

Toddler 901

Chapter 901: Smart Ancestor! Little Rakshasa! (1)

This palm strike was fast, ruthless, and unexpected. The Rakshasa King tasted the outcome of underestimating his enemy almost effortlessly. He was sent flying, and his tall and muscular body drew a beautiful and rapid arc in midair. Everyone who witnessed this scene widened their eyes.

What should they say?

The Rakshasa King was ambushed? Wasn't this operation too awesome?

"This... this is too cunning..." Qing Yan couldn't bear to look at him. So he was rubbing the Rakshasa King's intelligence against the ground.

"What do you know? This is called 'all's fair in war'!" Shadow Six said proudly. Young Master was always right, everything he did was right!

Qing Yan rolled his eyes and thought of something. He stared at the high and mighty Sikong Ye and said, "Speaking of which, Ancestor has broken through to the ninth level, right? He can deal with the Rakshasa King, right?"

Cultivating the Longevity Technique to the ninth level was not much different from the Rakshasa King in terms of cultivation realm. However, there would be a difference in strength between the good and evil.

The Rakshasa King had cultivated an evil technique that had forcefully refined him into an evil entity that was neither human nor ghost. In the same realm, the evil entity was much stronger than an expert. However, this strength did not come without a price. After the battle, the backlash that the evil entity suffered would be much more terrifying than an expert. In other words, when both of them had exhausted their internal energy, Sikong Ye could still rely on his moves to counterattack the Rakshasa King, but the Rakshasa King could almost not resist.

This was firstly, and secondly, it would be even more difficult for the Rakshasa King to increase his cultivation realm than Sikong Ye in the future.

Of course, the first and second were all for later. No expert of the same realm could last until the end with the evil being because they would often be killed by the evil being before that.

Today was destined to be an accident. Because a certain Rakshasa King had underestimated his enemy, he was injured by Sikong Ye. In that case, the Rakshasa King's innate advantage in cultivation techniques was gone. The two of them were basically even in terms of strength. Next, it would depend on whether the Rakshasa King killed Sikong Ye in a hurry to cut the Gordian knot, or if Sikong Ye relied on his ability to exhaust the Rakshasa King.

Another wave of high-level Asuras from the Sang family surged over. Unfortunately, with Yan Jiuchao around, no one could take half a step closer to the Nether Mountain.

In a battle between experts of this realm, just the collision of internal energy was enough to destroy the entire Nether Mountain. In order to not let the Nether Mountain be affected, Sikong Ye lured the Rakshasa King to a high place and fought him fiercely.

The three little black eggs were fished into the room by Old Cui and hidden under the table.

The three of them were dishonest and scrambled to escape. Old Cui hurriedly held them down and Old Cui said with a headache, "What kind of children are these? Can't you see the fight outside?"

"Mm, mm!" Dabao struggled to climb out.

Old Cui grabbed him with one hand. Soon, Er'bao also crawled out. Old Cui had no choice but to free his other hand to hold him down. When there was only Xiaobao left, he had no hands. "Qiu, help me!"

Grandma sneezed!

Putting aside the risk of life and death, the battle between the two peak experts was extremely exciting. Ever since the Sorcerer Clan was destroyed, the Sikong family had never produced an expert with the

Level Nine Longevity Technique, let alone the Blood Rakshasa. The people of the Nether Capital had never even heard of such an evil thing, let alone seen it with their own eyes.

This was simply a visual feast!

Many people secretly swallowed their saliva, indicating that they would have no regrets if they could see it once in their lives.

“Who do you think.. will win?” Shadow Six asked softly. The two of them had already exchanged more than a hundred moves, but he still couldn’t see who had a higher chance of winning. “Isn’t the Rakshasa King of the Sang family injured? How can he still fight?”

Qing Yan sighed. “That’s an evil thing. Haven’t you heard of the saying that as virtue rises one foot, devil rises ten feet?”

Shadow Six curled his lips and said, “You make it sound like you’re from the

Central Plains. ”

Qing Yan said slowly, “I’m not from the Central Plains, but I’m more cultured than you.”

“Tsk This time, it was Shadow Six who rolled his eyes.

Shadow Thirteen decisively changed his position and stood between Shadow Six and Qing Yan.

Qing Yan glanced at Shadow Thirteen indifferently. Did he have to protect Little Six like this? Did he think he doesn’t have a good friend?

“Yue Gou!” Qing Yan raised his arm and placed it on Yue Gou’s shoulder. Yue Gou looked at Qing Yan indifferently. “I’m not used to you like this.”

Qing Yan, who was despised: ‘

Yu Wan looked at the two people fighting in midair without blinking and muttered, “Great-grandpa, you can’t lose...”

Chapter 902: Smart Ancestor! Little Rakshasa! (2)

If he lost, with the Rakshasa King’s ferocity, none of them would live.

The Rakshasa King sent a palm towards Sikong Ye, who nimbly dodged it. He tilted his body and sent a palm back at a very tricky angle. This time, the Rakshasa King did not underestimate his enemy and received it firmly.

Sikong Ye suddenly looked behind the Rakshasa King. “Jiuchao, ambush him!”

The Rakshasa King turned around. But how could there be Jiuchao? Sikong Ye struck the Rakshasa King’s shoulder with his palm. The Rakshasa King was in pain and was forced back dozens of steps.

The Rakshasa King was furious and roared as he charged towards Sikong Ye. Sikong Ye suddenly stretched out his hand. “Wait! We can’t fight like this! Do you still remember our promise back then?”

Pro... mise?

Sikong Ye said seriously, “You promised me. Have you forgotten?”

What... did... he... promised?

Sikong Ye moved his two fingers, and a black pill appeared between them. "You said that as long as I take it out at any time, you would promise me one thing." The Rakshasa King looked at Sikong Ye strangely.

"If you don't believe me, see for yourself if you can remember." Sikong Ye threw it to the Rakshasa King indifferently.

The Rakshasa King caught the pill in his hand and looked left and right. With a bang, the pill exploded! The Rakshasa King was charred from the explosion.

His face was black and his hair was charred.

Sikong Ye ambushed him again and succeeded.

Yu Wan could tell that the Rakshasa King was using his strength to fight, but her great-grandfather was using his brain to fight. If the two of them had a

health bar on their heads, after being ambushed so many times, the Rakshasa King's health bar should have dropped by half.

Therefore, how could there be an absolute difference in strength? If the strategy was good, they would still be able to beat the opponent until they couldn't find their way! Of course, this was also based on the premise that Sikong Ye's cultivation realm was high enough. If it were anyone else, the Rakshasa King could crush them with his pressure.

"Jiuchao, ambush him!" Sikong Ye looked behind the Rakshasa King again.

Using the same trick again? The Rakshasa King expressed that he would never fall for it! In the end, Yan Jiuchao slapped his back.

The Rakshasa King, who had been ambushed again: "...!!"

The Rakshasa King was completely enraged. He used his killing move and rose into the air. He spread his arms and held his palms up, condensing two killing intents that were like hurricanes.

Everyone thought that he had been ambushed so many times and was already injured badly. It was only a matter of time before he was defeated. Who would have thought that he could actually use such powerful strength? Even Sikong Ye, who had fought with him for a long time, could not help but reveal a solemn expression.

Although it was unbelievable, he had to admit that Sang Qiuhan was not the defeated person who could be easily dealt with. His cultivation realm and strength had reached a point where Sikong Ye treated him differently.

If everything Sang Qiuhan did was just to make Sikong Ye really notice him and even be afraid of him, then he had done it.

Looking at the traces of blood that gradually appeared in the air, Sikong Ye's face darkened. "Sang Qiuhan, don't be rash. The grudge between you and me is our business. It has nothing to do with the disciples of the Nether Mountain or the people of the Nether Capital. If you want to fight, I'll fight with you. We'll nna a mace with no one around and no content to our nearcs content! until you're satisfied! I have no objections to your life and death!"

The Rakshasa King did not say anything, but his eyes gave his answer.

Back then, the Rakshasa King was still Sang Qiuhan of the Sang family. When he was also Sikong Ye's study companion, he had wanted to fight Sikong Ye to his heart's content countless times. Unfortunately, Sikong Ye did not give him this chance at all. Sikong Ye disdained to fight him!

Even when they sparred once or twice, Sikong Ye was extremely perfunctory. Sikong Ye never looked at him.

In Sikong Ye's eyes, a martial arts genius like him was not even qualified to be looked at. If those words had been said to him decades ago, he would have agreed ecstatically. However, now, the person who was not qualified to negotiate was Sikong Ye.

The Rakshasa King's internal energy trembled, and a blood mist filled the sky of the entire Nether Capital. This was the blood energy of the commoners of the entire Nether Capital, and it was being sucked into the air bit by bit by the Rakshasa King. When everyone's blood energy was sucked dry, the Nether Capital would completely become a dead city.

The Nether Mountain suffered the greatest impact. Some disciples had already fainted from blood loss.

"Jinghong!" Yu Wan looked at the little disciple who had fallen in front of her and hurriedly fed him a Blood Clotting Pill. However, this was only a drop in the bucket. The medicinal effect of the Blood Clotting Pill was far inferior to the speed at which his blood was flowing away..

Chapter 903: Smart Ancestor! Little Rakshasa! (3)

Sikong Ye said coldly, "Sang Qiuhan, you can't do this! It's not because I'm afraid of you, but because you weren't my match in the past and won't be in the future! If you know what's good for you, stop quickly. Otherwise, I won't let you live!"

The Rakshasa King said fearlessly, "Bring... it... on..."

Sikong Ye's eyes turned cold. He raised the Longevity Technique to the extreme and used his internal energy to draw a sharp blade. "The ninth level of the Longevity Technique. Watch carefully."

Sikong Ye's internal energy blade attacked the Rakshasa King fiercely. Just as the Rakshasa King flicked his sleeves to block, Sikong Ye shot out another hidden weapon and caught up to his sharp blade that had condensed Sikong

Ye's strength. The sharp blade was knocked around and missed the Rakshasa King. With a whoosh, it stabbed towards Little Rakshasa who was hanging upside down under a branch.

This was the Ninth Level of the Longevity Technique. Once Little Rakshasa was hit, there was no chance of survival.

The Rakshasa King also used most of his strength to block it. Most of his internal energy had also been sucked dry. He could not condense enough internal energy to block this sharp blade in such a short time.

Little Rakshasa's eyes widened in fear.

Yu Wan did not expect her great-grandfather to do this. She gasped and held her breath.

Although the Rakshasa King's remaining internal energy was not enough to activate attack and defense, he could activate his qinggong. At the critical moment, he flashed under the tree and blocked Sikong Ye's fatal blow with his body.

The internal energy of the Longevity Technique invaded the Rakshasa King's body and exploded like ice flowers in his meridians and internal organs. The Rakshasa King spat out a mouthful of blood and his pressure was exhausted. The blood mist gradually dissipated. His momentum was gone!

When Little Rakshasa saw the Rakshasa King vomiting blood, it cried!

The Rakshasa King flew up and broke the black chain. He carried Little Rakshasa and used his qinggong to leave the Nether Mountain.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

Qing Yan said, "Did we win?"

Yu Wan looked in the direction where Little Rakshasa had left in a daze and did not say anything.

"As long as the Rakshasa King doesn't die, there will be no peace in the Nether Capital." Sikong Ye landed back on the ground and looked in the direction where the two of them had left. He had indeed broken through to the ninth level, but Sang Qiuhan was different. He had forcefully increased his strength and broken through to the Rakshasa King, but his realm was actually still unstable. Even if it was unstable, he had to use tricks to defeat him. If he waited for his realm to stabilize, it would be difficult to hurt him even if he used tricks.

What was the saying?

I'll take your life while you're sick!

"Great-grandpa, where are you going?" Yu Wan stopped Sikong Ye, who was also planning to use his qinggong to leave, and asked.

"I'll go kill the Rakshasa King. He's seriously injured now, so it's the best time to attack!" Sikong Ye was not a good person. He would not pity the Rakshasa King just because he was seriously injured. He knew better than anyone that the Rakshasa King was no longer the Sang Qiuhan of the past. He was inhumane. When he recovered, the first thing he had to do was destroy the Nether Mountain. At that time, many people would die.

"Great Grandpa... Great Grandpa, Great..." Yu Wan couldn't stop Sikong Ye.

The Rakshasa King was seriously injured. With Sikong Ye's qinggong, it was not difficult to catch up to him. About an hour later, Sikong Ye stopped the Rakshasa King, who was vomiting blood, near the Sang Family's forbidden ground.

Sikong Ye sent the Rakshasa King to the ground with a palm. The Rakshasa King fell a few times on the ground, and Little Rakshasa in his arms also rolled out.

"Sang Qiuhan, of all things, you have to refine yourself into a Blood Rakshasa.

If I don't kill you today..." Sikong Ye didn't finish his sentence. He and the

Rakshasa King knew very well that if the Rakshasa King didn't die at Sikong Ye's hands today, the entire Nether Capital would be destroyed in the hands of the Rakshasa King in the future.

Sikong Ye activated the Longevity Technique and transformed his internal energy into a blade that stabbed fiercely at the Rakshasa King's heart. Unexpectedly, at this moment, Little Rakshasa pounced over and lay on the

Rakshasa King..

Chapter 904: Choice, Little Rakshasa | s Background

“Great-grandpa! Don’t—”

Yu Wan’s scream suddenly sounded behind her. Sikong Ye heard his little great-granddaughter’s voice and understood the request in her words.

Unfortunately, the move had already been used, so it was too late to retract it. If he chased after an internal energy and hit it too close, both internal energy might stab into Little Rakshasa’s body.

Sikong Ye had no choice but to slap his arm. The sharp blade tilted and brushed past the back of Little Rakshasa’s head. The sharp blade attacked a hundred-year-old banyan tree. The tree that many people could not hug collapsed with a loud bang.

Yu Wan’s legs were about to go limp. Fortunately, such a powerful longevity technique did not land on Little Rakshasa. Otherwise, it would definitely be dead. Yu Wan walked over to see how Little Rakshasa was, but she was stopped by Sikong Ye.

Sikong Ye grabbed her wrist. “Don’t go over. It’s dangerous!”

Yu Wan said, “Little Rakshasa isn’t dangerous.”

The Great Rakshasa was also almost injured by Great Grandpa. At this moment, he was suffering the backlash of the cultivation technique. Even if he wanted to deal with him, he was powerless.

Children were always like this, not listening to their elders. Sikong Ye could kill the Rakshasa King at will, but he could not even keep a straight face with his little great-grandchildren. He shook his head and said helplessly, "Why are you here?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Sikong Ye saw Yan Jiuchao walking over unhurriedly. Thinking about it, it made sense. If it wasn't for this kid, who would have the ability to bring a fat girl to catch up?

Little Rakshasa was also afraid of Yan Jiuchao. The moment Yan Jiuchao appeared, he retracted his hand that was originally planning to hold Yu Wan's. It jumped back into the arms of the Rakshasa King who had fallen to the ground and stuck out half its head, revealing a pair of copper bell-like big eyes that looked at the three of them.

Its vigilance and fear made Yu Wan sigh. Yu Wan looked at it and said softly, "Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you."

The way Little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan was normal, but as soon as his gaze touched Yan Jiuchao, who had sealed its internal energy, and Sikong Ye, who had injured the Rakshasa King, it became abnormally vigilant and fierce.

"This little thing is quite fierce," Sikong Ye said.

Yu Wan glanced at it and said to Sikong Ye, "It's very obedient. Before Great Grandpa and Yan Jiuchao came out of seclusion, Dabao, Er'bao, and Xiaobao were almost killed by the Blood Rakshasa. It was the one who saved us. There was another time on the street when Xiaobao was kidnapped by the thieves. It was also the one who subdued the thieves and saved Xiaobao."

Yu Wan did not elaborate on the process of subduing him. Otherwise, if he said it out loud, it would suck all the blood out of people, and Great-Grandpa would be worried that it was an evil thing and not let him approach it.

Sikong Ye did not expect such a thing to happen. When he looked at Little Rakshasa again, there was an additional layer of scrutiny in his eyes. He said with a complicated expression, "Even if it really did that, it's still an evil thing."

Yu Wan paused and said, "But evil creatures... also have emotions, right?"

Everyone with a discerning eye was watching what happened today. The Rakshasa King was injured to save Little Rakshasa, and Little Rakshasa didn't care about its own safety at all in order to not let Great-Grandpa kill Great Rakshasa. Even among the people in the world, how many of them could be so loyal? Sometimes, people were inferior to a Rakshasa.

Sikong Ye shook his head. "They're both Rakshasas, so they naturally cherish

each other. However, our lives are worthless in the eyes of the Rakshasas."

Yu Wan understood that her great-grandfather was doing this for their own good, so even though she didn't agree in her heart, she didn't argue with him until her face was red. Instead, she turned to look at the Rakshasa King, who was enduring the backlash of his internal energy, and asked, "Who is Little Rakshasa to you? You're protecting him so desperately. Is he your son?" The Rakshasa King was silent.

Little Rakshasa blinked. Although it did not understand, it understood that Yu

Wan was talking to the Rakshasa King. It looked at Yu Wan and then at the Rakshasa King. It tilted its head, as if wondering why the Rakshasa King was ignoring her.

"Isn't that so?" Yu Wan caught the subtle expression that flashed across the Rakshasa King's face.

The Rakshasa King was imprisoned in the Sang family's forbidden area. Yu Wan would find it strange if the Sang family did not notice that he had obtained a son. Women would make a sound when they gave birth. When the children were born, they would make a sound. How great was the ability to hide it from so many eyes of the Sang family?

"Someone... came... to... the... Blood... pool..." The Rakshasa King could no longer express himself very smoothly. He stammered out a few words. Yu Wan guessed and roughly explained Little Rakshasa's background.

The Sang family was prosperous. There were many masters and servants in the various branches. A portion of them were servants on the surface. These people did not know the secret of the forbidden area. There were also some people who specialized in dirty and malicious things, such as dealing with the Sang family's forbidden area.

Among them was a maidservant who was cleaning the Rakshasa King's courtyard.

That maidservant was a fool. She did not know which man she had gotten pregnant with. She originally planned to use an abortion medicine to deceive the world, but who knew that she did not abort the fetus? When she was seven months pregnant, her stomach could no longer be hidden. She wrapped herself in a blanket and rolled down the steps. She wanted to knock the child to death, but in the end, something did happen. She gave birth prematurely, but the child was alive.

Fortunately, the child was small and its cries were weak. Coincidentally, lightning and thunder covered the child's cries. After that, in order to deal with the trouble at hand, the maidservant threw the child into the blood pool. She knew that there was an evil being living in the pool. If this child was thrown in, he would most likely be killed even if he didn't drown.

However, in order to keep her secret, she couldn't care less. She heartlessly abandoned this child and prayed that it would not be left with a corpse.

When the Blood Rakshasa discovered it, it was about to drown. However, as long as it was alive, its blood was fresh.

The Blood Rakshasa wanted to suck its blood energy dry, but the child suddenly grabbed one of its fingers and opened its mouth to look for food.

Perhaps it was because his heart softened at that moment, or perhaps it was because he had been locked in the forbidden ground for too long, but the Blood Rakshasa was a little lonely. The Blood Rakshasa did not kill it, but it had drowned in blood for too long and its chest was filled with liquid. It did not have long to live. The only way to let it live was to turn it into a Blood Rakshasa.

If a Blood Rakshasa could be refined so easily, he would not be a Blood Rakshasa.

All these years, the Sang family had tried many times to refine new Blood Rakshasas, but unfortunately, they failed.

But the child succeeded.

It stubbornly survived.

Of course, there was also the possibility that the Blood Rakshasa had voluntarily used his blood to feed it. The Sang family could not meet this condition, so they could not refine a new Rakshasa.

The Rakshasa King did not say why he did not let the Sang family know of the

existence of Little Rakshasa.

Yu Wan guessed that although the Rakshasa King was a little stupid, he could subconsciously understand that the Sang family had always had ill intentions. If they found out about the Little Rakshasa's existence, it was very likely that they would take him away. At that time, the Blood Rakshasa had yet to break through and could not leave the forbidden area. If the Little Rakshasa was taken away, he would not be able to chase him back.

"If the Sang family obtains Little Rakshasa, what will they do to him?" Yu Wan looked at Sikong Ye.

Sikong Ye said thoughtfully, "This depends on how the Sang family fights. Someone like Sang Qiuhan who refined himself into a Rakshasa is too rare. If the Sang family obtains a little Rakshasa, they can use its blood to try to feed more Rakshasas. They can also directly dig out its inner core and turn a top expert into an extremely powerful Blood Rakshasa. Or perhaps, they can turn themselves into an even stronger Blood Rakshasa. The last type is when it's obedient. But I don't think this little thing will be manipulated."

Therefore, once Little Rakshasa fell into the hands of the Sang family, the consequences would be unimaginable. Therefore, it was not difficult for Yu Wan to understand why the Blood Rakshasa was in such a hurry to break through to the Rakshasa King. He was worried that something would happen to Little Rakshasa.

In the beginning, Little Rakshasa was just an ordinary child. The Rakshasa King did not kill him either, so it could be seen that he still had a bit of a conscience. However, his obsession and killing intent were too strong. It was impossible for him to turn over a new leaf and be an honest person who did not bring disaster to the Nether Capital.

Sikong Ye sighed and said, "Ah Wan, I can spare this little one, but I can't let Sang Qiuhan live. But even if he still has a last trace of conscience, he's still too dangerous."

It was unknown if it was because he felt Sikong Ye's killing intent again, but Little Rakshasa flipped over and lay on the Rakshasa King's body.

Its meaning was obvious. It did not allow anyone to hurt the Rakshasa King. It did not have a strong sense of right and wrong. It grew in the darkness, and the Rakshasa King was the only person who accompanied it through the endless darkness. Perhaps in its heart, the Rakshasa King was its father.

"Be good, come here. I'll bring you to find your brother." Yu Wan tried to coax the little Rakshasa over.

Little Rakshasa did not move.

Yu Wan rummaged through her pockets and took out its favorite blood pill. "For you."

Little Rakshasa did not move either. It just lay on the Rakshasa King's body and did not leave him for a moment..

Chapter 905: The Best of Both Worlds, Warm and Cute Little Munchkins (1)

Facing such a little thing, even if Sikong Ye had a heart of stone, he couldn't do it, let alone he did not have one.

Sikong Ye frowned and hesitated for a while. He gave Yan Jiuchao a look, indicating for him to take Little Rakshasa away.

Yan Jiuchao had the ability and willingness to do so, but Yu Wan clearly did not agree.

Yu Wan was a very easy-going person most of the time and respected Yan

Jiuchao's decision very much. However, this did not mean that she did not have her own persistence. Similarly, Yan Jiuchao seemed domineering and unreasonable, but he had never really made Yu Wan feel uncomfortable. His domineeringness was something Yu Wan did not care about, and what Yu Wan cared about, he had always spoiled her.

Otherwise, the two of them would not have appeared here at this moment.

"Great-grandpa." Yu Wan thought of a way to achieve both ends. She called Sikong Ye to the side and looked at Little Rakshasa who actually didn't understand her. She still lowered her voice and said, "If the Rakshasa King's martial arts are crippled, can he still live?"

Sikong Ye glanced at his obedient great-granddaughter. "Do you want to ask if he can live after his martial arts are crippled, or if he can continue to commit crimes?"

Yu Wan smiled awkwardly. "Both!"

This little girl's ability to curry favor was too perfunctory. Sikong Ye shook his head helplessly and said, "He became the Rakshasa King and has long broken through the limit. Even if his martial arts are gone, as long as the blood pill is still there, his life will not be in danger. As for committing crimes, that's basically impossible."

Yu Wan opened her mouth. "In other words..."

Sikong Ye smiled faintly and said, "I'm not finished."

“Go ahead!” Yu Wan looked at him seriously.

Sikong Ye turned around and looked at the Rakshasa King who had fallen to the ground. He said to his obedient great-granddaughter, “Sang Qiuhan and I are considered old acquaintances. He was my study companion for a few years. After that, he left the Sang family. We’ve known each other for more than ten years. With my understanding of him, I’m afraid this matter is a little troublesome.”

“Why?” Yu Wan asked.

Sikong Ye said, “Didn’t you hear that kid from the Sikong family say that Sang Qiuhan is a martial arts fanatic?”

That kid from the Sikong family... Are you talking about Master Sikong? The corners of Yu Wan’s mouth twitched. “I’ve heard one or two.”

Sikong Ye looked at the mountain range that had fallen into the night and said, “A martial arts fanatic without martial arts is like a musician without his hands and a dancer without her feet. This is even more uncomfortable than killing him. Instead of torturing him like this, it’s better to give him a quick death.”

Yu Wan was silent. After a long while, she said, “Isn’t there still Little

Rakshasa? He has to take care of it. How can he bear to do that?”

Sikong Ye turned to look at the Rakshasa King, who had been looking over. “Whether he’s willing or not doesn’t matter to me. Why don’t you ask him yourself? If he agrees to have his martial arts crippled by me, I’ll spare his life.”

Yu Wan did not have to ask specifically. Although she spoke softly to her great-grandfather, it was not impossible for the Rakshasa King to hear her. Yu Wan looked at him without blinking, as if she was waiting for him to give an answer.

Little Rakshasa did not understand why Yu Wan had looked at the Rakshasa King again. It also looked at the Rakshasa King, its big black eyes filled with innocence and confusion.

“Even if you don’t think for yourself, think for Little Rakshasa. What will happen to it if you lose it? It’s an existence that can’t be tolerated in the world. If you abandon it too, who will treat it sincerely?” With that, Yu Wan added in her heart with extreme guilt. Me, Me, Me!

On the surface, she would not let the Rakshasa King see anything amiss. Moreover, even if she swore, would the Rakshasa King really believe her? He could not even trust the Sang family, let alone an outsider.

The Rakshasa King looked at Little Rakshasa and then at Sikong Ye. Just as he was in a dilemma, Master Sang rushed over with a group of experts.

“Ancestor!” He rushed to the Rakshasa King in shock and supported him. He glared at Yu Wan and the others covetously. “With me around, don’t even think about hurting the ancestor!”

“You?” Yu Wan glanced at him and the experts behind him. It was not that she was praising herself, but Yan Jiuchao could deal with these high-level Asura Kings alone, let alone with Great Grandpa around.

Master Sang snorted coldly. “Since I dare to come, I naturally have my reasons!” With that, he snapped his fingers, and the experts behind him dispersed to the sides. A burly guard walked over. He held a young and beautiful woman in his hand.. Who else could it be but Zi Yan?

Chapter 906: The Best of Both Worlds, Warm and Cute Little Munchkins (2)

Master Sang gave the guard a look, and the guard removed the cloth tied to Zi Yan’s mouth. Zi Yan choked and said, “Ah Wan! They captured Master!!

Master Sang said, “I know you’re from the Sikong family and the Lan family. You won’t ignore your second grandaunt’s life, right? If either of us don’t return to the Sang family on time today, I guarantee that your second grandaunt will die a terrible death!”

Yu Wan said indifferently, "First it's Sikong Yun, then it's Lan Qin. Other than threatening people, do you have any other abilities?"

Master Sang smiled and said, "It doesn't matter whether I have many abilities, as long as they're useful. I only gave them fifteen minutes, and more than half is gone. If we don't go back now, I'm afraid you won't be able to make it in time. Of course, you can also take a gamble and kill us first before looking for Lan

Qin. I wonder... if you guys are faster or my subordinates are faster at killing."

This old thing would die a horrible death! Yu Wan had used half her life's worth of disgust on him!

How despicable could a person be to make use of his grandson and the women and children who had no grudges? The Lan family... didn't seem to have let the Sang family down at all, right? It was said that the Rakshasa were inhumane, but the fellow who had really lost his conscience was clearly here!

Yan Jiuchao walked over and gently held Yu Wan's tightly clenched fist. He didn't even look at Master Sang and said to the Rakshasa King, "The Lan family has never been threatened. Even if the Lan family dies, it will be a worthy death. Now, it's not whether we want to save the Lan family, but whether you want to let yourself off. Your son saved my wife and children's lives. If you insist on leaving today, I'll stop Great Grandpa for you even if I have to die. If you're willing to stay and cripple your martial arts, I'll think of a way to deal with the Lan family."

Yu Wan looked at Yan Jiuchao emotionally. Yan Jiuchao said softly, "I won't let anything happen to Granny Lan.

Yu Wan nodded. "I believe you." He had never disappointed her. If he said there was a way, there must be a way. Now, it was indeed the Rakshasa King's choice.

The Rakshasa King clenched his fists.

Yan Jiuchao continued, "Don't think that I won't be able to kill you in the future if you leave. I only agreed to let you go once, but I won't let you go a second time."

“What an arrogant tone!” Master Sang said disdainfully.

In the end, the Rakshasa King chose to leave with Master Sang. Little Rakshasa was also taken away by him. Little Rakshasa lay on the Rakshasa King’s shoulder and looked at Yu Wan eagerly with reddened eyes.

Yu Wan pursed her lips and looked at Sikong Ye. “Great Grandpa...”

Sikong Ye looked in the direction where the Rakshasa King had left and shook his head. He sighed. “Forget it, it’s not your fault. It was his own choice. I hope he doesn’t regret it.”

On the other hand, after Master Sang brought them back to the Sang Manor, he immediately arranged a quiet and luxurious courtyard.

Master Sang pushed open the door of the upper room and smiled ingratiatingly. “This is the courtyard that was prepared for the ancestor early in the morning. There are servants cleaning it every day and they’re only waiting for you to come out of seclusion to move in. Take a look and see if it’s to your liking.”

The Rakshasa King did not say a word and brought Little Rakshasa into the room.

Little Rakshasa sized up his surroundings and looked around curiously.

Master Sang did not know Little Rakshasa’s background yet, but from Little Rakshasa’s appearance, he did not look like the Rakshasa King. He was most likely not his biological son. Could it be that his subordinates had fed the blood pool with a child and was raised by the ancestor?

From the looks of it, the ancestor did not intend to tell him about Little

Rakshasa’s background. Master Sang tactfully did not ask further.

Rumble-

Little Rakshasa's stomach growled.

Master Sang suddenly remembered that he had been sent flying by this little fellow with a punch just for a bottle of blood pills. He restrained his displeasure and smiled. "The little master is hungry. I'll prepare food for him now."

Master Sang personally went to get the blood pill for Little Rakshasa. After he left the room, the Rakshasa King cut his fingertip and fed Little Rakshasa a drop of his blood. When Master Sang returned to the room, he happened to see this action and was even more certain that Little Rakshasa had grown up thanks to the Rakshasa King's nourishment.

No wonder it was so powerful...

Master Sang placed the blood pill on the table.

In the past, when Little Rakshasa obtained something good, it would only stuff it into its mouth. This time, it actually sat there obediently and looked at the Rakshasa King adorably. The Rakshasa King was stunned at first. When he understood its gaze, he nodded at him.

Only then did Little Rakshasa jump down with the blood pills in his arms. However, the first one was not for herself, but for the Rakshasa King.

It had only been a few days since they last met, but Little Rakshasa had changed a lot..

Chapter 907: The Best of Both Worlds, Warm and Cute Little Munchkins (3)

It no longer seemed like a little evil thing raised in a blood pool.

The Rakshasa King's eyes flickered.

Master Sang had never seen Little Rakshasa of the past, so he naturally would not notice the change in him. He only felt that this little thing was a little obedient and sensible. How could a big evil thing like the ancestor, who killed people like flies, raise a human-looking little evil thing? It was really puzzling!

“Ancestor.” Master Sang did not forget his business. He took out another bottle of blood pills. “These are not ordinary blood pills. They’re for you to treat your injuries. Take them and you’ll recover in less than three days. At that time, we’ll be able to kill our way up the Nether Mountain and kill Sikong Ye to avenge you! And that little girl is pregnant with the Saint King. If you absorb the Saint King’s blood energy, your strength will definitely increase greatly!”

When Master Sang said this, he did not forget to read their body language. He noticed that when he proposed to kill Sikong Ye, the killing intent between the Rakshasa King’s eyebrows was not as strong as before. When he said to suck the Saint King’s blood energy, the Rakshasa King even frowned imperceptibly.

Didn’t the Old Ancestor hate Sikong Ye the most and want to improve his strength the most? Why was his reaction so strange?

Little Rakshasa, who was at the side, had chosen the blood pills. It jumped to the ground and carried over two empty bowls, one big and one small. The big blood pill was placed in the big bowl, and the smaller one was placed in another small bowl. Then, it pushed the big bowl in front of the Rakshasa King and ate the blood pills in the small bowl.

If there was something to eat, it would eat it. It even fought to eat it. This was the law of survival that the Rakshasa King had taught Little Rakshasa, so it would not leave anything for him in the past, let alone such a good one.

“Ancestor, Ancestor!” Master Sang realized that the Ancestor was distracted by Little Rakshasa.

“I... want to... rest... You... get out,” the Rakshasa King said solemnly.

“But...” Before Master Sang could finish speaking, he was slapped out by the Rakshasa King and the door closed.

Little Rakshasa glanced at the closed door and flashed over to bolt it!

Master Sang, who had been blasted out, was furious. He could tell that the Rakshasa King had become unwilling to strangle Sikong Ye to death after ascending the Nether Mountain. However, if Sikong Ye did not die, how could he destroy the Sikong family? How could he become the City Lord of the Nether Capital?

“What kind of damn place is the Nether Mountain? Why were they bribed by them?!”

Master Sang wanted to flare up at the Rakshasa King, but did he dare now? Did he have the guts? The Rakshasa King... was no longer the Blood Rakshasa who was imprisoned in the forbidden ground back then!

Master Sang returned to his courtyard angrily! He would think of a way. There must be a way.

In the room, Little Rakshasa was chewing on a blood pill while the Rakshasa King began to circulate his energy to recuperate. He sat cross-legged on the bed and circulated his internal energy through his dantian and meridians. In the past, he had also practiced like this in the courtyard of the forbidden area. When Little Rakshasa was tired, he would curl up and lie alone at the foot of the bed.

That night, Little Rakshasa was sleepy again, but he did not lie at the foot of the bed. Instead, he climbed onto the Rakshasa King's lap and sat in his arms. He yawned and fell asleep sweetly.

In the dark night, the Rakshasa King opened his eyes.

He was not a normal person, so he naturally would not raise children normally. Little Rakshasa was afraid of him. Other than saving him just now, it had never taken the initiative to get close to him, and he had never gotten close to it. He looked at the sleeping Little Rakshasa in his arms and hesitated for a moment. He slowly raised his arm and stiffly... hugged it..

Chapter 908: Sensible Little Black Eggs, Little Rakshasa

In the Chaoyang Hall, the three little black eggs also planned to go to bed. They finished their meal and took a shower with Sikong Ye's help. Sikong Ye looked at his little masterpiece in satisfaction, but the three little black eggs, who were wrapped in a bath towel like a little silkworm cocoon, did not even have the strength to roll their eyes.

They had wrapped themselves in a bath towel more than thirty times. Was it the ancestor who brought them, or were they the ones who brought the ancestor?

Also, they were three years old, not three months. Did he need to wrap them up like Aunt Yanran's little brother?

The three little black eggs were wrapped tightly like newborn babies. Sikong Ye happily carried the three of them to his room and got someone to snatch Yanran's son's cradle and place the three eggs in it.

.. Fortunately, the cradle was big enough. Otherwise, it wouldn't be able to fit all of them! The three of them expressed that they did not sleep in the cradle. They slept on the bed, on the bed, on the bed!

"Good." Sikong Ye smiled and shook the cradle, patiently waiting for them to fall asleep.

The three little black eggs sighed like a little adult. It was really tiring to have such an old ancestor who didn't know how to take care of children!

If it were anyone else, they would have cried from Sikong Ye's "fierce destruction of flowers". Only the three of them had thick skin and were easy to take care of. They were wrapped up like dumplings in the cradle and actually fell asleep in a daze.

Sikong Ye looked at the sleeping little fatties and raised his eyebrows. "I knew it! I know how to take care of children!"

Sikong Ye stared at the little fellows without blinking. The more he looked at them, the more he liked them. Suddenly, he thought of the little master of the Lan family and shook his head arrogantly. He was

not as cute as his little great grandsons, and he thought of Little Rakshasa of the Sang family. That little thing was also quite...

No, no, no, what was he thinking! He actually thought that other people's child was as cute as his little great-grandsons? How could he think that?! His little great-grandsons were clearly the cutest, invincibly cute!

The invincibly cute little black eggs started snoring. Sikong Ye satisfactorily covered the three of them with a blanket and left the room. He planned to wash up, but he met Yu Wan under the porch.

Sikong Ye said in surprise, "Ah Wan? It's so late, but you're still awake? Are you worried about Dabao and the others? Don't worry, I'm very good at taking care of children! They're already asleep."

The little black eggs, who were wrapped like dumplings and covered with winter quilts, had successfully woken up from the heat.

"Not that," Yu Wan said. "I want to ask about the Rakshasa King. If we let him go just like that, will he become difficult to deal with when he recovers?"

Sikong Ye said slowly, "If it weren't for Little Rakshasa, you and the children would have died long ago. Then what's the point of me killing Sang Qiuhan? This is what our Nether Mountain owes Little Rakshasa. We should return it to it. As for me and Sang Qiuhan, that's our grudge. However, from my observation, Sang Qiuhan cares so much about Little Rakshasa. As long as it's around, we can stop Sang Qiuhan from touching you."

"Are you confident in defeating the Rakshasa King after he recovers?" Yu Wan asked.

"It doesn't matter if I can defeat him or not." He had no regrets after seeing Ah Wan and her children. "Alright, it's getting late. Hurry up and go back to your room to rest. I want to rest too."

"Okay." Yu Wan nodded and walked towards her room. After taking a few steps, she stopped and turned to look at Sikong Ye. "I didn't have the time to tell you before that your daughter and granddaughter are still alive. You haven't seen them yet."

Sikong Ye's eyebrows twitched as he walked out of the courtyard!

Yu Wan was stunned. "Great-grandpa, where are you going?" Aren't you going to rest?

Sikong Ye said ambitiously, "I think I can still cultivate!!!"

On the other hand, after Master Sang was chased out of the Rakshasa King's courtyard, he returned to his room angrily.

After Guard Li died in the line of duty, a trusted aide surnamed Huang accompanied Master Sang.

Guard Huang went forward and said, "Master, calm down."

Master Sang sat down on a chair. "How can I calm down? He turned hostile after becoming the Rakshasa King. I think he forgot that his surname is Sang and he's a member of the Sang family!"

He was in a fit of anger, so Guard Huang did not dare to reply.

"What exactly happened in the Nether Mountain?" Master Sang frowned.

Guard Huang did not participate in the attack on the Nether Mountain, but he was not far away when the incident happened. He saw the entire process. Coupled with their experience of capturing Little Rakshasa, he almost instantly understood the ins and outs of the incident. "This... I'm afraid we have to start with Little Rakshasa leaving the forbidden ground without permission. After it left the forbidden ground, it should have gone up the Nether Mountain and stayed in the Nether Mountain for a few days. It was coaxed into obedience by that group of people. Our people went to capture it, but in the end, it was injured. It should be that group of people from the Nether Mountain who treated it."

"What dog shit luck!" Master gritted his teeth.

Guard Huang continued, "When the Rakshasa King attacked the Nether Mountain, I saw with my own eyes that Little Rakshasa saved the woman and three children from him. I think this problem lies with Little Rakshasa!"

Master Sang said coldly, "That old thing didn't cultivate properly in the forbidden area but actually secretly raised a little Rakshasa! He's clearly an evil thing, but he has to learn to be human. He's a laughing stock!"

Guard Huang nodded in agreement.

Master Sang said thoughtfully, "You're right. The crux is indeed on that little thing. As long as that little thing protects the Nether Mountain, the Rakshasa King won't kill Sikong Ye. Our Sang family has already fallen out with the

Sikong family on the surface. If Sikong Ye doesn't die, we'll be the next to die."

Guard Huang hurriedly said, "Master, you're right. Sikong Ye is protecting the Sikong family, but the ancestor... might not protect us. After all... we injured

Little Rakshasa before, and Little Rakshasa even complained to the ancestor."

Master Sang said regretfully, "If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have caught that little fellow back then!"

Guard Huang said, "How can this be blamed on the Master? If there's anyone to blame, it's the people from the Nether Mountain. The Master's plan was originally flawless, and that little thing was bound to die. It was the people from the Nether Mountain who saved it, which gave it a chance to complain to the Ancestor."

That Huang fellow didn't have any other abilities, but he was good at sucking up.

Guard Huang continued, "In my opinion, the people from the Nether Mountain did it on purpose. They want to use the Little Rakshasa to sow discord between you and the ancestor. In that case, without the ancestor backing us, the Nether Mountain can successfully kill us!"

These words touched Master Sang's heart. He did not believe that there were really so many useless good intentions in the world. Be it that girl, Yan Jiuchao, or even Sikong Ye, they were all just putting on an act. They were humans, so how could they treat a little evil thing sincerely?

Guard Huang asked worriedly, "Master, what should we do next?"

Master Sang said indifferently, "Of course it's to pull the ancestor back to our camp."

"What if... we can't pull him back?" Guard Huang asked.

Master Sang smiled unfathomably. "Then don't blame me for... turning against him!"

The next day, the sky was bright.

Little Rakshasa woke up in a broad hug. It opened a pair of eyes that were much bigger than ordinary children and looked around. First, it saw itself lying in the Rakshasa King's arms, then it realized that there was a small blanket covering its body.

In order not to wake it up, the Rakshasa King maintained this posture for the entire night. The thin blanket was neither thick nor thin, and it was just right. It had to be said that the cold-blooded Rakshasa King, who was clearly an evil being, was much more talented than the loving Sikong Ye.

Of course, he was only more talented than Sikong Ye. Compared to Ah Wei and Yan Jiuchao, he was still an entire mountain away.

Little Rakshasa slept well and woke up refreshed!

Master Sang also woke up early. When he came to deliver medicine and greet the Rakshasa King, the Rakshasa King was drinking water with Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa took a small wooden spoon and placed a bowl of cold water in front of him. It scooped a spoonful of cold water and brought it to the Rakshasa King's mouth. With the deed of the blood pills before, the Rakshasa King thought that the water was fed to him first. He opened his mouth and drank it.

Little Rakshasa was stunned.

Little Rakshasa looked at the empty little spoon and jumped up. He stood on the stool with his hands on his hips and started chattering. It was especially fierce!!! It spoke very excitedly, and small beads of sweat broke out!

After confirming that the Rakshasa King understood, it sat back on the stool and scooped another spoonful of cold water to bring to the Rakshasa King's mouth.

The Rakshasa King blew on it expressionlessly. Only then did Little Rakshasa drink it in satisfaction.

"Ancestor." Outside the house, Master Sang's fawning voice came. "I'm here to greet you and bring you medicine."

The Rakshasa King flicked his sleeve and an internal energy knocked off the latch.

Master Sang walked in with a bottle of pills and a smile. The Rakshasa King originally thought that it was an ordinary medicine, but when he smelled the smell coming from the medicine bottle, his eyes froze..

Chapter 909: Invincible, Black Egg and Rakshasa! (1)

The Rakshasa King was not a doctor, but when he was studying in the Sikong Manor in his early years, he had learned a little in various fields. Therefore, he had come into contact with many herbs. Although he had long forgotten most of what his teacher had taught him, his basic acuity was still there. This bottle of pills was not the ones he had eaten in the past.

The Rakshasa King's expression instantly turned cold. He looked at Master Sang who was groveling in front of him and emitted a powerful pressure.

Master Sang felt a pain in his back and his knees went limp. He could not help but kneel down. He understood that the Ancestor had recognized the difference in the pill. However, he did not panic. He cupped his hands and explained, "Ancestor, this is a new injury medicine developed by the apothecary in the manor. Not only can it quickly treat your internal injuries, but it can also nourish your lungs, remove dampness, and relieve pain. You've cultivated in the blood pool for many years. Although your martial arts skills are high, there are still some side effects."

This was the truth. The dark and damp environment all year round had indeed left some illness on the Rakshasa King. However, this illness was nothing to martial artists. The Rakshasa King had never taken it to heart.

However, Master Sang took it to heart. It was for no other reason than that he wanted to pull the ancestor back to his side through his filial piety and filial piety.

The Rakshasa King was born suspicious. No matter how sincere Master Sang was, he still threw a pill at him and asked him to test the medicine himself. Master Sang shook his head and sighed. He picked up the pills on the ground and ate them.

The Rakshasa King waited for half an hour. After confirming that Master Sang was not poisoned, he poured an injury medicine and took it.

The Longevity Technique was a cultivation technique that countered the Blood Demon Technique. Fortunately, he had broken through to the Rakshasa King.

Otherwise, he would have died long ago after being severely injured by Sikong

The Rakshasa King circulated his energy for a while. Although he had not completely recovered, his condition was much better than yesterday.

Master Sang, who was guarding the Rakshasa King at the side, was secretly surprised. When he rushed to the vicinity of the forbidden ground last night and saw that the Rakshasa King was so injured, he

thought that he would definitely die. Unexpectedly, he had already recovered more than half in just one night.

Although the medicine he offered to the Rakshasa King was good, it was not enough to have such miraculous effects. It seemed that the legend of the Rakshasa King having an immortal body might not be just a legend.

When Little Rakshasa had never seen the beautiful scenery outside, he could stay in the blood pool. But now, it is different. He jumped around the room a few times and wanted to run out, but the Rakshasa King refused to let him out of his sight. Finally, Little Rakshasa could not sit still anymore. He grabbed the Rakshasa King's sleeve and dragged him out.

When Master Sang saw this, he hurriedly echoed, "Ancestor, the weather is good today. Why don't you come out and take a walk?"

It was unknown if it was because he was moved by Master Sang's words or because he was moved by Little Rakshasa's stubbornness, but in short, the Rakshasa King stood up and left the room with Little Rakshasa.

However, it would be too naive to think that Little Rakshasa was only satisfied with walking around the manor.

Little Rakshasa tugged at the Rakshasa King's sleeve and dragged him out of the manor with great effort!

"Does Little Master want to go out?" Master Sang rolled his eyes and thought about the outcome of the battle after being bumped by the experts of the Sikong Family. He concluded that the Sikong Family could not defeat the ancestor and could do whatever they wanted in the Nether Capital!

Master Sang obediently prepared a carriage and invited Little Rakshasa and the Rakshasa King up.

Little Rakshasa happily jumped into the carriage. Seeing that the Rakshasa King did not come up, he went down and pulled him up.

Master Sang rode his horse along.

This ancestor was a top expert of the Nether Capital, so he naturally did not need any more guards to serve him. They traveled simply and quickly entered the most prosperous territory of the Nether Capital.

Little Rakshasa lifted the curtain and leaned against the window, looking at the prosperity of the Nether Capital. Suddenly, he saw something and cried out.

“Stop the carriage,” Master Sang said.

The coachman stopped the carriage.

Little Rakshasa flashed out and came to a hawker selling candied hawthorn. It jumped up and plucked three sticks of candied hawthorn! At this moment, the vendor was busy doing business and did not notice that a little thing had plucked his candied hawthorn. “...Here, take it. There are a total of four sticks.”

The little black eggs took their candied hawthorns. Xiaobao had two sticks, and Er’bao and Er’bao each had one.

“Thank you, little brother,” Er’bao said sweetly.

“Aiya, how obedient.” The vendor was amused.

Huh? When Little Rakshasa, who was about to get into the carriage, heard a familiar voice, he stopped in his tracks and leaned back to look at the little black eggs..

Chapter 910: Invincible, Black Egg and Rakshasa! (2)

“Little Brother!” Xiaobao also saw it. He raised two sticks of sparkling candied hawthorn and walked around the vendor to Little Rakshasa.

Xiaobao handed one of the candied hawthorn to him. “Here! I bought it for you!”

Dabao and Er’bao also walked over. The two of them nodded, indicating that they had bought it for him.

Little Rakshasa looked at the stick of candied hawthorn that they had bought for it, and then at the three sticks of candied hawthorn in its hand that it wanted to give to them. He was stunned.

“Brother, where did you go? Why aren’t you home?” Xiaobao asked crisply.

“We’re going to look for you today,” Er’bao said softly.

Little Rakshasa tilted his head, clearly not understanding the meaning behind the two of them. He handed them the candied hawthorn.

At this moment, the vendor realized that his candied hawthorn had been picked by the doll, and the doll had not paid! But from the looks of it, they were together? Just as the vendor was hesitating if he should look for the white-haired uncle to settle the bill, the Rakshasa King walked over domineeringly.

He retracted his Blood Rakshasa aura, but his face still subconsciously carried a shuddering killing intent. The vendor’s legs could not help but tremble. His intuition told him that the other party was not to be trifled with. He asked the other party for money, but the other party might want to take his life.

As this thought flashed through his mind, the vendor hugged the candied hawthorn’s plant rod and fled in panic!

The moment he escaped, Sikong Ye, who was originally standing behind him and counting copper coins, was exposed to the Rakshasa King.

Sikong Ye felt that the number of copper coins was not right. He had clearly brought a hundred copper coins. The candied hawthorn cost ten copper coins a stick. The boss said that he was an old customer. One stick was cheaper by one copper coin. The fourth stick only cost two copper coins. One copper coin was returned to him for every stick. In other words, he had only given him twenty-seven copper coins. Including the two copper coins from the fourth stick, why was there only twenty-nine copper coins? Where did the other copper coin go?

Sikong Ye felt a headache coming on!

“Heh.” The Rakshasa King knew that he was in a daze again when he saw him like this. Who would have known that the number one expert in the world was actually an arithmetic idiot? Back then, his examination papers were all made by him, his companion!!!

When Sikong Ye heard the Rakshasa King’s disdain, he narrowed his cold eyes and looked up.

Sikong Ye: “It’s you?”

The Rakshasa King: “Ha!”

Their eyes met, and killing intent was about to erupt!

The three little black eggs and Little Rakshasa were trading candied hawthorn for their rare friendship. They did not know that their parents had already met with each other murderously.

Little Rakshasa distributed the candied hawthorn he had picked to his friends. The three of them felt that they had only given their brother one stick, but their brother had given them three sticks. It was as if they had taken advantage of their brother. The three of them hurriedly opened their pockets.

Xiaobao said, “Brother, choose what you like.”

The four of them squatted down on the ground and began to share their little treasure.

Sikong Ye and the Rakshasa King rose into the air and flew to the roof.

“It’s been... many years... since we last met. You’re still... an... idiot!” The Rakshasa King said provocatively.

Sikong Ye slapped him. “You’re the idiot!”

“You can’t even... settle... the score,” the Rakshasa King said disdainfully.

“You’re the one who can’t do it!” Sikong Ye said angrily.

The Rakshasa King avoided Sikong Ye’s palm wind and said to him, “When you... were six years old... your junior brother’s... age... was half of yours. How old was your... junior brother... when you... are thirty?” “Fifteen! Needless to say!” Sikong Ye punched again.

The Rakshasa King dodged again. “Twenty-seven, idiot.”

When he was six years old, his junior brother was half of him. Didn’t that mean that his junior brother was three years younger than him? Then when he was thirty years old, his junior brother, who was three years younger than him, was naturally twenty-seven.

Sikong Ye, who had finally understood, was so angry that his chest hurt and his face turned red. He struck out with his palm again but was locked down by the Rakshasa King’s move. He was not in a hurry to break free. He gritted his teeth and said, “You have a ship with fifteen maidservants, sixty guards, and three hundred pounds of black iron. Can you calculate the age of the owner based on these?!”

“I... am... the ship owner. Is there a need to calculate... my age?” The Rakshasa King said calmly.

Sikong Ye’s health bar dropped rapidly! Ahhh! This old man!

The Rakshasa King continued, “There are... twenty... fruits on the tree. Half of them... were blown off... by the wind.. After that... you... picked... half of them...

How many is left?"