gently.

Little Rakshasa... Little Rakshasa bared its teeth, but it was not fierce at all..

Chapter 893: Invincible Little Rakshasa! Beat Up the Sang Family! (1)

The cup fell to the ground with a bang and shattered. The little black eggs were not woken up either. The three of them slept soundly, snoring.

Yu Wan covered the three of them with a blanket and carried Little Rakshasa to Old Cui's room.

Old Cui was putting on his clothes when the door was suddenly pushed open. He staggered in shock and fell from the edge of the bed. He tugged at his pants with one hand and pointed at Yu Wan with the other. He said in exasperation, "You, you, you, you, you... You want me to lose my integrity!"

"I knocked," Yu Wan said.

"What did you knock with? A look?!" Old Cui pulled his pants and stood up.

Yu Wan coughed lightly. That's right, it's just a look. How do you know? But she couldn't be blamed. Who knew that he didn't sleep on the bed in his inner room and wanted to sleep on the simple bed in the outer room? She didn't expect to see this scene.

Yu Wan said, "I'm here to change Little Rakshasa's dressing." This matter was urgent. Little Rakshasa had moved too much just now and pulled his wound. It was already bleeding.

Old Cui ran into the inner room to tidy up. Then, he came out with a curtain and said angrily to Yu Wan, "Put it up for me to take a look."

Yu Wan Dlaced Little Rakshasa on the small bed.

“It looks much better.” Old Cui glanced at Little Rakshasa.

At the mention of this, Yu Wan smiled. “You didn’t see it, but it’s already lively. Otherwise, why would its wound be torn?”

With such injuries, it could be alive and kicking in one night. This was too heaven-defying.

Old Cui walked forward and began to unbutton Little Rakshasa’s clothes.

However, Little Rakshasa bared its teeth fiercely. Old Cui’s heart trembled and he widened his eyes. “I’m treating your injuries, and you’re still fierce to me?!”

Little Rakshasa was fierce to him! Very fierce!

Yu Wan smiled. “Let me do it.”

Old Cui snorted and moved to the side. “You heartless little thing!”

When Yu Wan came to unbutton Little Rakshasa’s clothes, Little Rakshasa also bared his teeth, but it was really not fierce at all.

Yu Wan unbuttoned Little Rakshasa’s clothes and gauze. There were a total of three wounds, two on the lute bone. The wound caused by the iron hook was not big, but it was extremely deep and almost dug through its chest. This was the most fragile and easily infected. However, to everyone’s surprise, the wound had already begun to heal.

“This, this, this...” Old Cui was so shocked that he was speechless. After being a divine doctor for so many years, it was not that he had never seen someone with a strong physique, but he had never seen

someone so strong. With the herbs in their hands now, such an injury would definitely be swollen and suppurating, but this little thing was actually about to grow back.

“What about... what about its back?” Old Cui stammered.

Yu Wan carried Little Rakshasa and turned around, revealing its back. This was the wound that had been torn this morning. Because the wound was bigger, it was easier for it to tear. However, it had already scabbed over.

“What kind of heaven-defying little Rakshasa is this...” Old Cui had been surprised for his entire life. He felt that he had discovered a miracle in the history of medicine. He could not wait to take the little fellow’s pulse.

However, at this moment, Little Rakshasa could not take it anymore.

It had been awake for so long and had nothing to eat. It was hungry.

There were ready-made snacks in the room. Yu Wan took a plate for it. It took a bite and spat it out. Yu Wan took another bottle of blood pills for it. Only then did it hug the small bottle and eat it seriously.

When it was eating, it was much more cooperative. Old Cui took the opportunity to take its pulse.

“How is it?” Yu Wan asked.

“Try it yourself,” Old Cui said.

Yu Wan took the little fellow’s pulse and said in surprise, “It’s really fine.”

Old Cui said, “Don’t be happy too early. If it can recover so quickly, the Sang family’s Great Rakshasa will only recover faster than it. If we fight in the future, we can’t be injured. It’ll be over if we’re injured.” In comparison, the Great Rakshasa’s recovery speed was heaven-defying to a terrifying extent.

Yu Wan tucked Little Rakshasa's messy hair behind its ear. "Let's talk about it when that day comes."

"Sigh, girl." Old Cui shook his head. He didn't know if he should say that she was magnanimous or that her mentality was good. "Alright, half of the reason why it recovered so quickly is because of me, Old Cui. We still have to continue using medicine!"

Yu Wan said in amusement, "I know. You're a divine doctor! When the medicine is used, the illness will be cured, people will come back to life!" Old Cui went to prepare the medicine smugly. "Wan, come over too."

"Aye!" Yu Wan replied and said to Little Rakshasa who was seriously taking blood pills, "Wait for me here.. Don't run around, understand?"

Chapter 894: Invincible Little Rakshasa! Beat Up the Sang Family! (2)

Translator: Henyee Translations Editor: Henyee Translations

Little Rakshasa didn't know, and it didn't understand human language. Yu Wan thought that it understood and went to the ear room to help Old Cui prepare the medicine. Outside the door, Qing Yan and Shadow Six, who had been peeping for a long time, exchanged glances. They saw the uncontrollable disbelief in each other's eyes.

The two of them were each holding a black chain.

Shadow Six whispered, "Is Madam really fine like this? Will there really be no trouble if we don't tie it up?"

Qing Yan rolled his eyes. "Didn't you say back then that we can't attack a child?"

"But I didn't expect it to be so powerful." Shadow Six treated it like a child when he saw that it looked like a child, but reality proved that it wasn't a child, but a ferocious little assassin! Although Shadow Six hadn't seen the dried corpse with his own eyes, it wasn't difficult to imagine it. "Why don't we tie it up..." Shadow Six said carefully.

Qing Yan nodded in agreement.

The two of them gestured and stood up tacitly. They grabbed the black chain and walked into the room step by step. When they approached Little Rakshasa, she was still eating seriously. The two of them smiled smugly and tied her up.

Yu Wan was dispensing medicine in the room when she suddenly heard the sound of chains and something seemed to have fallen to the ground. She hurriedly put down the herbs and looked out of the room through the curtain. She saw Qing Yan and Shadow Six tied to the ground by the black chains. Little Rakshasa was riding on Qing Yan's body, baring his teeth and looking fierce.

Yu Wan looked at the chains on the ground and understood what was going on. She walked over and bent down to pick up Little Rakshasa. Speaking of which, it was strange. Little Rakshasa, who was clearly powerful and could punch a hole in a small mountain, was actually picked up by Yu Wan so easily.

Qing Yan, whose flesh and blood had almost been crushed, was dumbfounded.

"Don't tie it with a chain anymore," Yu Wan said to Qing Yan and Shadow Six first. Then, she looked at Little Rakshasa. "Don't be fierce to them anymore."

Little Rakshasa did not understand.

Little Rakshasa paused and bared its teeth at Yu Wan!

Yu Wan shook her head.

Little Rakshasa retracted its killing intent and jumped back to the bed it was originally sitting on to continue eating the blood pills.

Qing Yan and Shadow Six looked at each other. Did... did it understand that it could not be fierce to them in the future?

Little Rakshasa was very obedient as he changed the dressing. It did not cry or make a fuss. Although it had recovered extremely well, it still felt pain. However, it did not seem to care at all and did not even frown.

Perhaps it was already used to such pain.

“Are you full?” Yu Wan asked it.

Little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan in a daze.

Yu Wan bent down and touched its round stomach. “Full.”

Little Rakshasa was stunned for a moment before it touched Yu Wan’s stomach.

Yu Wan’s stomach moved. It was the second time it moved. Little Rakshasa did not have as big a reaction as before. It only looked at Yu Wan’s stomach and then lowered its head to look at its own.

Yu Wan poked its stomach and said, “I have a little brother or sister in my stomach. You don’t have.”

Little Rakshasa began to study its stomach.

Yu Wan laughed until she was convulsing. When she was done laughing, she carried Little Rakshasa back into the room and cut its uneven hair that seemed to have been eaten by a dog. After cutting it, it seemed to be dissatisfied. It grabbed its head with an irritable expression.

Yu Wan had an idea and shaved it into a bald head. Now, it finally stopped fooling around.

The three little black eggs also woke up. The first thing they did when they opened their eyes was not to look for their mother, but to look for their little brother. When they saw that their little brother had also shaved his head and became like them, the three of them were overjoyed.

After breakfast, the three of them pulled Little Rakshasa to play.

“Little brother, little brother, you’re the youngest. You go first.” Xiaobao mischievously covered Little Rakshasa’s eyes with the big red cloth that was supposed to be covering his eyes. After confirming that Little Rakshasa couldn’t see, he said to it, “Alright, you can come and catch us! If you can’t catch us, you’ll—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Little Rakshasa grabbed the three little black eggs hidden in different places.

The three little black eggs, who did not understand how they were caught:

“I, I, I... I saw a bird’s nest on the tree,” Xiaobao said, pointing at a tall and big parasol tree.

The three little black eggs quickly lit up their tree climbing skills, but after taking two steps, Little Rakshasa flashed to the branch and brought down seven to eight bird nests!

The three little black eggs:

The three of them went fishing again.

Er’bao lay on the shore and reached into the water to grab it. “Aiya! I caught it!

Aiya! It ran away!”

The little fat fish waved its tail and splashed Er’bao’s face before swimming away..

Chapter 895: Invincible Little Rakshasa! Beat Up the Sang Family! (3)

Little Rakshasa bared its teeth fiercely and jumped up to the water with a whoosh. Its little hands dug up in the water, and the entire pool of fish was dug ashore!

Little Fat Fish trembled: I've only offended your brother. Do you have to kill my entire family...

While Little Rakshasa was playing with the three little black eggs, the Sang family on the other side finally found traces of Little Rakshasa. The guard dressed as a merchant went to the study to see Master Sang. 'Master, we've found the whereabouts of Little Rakshasa.'

"Oh? Where is it?" Master Sang asked in a teasing tone.

"In the Sikong family!" The guard dressed as a merchant said.

Master Sang clenched his fists and said with a deep gaze, "Damn the Sikong family, they have to interfere in everything! Didn't I tell you to be careful? Why did the Sikong family still discover its existence?"

The guard dressed as a merchant lowered his head and said, "I don't understand what's going on either. I'm already very cautious. I don't know why I'm being targeted by the Sikong family!"

Master Sang said coldly, "Can those dabblers from the Sikong family snatch it from you?"

The guard dressed as a merchant said embarrassedly, "I... I was lured away."

"Trash!" Master Sang slammed his palm on the table! He had completely forgotten that he had also fallen for the other party's diversionary tactic. In terms of trash, who knew who it was?

"Master, what should we do next?" The guard dressed as a merchant asked.

Master Sang looked in the direction of the forbidden area. “The Rakshasa King is about to be born. He carefully raised this little thing and didn’t let us know. It’s obvious that he cares a lot about it. If the Sikong family uses that little thing to threaten him, the situation will probably be disadvantageous to our Sang family.”

“Then...” The guard carefully looked at Master Sang.

Master Sang narrowed his eyes and said, “Go prepare the carriage. I’ll go to the Nether Mountain personally!”

At noon, the Sang family’s carriage arrived at the Sikong Manor.

“Go and report that I want to see your master,” Master Sang lifted the curtain and said to the Sikong family’s guard.

No matter what, he was Madam Sikong’s father. The Sikong family’s guards did not make things difficult for him and informed him.

Although the Sang family was ambitious, Madam Sikong was innocent. Master Sikong did not let her know about the grudges between the two families and avoided her to meet Master Sang outside the Sikong Manor.

Master Sang was still sitting in the carriage. He smiled indifferently and said, “Son-in-law, what do you mean? Aren’t you going to invite me, your father-in-law, into the manor?”

Master Sikong said neither servile nor overbearing, “What do you mean,

Father-in-law? Don’t you have to get off the carriage to bow when you see the

City Lord of the Nether Capital?”

Master Sang choked, and a cold glint flashed across his eyes. He calmly lowered the curtain and alighted from the carriage, but he did not bow to Master Sikong. He only said arrogantly, "To be honest, I'm here today to ask for something back from your Sikong family."

"Oh? What is it?" Master Sikong asked despite knowing the answer.

Master Sang sneered. "There's no need to pretend. How can you not know about such a big matter like Little Rakshasa?"

"So you admit that the Sang family secretly refined evil things?" Even the way Master Sikong addressed him changed.

Master Sang did not care that he did not call him father-in-law. After all, at this point, no one would believe that the two families did not fall out. He said fearlessly, "What rule in the Nether Capital doesn't allow aristocratic families to refine Blood Rakshasa?"

There... really isn't. The Blood Rakshasa was a secret of the Sikong family and no one expected it to fall into the hands of others. Therefore, the Sikong family only had ancestral teachings and no city rules.

"You stole the Sikong family's secret manual. You have to be punished for this!" Master Sikong said coldly.

Master Sang sneered. "What evidence do you have to prove that the secret manual belongs to your Sikong family?"

There... really wasn't. It was still the same thing. The Blood Rakshasa was a secret of the Sikong family. Other than the Sikong family, no one in the Nether Capital knew about this secret manual. Both sides had their own opinions, so it was really hard to say who was lying.

Master Sang said slowly, "So, since you don't have any evidence that I stole and I didn't break the city rules, then I hope the Sikong family can return the Sang family's Rakshasa!"

Master Sikong sneered as well. "What evidence do you have to prove that the Rakshasa is in the Sikong family?"

"Do you dare to let me search?" Master Sang said.

"Is the Sikong Manor something you can search casually?" Master Sikong said..

Chapter 896: Invincible Little Rakshasa! Beat Up the Sang Family! (4)

Master Sang smiled. "Alright, you're pigheaded and insist on occupying my Sang family's things. My status is inferior to yours and I can't disobey you. Why don't we invite the people of the Nether Capital to judge and see if they can wantonly plunder the things of the various aristocratic families just because they're the City Lord?"

"You!" Master Sikong was furious.

Master Sang threatened, "I don't mind telling the truth about your grandfather forcefully seizing Saintess Lan Yi back then."

Master Sikong's face turned green and he clenched his fists tightly.

Back then, his grandfather had framed the husband of Saintess Lan Yi and tried to forcefully marry Saintess Lan Yi. This was a stain that the Sikong family could not erase. In the past, this family would have been shamed. But now, the Sang family clearly had ill intentions and wanted to use this to attack the Sikong family so that they could squeeze the Sikong family out to become the new City Lord of the Nether Capital. The Sang family was a good-for-nothing. If things went according to his wishes, who knew what kind of dire situation the Nether Capital would become.

"Why? Do you still want to consider it?" Master Sang smiled as he looked at Master Sikong. There was a saying that the older, the wiser. He was his father-in-law, so how could he not be able to settle a kid like him?

Master Sikong looked at him deeply and said, "I can agree to let you see Little Rakshasa, but I have a condition."

"Oh?" Master Sang raised his eyebrows.

"You can't use force," Master Sikong said.

Master Sang narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean?"

"What I mean is that if Little Rakshasa is willing to leave with you, we won't stop you. However, if it insists on staying, you can't snatch it away!" Yu Wan appeared behind Master Sikong and casually walked towards him.

The mask on Yu Wan's face had already fallen off, revealing her original appearance.

Wasn't this the face that the Saintess had on that day? Master Sang looked at Yu Wan thoughtfully. Although they had the same face, she had a completely different feeling from Yu Wan.

Master Sang felt like he had seen this face somewhere before. "You..."

"What about me? Isn't Master Sang here to look for Little Rakshasa?" Yu Wan interrupted his thoughts. "If you agree, I'll get Little Rakshasa to come out and see you. If not, you can just call all the citizens of the Nether Capital over. You said that the Rakshasa belongs to your family, so I said that it belongs to mine!"

Master Sang suddenly realized something and said, "Little girl, you're bold. You were the one who pretended to be the Saintess that day, right?"

"It seems that you don't want to see the Rakshasa anymore. Goodbye." Yu Wan couldn't be bothered to talk to him about this. She turned around and left.

Master Sang stopped Yu Wan. "Wait, I promise you that I won't force it." Are you kidding me? After taking down the Rakshasa, could this group of people still stop his high-level Asura King?

Yu Wan waved in the direction of the Sikong Manor. A thin figure walked over.

"Is this Little Rakshasa?" Master Sang murmured. This was also his first time seeing Little Rakshasa. He felt that the other party was much more normal than he had imagined. If he did not carefully sense its aura, it would be difficult not to treat it as an ordinary child.

Master Sang took out the blood pill. This was not a low-quality pill refined by Yu Wan and the others with beast blood. It was a high-level blood pill that even the Sang family's ancestor could not resist. The little thing would definitely drool.

As expected, the moment Little Rakshasa smelled the fragrance, he drooled.

"Here." Master Sang handed the blood pill forward. Little Rakshasa drooled and walked towards Master Sang. Master Sang waved the bottle in his hand and coaxed, "Come back with me. I'll give you this bottle."

Little Rakshasa blinked at Master Sang and licked his lips.. In the next second, it stood on its tiptoes, took the bottle, and sent Master Sang flying with a punch!

Chapter 897: Little Rakshasa and the Rakshasa King! (1)

Master Sang's strength was at least equivalent to a Level Four Asura King, but he was actually sent flying by this little thing's fist. Compared to why it wanted to punch him, everyone wanted to know where their noble family master was.

Master Sang's body drew a beautiful parabola in the air. Everyone's gaze chased after him, chasing after him until he became a dot. Then, the small black dot disappeared.

So, where was the master?

The Sang family's experts were dumbfounded. Qing Yan and Shadow Six, who were following not far away, were also stunned.

"Did-did-did the Longevity Technique sealed in its body gone?" Shadow Six asked, dumbfounded.

Qing Yan nodded in horror. "I don't see much left."

Otherwise, why would it send someone to the ends of the world with a punch?

The experts of the Sang family had originally come prepared. Unfortunately, the sudden situation of Master Sang had thrown everyone into chaos. Having lost their backbone, they instantly became flustered.

Little Rakshasa bared its teeth and looked at them. Like a small cannon, it charged towards them!

This group of experts who were all-powerful in the Nether Capital was sent flying one after another. There was no other place in history that was more miserable than the event location. A dignified expert did not even have a chance to attack before he was knocked until his parents could not find him. Tragic, really tragic.

Qing Yan covered his eyes. He couldn't bear to look.

In the end, when only the guard dressed as a merchant was left, the guard solemnly stretched out his hand. "Don't come over! I... I, I, I... I'll fly by myself!" With that, he slapped himself and sent him flying without hesitation.

Master Sang was discovered by the guards who had come to look for him on a distant tree branch. When they found him, his clothes were torn and he was miserably tied to a vine on the tree branch. His naked butt shone under the setting sun.

All the guards : ‘

Should they pretend not to see it or not?

Master Sang gritted his teeth and shouted, "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and get me down!"

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IV0 bold guards brought him down. In the end, the people also saw the front. What was worse was that Master Sang saw them see it.

All the guards : ' .

Was it too late to pretend to be blind...

Master Sang had lived for more than half his life and had never been so embarrassed. Not only had his body suffered abuse and damage, even his mind and soul had suffered an unprecedented impact.

These people who had seen his downfall had to die! However, his rationality told him that too many of his experts had already died. He could not waste them for nothing.

Master Sang resisted the urge to explode. Under everyone's gazes, he returned to the Sang Manor with a flushed face.

"Ma... Master." Guard Li, who was dressed as a merchant, limped into the room. The experts who had been sent flying by Little Rakshasa today were still searching further. He had sent himself flying and was considered lucky to have returned crippled.

Not only had he embarrassed himself in front of his subordinates today, but he had also embarrassed himself in front of the Sikong family. At the thought of this, Master Sang wished he could faint. However, this also made him recognize one thing. Little Rakshasa's strength was no small matter. If he could use it for himself, it would definitely make the Sang family like a tiger with wings. If Little Rakshasa fell into the hands of the Sikong family, the Sikong family would have a bargaining chip to fight against the Sang family.

This little thing was too important!

Master Sang's expression turned cold. "Go and prepare. You must capture Little Rakshasa tonight!"

Guard Li hesitated. "What if... we can't catch it?" That little thing was too powerful, okay?

Master Sang said with a malicious gaze, "If we can't catch it, we'll destroy it!" "This..." Guard Li was shocked. "If the Ancestor finds out..."

Master Sang sneered. "How would the Ancestor know? He's from the Sang family. Could it be that he believes the Sikong family and not us?"

Guard Li paused. "That being said, I still think it's a pity to kill Little Rakshasa."

Master Sang looked at him coldly. "That's why we'll catch it! Don't force me to kill it!"

Guard Li thought of another way. "Master, why don't we wait for the Ancestor to come out of seclusion and let him personally kill his way to the Nether Mountain and snatch Little Rakshasa back? He definitely won't fail."

Master Sang said impatiently, "Can't you tell that Little Rakshasa has already been coaxed into submission by that group of people from the Nether Mountain? If you let the Old Ancestor kill his way over, will he kill him or come as a guest?"

"This..." Guard Li choked. At the moment, they didn't know what the relationship between Little Rakshasa and the ancestor was, but from the ancestor's various reactions, he cared a lot about Little Rakshasa.. If... Little Rakshasa was really subdued by the Nether Mountain, would the ancestor also be invited into the Nether Mountain by Little Rakshasa?

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Chapter 898: Little Rakshasa and Rakshasa King! (2)

The Blood Rakshasa Ancestor was their greatest bargaining chip for victory. They could not fall into the hands of the Sikong family. Otherwise, their years of planning would all go to waste!

“Do you understand now?” Master Sang looked at his expression and asked.

Guard Li cupped his fists. “Yes! I’ll bring my men to attack the Nether Mountain now!”

“Wait.” Master Sang stopped him meaningfully.

At night, the experts of the Sang family gathered again. As this was a serious matter, the experts who were going to the Sikong Manor this time were all Asura Kings who were not lower than Level Seven. When they appeared majestically near the Nether Mountain, half of the Nether Capital felt the shock of the pressure.

Master Sikong was discussing with Sikong Changfeng about dealing with the Sang Family in the study when a powerful pressure suddenly surged over from all directions. The air condensed until it was corporeal, and the two of them even stopped breathing.

“What’s going on?” Master Sikong frowned.

Sikong Changfeng came to the door and looked at the endless night. He said solemnly, “The experts of the Sang family are here again.” Master Sikong was furious. “Is the Sang family openly rebelling?”

Sikong Changfeng muttered, “I’m afraid so. Little Rakshasa has fallen into our hands. They can’t wait anymore.”

The father and son left the Sikong Manor and came to the entrance of the manor. As expected, the experts of the Sang family were already waiting.

The leader was Master Sang's trusted guard, Guard Li.

He rode on a tall horse and looked arrogantly in the direction of the Sikong family. When he saw the City Lord of the Nether Capital and the Eldest Young Master arrive, he did not get off his horse and bow. Behind him were the experts of the Sang family, and surrounded by experts was an airtight carriage. Sikong Changfeng said indifferently, "Why? Has your master been found?"

The dignified head of the Sang family was actually sent flying by a little child with a punch. This joke could make the Nether Capital laugh for half a year.

Guard Li's expression turned ugly. He gripped the reins tightly and said, "The person sitting in the carriage is not our master, but someone you didn't expect."

Sikong Changfeng frowned and looked at the carriage with Master Sikong.

Guard Li rode his horse to the carriage and used his spear to lift the curtain. In the dark carriage, Sikong Yun was tied up and covered his mouth with a cloth. His eyes widened in anger.

Master Sikong's expression changed. "Yun'er!"

Guard Li sneered. "Hand over Little Rakshasa and I'll return your son to you."

Master Sikong glared at him. "He's your Sang family's young master!"

Guard Li smiled sinisterly. "And he's the legitimate son of your Sikong family! If you still want your son's life, use Little Rakshasa in exchange! I'll only count to ten. If I still don't see Little Rakshasa, I can't guarantee that I won't do anything to your son."

Master Sikong was trembling with anger!

Despicable! Too despicable! He could even use his biological grandson without hesitation. He was really worse than a beast!

Guard Li raised his finger and slowly counted. “One, two, three...”

“Uhm—uhm—” Sikong Yun looked at his father for help.

Master Sikong said anxiously, “The Little Rakshasa isn’t in my hands! It’s in the Nether Mountain. My son has offended the people of the Nether Mountain.

They won’t hand over the Little Rakshasa to save my son!”

Guard Li said indifferently, “That’s your own business. It has nothing to do with me. I only know that after ten rounds, your son’s life might be gone... Four! Five!”

“Ten!” Sikong Changfeng said the last word for him. He drew his sword and stabbed it at Sikong Yun in the carriage.

Master Sikong’s expression changed!

Even the experts of the Sang family did not expect Sikong Changfeng to suddenly ambush his younger brother. Could it be that the rumors were true that the two brothers had been at odds for a long time and wished they could kill each other?

Sikong Yun was their bargaining chip. Before Master Sikong clearly expressed that he would give up on him, Guard Li would not allow anything to happen to him for the time being. The moment Sikong Changfeng drew his sword, he stopped counting and waved the spear in his hand to fight Sikong Changfeng.

When Master Sikong saw this, he ordered, “Attack! Kill them!”

The experts of the Sikong family moved!

A good threatening show was thrown into chaos by Sikong Changfeng. Both sides fought fiercely. However, due to the disparity in strength, this chaos did not last long. The experts of the Sikong family were all suppressed by the Asura King of the Sang family.

“I’ll count one last time!” Guard Li’s spear was pressed against Sikong

Changfeng’s neck. “...Ten!”

As soon as he finished speaking, Master Sikong reached out and was about to say the word “wait” when a small figure sped over like lightning, leaving afterimages in the air as he charged towards Guard Li.

Guard Li did not even have time to scream before he fell to the ground without any blood.

The afterimage did not stop because of this. It was still swaying around at a speed that was difficult to capture.

If Guard Li’s corpse hadn’t really fallen straight down, no one would have believed that the afterimage was real.

A seventh-stage Asura King also fell.

This was level seven, level seven!

Another seventh-stage Asura King fell. This Asura King had already reached the peak of the seventh-stage and was only a step away from breaking through to the eighth-stage. However, he did not even have time to attack and died in the hands of that afterimage.

At this point, the experts of the Sang family simultaneously felt an indescribable fear.

Suddenly, an eighth-stage Asura King stepped forward!

A world-destroying pressure was released from his body, and powerful internal energy spread in all directions like a flood. Master Sikong had never felt such a terrifying power. He immediately felt a pain in his chest, and blood flowed from his seven orifices.

Needless to say, Sikong Changfeng's ribs had been broken. The experts of the Sikong family fell almost in an instant. A level eight Asura King was not much inferior to an adult Saint King. His strength could be imagined, and the little figure finally slowed down.

When the eighth-stage Asura King saw that he had successfully restrained it, he smiled smugly and reached out his palm to slap the little figure!

He wanted to kill this little thing!

Everyone thought that Little Rakshasa was definitely going to die, but what happened next stunned them.

The Level Eight Asura King's palm indeed slapped down and also hit Little Rakshasa. However, in the next second, Little Rakshasa smashed a hole in his indestructible body like a small cannon!

The Level Eight Asura King lowered his head in disbelief and looked at the big hole in his chest. With a bang, he fell.

Master Sikong's legs went limp and he almost knelt down!

This was an eighth-stage Asura King, an existence that was almost infinitely close to the legendary Asura Saint King. It was actually resolved in one move by this little fellow.

No, that was not a move.

It had no moves.

Master Sikong wiped the cold sweat off his forehead and swallowed his saliva. He didn't know how to describe his current mood. Fortunately, this little thing didn't become their enemy. Otherwise...

The Level Eight Asura King had died, and the experts of the Sang family completely panicked. They fled one after another. Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely and chased after them with a whoosh!

Just as it was about to strangle another high-level Asura King to death, a low growl suddenly came from the Sang Manor's direction. The air surged with an extremely thick smell of blood.

Little Rakshasa's body paused in the air as it looked at the Sang Manor and howled. As the low growl approached, the smell of blood also became thicker. The black clouds in the sky were dyed red, and the surroundings seemed to have fallen into a sea of blood.

"What's going on?" Sikong Changfeng felt like he couldn't breathe.

Master Sikong turned pale in shock.. "Not good! It's the Blood Rakshasa... No, the Rakshasa King... the Rakshasa King has appeared!"

Chapter 899: The Rakshasa King Is Here! Wiped Out the Sang Family!

The first to sense the Rakshasa King's movements was Master Sang. A few days ago, the Blood Rakshasa had shown signs of breaking through, so he was exceptionally careful. When he closed his eyes to recuperate in the room, he first felt the ground tremble, and right on the heels of that, the air was filled with the suffocating smell of blood. He knew that the Rakshasa King was about to break out of seclusion.

Back then, the blood pool and palace that was forged for Sang Qiuhan were made of the hardest ten-thousand-year-old black iron that could suppress the Blood Rakshasa's strength. Originally, his full strength was only less than fifty percent left under the suppression of the black iron. Therefore, if he wanted to break free from the restraints of the blood pool and palace, he had to have the strength of the Rakshasa King.

However, how could the Rakshasa King be refined casually?

In order to help Sang Qiuhan, the Sang family racked their brains and used unscrupulous methods. They did not even hesitate to raise it with human blood. This time, they refined an extremely yin and evil martial art. After many years of hard work, they succeeded overnight. Master Sang was extremely excited and even forgot about Little Rakshasa that had yet to be found.

The Rakshasa King broke free from the black chains tied to his feet and destroyed the Black Iron Palace and the blood pool. The Sang Family's forbidden ground collapsed completely. Without the suppression of the black iron, the Rakshasa King's aura soared, and even the Nether Mountain, which was dozens of miles away, sensed it.

Master Sikong looked at the blood cloud above his head and felt the increasingly rich smell of blood around him. He frowned. "Oh no, he's absorbing the blood energy of the Nether Mountain!"

As soon as he finished speaking, all the experts of the Sikong family were surprised to discover that their companions were starting to bleed from their seven apertures and fine beads of blood seeping out of their skin. As if realizing something, they looked at themselves again, and right on the heels of that, everyone erupted in frightened cries.

Master Sikong also felt that his blood was leaving his body bit by bit. At this moment, he couldn't care less about protecting himself. Instead, he took a big step forward and walked to Sikong Changfeng, who was supporting his body with his sword. He moved his two fingers and tapped his major acupoint to protect his heart meridian. Then, he slapped Sikong Changfeng's back and continuously injected internal energy into his body.

Sikong Changfeng's rapidly depleting blood energy was relieved, but the price he paid was huge. In a short while, Master Sikong was covered in blood.

Sikong Changfeng looked at him in disbelief. "Father..."

"Don't speak!" Master Sikong's internal energy was considered deep, but it was not enough in front of the powerful Rakshasa King. He almost used all his strength to barely keep his son alive.

Sikong Changfeng wanted to stop his father. This was a meaningless sacrifice. He was just delaying the speed of being sucked dry, but his father might lose his life because of this.

Master Sikong's face gradually turned pale. "In the past, I've let you down. From now on, you have to take care of yourself."

Were these his last words? No matter how many complaints he had in the past, they seemed to have disappeared at this moment. He was his father, the closest person to him in the world. Even though he couldn't take an impartial approach between his two sons, in the end, he didn't hesitate to give his life to save him. Sikong Changfeng didn't resent him anymore.

"Father..."

"In the grudge between the two families, your mother is innocent. I'm not asking you to treat her well. I only ask you not to make things difficult for her after you inherit the position of the family head in the future..."

"Father, I..."

"Your brother is useless, but he's still your flesh and blood. Teach him well on my behalf. Don't let him make another mistake..." After saying the last word, Master Sikong's internal energy was exhausted and he fell to the ground with a bang.

Many experts of the Sikong family and the disciples in the Chaoyang Hall fell with him.

The Nether Mountain... had fallen!

Little Rakshasa flew into the air with a whoosh and bared its fangs and brandished his claws in the direction of the Sikong family. "Blah, blah, blah..." It was unknown what he was saying.

In the Chaoyang Hall, the three little black eggs were sucked up by the huge internal energy. Little Rakshasa hummed a few times and swept over with a whoosh, catching the little black eggs floating in the air.

“Jiligulu!” Little Rakshasa stomped its feet!

Yu Wan was also sucked into the air.

Little Rakshasa pulled Yu Wan down again. Then, it looked in the direction of the Sang Manor with its hands on its hips and continued to mutter. It was really unknown what it was saying, but it looked extremely angry!

After Little Rakshasa muttered countless times, the Rakshasa King finally appeared.

The blood clouds in the sky seemed to have condensed into a corporeal blood jade. The river at the foot of the Nether Mountain had almost turned blood red. The Rakshasa King was wearing a demonic red robe, and the corners of the robe fluttered in the wind like a pool of flowing blood.

His appearance was definitely not good-looking. Although he still had black hair at his age because of his powerful cultivation, his skin was as white as a ghost's, his face was covered in green veins, and his blood-red eyes were deep. Even in broad daylight, he looked a little terrifying.

The only person who was used to his appearance was probably Little Rakshasa.

The moment Little Rakshasa saw him, it pounced on him! He stretched out his fingertip with black nails and pointed in the air. The surrounding blood energy instantly condensed into a three-foot-wide blood path in midair. Little Rakshasa pounced too quickly and fell. He rolled a few times on the blood path and stopped in front of him.

Then, Little Rakshasa began its performance. It pointed at the experts of the Sang family and drew a bow with a gesture. It fell to the ground and took out a hook with a gesture. It fell to the ground again, tilted its head, rolled its eyes, and stuck out its tongue!

The experts of the Sang family were shocked! Without waiting for them to explain, the Rakshasa King moved his fingertip and all the blood in their bodies was sucked dry. The Rakshasa King condensed their blood energy into a

black and red blood pill and threw it into Little Rakshasa's hand.

Little Rakshasa hugged the blood pill and played with it in satisfaction.

The people from the Sikong family and the Chaoyang Hall heaved a sigh of relief. Even a fool like them could tell that Little Rakshasa was on their side. The Rakshasa King was a member of the Sang family, but in order to take revenge for Little Rakshasa, he killed his experts without a word. From this, it could be seen how much he cared about Little Rakshasa. Little Rakshasa was their friend. The Rakshasa King probably wouldn't make things difficult for them.

Unexpectedly, before they could heave a sigh of relief, the Rakshasa King attacked the Nether Mountain.

Little Rakshasa jumped up and opened its little arms to block the Nether Mountain, preventing the Rakshasa King from attacking it. However, this time, the Rakshasa King did not do as it wished.

Little Rakshasa bared its teeth fiercely at him! It seems that if he wanted to go

to the Nether Mountain, he had to step over it! However, the Rakshasa King did not even lift his eyelids. With a wave of his hand, he waved Little Rakshasa

away.

Of course, he won't hurt Little Rakshasa, but he won't allow Little Rakshasa to stop it."

In the Chaoyang Hall, Qing Yan, who was evacuating disciples from the Nether Mountain, felt the Rakshasa King's killing intent and was so angry that he scolded, "Aiya, this lunatic! He, he, he... he attacked again!"

Old Cui hid on the table. "Black-black-black-black... black iron! Don't you have that black iron?"

“That’s right, black iron!” Qing Yan strode back into the room and took out the black iron weapons he had prepared long ago. Unexpectedly, before he could take action, all the weapons shattered into a pool of powder.

This was ten-thousand -year-old black iron. It could be crushed to this extent with just a trace of internal energy. What kind of abnormal existence was the Rakshasa King? Before he could think of an answer, Qing Yan was sucked out by a huge suction force.

“Qing Yan!” When he brushed past Yu Wan, she quickly grabbed his arm. As expected, the internal energy also landed on Yu Wan. Just as it was about to suck the blood in Yu Wan’s body, Yu Wan’s stomach suddenly moved. The pressure of a Saint King burst out and blocked the internal energy.

The Rakshasa King was stunned. “Saint... King...” It was an ugly and hoarse voice with a rusty tone, as if a monster was whispering.

The Rakshasa King’s covetous gaze landed on Yu Wan’s stomach without hiding it.

The Saint King was a great tonic for the Blood Rakshasa, especially after becoming the Rakshasa King. Ordinary people’s blood could no longer increase his strength, and be it Yu Wan’s pure yin blood or the Saint King bloodline in her stomach, they could at least increase his strength by another realm.

The Rakshasa King decisively put aside his grudges with Ancestor Sikong and reached out to grab the chubby little girl. However, the moment he grabbed it, a small figure flashed over! He grabbed Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa faced down, stretched its head, and looked at him adorably from under his pants.

The Rakshasa King frowned and threw Little Rakshasa away again. However, the second time he grabbed Yu Wan, Little Rakshasa rolled back. He looked at Little Rakshasa in his hand again and was finally furious..

Chapter 900: Brother Jiu Is Here, The Ancestor Is Out Of Seclusion!

Translator: Henyee Translations Editor: Henyee Translations

The Rakshasa King roared at Little Rakshasa and used his internal energy to lift a black iron chain, tying Little Rakshasa up and hanging it upside down on a branch.

Little Rakshasa's head swayed downwards. Finally, it could no longer cause trouble. If Little Rakshasa could not come out and cause trouble, the Rakshasa King would be able to deal with the Nether Mountain freely.

Before becoming the Rakshasa King, Sang Qiuhan was not a good person. After so many years of abnormal cultivation, he had long refined himself into a monster that was neither human nor ghost. How could he have any mercy in his heart?

Everyone felt the killing intent in his eyes. The experts of the Sikong family and the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall more or less knew about the grudge between Sang Qiuhan and Old Ancestor Sikong. However, they did not know that the Rakshasa King was Sang Qiuhan back then. Yu Wan and the others knew about it, so they were even more desperate.

Qing Yan cursed, "He's planning to massacre the Nether Mountain... He's really a lunatic!"

Massacre the Nether Mountain was the second step. Obtaining the Saint King was the first step.

The Rakshasa King gently raised one hand and Yu Wan's body flew towards him.

Shadow Thirteen took out the black iron chain and wrapped it around Yu Wan's ankle. Shadow Thirteen grabbed the other end of the black iron chain tightly. When Shadow Six saw this, he hurriedly pounced over and grabbed the black iron chain with him.

Qing Yan and Yue Gou also rushed over at the same time. All the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall used all their strength to grab the black iron chain.

Old Cui stuck his head out from under the table. "This, this, this... Can this be held back?"

Grandma stood in front of the window and shook his head solemnly. If he could, he would not be the Rakshasa King.

The Rakshasa King and the Blood Rakshasa were worlds apart. Not to mention them, even Old Ancestor Sikong, who was extremely skilled in martial arts, might not be a match for the Rakshasa King.

The Rakshasa King was an existence that was difficult to eliminate. Only another Rakshasa King could kill him. Was there a second Rakshasa King in the

Nether Capital? The answer was no.

“Hey! Don’t be silent. Why are you still acting like you’re at the mercy of others!” Old Cui’s heart was in turmoil because of Grandma’s despairing expression. He said unwillingly, “I, I, I... Don’t we still have many experts?”

Grandma said, “Are you talking about those in seclusion or not?”

Grandma’s words made Old Cui shut up. Their strongest powers had all gone into seclusion to break through. It was also the Sang family’s Blood Rakshasa who chose the time to break through at this critical juncture.

A mere black iron chain was nothing to the Rakshasa King. The Rakshasa King snorted in disdain and with a flick of his finger, the black iron chain broke into pieces.

“Ah—” Yu Wan, who had lost her restraint, quickly flew towards the Rakshasa King.

Everyone wanted to rush up and save Yu Wan, but none of them could move. The pressure of the Rakshasa King was too terrifying! The Rakshasa King’s demonic claws aimed at Yu Wan’s stomach.

Little Rakshasa covered his eyes!

Yu Wan also covered her eyes!

. No, why was she covering her eyes? This guy was clearly here for the fetus in her stomach. She should cover her stomach! Yu Wan held her stomach, but it was not very useful. The Rakshasa King's demonic claws were definitely not something a weak woman could resist.

Could it be that the two of them were really going to die at the hands of this bastard?

The Rakshasa King's aura enveloped Yu Wan.

Yu Wan closed her eyes in despair and shouted in the end, "Yan Jiuchao—"

A cold aura tore through the air like a sharp blade and struck the Rakshasa King's glabella, tearing a hole in his pressure!

The Rakshasa King's eyebrows moved. He raised the hand that was grabbing Yu Wan and flicked the aura away with his fingertips. He did not spend much effort, but in this split second, Yu Wan was sucked over by another powerful internal energy.

Yu Wan fell into a familiar embrace. His masculine aura mixed with a faint orchid fragrance and a trace of medicinal fragrance. Yu Wan's heart instantly calmed down.

"Yan Jiuchao..." She looked at him. That scene just now was really dangerous. No matter how calm she was, she was so frightened that she broke out in a cold sweat. However, all of this disappeared the moment she saw him. As long as he was here, she was fearless no matter what she did or what she was going to face.

"You're out of seclusion." She subconsciously sounded a little aggrieved.

Yan Jiuchao said coldly, "You're shouting so loudly. I can't cultivate anymore if

I don't come out of seclusion."

Yu Wan smiled through her tears. Yan Jiuchao carried Yu Wan back to the ground. Under the Rakshasa King's powerful pressure, his movements were still smooth and elegant.

"Wait for me here." Yan Jiuchao put Yu Wan down.

"Okay." Yu Wan nodded obediently.

Yan Jiuchao flicked his wide sleeve and tapped his toes lightly. He jumped onto the roof and stood on raised eaves, staring fixedly at the Rakshasa King who had landed on the roof opposite.

When their eyes met, a shocking killing intent erupted in the air.

The Rakshasa King's scrutinizing gaze landed on Yan Jiuchao's face. Yan Jiuchao's body emitted the aura of the Longevity Technique, and his realm was not low. Even though he was locked in the Sang family's forbidden area, the Rakshasa King knew that in the entire Sikong family, only Sikong Ye had mastered the Longevity Technique. However, Sikong Ye was not a young boy in his early twenties.

"You're... not... Si... Kong... Ye?"

After being mute for many years, the Rakshasa King's ability to speak had rapidly degenerated.

"Of course not," Yan Jiuchao said indifferently.

In front of the Rakshasa King, who could destroy the entire Nether Capital with a single fist, Yan Jiuchao's reaction was too calm. Even the Rakshasa King himself was in disbelief. When Little Rakshasa heard Yan Jiuchao's voice, he removed the small hand that was covering his eyes and shouted at the Rakshasa King!

The Rakshasa King did not look back at it. He only used his internal energy to seal its mute acupoint.

Little Rakshasa's mouth was still moving, but there was no more sound.

The Rakshasa King said domineeringly and slowly, "Si... Kong... Ye..."

Yan Jiuchao said arrogantly, "So many years have passed, and your cultivation hasn't improved much. Sikong Ye doesn't want to see you!"

The Rakshasa King was furious. A terrifying pressure pressed down on Yan Jiuchao. Yan Jiuchao activated the Longevity Technique and blocked it without changing his expression.

"Young... Young Master..." Shadow Six widened his eyes in surprise.

Grandma said, "He broke through to the eighth level."

This was really unexpected. The Ghost King had spent half his life's effort to cultivate the sixth level of the Longevity Technique, but Yan Jiuchao had broken through two levels in a short ten days. This was simply a miracle, not to mention that he was still so young. Even Sikong Ye had spent decades to break through to the eighth level back then. Grandma believed that in a few more years, Yan Jiuchao might really become an existence that could defeat the Rakshasa King, but... now was not the time.

Yan Jiuchao's meridians had suffered a huge blow, but he did not show any abnormalities on his face.

He said domineeringly, "Take three palms from me. After three palms, if you can still stand here unscathed, I'll let you see Sikong Ye."

Qing Yan said worriedly, "What does Jiuchao want to do? Not to mention three palms, even if it's thirty palms, the Rakshasa King will be fine..."

Yan Jiuchao continued, "Could it be that the dignified Rakshasa King can't even take three hits from me? If you're afraid of losing, just say it!"

The Rakshasa King hooked his index finger at Yan Jiuchao angrily, indicating for him to attack.

"First palm!" Yan Jiuchao moved his wide sleeves and sent out a sharp and powerful palm wind.

Initially, the Rakshasa King did not take a brat seriously, so he did not use much strength to block. However, when the other party's palm landed on him, a trace of surprise flashed across his eyes.

Even if this palm did not hurt him, it still made him feel pain.

"Second palm!" Yan Jiuchao did not hesitate at all. Then, he unleashed his second palm right on the heels of that. This time, the palm wind was thirty percent stronger than before. The Rakshasa King's body actually swayed from the impact.

A meridian was broken.

Although it was just a small meridian, it was beyond the Rakshasa King's expectations. This was like thinking that the other party was an ant, but it had turned into a baby eagle and even pecked him until he bled. He wanted to kill him, suck his blood energy dry, and refine him into a blood pill!

Yan Jiuchao rubbed his wrist and looked at him coldly. "I won't show mercy for the third palm strike anymore. You have to be careful."

Although the ant had become a young eagle, it was only a young eagle. It was not so easy to hurt the Rakshasa King.

The Rakshasa King looked at Yan Jiuchao fearlessly.

Yan Jiuchao spread his arms and jumped into the air. He looked down at the Rakshasa King. "Like I said, this palm strike is a very powerful palm strike. You better take it with your best effort."

"Hmph!" The Rakshasa King had a disdainful expression.

The corners of Yan Jiuchao's lips curled up as he dodged to the side, revealing the white-robed man who had stood behind him at some point. Sikong Ye flew up and slapped the Rakshasa King's chest!