

## Toddler 911

### Chapter 911: Invincible, Black Egg and Rakshasa! (3)

“There’s nothing left!” Sikong Ye said without thinking. The Rakshasa King said, “No, there are only five left.”

Sikong Ye spat out a mouthful of blood!!!

K.O.!!!

The two of them did not fight for long before the little fellows below discovered them. The first to discover them was Xiaobao.

‘What are you guys doing?’ Xiaobao asked in confusion. On the day the Rakshasa King attacked the Nether Mountain, Xiaobao and his brothers were pressed under the table by Old Cui before they could see the Rakshasa King’s face clearly. Therefore, he did not know the Rakshasa King, but he knew that he was with his little brother. He was his little brother’s parent.

Following his shout, Dabao, Er’bao, and Little Rakshasa also looked in the direction of the roof.

The two of them stopped fighting.

Little Rakshasa placed his hands on his hips and said fiercely, “Blah, blah, blah!”

Er’bao said earnestly, ‘Grandpa, can you be more sensible? If we don’t watch you, you’ll fight with someone. You’ll make things difficult for us.’

Little Rakshasa continued to be fierce. “Ji li gu Ji li gu!”

The two parents were stunned for a moment before Sikong Ye's expression changed in a second. He raised his arm and placed it on the Rakshasa King's shoulder. He grinned, revealing his white teeth. "We were just playing!"

The Rakshasa King :

In terms of shamelessness, it was still Sikong Ye!

Master Sang originally thought that the Rakshasa King would use this opportunity to kill Sikong Ye. Unexpectedly, the children interfered and they stopped fighting. At this point, Master Sang was even more certain that the Rakshasa King did not have the same killing intent as before.

What the Master Sang did not know was that the moment before the two of them flashed off the roof, the Rakshasa King whispered to Sikong Ye, "Nether Mountain, the lake behind. Three days, midnight."

This was a battle of life and death. He would not bring Little Rakshasa along. It would be best if Sikong Ye did not bring the little black eggs along too. He wanted to compete with Sikong Ye until he died!

"It's a deal," Sikong Ye agreed.

The two of them landed back on the street without a trace and left with their dolls.

Master Sang did not know that the two of them had already agreed to a life and death battle. He only felt that the Rakshasa King could no longer be used by the Sang family. If this continued, the Sang family would probably be destroyed by the Sikong family sooner or later.

That night, Master Sang bought dozens of sticks of candied hawthorn and placed them in the Rakshasa King's room.

Little Rakshasa liked it very much and jumped around the bed with the candied hawthorn in his arms.

Seeing that he liked it, Master Sang got someone to make sugar grapes and sugar oranges. Other than that, he also gave him many children's toys.

When the Rakshasa King returned to his room after taking a shower, Little

Rakshasa was riding a rocking wooden horse.

It shook it happily.

The Rakshasa King found it noisy and walked over to pick it up. However, he touched something and felt a pain on his fingertip. A red bead of blood appeared.

The Rakshasa King did not take it to heart at all. However, at night, when he circulated his energy to heal his injuries, he suddenly felt a cold aura rush out of his body. He wanted to suppress it forcefully, but it backfired. The meridians in his body reversed. His chest seemed to have been torn apart and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

When the Rakshasa King regained consciousness, he realized that he was lying on a cold stone bed. He was tied up all over, his hands and feet were tied to both sides. His wrists had been cut open and blood was dripping from them.

Little Rakshasa was locked in an iron cage on the ground and was lying motionless. It was unknown if he was alive or dead..

Chapter 912: Escaped from the Sang Family, Rakshasas!

How could Sang Zhonghua not have any means to become the head of the Sang Family? He had already been on guard against the Blood Rakshasa when he gave Little Rakshasa candied hawthorn and trinkets. No, to be precise, when he was still in the forbidden area.

The Blood Pill that the Blood Rakshasa took all year round had something called a Little Gersund Flower added to it. It was named because it looked similar to the Gersund Flower. It was a herb unique to the Nether Capital and had the effect of concentrating and gathering qi. However, it could not collide with a certain herb, which was bee sugar.

Master Sang added a large amount of bee sugar to Little Rakshasa's candied hawthorn. It was inevitable that it would touch his hand and touch his and the Great Rakshasa's food with his hand that was stained with bee sugar. In that case, the two of them would fall for it.

All these years, Master Sang had been strictly monitoring the Blood Rakshasa's diet, afraid that he would accidentally mix bee candy. Now that the Rakshasa King was no longer useful to him, he no longer had to protect him.

The Rakshasa King wanted to struggle, but he realized that he could not move at all. His strength seemed to have been sucked dry in an instant, and he could only lie on the cold stone bed at the mercy of others, the blood in his body flowing out without care.

A tall figure slowly walked over.

His expression was arrogant and his footsteps were slow. Who else could it be but Sang Zhonghua, the head of the Sang family?

Half a day ago, he was still servile to the Rakshasa King. At this moment, he seemed to have changed his expression. He came to the bed and looked down at the Rakshasa King who had been bled. He snorted coldly and said, "You didn't expect this to happen to you, right? That's right, I've been guarding against you for a long time, but I didn't expect such a day to really come. Who asked you to let go of the Rakshasa King and collude with Sikong Ye?"

"I've already fallen out with the Sikong family. The Sikong family might turn around to deal with me at any time. They didn't attack immediately because they were afraid of you. If you don't help me, how can I live? Therefore,

Ancestor, don't blame me for being heartless. Everything I do is for the Sang family, for survival!"

He said in a dignified manner. Who knew if it was for the Sang family or for himself? Perhaps the Sang family's strength was just a bargaining chip he used to dominate the Nether Capital. In this man's bones, he had long lost his ethics and family. His heart was filled with power.

After all, the Rakshasa King only wanted to defeat Sikong Ye and prove that he was the number one expert of the NetherCapital. On the other hand, Master Sang wanted to kill everyone who stopped him from dominating the Nether Capital. The Rakshasa King killed instinctively, but he killed with desire. It was

not a matter of level at all.

Of course, this did not mean that the Rakshasa King was not dangerous. It was just that in comparison, Master Sang was even more unscrupulous.

The Rakshasa King glared coldly at Master Sang, as if he wanted to kill him with his eyes.

Master Sang sneered. "It's useless no matter how much you hate me. You can't kill me. Besides, you're going to die soon. When I drain your blood and dig out your blood core, you'll be completely dead."

The Blood Core was the weakness of all Blood Rakshasas. Once the Blood Core was gone, the Blood Rakshasa would be dead. This was the only way to kill the Blood Rakshasa.

Sensing the Rakshasa King's gaze wandering in the iron cage, Master Sang smiled and said, "By the way, that little thing is not bad. I plan to raise it and bleed day by day to nurture more and more powerful Blood Rakshasas for me." The Rakshasa King suddenly struggled!

Master Sang was so frightened by his killing intent that he took a step back. When he realized that he could not break free, he laughed self-deprecatingly. "I almost forgot that you're no longer the invincible Rakshasa King. Speaking of which, I have to thank Sikong Ye. If he hadn't severely injured you, even if the medicine had taken effect, it wouldn't have knocked you out like this. With your current poisoned condition, you have to have another blood core for you. Otherwise, it's impossible for you to recover!

"Do you regret not agreeing to Sikong Ye crippling your martial arts back then? Do you regret returning to the Sang family with me? If you had listened to

Sikong Ye, at least that little fellow wouldn't have fallen into my hands.

Unfortunately, there's no medicine for regret in the world!"

With that, Master Sang raised his head proudly and left the secret room with a loud laugh, leaving the Rakshasa King to struggle alone on the stone bed. However, he was already deeply poisoned and could not mobilize any internal energy. He could only shake the black iron chain to make his blood flow faster.

At this moment, Little Rakshasa in the iron cage woke up faintly. The moment he opened his eyes, he immediately jumped up with his fur standing on end. The cage was not tall, so he hit his head and cried out in pain.

The Rakshasa King roared angrily! He was not venting his anger on Little Rakshasa, but on Master Sang! Unfortunately, everything could only be in vain.

The Rakshasa King looked at Little Rakshasa with his scarlet eyes. Little Rakshasa also looked at him. Seeing that he was tied to the stone bed and bleeding, Little Rakshasa was so anxious that he was banging around in the cage!

Suddenly, he bumped into something and Little Rakshasa paused. He bent down and looked at the iron railing behind it from under his crotch.

Oh? He stood up, turned around, and stuck a small foot out of the gap in the iron railing. His little body slipped and he crawled out! The gap was too big, so he picked up the leftovers. He ran towards the Rakshasa King excitedly. The Rakshasa King gestured in the direction of the door with his eyes. "...Go."

Little Rakshasa nodded. He jumped onto the stone bed and bit the chain that bound the Rakshasa King with his sharp teeth.

The Rakshasa King had a headache. "It's... to let you... leave... by yourself." Not to bring him along!

Not many people would notice such a small thing sneaking out, but it would probably be difficult to bring him along.

Little Rakshasa refused to listen. He didn't understand anyway.

Little Rakshasa's teeth had fallen off and he finally bit open the black chain. He used his thin body to carry the Rakshasa King who was like a small mountain.

Little Rakshasa was still young and had never taken medicine before. Only a few dosages of Little Gersund Flower had been mixed into the blood pills for the past two days. He was not too deeply poisoned and still had the strength to do things.

He brought the Rakshasa King out of the secret room. Although he was small, his ability to recognize the way was much better than the Ghost Clan.

"Everyone, wake up and perk up. Don't cause any trouble!" On a road, a guard captain said to the two patrolling guards. The little guards agreed solemnly and went to patrol in high spirits.

Little Rakshasa and the Rakshasa King hid in the tree. It was not until the three of them left that he landed with the Rakshasa King on his back. They jumped out of the Sang Manor in the night.

"Master! Not good! The Rakshasa King and Little Rakshasa are missing!" In the study, Guard Huang rushed over with a hurried expression. He had just gone to check on the Rakshasa King and was surprised to find the secret room empty.

"How did this happen?" Master Sang frowned. "Isn't the Rakshasa King already out of strength? How can he still escape with Little Rakshasa?"

No matter how smart Master Sang was, he did not expect Little Rakshasa to take the Rakshasa King away.

"DICI someone come from tne Netner Mountain ana save tnem

## Chapter 913: The Ancestor Is Here, Brother Jiu Is Here

The Blood Core was no different from the heart of a normal person to the Blood Rakshasa. It was impossible for a person to survive without a heart.

Little Rakshasa was willing to spit out his Blood Core for the Rakshasa King.

Even Master Sang understood what he meant. The little thing hoped that the Rakshasa King would leave with his blood core and use it to recuperate.

Not far away, Master Sang was stunned. Little Rakshasa, who fed on blood, actually did such a thing before he died.

After seeing Little Rakshasa spit out the blood core, the grief and despair in the Rakshasa King's eyes almost crushed his spine. He wished he could feed the blood core back to him. He wanted to kill Sang Chonghua!

However, he could not do anything. His meridians, which had been corroded by the poison, seemed to have been blocked. He could not circulate his true energy, and his dantian seemed to have frozen. He could not raise his internal energy at all. Because he was too angry, his veins were throbbing, and the blood vessels in his eyes exploded one by one.

But what was the use?

Little Rakshasa still closed his eyes in front of him.

“Ah—” The Rakshasa King roared and pounced at Little Rakshasa, blood and tears splattering!



Master Sang kicked him back into the water, bowed, picked up the Blood Core on the ground, and smiled smugly. "This Blood Core is mine. The quality is not bad. I originally wanted to dig out your Blood Core, but now, I can have two."

As he spoke, he unceremoniously kicked Little Rakshasa's corpse to the side, pulled out his dagger, and grabbed the Rakshasa King in the water.

Just as he was about to dig out the Rakshasa King's blood core with his dagger, a terrifying aura suddenly came from the direction of the Nether Mountain. His expression changed and he immediately let go and stood up. "Let's go!"

Master Sang left with Guard Huang and all the experts of the Sang family. As soon as they left, Sikong Ye and Yan Jiuchao rushed over. The two of them were in seclusion in the secret room today, isolating themselves from all the aura of the outside world. They only rushed over to investigate after hearing the roar of the suspected Rakshasa King.

The Rakshasa King was poisoned and could not release his aura. Therefore, there was no thick blood smell near the Nether Mountain. This was also why the two of them felt that it was suspicious and could not be sure that it was the Rakshasa King himself.

To their surprise, not only was the Rakshasa King heavily injured and submerged in the water, even Little Rakshasa on the shore seemed to be completely lifeless.

Yan Jiuchao pinched Little Rakshasa's wrist and used his internal energy to circulate through its meridians. Then, his expression darkened and he said, "His blood core is gone."

"What?" Sikong Ye, who had just pulled the Rakshasa King out of the water, paused.

"He's not breathing," Yan Jiuchao said. He stood up and looked in the direction where Master Sang and the others had left. "Should we kill them?"

Sikong Ye looked at the dying Rakshasa King and then at the dead Little

Rakshasa. He made a prompt decision. "Saving them is more important!"

Yan Jiuchao picked up Little Rakshasa. This child looked thin to begin with.

Now that he was no longer breathing, he looked even more pitifully thin in his arms. Yan Jiuchao frowned and tightened his grip on him. He used his qinggong to return to the Chaoyang Hall.

Old Cui was taking a bath again and was ruthlessly barged in. He was really going to lose his virginity!

"You, you, you... Why are you like that girl!" Old Cui hid behind the screen and gritted his teeth as he shook his clothes.

"What happened?" Yu Wan came when she heard the news. The moment she crossed the threshold and saw Little Rakshasa in Yan Jiuchao's arms, her expression changed. "What happened to him?"

"His blood core is gone," Yan Jiuchao said.

Yu Wan hurriedly lifted its shirt and saw that its stomach was intact. She was puzzled. "It wasn't dug out by someone..."

Was it beaten up, or—

Before Yu Wan could figure it out, Sikong Ye also carried the Rakshasa King into the room.

Yu Wan turned around and was even more puzzled. "The Rakshasa King is injured too?"

Although she was puzzled, she still quickly entered a state of treatment. She tidied up the large consultation table and asked her great-grandfather to place the Rakshasa King on the consultation table. She also cleaned up the things on the half-immortal table, laid out a cashmere blanket, and placed Little Rakshasa on it.

Little Rakshasa was already dead, but Yu Wan still stubbornly fed him a pill to revive him. The so-called revival was not really to revive a completely dead person. It was just that his heart had temporarily stopped beating, causing a patient who had faked his death to be saved.

Yu Wan did not know if Little Rakshasa was the former or the latter, but no matter what, she could not give up until the last moment.

On the way here, Yan Jiuchao and Sikong Ye had been continuously infusing internal energy into Little Rakshasa and the Rakshasa King. The Longevity Technique was a cultivation technique to restrain the Rakshasa and could also repair them to a certain extent. However, their situation was too bad. Their internal energy could only maintain its original state and not worsen. It was not so easy to save them.

Grandma, Qing Yan, Shadow Six, and the others also rushed over.

“Ah, how did this happen?” Shadow Six asked in surprise. If not for Ancestor Sikong’s solemn expression, he would have thought that the Ancestor had injured the Rakshasa King and Little Rakshasa to this extent. Old Cui took their pulse and frowned. “It’s a little tricky..”

“Why do you say that?” Yu Wan asked.

Old Cui said, “They were poisoned by a slow-acting poison. The Rakshasa King’s poison is already deep and he can’t use his strength. He also lost too much blood and his situation is critical. Although Little Rakshasa was poisoned, he doesn’t have any blood core. His situation is even more critical than the Rakshasa King’s.”

To put it bluntly, neither of them might be able to keep their lives. If they had to choose one, they could only save the Rakshasa King. After understanding what Old Cui meant, Yu Wan’s heart skipped a beat. She looked at the pale little fellow on the table and said in disbelief, “Is he really hopeless?”

As a mother, there was nothing more difficult to accept than a child passing away in front of her. Moreover, this was a child who had saved her and Dabao’s lives. She had thought that she would raise him and treat him as her own, making him the younger brother of the three little fellows. However, such a person was gone in an instant.

Old Cui was also very pained. He sighed helplessly. "He can't live without the blood core."

"Grandma, do you have any ideas?" Yu Wan looked at him.

Grandma shook his head regretfully. "The Blood Rakshasa can't live without blood cores. They're evil creatures. An expert will at most become a cripple without an inner core, but the Blood Rakshasa will become a dead person without blood cores."

Everything in the world complemented and countered each other. The Blood Rakshasa's strength had never come without a price.

Just as everyone was feeling heartbroken, the Rakshasa King on the treatment table suddenly opened his eyes. He slowly turned his head and looked at the unconscious Little Rakshasa before looking at Sikong Ye beside him. He used all his strength to raise his trembling hand, grab Sikong Ye's hand, and cover his dantian.

Sikong Ye was stunned. "You..."

The Rakshasa King looked at him pleadingly. His injuries were too serious and he could not speak. However, Sikong Ye understood his gaze. He clearly said, "Give... my... blood core... to him..."

The Rakshasa King was a proud man. He could be defeated, humiliated, or stay in a cave for decades just to cultivate an evil technique. However, he had never bowed his head to anyone, let alone beg his sworn enemy.

He lay there critically, but all his aura fell to his knees. He stepped his pride under his feet and looked pleadingly at this man who he did not want to lower himself in front of for the rest of his life.

Sikong Ye was stunned for a moment. It could be said that he had never cared about Sang Qiuhan until he became a Blood Rakshasa. However, at this moment, he really looked him in the eye. It was only at this moment that he felt that Sang Qiuhan was qualified to be his match.

They had once arranged a three-day battle because he had no choice but to go. But now, he wanted to go from the bottom of his heart with respect for his opponent.

Unfortunately, he could not go anymore.

This man admitted defeat in front of him, but Sikong Ye felt that the moment he admitted defeat, Sang Qiuhan had actually won. Sang Qiuhan's greatest enemy was himself. He had won against himself and the mental demon that had been around for so many years.

"Are you really going to dig out the Rakshasa King's blood core? It's better not to..." Old Cui handed over the dagger as he spoke.

Everyone:

Old Cui cleared his throat and said, "However, I have to remind you that even if you dig out his blood core, you might not be able to save Little Rakshasa. The Rakshasa King's blood core is too powerful, and Little Rakshasa might not be able to withstand it. At that time, the worst outcome might be that Little Rakshasa can't be saved and the Rakshasa King is dead."

On the surface, these words were directed at Sikong Ye and the others, but in reality, they were directed at the Rakshasa King.

Sikong Ye looked at the Rakshasa King and sighed. "Did you hear that? The chances of failure are very high."

The Rakshasa King held Sikong Ye's hand pleadingly.

Please..

Chapter 914: The Strongest Ancestor

“Why don’t... we go to the Sang Manor and snatch Little Rakshasa’s blood core back?” Shadow Six said.

“Who’s going to snatch it? Are you going or should I go?” Qing Yan glanced at Yan Jiuchao and Sikong Ye, who were using the Longevity Technique to nourish Little Rakshasa’s body. If it weren’t for the fact that they could not leave the two Rakshasas, they would have long killed their way to the Sang Manor. Did they really think these two men were good people?

Qing Yan continued, “How can they not think of a way that you can think of?”

Isn’t there no other choice? Although the Sang family doesn’t have the Blood Rakshasa, they still have many high-level Asura Kings. Other than Jiuchao and the Ancestor, no one is their match.”

This was not because they were underestimating themselves. The Sang family had planned for this day for too long and had long secretly refined countless experts. They might be able to defeat one or two, but if a group or two came, they would not be able to withstand it.

Yes, that must be it! His Little Jiuchao did not let them snatch the little Rakshasa’s blood core for their safety!

Yu Wan vaguely felt that that was not the case. Yan Jiuchao could go and snatch the blood core back, but... he did not do so.

Yan Jiuchao was forcing the Rakshasa King to give up his blood core. Even her great-grandfather was the same.

Little Rakshasa could live, but... the Rakshasa King had to die!

Aren’t the two of them moved by the Rakshasa King’s sacrifice?

However, if she obeyed the change in her heart, it was very likely that she would suffer the consequences of the Rakshasa King massacring the Nether Capital. This was not because the Rakshasa King wanted to turn bad, but an instinct that was already engraved in his bones.

Yu Wan could not help but sigh. From the beginning to the end, she was the only one who was soft-hearted. These two men were really terrifyingly rational and calm.

Shadow Thirteen quickly understood his Young Master's intentions and said indifferently, "The most important thing now is their injuries. Grandma, Doctor Cui, is there anything we can do?"

"Yes." Old Cui nodded. He made a list and drew a few herbs. "You can't buy them from the herbal medicine shop. Go into the Nether Mountain to pick them. Remember, you have to pick them before dark."

"So much." Shadow Six looked at the long list and immediately felt a headache coming on!

Grandma paused and also made a prescription. "Bring the Ten Thousand Gu

King and find these Gu worms."

They could not use human blood as medicine, so they could only use Gu worms as substitutes.

Qing Yan and Yue Gou entered the Nether Mountain to search for herbs. Shadow Six and Sikong Changfeng, who had rushed over after hearing the news, brought the Ten Thousand Gu King to search for Gu worms. Shadow Thirteen stayed behind to guard the Chaoyang Hall.

Master Sang had just done a big job. Logically speaking, he wouldn't come back with a surprise attack, but it was better to be careful than sorry. It wasn't wrong to be cautious.

The commotion in the Nether Mountain was huge, and Master Sikong had also received the news. It was fine if it was Little Rakshasa, but when he heard that Old Ancestor actually wanted to save the Sang Family's Rakshasa King, he revealed a puzzled expression. "Is the news reliable? Old Ancestor... really wants to save Sang Qiuhan?"

The guard cupped his hands and said, 'Yes, Master. The entire Chaoyang Hall knows. Princely Heir Yan's men and the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall have already entered the Nether Mountain to search for Gu worms and herbs.'

Master Sikong coughed heavily. He had been injured by the Rakshasa King and had exhausted all his internal energy to save Sikong Changfeng. It would probably be difficult for him to recover in this lifetime. No one knew how much he hated the Rakshasa King.

"Master..." The guard saw that Master Sikong's expression was not right and asked boldly, "Do you want me to..." He did not finish his sentence and only gestured.

Countless conflicts appeared in Master Sikong's eyes. "Where's the eldest young master?" He asked.

The guard said, "Eldest Young Master also went to help find Gu worms and herbs."

"He almost died at the hands of the Rakshasa King. Is he helping to save that guy now? Even if he doesn't care about himself, has he forgotten that his father was crippled by the Rakshasa King?!" Master Sikong was so angry that he coughed for a long time, feeling like he was about to cough out his lungs. "Master!" The guard quickly served a cup of hot tea. "Calm down."

Master Sikong pushed the tea away and gritted his teeth. "A grown man can't be kept!"

"Then... Master..." The guard revealed a meaningful look for the second time.

Now that the Chaoyang Hall was in chaos and the Rakshasa King's fate was unknown, killing him was easier than killing an ant. The guard knelt on one knee. "Master, as long as you agree, I'll do it immediately! After I kill the Rakshasa King, I'll immediately take poison and commit suicide. I won't implicate you!"

Master Sikong was silent.

The guard continued, "The Rakshasa King is heinous. If we can't get rid of him today, when he recovers in the future, the entire Nether Capital will fall into endless disaster! As a member of the royal family of



the Nether Capital, the Sikong family should take it upon themselves to protect the safety of the people of the Nether Capital. Even if you don't avenge yourself, you should clear the hidden danger for the people of the Nether Capital! Master! Give the order!"

Master Sikong gripped his cup tightly.

When the guard saw that the master was silent, he thought that he was worried that he would not be able to do it. He swore, "I won't fail! The Chaoyang Hall trusts the Sikong family very much now. There are many of our guards there to begin with. I only said that it's to deliver medicine to the Rakshasa King. We will succeed!"

Thanks to the Rakshasa King, Master Sikong had lost all his martial arts and many experts of the Sikong family had died. Even if he didn't become the City Lord of the Nether Capital, he shouldn't have let him off.

Master Sikong took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "You can leave."

The guard was stunned. "Master?"

Master Sikong put down his hand dejectedly. "If I do this, what's the difference between me and Sang Zhonghua? Since he's someone the Ancestor wants to save, I can't touch him. In the future, if he causes trouble or brings disaster to the Nether Capital, my Sikong family will think of a way to get rid of him!"

The guard hesitated. "But..."

Master Sikong said seriously, "It's my Sikong family's responsibility to protect the Nether Capital. The ancestor is also a member of the Sikong family. Since he dared to save him today, I don't think he's afraid that he won't be able to kill him in the future. I believe in the ancestor."

In the evening, the two groups of people who went to look for herbs and Gu worms returned to the Chaoyang Hall. Old Cui took the herbs to the pill room while Grandma brought the Gu worms back to his room.

The Rakshasa King and Little Rakshasa had already been brought to the secret room by Sikong Ye and Yan Jiuchao. For the entire day, the two of them did not stop using the Longevity Technique to infuse internal energy into them.

Yu Wan asked the kitchen to make two bowls of ginseng soup and planned to send it to them. Just as she left the small kitchen, she bumped into three little black eggs waiting at the door.

“Where’s Little Brother?” Xiaobao asked.

When Yan Jiuchao carried Little Rakshasa back to the courtyard, they saw him. However, when they put on their clothes and went to Grandpa Cui’s room, their father and brother were gone.

“Little Brother... is asleep,” Yu Wan said with a smile.

“Then can he wake up?” Er’bao asked.

Of course, those who were asleep would wake up. The reason why they asked was probably because they had long sensed that their brother had not only fallen asleep.

Yu Wan held the tray in one hand and patted their heads with the other. “What do you think?”

Xiaobao said seriously, “Of course, he will! Little Brother will definitely wake up! We, we, we... we even left good food for Little Brother!”

Er’bao and Dabao pulled open their pockets, revealing the candy that they had been hiding for several days.

“Stealing candy again.” Yu Wan hugged them.

Yu Wan went to the secret room to deliver a bowl of ginseng soup. She was not sure what happened after that. Old Cui did not ask her to help, so she could only wait in the room. She watched as pots of

blood were brought out and bowls of medicine were served. She leaned against the table and took a nap. When she woke up, it was already dawn.

The morning light on the horizon was golden and dazzling. She opened the door and subconsciously raised her hand to block it. When she adapted to this light, she walked towards the secret room.

Qing Yan and the others worked all night and all of them guarded outside the secret room with haggard expressions.

“How is it?” Yu Wan asked.

“I don’t know.” Qing Yan sighed. “Yue Gou, I, and the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall were all thrown out. Shadow Six is inside.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Shadow Six came out with a pair of huge dark circles.

“How is it?” This time, it was Qing Yan who couldn’t wait to ask.

“Go take a look yourself,” Shadow Six said with reddened eyes.

Qing Yan grabbed his arm tightly. “You... Why do you have such an expression? Didn’t you save him?”

Shadow Six choked and shook his head. He ignored Qing Yan and returned to his room.

Yu Wan and Qing Yan entered the secret room. The secret room was filled with the thick smell of blood. The Rakshasa King and Little Rakshasa were lying quietly on the stone platform while Sikong Ye sat at the side with a pale face.

Yan Jiuchao was carefully putting on Little Rakshasa’s clothes.

Old Cui and Grandma were so tired that they sat on the ground, unable to get up.

Yu Wan glanced at everyone. "What... is going on? Shadow Six's eyes are so red. Did you not save him?"

The Rakshasa King on the stone platform slowly opened his eyes. Yu Wan's almond-shaped eyes widened.

Qing Yan also widened his eyes. "He... he's still alive... Then the young..."

Didn't he use the blood core to save Little Rakshasa? Was Shadow Six crying because Little Rakshasa was dead?

He also wanted to cry!!!

The Rakshasa King's reaction was not much better than Qing Yan's. After confirming that he was still alive, he looked at Little Rakshasa in Yan Jiuchao's arms in horror. Just as he was about to let out a despairing and miserable wail, Old Cui said weakly, "Don't scream. I've... given it your Blood Core..."

The Rakshasa King was stunned at first. He touched his dantian and was even more surprised.

Old Cui said, "Yes, that's right. You also have a blood core."

Yu Wan asked in confusion, "Old Cui, what's going on?"

Old Cui snorted. "Ask your great-grandfather. I thought he was so heartless. At the critical moment, I only dug out half of his blood core."

"Does Little Rakshasa only have half a blood core in his body?" Yu Wan asked.

"Of course not," Old Cui said as he glanced at the pale Sikong Ye. "Your great grandfather dug out half of his inner core and gave it to Little Rakshasa.."

## Chapter 915: Little Rakshasa Awakens, Its Miracle

Yu Wan looked at her great-grandfather worriedly. “Will there be any effect if there’s only half of the inner core left?”

“Of course, this is all risky. Not only will his strength be greatly reduced, but his body will also not be as good as before. If he doesn’t survive the critical period, he might die just like that.” Old Cui sighed and added, “He’s not young, right?”

Sikong Ye held his painful abdomen and gritted his teeth as he glared at Old

Cui. “If you don’t speak.. No one will think you’re mute!”

Yu Wan always thought that she was the only one who was soft-hearted. Her great-grandfather’s heart was as hard as a rock, but in the end, she realized that her great-grandfather was the soft-hearted one. He kept saying that he wanted to destroy the Rakshasa King, but at the critical moment, he did not hesitate to sacrifice half of his inner core to prevent the Rakshasa King from dying.

“I’m not... hiss... doing this for him!” Sikong Ye knew what this little fat girl was thinking when he saw Yu Wan’s expression. He was anxious to refute for himself, but he accidentally pulled his wound, making him gasp in pain.

“Great-grandpa, don’t speak!” Yu Wan hurriedly walked over, squatted down, and took a clean gauze to stop the blood seeping out for him. His wound had already been stitched up by Old Cui, and he needed to recuperate. He couldn’t be agitated.

“I want to say...” Sikong Ye was as stubborn as a child.

Yu Wan sighed and interrupted him. “I know what you want to say. I heard that you and the Rakshasa King fought that day. I’ve seen Little Rakshasa’s recovery ability. He was half-dead that night and could be alive and kicking the next day. The Rakshasa King should be even better than him.”

“What are you trying to say?” Sikong Ye looked at her.

Yu Wan said, “What I want to say is that the time you met on the street, you were already no match for the Rakshasa King, right? However, the Rakshasa King didn’t kill you on account of the children. In your heart, you’re actually thinking about his good points, right?”

“I’m not!” Sikong Ye blew on his beard and glared, ihe had a beard. He looked at the unconscious Rakshasa King in disdain. “Who can’t defeat him? We all dug out half of our cores. Look, he even fainted. Your great grandfather is still talking to you!”

That’s because he was poisoned, my dear great-grandpa.

Yu Wan looked at Sikong Ye obediently. “You’re right!”

It was obvious that she was coaxing him, but Sikong Ye did not argue too much. After all, he doted on the little fat girl so much that he was quite happy to be coaxed by her.

Half an inner core and blood core were extremely difficult to survive. Grandma had used a Gu worm to refine a Gu pill to make up for the two of them. Although it was not as good as their original inner core and blood core, it at least saved their lives. However, it would probably be very difficult for the two of them to make a big breakthrough in martial arts in the future.

Yu Wan did not forget that her great-grandfather and the Rakshasa King were both martial arts fanatics. To martial arts fanatics, this was simply a greater torture than killing them.

However, judging from their expressions, they did not seem to be as sad as she had imagined.

Sikong Ye looked at Yu Wan dotingly. “In this world, there are more important things than martial arts.” For example, his little fat girl and little black eggs, as well as his daughter and granddaughter that he had yet to meet. He believed that Sang Qiuhan was the same as him. After this incident, he had also let go of his lifelong obsession.

Actually, this was not without benefits. The Rakshasa King's realm had greatly decreased after losing half a Blood Core. Correspondingly, the Blood Rakshasa's evil nature and instincts had also greatly decreased. Coupled with the suppression of the Gu Pill, he no longer needed to suck the blood of living people.

Yu Wan nodded. "It's a blessing in disguise. The Rakshasa King lost half a blood enr p hilt nvnidpd the fntp of heino killed Tt'q ill

## Chapter 916: The Strongest Little Rakshasa

When Yu Wan returned to the room with the blood pills, Little Rakshasa had already finished eating all the three little black eggs' secret stash. The three little black eggs sat on the stool with tears in their eyes, looking extremely aggrieved.

Sharing it with their brother was one thing, sharing it all was another.

The boat of friendship was overturned just like that!

Seeing Yu Wan enter the house, the three little black eggs pounced into her arms aggrievedly. Their little faces gently pressed against her round stomach. Just as they were about to complain, their faces were kicked by the little feet in their mother's stomach.

So angry!

How could Yu Wan not understand what had happened? They had secretly hidden it when they were not allowed to eat candy. Now, all their private stashes are gone. Yu Wan was angry and amused, but she was also very surprised.

Didn't Little Rakshasa not like to eat these things? Why did he eat them all in one go?

Yu Wan naturally would not care about the snacks. She was surprised by the change in Little Rakshasa. Why did his taste change after being injured? Could it be that he had been hungry for too long and didn't choose what he eats? Yu Wan handed the blood pill she brought to him, and he also ate it happily.

He had been hungry for too long, right?

Yu Wan comforted the little black eggs that had lost their hidden stash and asked the kitchen to make an osmanthus cake with less sugar for the three of them to eat. She carried Little Rakshasa to Old Cui's room.

Old Cui was not disheveled this time. He was concocting medicine for Sikong Ye and the Rakshasa King. The two old things were already so old, but they did not like to eat bitter medicine. Why did they have to ask him to brew the medicine until it was sweet? He was so worried!

Old Cui scooped a spoonful of honey and turned around to see Yu Wan walking in with Little Rakshasa.

"He's awake?" He was stunned for a moment before he nodded in enlightenment. "Yes, it's time to wake up."

Yu Wan crossed the threshold and placed Little Rakshasa on the treatment table. "I've taken his pulse. It's fine. You check again."

Old Cui put down the work in his hand, wiped his hands with a dry cloth, and walked to Little Rakshasa. He touched Little Rakshasa's forehead and nodded in satisfaction. "It's not hot anymore." He then lifted Little Rakshasa's shirt and untied his gauze. The wound was healing very well and could already be removed. "Scissors," he said to Yu Wan.

Yu Wan opened the medicine box, took out a sterilized scissors, and handed it to him. When Little Rakshasa saw the sharp blade, he immediately jumped up fiercely and bared his teeth, glaring covetously at Old Cui!

"Don't be afraid, he's not going to hurt you." Yu Wan gently stroked his little head.



Little Rakshasa continued to glare at Old Cui warily, not allowing him to approach.

“Let me do it.” Yu Wan took the scissors.

They were both holding blades, but Little Rakshasa did not allow Yu Wan to approach. He even took the initiative to lift his shirt and obediently exposed his stomach.

“I’m going to remove the stitches,” Yu Wan said softly.

Little Rakshasa looked at his stomach adorably.

Yu Wan cut down—

Little Rakshasa’s hair stood on end from the pain. He stuck out his tongue and rolled his eyes!

Old Cui gloated. “Hehehe, who asked you not to let me remove it?”

After removing the stitches, Little Rakshasa stretched out his little hand to Yu Wan and lay in her arms aggrievedly. If one looked carefully, they would realize that this expression was exactly the same as the little black eggs whose private stash had been eaten.

Yu Wan’s heart softened. She lowered her head and touched his forehead. “Do you want to see the Rakshasa King?”

Before Little Rakshasa could react, Old Cui snorted. “It’s better not. They’re fighting.”

A fight in literal meaning, a fight without internal energy.

The two of them were seriously injured. The internal core and blood core in their bodies were in the process of fusing with the Gu pill. They could not use any internal energy and were ordered not to get out of bed. Therefore, their daily lives became like this—

The first thing they did when they opened their eyes was throw pillows at each other.

The second thing they did when they opened their eyes was to kick the other party's wound.

The third thing they did when they opened their eyes was to work together to hide the truth of the fight.

. It perfectly explained what it meant to fight at the head of the bed and reconcile at the end of the bed.

When Yu Wan carried Little Rakshasa to her great-grandfather's room, the two of them had indeed just finished fighting. Their originally pale faces were flushed red. What was worth mentioning was that the repulsive reaction produced by the Gu pill in their bodies had greatly slowed down their recovery ability. The two of them were so weak that they were no different from normal injured people.

Yu Wan realized that her great-grandfather's face was scratched. The Rakshasa King's neck was bruised, and their leg hair seemed to have been plucked clean by each other.

The corners of Yu Wan's mouth twitched. ' .

Uh, they were the number one experts of the Nether Capital after all. Didn't they think it was too embarrassing to fight like this? Yu Wan took a step back and looked at Little Rakshasa in her arms. "Let's go see them another day, okay?"

Little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan strangely. He did not understand what Yu Wan said. He tilted his head and nodded, pretending to understand!

Yu Wan carried Little Rakshasa back to her room. She thought of something and went to Old Cui's place.

'What are you doing now?' Old Cui drawled.

Yu Wan thought for a while and said, "Great-grandpa and the Rakshasa King both had a repulsive reaction to the Gu pill, so why didn't Little Rakshasa have it? This isn't his own blood core.'

"I'm puzzled, too." Old Cui frowned. "Logically speaking, other than his own blood core, there shouldn't be such a perfect compatibility. However, half of the Rakshasa King's blood core and half of your great-grandfather's inner core didn't have any negative reactions at all. I really don't know if I should say that this little fellow is lucky or that we purely have good luck."

Yu Wan :

Didn't they all mean the same thing?

"Go ask Qiu Bing!" Although Old Cui was a divine doctor, there were some fields he had never dabbled in.

Yu Wan carried Little Rakshasa to Grandma's room. Little Rakshasa seemed to like being carried by Yu Wan and was especially obedient in her arms.

"Grandma, do you know what's going on?" Yu Wan asked.

Grandma put down the half-read book and said, "I've also been looking for answers these two days. I think it might be related to the cultivation technique they practice."

Yu Wan paused and said, "You're talking about the Longevity Technique and the Blood Demon Technique?"

Grandma nodded. "That's right. These two cultivation techniques come from the Sorcerer Clan. The Longevity Technique can restrain the Blood Demon Technique and also heal it. I dare to guess that it's half of Ancestor Sikong's inner core that suppressed the repulsive reaction that the Rakshasa King's blood core might have caused in Little Rakshasa's body. If we had used all the Rakshasa King's blood core from the beginning, perhaps there wouldn't have been such an effect."

Yu Wan raised her eyebrows and muttered, "Great Grandpa was soft-hearted for a moment and actually hit the jackpot?"

Little Rakshasa looked at Yu Wan in a daze. Yu Wan tapped his little forehead. "You have to remember Ancestor Sikong's kindness, understand? If it weren't for him, you would have had a hard time."

Little Rakshasa did not understand, but in short, he nodded. As expected, after he nodded, Yu Wan rewarded him with a sensible kiss.

Little Rakshasa looked at the sky as if he had understood a new skill.

Little Rakshasa's injuries had yet to recover, so he was happily kissed, hugged, and carried wherever he pointed. When Yu Wan carried him to the small garden, she met Yan Jiuchao, who had returned from cultivating.

Little Rakshasa was still quite afraid of Yan Jiuchao. The moment he saw Yan

Jiuchao, he quickly revealed his fierce little fangs, but Yan Jiuchao did not even lift his eyelids. He walked forward indifferently and grabbed Little Rakshasa's collar to pick him up.

Little Rakshasa fluttered!

Yu Wan said softly, "Be careful, his injuries haven't recovered yet."

Little Rakshasa turned around and glared angrily at Yan Jiuchao, as if to say, "That's right, that's right. If you have the ability, wait for me to recover before fighting!"

Yan Jiuchao snorted casually and suddenly threw Little Rakshasa out! Little Rakshasa wailed. Just as he was about to fall to the ground, his little body flipped in the air like a carp rolling around and he nimbly lifted himself up. However, he hit the tree trunk above his head. He stuck out his little tongue and fell.

Yan Jiuchao did not let him go because of this. He moved his fingertip and flicked out an internal energy.

The pitiful Little Rakshasa was dizzy from the collision. Before he could even catch his breath when he fell to the ground, he was fiercely attacked by the detestable Yan Jiuchao again.

This strike used internal energy, so it was naturally much more powerful than the casual throw just now. If he was not careful, the new internal core that Little Rakshasa had painstakingly formed might shatter.

Yu Wan's heart skipped a beat. She wanted to stop Yan Jiuchao, but it was too late. The internal energy seemed to have eyes and landed on Little Rakshasa!

Yu Wan turned pale. "Little Rakshasa!"

With a loud bang, Little Rakshasa was hit. However... the miserable state of being badly mangled did not appear. A hole was blasted open where Little Rakshasa was standing by the internal energy. He stood in the hole while panting. His figure was in a sorry state as he gritted his teeth and looked at Yan Jiuchao.

He also emitted the aura of a longevity technique.

Yu Wan was stunned.. Did Little Rakshasa use the Longevity Technique just now? How could this be?

Chapter 917: Ancestor Fighting for Favor

Little Rakshasa was an evil creature. Since he was born, he had been raised by the Blood Rakshasa with his own blood. He knew martial arts, but he only knew some lousy Blood Demon Techniques. Why did his body emit the aura of the Longevity Technique?

Ordinary people would use the Longevity Technique, but

Yu Wan had interacted as pregnant with the

Saint King. Although she did not know herself, she still thought that she was a saintess who had suddenly developed intelligence. No matter what, she could feel more things that she could not sense in the past, such as the aura of the Blood Rakshasa and the Longevity Technique.

This was the first time Yu Wan suspected that her senses had gone wrong. However, Yan Jiuchao quickly proved that she was not wrong with his actions.

Yan Jiuchao's fingertips moved again, and an internal energy that was even stronger than before attacked Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa suddenly jumped out of the pit. The internal energy smashed into the shallow pit, and it instantly turned into a deep pit. He did not dare to imagine what would have happened if Little Rakshasa had been a step slower.

Even so, Yan Jiuchao's attacks did not show any signs of weakening. The internal energy of the Longevity Technique landed on the little Rakshasa one after another. Little Rakshasa could not avoid it every time with his qinggong. If he really could not avoid it, he could only use his moves to block it.

He used the Blood Rakshasa's power to block it once, but in the end, he was charred on the inside and tender on the outside. After being hit a few more times, he seemed to gradually understand that only that unfamiliar aura could save his life, but that unfamiliar aura did not listen to him every time.

The Longevity Technique sometimes worked and sometimes did not, causing Little Rakshasa to be in trouble. After another round of attacks, Little Rakshasa was so tired that he lay on the ground, unable to even move his fingers.

Yan Jiuchao retracted his hand indifferently and looked down at him. 'We'll continue tomorrow.'

Yu Wan :

Yu Wan looked at Little Rakshasa sympathetically and said, "You... you still want to continue?"

Yan Jiuchao nodded and did not explain much in front of Little Rakshasa. He left with a cold expression. Yu Wan picked up the exhausted Little Rakshasa. "By the way." Yan Jiuchao, who had walked under the porch, thought of something and suddenly stopped in his tracks. He turned around and said to Yu Wan, "It's best not to leave the Nether Mountain for the next few days."

Yu Wan was about to speak when Little Rakshasa in her arms pulled her sleeve. Little Rakshasa had an aggrieved expression, as if he was saying—he's bullying me, don't talk to him! Yu Wan laughed at his actions. She tapped the tip of his nose and said, "He's a good person. He won't harm you."

Little Rakshasa picked up Yu Wan's hand and touched his little arm, as if he was complaining about Yan Jiuchao's crime. Look, it was injured!

Has the little fellow learned to wheedle?

Yu Wan was caught between laughter and tears. Although she did not know why Yan Jiuchao suddenly made things difficult for Little Rakshasa, she believed that he must have his reasons for doing so. Yu Wan comforted the little fellow in her arms and smiled at Yan Jiuchao. 'Go ahead. I understand. I won't leave the Chaoyang Hall for the next few days.'

Only then did Yan Jiuchao go into seclusion in relief.

On the other side, the three little black eggs behind the flowers witnessed the scene of Little Rakshasa being "tortured" by their father and could not help but bow with tears of sympathy for Little Rakshasa.

"Daddy only beat Little Brother up after he finished eating all our food. He's too ruthless!" Xiaobao hugged his little arm and said exaggeratedly and reluctantly.

Er'bao also hugged his little arm, as if the pain was on him. "Little Brother is so pitiful. Let's not ignore him!"

Dabao nodded, indicating that since his brother had been beaten up so badly, it was fine to give him something to eat.

Hence, the few little fellows, who were flattering themselves, brought the osmanthus cake they had saved and looked for Little Rakshasa with pity.

As expected, Little Rakshasa, who had consumed a lot of energy, finished their osmanthus cake.

The boat of friendship was overturned again!

Er'bao pouted.

Xiaobao said, "It's fine. Daddy will beat him up tomorrow!"

The next day, Yan Jiuchao really came to "beat up" Little Rakshasa again.

Little Rakshasa was simply afraid of Yan Jiuchao. He grabbed Yu Wan's sleeve tightly, not letting her let go. Ever since Yu Wan became a mother, she did not have much resistance to such little things. She looked at Yan Jiuchao affectionately.

"It's useless to plead for mercy." Yan Jiuchao did not give Yu Wan a chance to emit her personal charm at all. He covered Yu Wan's affectionate eyes with one hand and picked up Little Rakshasa in her arms with the other. Little Rakshasa howled and was thrown into the sky by Yan Jiuchao.

Today was another day of abuse!

However, Yu Wan was surprised to discover that the number of mistakes made by Little Rakshasa had decreased compared to yesterday. Yesterday, he had successfully used the Longevity Technique twice at the critical moment, but today, he had used it four times. His movement technique had also recovered to the same as before he was injured.

One had to know that the Rakshasa King, who had stronger recovery abilities, was still lying on the bed like a salted fish.

However, these abilities were still not enough in front of Yan Jiuchao. Little Rakshasa was tortured very badly. When Yu Wan hugged him, who was so tired that he could not move, he was so aggrieved that he was about to cry.

Not only did he show his little arm to Yu Wan, but he also handed his legs and little head to Yu Wan. He even lifted his shirt and pointed at his scarred stomach.



“I know, I know. You’re still injured. It hurts so much. It’s his fault for bullying you like this.” Yu Wan patiently coaxed it.

Little Rakshasa nodded aggrievedly, threw his big butt at Yan Jiuchao, and lay in Yu Wan’s arms to hug.

Half of Little Rakshasa’s body was the Rakshasa King’s blood core, and the other half was Sikong Ye’s inner core. It was a Rakshasa to begin with and had a Blood Demon Technique. The Rakshasa King’s blood core would easily survive and become powerful in his body. In comparison, Sikong Ye’s half of the inner core would not fuse so quickly. In the short term, it did not have much of an impact. However, as time passed, he would never learn to use the half of the inner core and the inner core would become a dead core. Although that would not take his life, it would forever stop his realm at a stage that he could not break through.

Since Sikong Ye had given him half of the inner core, he should not waste it. He would feel that all the hard work now was worth it one day in the future.

Of course, this matter was easy to say, but it was very difficult to do. If he used too little power, it would not be enough to stimulate the potential of the half of the inner core. If he used too much power, it would easily hurt the other half of the blood core.

Yan Jiuchao seemed to be nonchalant, but he had actually put in 120% of his efforts. However, he would never say this.

Yan Jiuchao trained Little Rakshasa during the day. At night, he cultivated the Longevity Technique in seclusion. Yu Wan carefully took care of the children.

Other than the fetal movements being more frequent than before, there was nothing else for her to worry about.

“Madam, is it convenient for you to talk now?” Yu Wan was about to bathe the little fellows when a graceful report sounded outside the door.

Yu Wan looked at the little fellows who were waiting to take a bubble bath and thought to herself that since it was so late, Jinghong must have something important to say to her. However, if they didn't bathe now, it would turn cold. Just as she was thinking, another disciple from the Chaoyang Hall came over and reported from outside the door, "Madam, the Old Master said that if you have something to do, you can go busy yourself. He will take care of the little masters. Moreover, there's us. Madam, don't worry."

Great-grandpa couldn't get out of bed yet. Wasn't it making things difficult for him to take care of the children? However, with these smart disciples, it wasn't a problem.

"Got it," Yu Wan replied. She asked the disciple to bring Little Rakshasa and the little black eggs to Sikong Ye. She did not know if it was her imagination, but after not seeing him today, Little Rakshasa's back view was not so thin anymore.

Yu Wan went to the courtyard to see Jinghong, while Little Rakshasa and the little black eggs were brought to Sikong Ye's room.

Sikong Ye and the Rakshasa King were still "paralyzed" on the bed, forbidden from getting out of bed. When they saw their little fellows, the two of them were a little excited.

"Hello, Grandpa Sikong, Grandpa Sang." Xiaobao and Er'bao greeted them softly on behalf of the four of them.

The two ancestors rolled their eyes at each other in disdain!

"I want to take a shower," Er'bao said as he grabbed his itchy scalp. He had played with sand today and his head was full of it.

Sikong Ye quickly asked his disciple to carry the bathtub in, fetched hot water, and placed the four little fellows in the bucket.

The four little fellows happily took a bubble bath. The disciple serving them at the side planned to walk forward and wipe the water droplets off their bodies, but Sikong Ye waved his hand. "Carry them over!"

The disciple was stunned for a moment before replying, "...Yes!"

The disciple carried Little Rakshasa and the little black eggs to the bed one by one. Sikong Ye took a handkerchief and wiped the little black eggs' bodies. The three little fellows looked similar, so he wiped Dabao three times.

Xiaobao and Er'bao looked at him wetly.

"Uh... ahem!" Sikong Ye coughed lightly when he came back to his senses. He scooped Er'bao over and wiped him twice.

Xiaobao, who was dripping water: "..."

However, even though he had wiped Dabao three times and Er'bao twice, he still did not dry the two of them.

"There's still water on my butt!" Er'bao complained.

Sikong Ye was flustered and overwrought. On the other hand, the Rakshasa King was much calmer. Not only did he wipe Little Rakshasa dry, but he also put on his clothes. Even his little bald head had applied snowflake ointment. It was simply glossy and shiny!

The Rakshasa King's skill of bringing children was lit up after coming to the Nether Mountain, but once it lit up, Sikong Ye couldn't even catch up.

There was no harm without comparison.. The three little black eggs decisively gave up on their ancestor and grabbed their clothes and towels to join the Rakshasa King!

Chapter 918: Little Rakshasa's Revenge!

"What happened?" In the courtyard, Yu Wan asked the worried Jinghong.

Jinghong frowned and said, "It's Master Sikong. He brought the Sikong family's guards to take revenge on the Sang family."

"Him?" Yu Wan was slightly stunned. If she remembered correctly, Master Sikong was also seriously injured. All his martial arts were crippled and he had yet to recover. Why was he in such a hurry to take revenge on the Sang family?

Jinghong guessed, "He must think that without the Rakshasa King and with so many high-level Asura Kings dead, the Sang family's strength is not as good as before. He must annihilate the Sang family before Master Sang refines a new expert."

Yu Wan nodded thoughtfully. "That's the plan. The Sang family is sinister and cunning. It's indeed better to deal with them earlier than later."

However, the Sikong Clan and the Nether Mountain had also suffered heavy casualties. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been staying in the Chaoyang Hall to recuperate.

"Does Young Master Sikong know about this?" Yu Wan asked.

Jinghong sighed. "He knows. It's just that Eldest Young Master couldn't persuade Master Sikong, so he sent someone to the Chaoyang Hall to report the news. He followed Master Sikong himself."

He was quite filial. It seemed that after this battle, the knot in the father and son's hearts had been opened a lot. Master Sikong had risked his life to save his eldest son and even entrusted the Sikong family to him before he died. No matter how much resentment Sikong Changfeng had in his heart, it had disappeared.

Yu Wan was relieved that the father and son had let bygones be bygones, but she was also worried about their future situation. Back then, the Sang family had definitely stolen more than one secret manual to refine the Rakshasa King. Whether it was its weapons or even medicinal pills to increase its strength, they were probably all the inheritance of the Sorcerer Clan. Were they, one that had powerful inheritance, really so easy to deal with?

“What should we do, Madam?” Jinghong asked anxiously. “How long have they been gone?” Yu Wan asked.

“It’s been five minutes,” Jinghong said.

“Send someone to chase after them first. If they catch up, say... it’s the ancestor’s idea. Tell them to standby and not act rashly. If they can’t catch up... if they can’t catch up, then we’ll talk about it later. Don’t lose yourself.” Yu Wan didn’t like fearless sacrifices. Every life was precious in her eyes.

However, Jinghong had never taken his life seriously. He was from the Nether Mountain. For the Nether Mountain, he could risk his life without any hesitation. This was the first time someone had told him to live well.

Jinghong wanted to say, Shouldn’t he die for his master? However, he couldn’t say it no matter what.

He should have been able to tell long ago that this young lady was different from any master he had ever seen. In her eyes, there did not seem to be any distinction between superior and subordinate, only that they were each doing their duty. Perhaps it was because of this personality that this little body that clearly did not have any martial arts emitted indescribable power.

“What’s wrong? Is there anything else?” Yu Wan asked when she saw that he did not move.

“Ah, I’m... I’m fine.” Jinghong came back to his senses and cupped his hands at

Yu Wan. “Then I’ll leave first.”

Yu Wan nodded. “Be careful on the way.”

Yu Wan did not know that this little disciple’s thoughts were racing. She pondered about the Sang family’s matter and unknowingly came to the door of the secret room.

“Aiya.” She held her stomach with one hand and patted her forehead with the other. “How could I have forgotten that Yan Jiuchao is in seclusion? To disturb him at this time...’

Before she could finish her sentence, her stomach moved.

A certain Xiaosi communicated weakly with her father through the stone door.

Rumble—

The stone door opened.

Yu Wan looked at Yan Jiuchao in shock.

Yan Jiuchao said, “What happened?”

“I didn’t disturb you, right?” Yu Wan had heard that it was best not to disturb people when they were cultivating. Otherwise, they would easily go crazy.

Yan Jiuchao said indifferently, “I’m fine. Did those little fellows cause trouble again?”

“It’s not them, it’s Master Sikong.” Yu Wan told Yan Jiuchao about him killing his way into the Sang family. “Master Sang bled the Rakshasa King’s blood and obtained Little Rakshasa’s blood core. Who knows what tricks he will play again? I’m afraid Master Sikong has still underestimated his strength.”

Yu Wan’s guess was right. The action of Master Sikong bringing people to clean up the Sang Manor was dead before they could even take action. Even without the Rakshasa King, with more than half of the Sang Family’s high-level Asura Kings dead, they had somehow refined a terrifying Blood Asura!

The Asura King’s strength and the Blood Rakshasa’s recovery ability made this group of experts invincible from the moment they appeared.

Master Sikong looked at the one-sided situation and widened his eyes in disbelief.

He did not expect the Sang family to be able to take out such a group of experts after being heavily injured. It is over now. In order to destroy the Sang family, he had brought all the elites of the Sikong family. It seemed that he was going to lose the entire battle today!

Master Sang stood under the towering plaque and looked at him disdainfully. "I was wondering who was impudent in the Sang family. So it's you. You want to destroy the Sang family with just you? You're overestimating yourself!"

If Ancestor Sikong had come, he might have been afraid, but what could a few Asura Kings do to him?

Let him guess why Ancestor Sikong didn't come.

Could it be that... in order to save the Rakshasa King, he had also made himself half-dead?

Although Master Sang did not guess the process correctly, he guessed the outcome. It was true that Ancestor Sikong could not circulate his energy to fight in the short term. This was also why Master Sikong made the decision without asking the Ancestor. As for Yan Jiuchao, he had to stay behind to guard the Nether Mountain and could not be easily called away.

Master Sang took in the complicated expression that flashed across Master Sikong's face and laughed three times. "As expected, your Nether Mountain doesn't have any more experts. If you hadn't come today, I wouldn't have known this secret. Very good, after I kill you, I'll go and settle the Sikong Family and settle the Nether Mountain!"

What did it mean to take your life when you're sick? This was it.

The Nether Mountain was not so easy to deal with. He was also waiting for an opportunity. Now that Sikong Ye and the Rakshasa King were both injured, there was no more advantageous time.

Master Sikong was filled with regret. If he had known earlier, he would have listened to Changfeng and not come to the Sang family to tempt fate. Now, not only might they die, but they would also implicate the ancestor.

Master Sikong said to his eldest son, "I'll stop him. Changfeng, rush back to the

Nether Mountain immediately and escort the Ancestor and the others out!"

Master Sang sneered. "Don't even think about leaving!" With that, he gestured for them to kill without mercy. The experts of the Sang family swarmed up and surrounded Sikong Changfeng.

"No—" Master Sikong's expression changed.

Just as the Sang Family's Blood Asuras were about to unleash their killing move on Sikong Changfeng, a powerful pressure attacked from not far away. Like invisible ripples, it spread all the way to the center of the battlefield. The Sang Family's Blood Asuras could not help but pause. In this pause, Sikong Changfeng was saved by a huge internal energy.

"There are so many experts fighting against a fledgling kid. Only your Sang family would be so shameless."

Accompanied by a calm man's voice, a carriage carried by sixteen disciples of the Chaoyang Hall flashed over at a moderate speed and landed in front of the Sikong Clan's camp, blocking Master Sikong and Sikong Changfeng behind them.

The carriage was luxurious and exquisite, but what was even more exquisite than the carriage was the man in the carriage.

He was dressed in a wide black robe. His figure was tall and straight, his face was distinct, and his temperament was like orchids and bamboos. All the men who had seen this scene felt that there was no man more handsome and noble than him in the world. He exuded the aura of a ruler.

Master Sang naturally recognized him.



Ancestor Sikong's little great-grandson-in-law, Yan Jiuchao!

Where did this kid come from? Why could he cultivate the Sikong family's longevity technique? More importantly, after not seeing him for a few days, this kid's Longevity Technique aura seemed to have become stronger again.

A bad feeling instinctively surged in Master Sang's heart. However, the worst thing was not this. After Yan Jiuchao removed his wide sleeve, a little fellow sitting beside him appeared. Who else could it be but Little Rakshasa?

Master Sang staggered!

Little Rakshasa no longer had any blood core, so how could he still be alive and unscathed? Could it be that... the Rakshasa King had dug out his blood core for him? But even so, he shouldn't have recovered so quickly! Look at his rosy face, how did he look like he had just lost a blood core not long ago?

The moment Little Rakshasa saw Master Sang, he recognized it as the big bastard who drugged him and locked him in a cage. Then, he chased after him and the Rakshasa King. Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely!

Master Sang felt like he had seen a ghost. How did this little thing... survive?!

Yan Jiuchao ignored his surprise. He gently dusted his wide sleeves and found a comfortable position on the carriage. He said indifferently to Little Rakshasa, "Take revenge yourself. Do you see those Blood Asuras? Practice on them first.

Don't strangle them to death so fast."

Little Rakshasa smirked sinisterly and charged towards the Blood Asuras with a whoosh!

Chapter 919: Violent Little Rakshasa, Destroy the Sang Family!

This group of Blood Asuras, who had made the Sikong family suffer, were all top-notch experts. Not only were their internal energy powerful, but their qinggong was also outstanding. Originally, they did not take this little thing, whose aura was not even complete, seriously. Unexpectedly, the moment this little thing bumped into them, they did not even have time to react and were knocked out one after another.

How was this a little fellow? It was clearly a small cannon!!!

The Blood Asuras were knocked over. The scene could be said to be very spectacular and tragic.

Master Sikong finally revealed a relieved expression. He knew that it was right to trust the old ancestor. If he had misunderstood back then and secretly harmed the Rakshasa King, the person who was knocked around by this little thing would be a subordinate of the Sikong family.

If Yan Jiuchao's arrival was not surprising, the appearance of Little Rakshasa was very surprising. She originally thought that without the blood core, this little thing would definitely die. Unexpectedly, he was saved by the people from the Nether Mountain. Not only was he saved, but it also seemed to have increased his ability.

If he had known earlier, he would have burned him to ashes by the stream back then!

Unfortunately, there were no ifs in the world, only consequences and results.

But... there was still a chance of winning, right?

Master Sang stared fixedly at Little Rakshasa's movements and realized that although his movement technique was much faster than before, his Blood Rakshasa aura was also much weaker than before. This meant that he was not a complete Blood Rakshasa. His Blood Asuras had underestimated him and did not take much precautions before falling into his trap. However, as long as they dealt with him new ways, they did not have to worry about killing this little thing!

“Don’t underestimate your enemy!”

The Blood Asuras immediately stood up from the ground after Master Sang’s shout. They held their painful chests and looked at the little fellow who had embarrassed them in front of everyone. They secretly swore that they would definitely arrest him until he was dead!

The Blood Asuras had indeed been careless, but from now on, they would not.

Everyone raised their vigilance to the highest level and glared covetously at Little Rakshasa in the middle.

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely and continued to attack them.

However, this time, the Blood Asuras, who had raised their realms to the extreme, were not ruthlessly knocked away by him. They used their moves to fight him fiercely.

Little Rakshasa only had half of the Blood Core in his body, and the power in this half of the Blood Core had only been stimulated by less than one tenth. His Blood Rakshasa aura was quickly suppressed by the Sang Family’s Blood Asuras.

“How... How did this happen?” Master Sikong frowned again.

Sikong Changfeng thought for a while and said, “It’s only half a Blood Rakshasa. He’s not their match if he fights that group of people as a Blood

Rakshasa.”

Master Sikong’s expression changed. “Then... then what should we do?”

Sikong Changfeng did not say anything. He turned around and looked at the high and mighty Yan Jiuchao. He supported his head with one hand and lay indifferently on his side in the carriage. His expression was calm and collected, as if he was not anxious about Little Rakshasa’s predicament.

“There’s no hurry,” Sikong Changfeng said.

“No hurry?” Master Sikong looked at his son in shock. “At a time like this, Little Rakshasa is going to lose! When he loses, it’ll be our turn next!”

Sikong Changfeng glanced at Yan Jiuchao, who looked more like a royal than him. It was unknown if he was jealous or something else, but he said sourly, “Even if the sky collapses, isn’t there still the one above?”

Yan Jiuchao did not seem to hear Sikong Changfeng’s sour words. He looked calmly at Little Rakshasa who was escaping with his head in his hands.

“Ji li gu la Ji li gu la!” An internal energy almost hit Little Rakshasa’s head, and Little Rakshasa was angered!

He ran towards Yan Jiuchao with a whoosh and tried to pounce into his arms, but Yan Jiuchao did not even lift his eyelids. He only waved his wide sleeve indifferently and brushed him into the palms of the Blood Asuras.

“Ji ji ji ji!” Little Rakshasa’s hair stood on end!!!

The Blood Asuras erupted with terrifying internal energy and attacked Little Rakshasa collectively!

“Ji ji ji ji ji ji ji!” Little Rakshasa was going crazy!

The full-strength attack of more than ten Blood Asuras was nothing compared to a thunderous blow. Master Sikong’s heart was in his throat. Even Sikong Changfeng, who had been pretending to be calm, could not take it anymore. He pulled out the long sword in his hand.

He understood what Little Rakshasa meant to Yu Wan. If possible, he would save Little Rakshasa from that group of Blood Asuras even if he had to risk his life.

Just as Little Rakshasa was about to be beaten to death by that group of people, a cold aura erupted from his body.

Everyone's expressions changed.

Master Sikong widened his eyes. "This... this is..."

"Longevity Technique!" Sikong Changfeng said in disbelief.

"How does he know the Longevity Technique?" Master Sang staggered back a step, his eyes filled with shock. The Longevity Technique was a cultivation technique that restrained the Blood Rakshasa. Although it could nourish the Blood Rakshasa when necessary, he had never heard of two cultivation techniques appearing on a person at the same time. Be it the Rakshasa King or the Sang Family's patriarch, they could not!

"Could it be..." In a flash, Master Sang seemed to have realized something. He suddenly looked at Little Rakshasa who was surrounded by a group of Blood Asuras. After the internal energy of the Longevity Technique was stimulated, the Blood Asuras were instantly restrained.

"No way... Sikong Ye is a martial arts fanatic who's even more powerful than Sang Qiuhan. How can he give up half of his inner core to save Little Rakshasa?"

"Wouldn't this ruin half of his strength?" Master Sang judged others by himself. He really didn't want to believe that Sikong Ye would do such a surprising thing, but no matter how much he didn't believe it, the truth was in front of him.

When Yan Jiuchao stimulated Little Rakshasa's potential, he also used the

Longevity Technique. However, it was very difficult to induce the Longevity Technique with the Longevity Technique. Most of the time, he induced the Blood Demon Technique, but it was different when fighting the Blood Asuras.

This was an instinct that all things complemented and countered each other. When fighting the Blood Demon Technique, the Longevity Technique would not be able to help but stir. In the beginning, Little Rakshasa fluttered, but in the later duration, he could use the Longevity Technique seven to eight times.

This progress was simply a leap.

After sending a Blood Asura flying with a palm, Little Rakshasa flashed in front of Yan Jiuchao. He tilted his head and blinked at him, as if he was waiting for him to praise him.

Yan Jiuchao raised his eyebrows. In the next second, he watched helplessly as Little Rakshasa was sent flying by a sneak attack from a Blood Asura.

Little Rakshasa rolled his eyes and stuck out his tongue!

Little Rakshasa flew up and turned the tables, beating the Blood Asura who ambushed it into a pancake!!! His figure became faster and faster, shuttling through the experts of the Sang family like lightning. With every shuttling, a Blood Asura fell.

Every time one fell, he would show off in front of Yan Jiuchao.

Yan Jiuchao's eyes hurt from this little lightning. When it flashed past him countless times, he reached out his slender hand and grabbed Little Rakshasa.

The experts of the Sang family were about to kneel down. Even their group of people could not surround him. How did this man casually grab him?

Little Rakshasa's collar was grabbed by Yan Jiuchao. He looked at Yan Jiuchao adorably. Yan Jiuchao said in disdain, "Stop flashing. It's making me dizzy. The main character is there. Don't just practice by yourself while the main character escapes."

When Master Sang, who was quietly escaping, heard this, his back stiffened!

Little Rakshasa bared his teeth fiercely and pounced at him!

Master Sang was ruthlessly thrown to the ground! He had taken a large number of pills to increase his strength and his realm was far above Master

Sikong. However, he was still a little inferior to a revengeful Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa grabbed his collar and threw him to the ground. With a crack, Master Sang's leg bone was broken. This was not enough. Little Rakshasa mercilessly kicked him again, just like how he kicked himself by the stream back then. With this kick, Master Sang's ribs were also broken. He rolled on the ground in pain.

This method of fighting without internal energy was the most torturous. Even Master Sikong felt the pain on him.

Little Rakshasa raised his little foot and aimed it at his dantian. He wanted to crush his inner core! Unexpectedly, Little Rakshasa's little foot had already stepped on his stomach, but he could not. Little Rakshasa looked at his stomach in shock.

At this moment, Sikong Changfeng shouted, "Not good! Dodge!"

The half-dead Master Sang's body suddenly trembled. In the next second, he opened his eyes, which had turned bloodshot. A strong smell of blood spread from his body. An incomparably powerful internal energy erupted from his dantian and ruthlessly shook Little Rakshasa away!

Little Rakshasa cried out and somersaulted in the air. He jumped back behind Yan Jiuchao and stuck out his round little head from Yan Jiuchao's back. He looked at Master Sang whose aura had soared in fear..

Chapter 920: Invincible Brother Jiu!

It was as if in the blink of an eye, Master Sang had become another person... No, to be precise, another Blood Rakshasa.

This was much stronger than the half-baked Blood Asura who had only relied on sucking a little of the Rakshasa King's blood to advance. His nails turned black, and his forehead and lips began to turn greenish-black bit by bit. The veins on his forehead bulged, and even his body swelled rapidly because he had endured a huge internal energy.

The expressions of the experts present changed. They did not understand what was going on. Why did Master Sang become a Blood Rakshasa under the beating of Little Rakshasa?

Little Rakshasa matched his fingers and seemed to be suspecting that he had beaten him to this state.

"Ah—" The process of becoming a Blood Rakshasa was not easy. Master Sang let out a miserable scream.

Little Rakshasa lay on Yan Jiuchao's back, his little hand covering his eyes.

"Why are you covering your eyes when he's shouting?" Yan Jiuchao asked indifferently.

Little Rakshasa paused, took down his little hand, and covered his little ears.

A few incomparably powerful auras surged around Master Sang, wrapping around him layer by layer like silk. Master Sikong originally planned to ambush him when his advancement was incomplete, but before the cold arrows he released could touch a single strand of Master Sang's hair, they were shattered by those powerful auras.

Master Sikong frowned. "What's going on? Why did a perfectly fine person suddenly become a Blood Rakshasa?"

Sikong Changfeng pondered for a moment and said, "It shouldn't be sudden. He's already prepared. It's just that... he didn't meet the right time."



“What do you mean?” Master Sikong asked in confusion.

Sikong Changfeng said, “Little Rakshasa’s blood core was taken away by Sang Zhonghua. I originally thought that he used the blood core to make those Blood

Asuras, but from the looks of it, I’m afraid he used that blood core himself.”

Master Sikong frowned slightly. “But he didn’t show any Blood Rakshasa aura just now?”

This was also what Sikong Changfeng was puzzled about. Logically speaking, after Master Sang took the Blood Core, he should have the Blood Rakshasa’s aura on him. However, until just now, they did not sense any abnormality about the Blood Rakshasa.

Actually, it was not only them. Even Master Sang did not expect things to develop like this. After he brought the Blood Rakshasa’s Blood Core back to the Sang Family, he indeed ate the core with the pills. Those pills could minimize the rejection of the Blood Core in his body. However, he did not expect that the Blood Core did not react at all in his body.

This made him suspect that he had picked up the wrong Blood Core. Those experts felt intense pain in their meridians after swallowing a little of the Rakshasa King’s blood, while he had swallowed an entire Blood Core. No matter what, there should be a reaction.

It was not until he was beaten up by Little Rakshasa that the blood core in his body seemed to have sensed the aura of the previous owner and finally stimulated its greatest potential. Furthermore, it was stimulated by the Longevity Technique and instantly pushed Master Sang to the peak of his realm.

“Not good, he’s still breaking through!” Master Sikong frowned because of the nauseating smell of blood in the air. Under the smell of blood were countless unknown killing intent.

“You...” Sikong Changfeng turned to look at Yan Jiuchao. He naturally could not deal with this big fellow with his own abilities, but didn’t Yan Jiuchao know the Longevity Technique? He should quickly kill him while Master Sang’s aura was unstable!

Could it be that he wanted to keep it and wait for him to become another Rakshasa King?

“Look!” A guard from the Sikong family exclaimed.

Sikong Changfeng and everyone looked at Master Sang in unison. At this moment, he was already so swollen that he was no longer his original appearance. However, he still seemed to be unsatisfied. He took out a small medicine bottle, removed the cork, and poured a large wave of black pills into his mouth.

The unbelievable happened.

Master Sang... had broken through!

“Ra-Rakshasa King?!” This time, it was Master Sikong who staggered and almost fell to the ground. “What exactly did he eat? How did he break through to the Rakshasa King realm?”

Sikong Changfeng said, “I don’t think he has completely broken through. He used the secret medicine to temporarily increase his strength. After the effect of the medicine passes, he will go crazy and die from the backlash of his strength.”

Back then, he had done the same crazy thing to protect the Nether Mountain. If Yan Jiuchao hadn’t taken action in time, he would have already destroyed the Nether Mountain and himself.

Master Sikong also recalled that painful memory. He said with lingering fears, “Is he planning to die with us?”

“I’m afraid so...” Sikong Changfeng gripped the long sword in his hand tightly.

Master Sikong was anxious. “Even the Ancestor can’t kill the Rakshasa King, let alone us.”

Sikong Changfeng said, “The knockout medicine can only last for five minutes. After that, he will explode and die. We just have to not be caught by him before that.’

It was easy to say, but how could it escape so easily under the nose of the mighty Rakshasa King?

As expected, before they could even take a step forward, they were nailed to the ground by Master Sang's Rakshasa King pressure.

Little Rakshasa hugged Yan Jiuchao's neck, indicating that he was also extremely afraid!

Yan Jiuchao did not react.

Sikong Changfeng thought to himself that this was bad. Yan Jiuchao was probably also suppressed. Among them, Yan Jiuchao's internal energy was the deepest and he was proficient in the Longevity Technique. He was the only chance to restrain the Rakshasa King. However, if Yan Jiuchao could not do it, they would not even have a chance to escape.

After Master Sang controlled the situation, he was not in a hurry to deal with those ants. Instead, he pounced straight at Little Rakshasa hiding behind Yan Jiuchao!

"Ji ji ji ji ji!" Little Rakshasa was so frightened that he was dumbfounded. In a flash, he pulled open Yan Jiuchao's lapel and buried his head in his arms, leaving only his little buttock exposed.

Master Sang grabbed his little butt. No sooner said than done, Yan Jiuchao's eyes turned cold. His robe surged without wind, and the powerful longevity technique suddenly increased.

Level Six, Level Seven, Level Eight... Level... Level Nine! !!

In just a few days, he had actually broken through to the ninth level of the Longevity Technique?!

Wait, his aura was still rising.

Sikong Changfeng did not know what realm it was. His understanding of the

Longevity Technique was only so much, but he was sure that Yan Jiuchao's Longevity Technique had reached a realm that even Ancestor Sikong could not break through.

The smell of blood in the air was instantly replaced by a clean aura like snowflakes.

Master Sang was furious. He gave up on Little Rakshasa and instead strangled Yan Jiuchao!

Yan Jiuchao reached out unhurriedly. His slender fingertip moved slightly, and an internal energy of the Longevity Technique entered Master Sang's glabella.

Before Master Sang could even exclaim, his entire body stiffened. In the next second, he fell heavily onto the carriage.

Little Rakshasa pulled his head out of Yan Jiuchao's arms with a whoosh and looked at the heavily injured Master Sang without blinking. He flashed over, stretched out his little foot, and kicked him down!

Master Sang fell in front of Sikong Changfeng and Master Sikong. He coughed up a mouthful of black blood, and his bulging veins shrank back. His swollen body also returned to its original state. However, his injuries could not be repaired no matter what.

The father and son looked at the dying Master Sang with their mouths agape. They could not believe that Yan Jiuchao had actually killed a Rakshasa King in one move.

Master Sang himself was in disbelief. He looked at the high and mighty Yan

Jiuchao with difficulty. "Why... why..."

"What do you mean why? Why can I break through to the ninth level of the

Longevity Technique? Or why can I easily kill you, the Rakshasa King?" Yan Jiuchao stood up indifferently and flicked his wide sleeve elegantly. He placed his hand behind his back and snorted. "How should I know why?"

Didn't they say it was very difficult? Was it difficult?

Young Master Yan looked at the sky.

Everyone present was about to die of anger!

As the descendants of the Sorcerer Clan, the direct disciples of the Sikong family would never be able to obtain the essence of the Longevity Technique in their lives. However, this fellow seemed to have casually cultivated the

Longevity Technique to the peak. Who was the member of the Sikong family? Was there any justice?!

Sikong Changfeng rubbed his chest and panted. "Although we won, why am I so angry and heartbroken!"

"You guys... don't be happy too early..." Master Sang vomited black blood crazily. When he was done vomiting, he sneered at Yan Jiuchao. "Do you think... you're the only ones who... know how to lure the tiger away from the mountain? I long guessed that... you wouldn't be able to hold it in... and come to settle the Sang Family... Do you think... all the experts of my Sang Family are really... here? Too naive! Hahaha... Yan Jiuchao... You're finished... You're all finished... Hahaha..." He laughed crazily with a ferocious expression!

Master Sikong strode forward and grabbed his lapel.. "What did you do to the

Sikong family? What did you do to the Nether Mountain?!"