

Toddler 921

Chapter 921: Little Sly Jiang Is Here!

At night, the Nether Mountain, which had been noisy for the entire day, gradually quietened down. Before Yan Jiuchao, Yu Wan, and the others arrived, the Nether Mountain was as quiet as a cold lake, day and night. Today, when it lit up, they could hear the chattering of the three little black eggs, Old Cui's cursing, and the movements of Shadow Six, Qing Yan, and the others. Even the elusive patriarch was more lively than before.

Such a Nether Mountain undoubtedly gave the disciples an intimate sense of belonging. However, after it calmed down, it was like a dormant ferocious beast again, emitting a dangerous and terrifying aura in the dark night.

"Go to sleep." Yu Wan lay down beside the three little black eggs and tucked them in.

The three of them widened their eyes and looked at the top of the bed. No one was sleepy. This was strange. They didn't take a nap during the day. Why aren't they tired at this time? Yu Wan looked at them strangely. "Why aren't you sleeping? Are you hungry? Or are you feeling unwell?"

The three of them shook their heads.

"Then what are you thinking about?" Yu Wan patted their heads.

The three of them looked at her adorably.

"Where's Little Brother?" Xiaobao asked.

They were clearly taking a shower together, wiping their bodies after taking a shower. After wiping their bodies, they were wearing clothes. However, once they were done putting on their clothes, their brother was gone!

“Little Brother...” Yu Wan couldn’t tell them that their little brother had gone to the Sang family to fight. Yu Wan smiled gently and said, “You guys sleep first. You’ll be able to see your little brother when you wake up.”

Xiaobao nodded.

Their rhythm was successfully led astray. If they could see their brother after sleeping, they would quickly sleep well.

The three of them closed their eyes!

Yu Wan laughed softly and kissed their foreheads one by one. She held her stomach, which was almost five months pregnant, and fell asleep sweetly. Everyone fell asleep. Even the night wind of the Nether Mountain seemed to have quietened down. However, no one noticed that under this seemingly peaceful silence, a large wave of danger was surging towards them.

The Sang family had raised the Rakshasa King for many years. Not only did his blood have the power of the Rakshasa King, but even the blood pool he cultivated was enough to nourish many powerful Blood Rakshasas. In the past, they had never done this. Firstly, the Rakshasa King’s territorial consciousness was powerful. Other than Little Rakshasa that he had secretly raised, he did not allow a second Blood Rakshasa to appear in his blood pool. Secondly, there was no blood of the Rakshasa King as a medicinal primer, so the Sang family could not raise a second adult Blood Rakshasa.

Now that the Rakshasa King had left, the blood pool could be used to its fullest. Coupled with the Rakshasa King’s blood, there was almost no suspense in refining the Blood Rakshasa.

The Blood Rakshasa’s realm was much higher than the Blood Asura’s.

The Blood Rakshasa’s movement technique was strange. Under the moonlight, he crawled up the hill like pools of blood.

The air was filled with the thick smell of blood. The people in their sleep did not have a sense of smell, so they did not notice the gradually approaching smell of blood. The patrolling disciple vaguely felt something and suddenly turned around, but before he could even see clearly, his blood energy was sucked dry by a blood shadow.

Strange blood shadows methodically infiltrated the Chaoyang Hall. Wherever the blood shadows passed, they left thick blood.

Sikong Ye and the Rakshasa King, who had temporarily lost their internal energy, were no different from ordinary people. Moreover, their medicine helped them sleep. The two of them were sleeping soundly, and neither of them noticed a blood shadow quietly enter the room.

The blood shadows dispersed. Old Cui, Grandma, Qing Yan, Shadow Thirteen... A blood shadow slowly infiltrated everyone's room, and Yu Wan's was no exception.

She turned over and hugged Xiaobao.

The four of them were sleeping soundly and did not notice the blood shadow approaching.

The blood shadow that was approaching the bed felt an aura that made it wary and drool.

The Blood Rakshasa was bloodthirsty, especially with the pure yin blood, not to mention that there was a powerful Saint King in the stomach of the pure yin blood. This was a delicacy that drove all the Blood Rakshasa crazy.

More and more blood shadows gathered in Yu Wan's room.

"It's too late to rush back now... Hahahaha... They have to die! Everyone from the Nether Mountain... has to die!" Master Sang laughed until his entire body was trembling. "That's twenty Blood Rakshasas! Even Sikong Ye and the Rakshasa King might not be their match if they join forces! Besides... the two of them are injured..

The two of them were not only injured. They could not use any internal energy, okay?

The situation was even more critical than he had imagined! Master Sikong felt terrible.

“Ah... I almost forgot... You have a powerful Asura King... Ahem ahem...” Master Sang coughed and almost coughed out. “But I heard that... he’s also in seclusion... He can’t escape... No one from the Nether Mountain can escape...”

He was right. The Milk Asura was indeed in seclusion. The longer he was in seclusion, the higher the realm he wanted to break through. This was originally a good thing, but if an uncontrollable crisis appeared in the Nether Mountain, it would be a little bad.

There were no experts in the Nether Mountain that could be used!

The Nether Mountain was empty!

Master Sikong’s face turned pale.

Little Rakshasa’s figure flashed and disappeared into the night! It was obvious that he was going to save the Nether Mountain, but could he really make it in time?

Master Sang laughed until he cried. “I told you... it’s too late... The moment you... arrived at the Sang family... twenty Blood Rakshasas had already taken action... How long have you been wasting time with me... is the amount of time the Blood Rakshasas in the Nether Mountain were killing...”

“You lunatic!” Master Sikong kicked him. “There are so many innocent people in the Nether Mountain! If you want revenge, come at us! What’s the use of bullying the weak! Sang Zhonghua! I’ve really misjudged you!”

Master Sang was already on the verge of death. After being kicked by him, he was almost half dead on the spot. However, no matter how injured he was, and even if he was about to die, he was still smiling sinisterly.

He wiped the blood from the corner of his lips and laughed crazily. "Even if I die... I'll... drag the entire Nether Mountain... down with me! What the Rakshasa King didn't do... I... did it! Hahahaha... I did it!"

Boom—

A loud bang came from the distant sky, and the dark sky seemed to have exploded with flames.

Master Sang's eyes widened and he laughed hahaha. "Did you hear that? It's the commotion in the Nether Mountain! The Nether Mountain... is finished! It's completely finished! You're all finished!"

Yan Jiuchao looked down at him. "Are you sure we're finished?"

Master Sang paused. The disdainful gaze Yan Jiuchao shot at him almost made him think that he was going to lose. However, another loud bang came from the direction of the Nether Mountain. The expressions of Master Sikong and Sikong Changfeng changed. He smiled in relief. "Your people are either injured or in seclusion. Who else can withstand the attack of the Blood Rakshasa? With that unborn Saint King? Yan Jiuchao, Yan Jiuchao... You really know how to dream better than me!"

In the Nether Mountain, the first to notice that something was wrong was Little Gu that woke up hungry in the middle of the night. It woke up to look for food, but in the end, it sensed countless auras that made it shiver. It hurriedly shook the Ten Thousand Gu King awake.

The Ten Thousand Gu King released the pressure of the Gu King and stalled the blood shadow that was about to kill Sikong Ye and the Rakshasa King. However, more and more blood shadows surged into the Chaoyang Hall.

The Ten Thousand Gu King screamed. Qing Yan sat up. "What's going on?!"

Yue Gou rubbed his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Be careful!" Qing Yan hugged Yue Gou and rolled, dodging the attack of a Blood Rakshasa.

At the same time, the sound of a fight came from Shadow Thirteen and Shadow Six's room.

The might of twenty Blood Rakshasas was not something that ordinary experts could stop. More and more disciples of the Chaoyang Hall fell under the pressure of the Blood Rakshasas, and their bodies were forced to continuously release blood energy. The air churned with an increasingly thick smell of blood.

"Horse piss!" Shadow Thirteen said sternly!

Shadow Six poured two bottles of talisman water made of horse urine on himself and Shadow Thirteen. The Blood Rakshasa hated the smell of horse urine and retreated.

"Go save the little masters and Young Madam! I'll stop them!" Shadow Thirteen blocked the door and let Shadow Six escape.

The Blood Rakshasa did not like this smell, but he was not afraid. Therefore, he could not block it for long. Shadow Six had to save the little masters and Yu Wan before the Blood Rakshasa came back to their senses. Qing Yan also thought of this method. The two of them ran towards Yu Wan's room with the horse urine, but they bumped into each other at the door. The horse urine splashed all over the ground.

The Blood Rakshasas outside were unwilling to enter, but the Blood Rakshasas who had already entered were unwilling to come out.

The four Blood Rakshasas looked at each other and used their internal energy to shake off the two of them and the two smelly horse urine basins. Then, each of them grabbed a "prey" and bit fiercely at the necks of the four of them!

In no sooner said than done, Yu Wan's stomach moved and a powerful Saint King pressure burst out.

The Blood Rakshasa seemed to have been hit in the heart. He put down the prey in his hands and took a few steps back.

The Blood Rakshasa were furious and released powerful pressure.

The power of the Saint King had exceeded everyone's imagination. Four Blood Rakshasas working together could not crush it! However, it was just a fetus after all. Its energy was limited and it fell asleep after a while.

Without the Saint King's resistance, the Blood Rakshasa could finally get what they wanted.

The Blood Rakshasa licked their lips greedily and grabbed the three sleeping little black eggs. Xiaobao woke up.

He opened his eyes and saw the Blood Rakshasa drooling at him and the Blood Rakshasa's sharp fangs. He was so frightened that he covered his butt. "Don't, don't, don't, don't bite my butt!"

However, how could the Blood Rakshasa listen to him? He opened his mouth and bit at him!

At this moment, the tightly shut door creaked open.

An embroidered shoe inlaid with pearls slowly stepped in..

Chapter 922: The Strongest Jiang Batian!

Her clean embroidered shoes stepped on the blood on the ground, and they were so white that they shone.

This room was filled with the Blood Rakshasa's pressure and internal energy. Logically speaking, no one would be able to easily push open this door. Or even if their cultivation was deep enough, they would definitely cause a huge commotion. If not for the creaking of the door and pillar, the Blood Rakshasa would not have noticed that the door had already opened.

Who was so capable?

They thought that the person who came was a powerful expert, but when they turned around, it was a weak woman in embroidered shoes. There was not a trace of internal energy on her body. Her figure was slender and her face was thin. She held a handkerchief in her hand and walked in weakly.

Xiaobao widened his eyes. "Grandma?"

Grand... Grandma? The Blood Rakshasa were shocked. This woman looked to be in her early twenties, so how was she already this little fellow's grandmother?

Little Sly Jiang and Yu Shaoqing had been very sweet with each other and living well recently, so she did look even more beautiful and young.

"Put... put me down!" Xiaobao twisted his butt and wanted to struggle out of the Blood Rakshasa's hand. How could the Blood Rakshasa do as he wished?

However, even the Blood Rakshasa was puzzled. He clearly had no intention of letting this little thing off, but his hand trembled for some reason, causing the little thing to fall onto the soft bed.

Xiaobao ran towards his grandmother.

The Blood Rakshasa reached out to grab him, but his body actually stopped for a moment. Xiaobao escaped under their noses.

Xiaobao threw himself into his grandmother's arms and hugged her neck aggrievedly. Of course, he did not forget to bury into his grandmother's chest.

"There's a baddie!"

"Be good, go wait at your Uncle Six's place first," Little Sly Jiang said gently. With a gentle throw, she accurately threw Xiaobao into Shadow Six's arms three courtyards away.

Shadow Six, who had been sent flying by the Blood Rakshasa's internal energy and had finally stabilized himself, looked at the small black egg in his arms in confusion. "...

The Blood Rakshasas in the room looked at each other. Even though this woman gave them a very strange feeling, she did not have the aura of an expert. She should have just been lucky. Once they really attacked, with her thin and weak body, she would definitely turn into a pile of meat paste in an instant.

As this thought flashed through their minds, the Blood Rakshasas could not even be bothered to attack together. The weakest Blood Rakshasa used his internal energy to shake this troublesome woman to death. Unexpectedly, the other party did not move at all.

"Huh?" The weakest Blood Rakshasa was stunned. He thought that he had hit the wrong place and slapped the woman again.

This time, he was sure that his internal energy had landed on the woman, but the woman still did not move. Could it be that ten percent of his power was not enough to deal with a weak woman?

The Blood Rakshasa added another round of strength. However, by the time the Blood Rakshasa attacked, the owner of the embroidered shoe standing at the door had disappeared.

The Blood Rakshasa frowned strangely and looked around.

"Are you looking for me?"

A sickly voice suddenly sounded behind the Blood Rakshasa. The Blood

Rakshasa was caught off guard and almost fell! Wasn't this woman standing at the door? When did she appear behind him?!

The Blood Rakshasa turned around and reached out with his demonic claws to grab the other party!

Unexpectedly, he missed again!

Where... where was she?!

“Here.” A slender white hand gently placed on the Blood Rakshasa’s wrist. Her movements were extremely gentle and her eyes were gentle. What lethality could such a woman have?

The Blood Rakshasa had the same thought, but he was in trouble.

Little Sly Jiang grabbed his wrist. He casually swung it, but he realized that he could not shake it off. Her seemingly slender and weak fingers seemed to be holding him tightly like iron pincers. In the next second, he was ruthlessly thrown out by an irresistible force!

The remaining three Blood Rakshasa were also shocked when they saw this. Why did this woman know martial arts? She even sent a Blood Rakshasa flying in one move?!

The three Blood Rakshasas couldn’t care less about the fact that she was a woman and attacked her together. As they weren’t as careless as before, they used seventy to eighty percent of their strength and really took more than ten moves from Little Sly Jiang.

However, they could not escape the fate of being thrown down in the end.

Of course, the Blood Rakshasa was not an ordinary expert. As long as the blood core did not shatter, his body would not die. Even if he was seriously injured, he could recover as soon as possible.

As expected, the four Blood Rakshasas who had been thrown into the courtyard and vomited blood all over the ground stood up in the blink of an eye.

Their weakened internal energy returned to its peak.

“Is, is, is... is he still human?” Qing Yan seriously suspected that he was seeing things. Why was the Blood Rakshasa so powerful that he couldn’t be killed?

“We have to attack their dantian!” Shadow Thirteen narrowed his eyes and said, “That’s the Blood Rakshasa’s weakness. Only when the Blood Core is gone can we destroy the Blood Rakshasa.”

Little Sly Jiang came to the courtyard. When she saw this scene, her little body trembled gently.

The four Blood Rakshasas rose into the air and looked down at the trembling woman. Heh, now you know how powerful they are, right? An expert’s internal energy would eventually be exhausted, but theirs could continuously restore it. Unless... the Longevity Technique came. That way, they might be able to restore it slower, but it would only be slower.

“Boss, she cried from fright,” said a Blood Rakshasa.

“She’s trembling uncontrollably,” another Blood Rakshasa said.

“Let’s be mighty!” The third Blood Rakshasa said.

Shadow Thirteen and Qing Yan, who had discovered Little Sly Jiang, twitched their mouths. Were they sure that these were tears of fear and not tears of excitement?

Im-im-im... Immortal?! The trembling Little Sly Jiang finally raised her head slowly, her eyes shining brightly!!!

The Blood Rakshasas were collectively stunned! What... What kind of expression was that? Was she scared silly?!

“I’m—coming—” Little Sly Jiang revealed her small fists and attacked the Blood Rakshasa with a whoosh!

“Ow—” The leader of the Blood Rakshasas was hit in the stomach. His body bent into a clamp and he slammed into the rockery. The rockery was shaken into pieces and drowned him.

Plop.

A blood core rolled out of the gravel. She used too much strength and actually hit the blood core out.

Little Sly Jiang nodded and quickly pried open the stone pile. She fed the Blood Core back to the Blood Rakshasa and stroked his back as if she was coaxing a baby. "Alright, alright, it's fine..."

The dumbfounded Blood Rakshasa : ‘

Little Sly Jiang began her performance. By the time she returned to the Blood Rakshasa's side, his Blood Core had almost fused. As it was his Blood Core, it would not have too bad an effect even if he ate it. "Are you done?" Little Sly Jiang looked at him harmlessly.

He nodded blankly.

"Then I'll start!" Little Sly Jiang grabbed him and punched him into the sky! !! The Blood Rakshasa's internal energy could rapidly recover, but the speed of recovery would decrease with every injury.

Gradually, the Blood Rakshasa went from repairing ninety percent of their strength to eighty percent. Seventy percent, sixty percent, fifty percent... In the end, the speed of their repair could no longer keep up with the speed of their internal energy depletion.

Another Blood Rakshasa fell heavily to the ground. He spat out a mouthful of blood and reached out with trembling hands to touch the medicine bottle in his arms.

Unexpectedly, his hand trembled and the bottle fell, the pills scattering all over the ground.

"You want to take medicine? Why didn't you say so earlier?" Little Sly Jiang walked over, picked up the pills on the ground, and fed it to him very considerately. Then, she fed the rest to the other Blood Rakshasas.

The Blood Rakshasa's strength had indeed recovered greatly!

By the time Little Rakshasa arrived at the Nether Mountain, the Blood Rakshasas were already so tortured that they wanted to commit suicide collectively!

Little Sly Jiang suddenly saw a brand new prey. With a grab, she grabbed Little

Rakshasa! This little sandbag was more resistant than those others-

Before Little Rakshasa could react, he felt a small fist punching his chest.

“He’s one of us!!!” Qing Yan shouted!

The little fists stopped!

Little Sly Jiang picked up Little Rakshasa, who trembled as he looked at her.

Little Sly Jiang smelled the milky fragrance of the little black eggs on him. She snorted aggrievedly and threw him back to Qing Yan. Little Rakshasa, who never looked Qing Yan in the eye, was so frightened that his legs went limp. He pulled open Qing Yan’s lapel and crawled into his arms!

The disciples of the Chaoyang Hall rushed out and watched the thin figure fly into the sky.

Everyone’s initial reaction was this—

“Wow, wow, wow! Who is that! So powerful!” An hour later, everyone’s reaction became like this—
“Uh... who is that? That’s amazing.” rlvvo hours later.

Four hours later.

Six hours later.

Everyone's necks ached. It was almost dawn.

A certain disciple yawned and had a pair of thick dark circles under his eyes. "...

Not done yet?"

The Blood Rakshasas were about to go crazy!

They didn't have any strength left. They really... really don't have any...

They don't have any even if they take medicine...

Their Blood Demon Technique was completely useless against her. They did not understand why at all!

Just as everyone thought that this battle would not end, a man's voice slowly came from the foot of the mountain.

"Ah Shil—where are you—"

A certain someone, who was holding the Blood Rakshasa and waving her little fists, changed her expression a second after hearing the call. She threw the Blood Rakshasa to the side and fell to the ground sickly. She took out a small handkerchief and coughed.

The disciples of the Chaoyang Hall who had seen a ghost:

This worked?!

Chapter 923: Jiang Batian and the Four Little Eggs!

Yu Shaoqing heard the commotion on the mountain from afar and was quite worried. He quickened his pace and called out "Ah Shu" as he rushed towards the Chaoyang Hall. When he finally arrived at the chaotic location, he recognized the elegant and charming woman lying on the ground.

His Ah Shu was so beautiful even when she fainted!!!

In the sky, fallen leaves were floating, and on the ground, there was snow that looked like silver frost. The woman's black hair was like ink, and she was as sick as a child. She was beautiful.

Yu Shaoqing suffered a strong visual impact, and his heart clenched into a ball.

"Ah Shu!" Yu Shaoqing strode over, completely unaware of the expressionless disciple of the Chaoyang Hall on the roof who was scattering fallen leaves, as well as the other disciple of the Chaoyang Hall who was slapping catkins with his internal energy.

Yu Shaoqing picked up the weak Ah Shu. The person in his arms was really thin. She weighed almost nothing in his arms. It was all his fault for not keeping a good eye on Ah Shu and letting her be kidnapped!

If he caught who did it, he would definitely not let him off easily!

"Achoo!" Little Sly Jiang sneezed!

This sneeze did not sound like much at first, but in the ears of the Blood Rakshasas who had been ravaged by her for the entire night, it was like a bolt of lightning rolling past.

The Blood Rakshasas, who were originally hiding behind the rockery and did not move at all, were so frightened by a small sneeze that their breathing became chaotic. A faint smell of blood spread in the air.

Yu Shaoqing frowned. He suddenly turned around and looked in the direction of the rockery. "Who is it?!"

The Blood Rakshasas did not dare to make a sound.

Yu Shaoqing put down his sickly wife. “Ah Shu, wait for me here. I’ll deal with those guys first!” With that, he took off his outer robe and covered Little Sly Jiang, who was actually about to die of heat.

Yu Shaoqing used his qinggong to come behind the rockery. He looked at the black mass and attacked with a few killing moves without a word. The Blood Rakshasas’ health had been exhausted, so even with Yu Shaoqing’s dilettantish middling skills, he could still knock them down with one punch. In the blink of an eye, the twenty-odd man could no longer get up.

However, Yu Shaoqing did not know if it was his imagination, but he felt that before these baddies fainted, they did not have resentful expressions, but relief. There was even one who looked at him gratefully.

He was grateful to him after being beaten unconscious by him? That’s right, he must be seeing things!

Yu Shaoqing, who had not practiced for a long time but had killed so many experts in one go, felt very good. He returned to his wife’s side in high spirits.

Yu Shaoqing picked up his wife. His Ah Shu was frightened and broke out in cold sweat.

Yu Shaoqing hugged her tightly and gently comforted her. “Ah Shu, don’t be afraid. I’ve already dealt with the bad people.” Little Sly Jiang’s eyes trembled. “Are they alright?”

Yu Shaoqing was stunned.

Little Sly Jiang said embarrassedly, “I... I mean, are you alright? Did they hurt you?”

Yu Shaoqing heaved a sigh of relief. He knew it. Why would his Ah Shu worry about the safety of a group of thieves? She must have been so frightened that she was incoherent.

Yu Shaoqing patted his chest and said in an imposing manner, "I knocked those guys out in three to five moves. I'm fine. Don't worry!"

"Okay." Little Sly Jiang nodded obediently.

At this moment, Qing Yan and Shadow Thirteen walked over. The two of them cupped their hands and bowed to him. "Master."

After Yu Shaoqing saw the two of them clearly, he couldn't help but be surprised. "Why are you here? Are Ah Wan and Jiuchao here too?"

"Yes, yes! Dabao and the others are also here!" Qing Yan said with a smile. He had not forgotten that when they had all left Nanzhao, Ah Wei had hidden the three little black eggs in his luggage and only exposed them when they arrived at the Ghost Clan.

Yu Shaoqing finally felt relieved when he heard that they were all there.

"Master, why did you and Madam come to the Nether Capital?" Qing Yan asked. It couldn't be that they were worried about the three children, right? After they found out that the children had been brought to the Ghost Clan by Ah Wei, they sent a pigeon to the Helian Manor, telling Old Madam and the others not to worry.

"Sigh, it's a long story." Yu Shaoqing sighed and talked about his and Ah Shu's journey.

It was a sunny afternoon. They had received a pigeon letter from the Ghost Clan. When they found out that the children were with Jiuchao and Ah Wan, they were relieved. However, that night, a disaster suddenly descended on the Helian Manor!

Ah Shu had been kidnapped!!!

The corners of Qing Yan's mouth twitched. Are you sure she's kidnapped? Didn't she walk out on her own?

"I left Nanzhao in order to find Ah Shu," Yu Shaoqing continued. "After that, although I found Ah Shu, that thief was so powerful. Every time, he would kidnap Ah Shu from my side in less than two to three days. I chased after her and came here. You said just now... this is called the Nether Capital?"

"Yes, this is the Nether Capital, the place after the Ghost Clan moved their capital." Qing Yan did not ignore the small guilt that flashed across a certain someone's eyes. He was even more certain that she had run away. Really, she would go wherever there was a fight. Not only did the corners of Qing Yan's mouth twitch, but the corners of his eyes also wanted to twitch.

"By the way, who were those people just now?" Yu Shaoqing asked. Although he was skilled in martial arts and could deal with them in a few moves, that group of people gave him a different feeling from ordinary experts.

"They're Blood Rakshasas," Shadow Thirteen said.

"Blood Rakshasa?" Yu Shaoqing frowned. He had never heard of it.

Shadow Thirteen explained, "The Blood Rakshasa is an evil creature that sucks blood for a living. It cultivates the long-lost Blood Demon Technique of the Sorcerer Clan. It has incomparably powerful internal energy and heaven-defying repair power. It's very difficult to deal with."

Yu Shaoqing heaved a sigh of relief and closed his eyes. "Fortunately, I came. Otherwise, Ah Shu would have died in their hands."

This time, the corners of Shadow Thirteen's mouth twitched. Who exactly was the one who was dead? Who was the one who had been everywhere, wishing to fight for three days and three nights?!

Yu Shaoqing thought for a while and said seriously, "Since it's an evil thing, let's not keep it. Kill them."

"Hubby." Little Sly Jiang, who had been silent all this while, grabbed his lapel and said weakly, "The heavens have the virtue of giving them a chance to turn over a new leaf, right? Don't be so anxious to kill them."

Yu Shaoqing was so touched that he was about to cry. He held Madam Jiang's hand and said affectionately, "Ah Shu is really the kindest woman in the world!"

Everyone was speechless. She just wanted to close the door and continue beating!!!

"By the way, Thirteen, Qing Yan, where is this? Where are Ah Wan, Jiuchao, and the others?" Yu Shaoqing looked around and asked in confusion.

"Uh..." The two of them looked at each other.

Qing Yan smiled and said, "It's a long story. This... is the Nether Mountain. Actually, it's considered Madam's family."

Yu Shaoqing was stunned. "Ah Shu's family? Isn't Ah Shu's family in Nanzhao?"

"Nanzhao is also Madam's family, and so is the Nether Capital!" Qing Yan didn't know how to explain Madam's background to Yu Shaoqing. "Master, the wind is strong outside. Come in and talk."

Yu Shaoqing thought about it and agreed. Ah Shu's body was weak to begin with, and she had been frightened, so she couldn't get cold.

Yu Shaoqing helped Madam Jiang back into the house.

"Ah Shu, you're hungry, right? I'll go make you something to eat." With that, Yu Shaoqing quickly went to the kitchen of the Chaoyang Hall. His kitchen skills could be said to be superb.

On the other side, Master Sang, who did not believe that he would lose, was thrown into the Chaoyang Hall by Yan Jiuchao. He was stunned when he saw the Blood Rakshasas fall to the ground.

What happened?

Why was his Blood Rakshasas completely wiped out?

How could these listless Blood Rakshasas look immortal and indestructible?

Just as Master Sang was so shocked by the scene in front of him that he doubted his life, Little Sly Jiang also saw Master Sang who had descended from the sky. Even though Master Sang no longer had any strength, the aura of the Rakshasa King still remained on his body. Slurp-

Little Sly Jiang's eyes instantly lit up!!!

"His blood core has shattered. It can't be repaired," Yan Jiuchao said bluntly. Little Sly Jiang turned her face away in a second. "Then kill him!"

Master Sang :

When Yu Wan woke up, it was already dawn the next day. Ever since she was pregnant, she had been sleeping soundly. She was not woken up at all from the big commotion last night. She habitually looked at the side of the bed. Her sons were not around, nor was Little Rakshasa.

Strange, didn't they wake her up every time? They were so clingy that they were about to grow on her.

Yu Wan touched her slightly bulging stomach and went to the ear room strangely. After washing up, she went to the kitchen to look for food. When she passed by the south wing, she stopped in her tracks. If she remembered correctly, no one lived in the south wing.

She took two steps back and returned to the door of the south wing. She stuck her head out and looked in, but she saw something—

Three little black eggs and Little Rakshasa were wearing flowery clothes and pants. There were big red flowers on their heads, black and thick eyebrows, and fiery red lips. They sat on the stool shyly.

The black little eggs had all become colorful little colorful eggs! Even the thin Little Rakshasa had become a Rakshasa egg!

Yu Wan felt terrible. However, this was not the worst thing. What was worse was that the four children in the room suddenly placed their hands on their hips and raised their heads. Their trembling bodies laughed like pigs..

Chapter 924: Grandfather and Granddaughter Meet, Clues

About the Sorcerer Clan

The wind was gentle and the sun was bright. Sikong Ye was refreshed. It was not only because his injuries had recovered and half of his strength had been recovered, but also because he finally did not have to stay in the same room as the Rakshasa King. Of course, more importantly, his dear granddaughter—Jiang Shu—was here!

When he heard that his daughter and little granddaughter were far away in Nanzhao, he once thought that he would have to travel thousands of miles to see them after many days. He did not expect Little Ah Shu to find the Nether Mountain so quickly!

In order not to let Little Ah Shu worry, he endured not seeing her. Now that his injuries had recovered, he could finally see his Little Ah Shu happily!

Ah Wan had said that although Ah Shu was the Princess of Nanzhao, she had grown up in the Ghost Clan and had suffered a lot. Her body was weak. Every time he thought of this, his heart ached. But it didn't matter. He would protect Ah Shu well!

With his realm and strength, even if he lost half of his inner core, he was still the most all-powerful existence in the entire Nether Capital!

Sikong Ye walked towards the south wing without any regard for his family.

Unexpectedly, Little Sly Jiang was quietly coming out of the south wing. It was not easy for her to make Yu Shaoqing sleep like this. Just as she was about to play with the Blood Rakshasas locked in the cemetery, she felt the aura of a Rakshasa King in the air as soon as she went around the corridor.

„ Having slept with the Rakshasa King for too long, he had subconsciously been tainted by the precious aura that belonged to the other party.

Little Sly Jiang's eyes lit up!

Smack!

She punched the other party!

Sikong Ye, who had sworn that he would use his mighty body and powerful strength to protect Little Ah Shu for the rest of his life, was knocked down by Little Ah Shu (Jiang Batian) with a punch.

When the Rakshasa King, who had passed by and accidentally saw this scene, saw Sikong Ye's embarrassing appearance, he felt that the depression that had been held in his chest for decades had been vented. He could not help but look up at the sky and laugh. "Hahahahahahaha..." Bang!

The Rakshasa King was also knocked down...

Therefore, fifteen minutes later, all the disciples of the Chaoyang Hall saw the two ancestors, who had finally recovered and had sworn that they would never be together again, dragging their stiff old legs and supporting each other. Their faces were swollen as they limped back into the house.

The Sang family courted death one after another. Even if the gods and Buddhas descended, they could not cover up their crimes. Master Sikong brought people to the Sang Manor to gather evidence and interrogated the guards and servants around Sang Zhonghua. With witnesses and evidence gathered, the Sang family did not even have any room to refute.

It was not that the Sang family's ambition did not come with an omen. It was unknown how long ago that the disciples and servants of the Sang family had been harming the commoners in the Nether Capital. However, relying on their relationship with the Sikong family by marriage, no one dared to complain about the Sang family's crimes to the Sikong Manor. Even if they did, there were also spies from the Sang family in the Sikong Manor. They would silently get rid of them and never let Master Sikong see them.

After pulling out the radishes and bringing them out of the mud, the spies in the Sikong Manor were also pulled out one by one.

Master Sikong had never advocated atrocities, but this time, he was really angry and sentenced this group of servants to extreme punishment.

The Sang family's house had been confiscated, and all the Sang family's disciples had been expelled from the Nether Capital, never to enter the Ghost Clan again!

When Madam Sikong heard the news, the two brothers, Sikong Changfeng and Sikong Yun, were leading troops to clear out the Sang Manor. Sikong Yun had been kidnapped by Sang Zhonghua once and had almost lost his life. He had finally seen through his grandfather's ambition and did not show any mercy when he confiscated the Sang Manor.

When Madam Sikong found out that her youngest son had personally gone to raid the Sang Manor, she was so angry that she cried and fainted.

"Mother, you didn't see how he treated me! He almost killed me!" After returning to the manor, Sikong Yun unbuttoned his collar, revealing a circle of purple marks. "This was pinched by his subordinates! Mother, if my luck was any worse, I would have died in their hands!"

What could Madam Sikong say? No matter how big her maternal family was, could they be bigger than her son and husband? Moreover, it was indeed her maternal family who was in the wrong first. It was already the Sikong family's greatest mercy not to exterminate the Sang family.

When they were raiding the manor, Grandma and Qing Yan also went. They found many things that the Rakshasa King had stolen from the Sikong family back then. Other than blood magic, there were also many pill formulas passed down from the Sorcerer Clan and secret manuals to refine Yin Gu.

Qing Yan was enlightened. “No wonder the Sang family’s Yin Gu is so powerful.

It turns out that they also picked up a bargain from the Sikong family.”

The Sikong family had a lot of books. Even they did not know that there were secret manuals for refining weapons in the library. The Rakshasa King casually took them and only took the Blood Demon Technique after taking them. He did not even flip through the rest before throwing them into the furnace.

But the furnace was not lit, so the servants of the Sang family discovered it and picked up the pill formula and secret manual.

However, the secret manual for refining weapons in the Sang family was indeed passed down from their ancestors.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Do you know how much money this secret manual has earned for the Sang family?” Qing Yan asked Yue Gou as he held the Weapon Tome in his hand.

“How much?” Yue Gou asked.

Qing Yan sneered. “Let me put it this way. If we didn’t raid the manor, I wouldn’t have known that the Sang family was actually richer than the Sikong family. However, the Sang family’s money isn’t all for plundering the commoners.”

In fact, the Sang family had indeed done many acts of bullying others, but it was not accurate to say that their money had been plundered.

Qing Yan said, “Ninety percent of the Sang family’s money was earned from this Tome.”

“So, so much?” Yue Gou was dumbfounded.

Qing Yan looked around and hid the Weapon Tome in Yue Gou’s arms.

“What?” Yue Gou looked down at his chest and asked foolishly.

Qing Yan leaned close to him and whispered, “Are you stupid? We can be considered the first credit for annihilating the Sang family this time. No matter what, we have to have some benefits. If we keep this thing, perhaps Jiuchao and Ah Wan can use it in the future!”

“Oh.” Upon hearing that it was for Yan Jiuchao and Yu Wan, the honest Yue Gou decisively became dishonest. He covered his chest and smuggled the secret manual out of the Sang Manor with a shifty look.

The Sang family’s wealth was abundant, and the more they raided, the more shocking it became. Of course, this was no longer Qing Yan and the others’ business. After Grandma finished reading the Sang family’s library, he did not gain much and returned to the Nether Mountain with Qing Yan.

Along the way, Grandma did not look too good.

“Grandma, are you worried about the poison in Jiuchao’s body?” Qing Yan asked.

Grandma nodded. “We’re only short of the last medicinal primer, but this medicinal primer is the hardest to find- T searched the Sikong family’s library

but couldn’t find the whereabouts of the Sorcerer Clan. I thought the Sang family could have some clues, but who knew that I still couldn’t find anything.”

Qing Yan paused and said, “The people of the Central Plains often say that good people are blessed by the heavens. Jiuchao will definitely be fine.”

That being said, there were less than half a year left until Yan Jiuchao’s poison act up. The shortest was probably only two months. They had no choice but to hurry.

After returning to the courtyard, the three of them saw Little Rakshasa and the little black eggs running around. Madam Jiang and Yu Shaoqing sat under the porch, and Madam Jiang leaned on Yu Shaoqing’s

shoulder like a helpless bird, looking at her eggs. Yu Wan was flipping through her herbs at the side. Yan Jiuchao, this high and mighty young master, was actually willing to help her.

No one could bear to lose anyone in such a warm family.

After dinner, the Rakshasa King went to the Sang Family's forbidden area and returned with something in his hand. It was an iron box engraved with a Luan totem. It did not look eye-catching on the outside, but everyone felt that this box was a little special.

Yu Shaoqing went to the kitchen to make supper for Little Rakshasa and the little black eggs. Other than him, everyone else was there.

Yu Wan picked up the box and flipped it around. "What a strange box. What's in

The Rakshasa King nodded and shook his head. He nodded in agreement with Yu Wan. This was indeed a strange box. Back then, when he infiltrated the Sikong family's library and saw it at a glance, he was deeply attracted to it. He didn't like it very much, but he couldn't let go of it.

In short, he took the box away. However, he had never successfully opened this box, so he shook his head because he did not know what was inside.

Yu Wan took out her dagger and tried to pry it open.

Grandma said, "There's a mechanism in this box. If we forcefully pry it open, everything inside will be destroyed."

The Rakshasa King nodded. He did not smash it open because of this consideration.

"Is there no other way?" Yu Wan asked.

Grandma sighed. "The mechanism of such a box has long been circulated on the market. It's not that there's no way, but we have to find the craftsman who made this box back then. Unfortunately, this box

has at least a hundred years of history. That craftsman is probably no longer alive. If that's the case, let's see if we can find his successor. Perhaps there's a chance—"

Halfway through his sentence, Little Sly Jiang brought the box over and held it with both hands. Bang—dang—dang—it fell to the ground!

After countless smashes, the trembling box finally opened and spat out a sparkling bead. The corners of everyone's mouths twitched: ' This... worked?!

Chapter 925: Yan Xiaosi's Send-off

"What is this bead?" Yu Wan reached out and picked it up. She flipped it around and did not find anything strange. "Is it a Night-Luminescent Pearl?"

Yu Wan brought it under the table to take a look. "It's not bright. Grandma, take a look."

Grandma took the bead that Yu Wan had mentioned. During this period of time, he had almost gone through the Sikong family's library and understood much about the history of the Sikong family and the Sorcerer Clan. The moment he held the bead in his hand, he almost immediately determined that it was a Sorcerer Stone.

"What's a Sorcerer Stone? Like the Saintess Stone, is it also a stone to test the power of bloodline among the sorcerers?" Yu Wan asked in confusion.

"No." Grandma shook his head. "The inheritance of the Sorcerer Clan doesn't rely on bloodline, so there's no stone to test bloodlines. Sorcerer Stones can be used as currency in the Sorcerer Clan, but I don't think this Sorcerer Stone is an ordinary Sorcerer Stone."

"Is it unusual?" Yu Wan stared at the bead strangely. No matter how she looked at it, it was a luminous pearl that could not light up.

Little Sly Jiang took the bead and raised her hand to smash it on the table. After a while, the “luminous pearl that doesn’t shine” trembled and shone.

Everyone was speechless again.

After the bead shone, a faint scene appeared inside. After carefully distinguishing it, it actually looked like a map.

This time, Yu Wan finally believed that it was not an ordinary bead. Back then, someone had also made a map into it when they made it, but only by shining could the map hidden inside be revealed.

“Is this a map to the Sorcerer Clan?” Yu Wan asked excitedly.

“Since it’s hidden in the Sorcerer Stone, it should be.” A trace of excitement that was difficult to suppress flashed across Grandma’s eyes. Although Yan Jiuchao had not shown any signs of the poison acting up during this period of time, this was the most dangerous situation. If it was like when he was in Nanzhao, he would need a medicinal bath and acupuncture every day to suppress the poison in his body. At the very least, it meant that they still had a way to suppress the poison. But now, Yan Jiuchao’s poison was either not acting up, or once it did, there was no possibility of suppressing it.

Grandma handed the bead to Shadow Six. “Go draw the map.”

On this trip to the Nether Capital, not only did they find the Saintess’ blood, but they also obtained a map to the Sorcerer Clan by a freak combination of factors. This trip was not in vain. Back then, when Sikong Ye wanted to dig out half of his inner core for Little Rakshasa, Grandma and the others actually did not agree, So what if they let the Rakshasa King dig out all of his blood core? So what if an evil entity that was going to be devoured by the Blood Demon Technique sooner or later died? Now, it seemed that it was all thanks to his reluctance. Of course, he was not doing it all for the Rakshasa King. He was doing it more for Little Rakshasa. His half of his inner core could prevent it from being devoured by the Blood Demon Technique in the future. The good karma that was planted produced good karma.

The ancestor was still the ancestor.

The situation in the Nether Capital had already stabilized. Yu Wan went to the Lan family and sent Zi Yan and her nephew back to Madam Lan's side. The truth of what happened back then had already been revealed. Madam Lan and her sons had been framed by Lan Jiao. Lan Jiao was given a cup of poisonous wine. Madam Lan was welcomed back to the clan and became the head of the Lan family again.

Madam Lan grabbed Yu Wan's hand gratefully. "Thank you. Sister and the others can finally smile in the netherworld."

"These are all what I should do," Yu Wan said with a smile. "Help me thank Jiuchao too," Madam Lan said.

"Okay."

"By the way, there's one more thing about your great-grandmother," Madam Lan said.

"Saintess Lan Yi? What happened to her?" Yu Wan asked.

Madam Lan hesitated for a moment and looked at Yu Wan with a firm gaze. "I've wanted to say these words to you many days ago. Since your great-grandmother and Ancestor Sikong like each other, I think this memorial tablet should be set in the Nether Mountain."

"If we set the memorial tablet in the Nether Mountain..." Yu Wan did not finish her sentence.

Madam Lan understood what she meant and nodded. "It means that she's part of the Nether Mountain. I think this was also her wish when she was alive. She was born as the Saintess of the Lan family and had carried too much for the Lan family. When she was alive, she didn't live according to her wishes. At least after she died, I don't want her to be restrained by the ancestral teachings and family rules."

After reuniting with Madam Lan for so long, Madam Lan's pride and unyielding will far surpassed ordinary women. However, what really made Yu Wan feel that she had never been stronger was this moment.

In terms of bloodline, she was inferior to Saintess Lan Yi. In terms of martial arts and medical skills, she was inferior to her sister. However, it was precisely such a slightly mediocre woman in the Lan family who did something that all the Lan family members did not have the courage to do.

Yu Wan took the memorial tablet and gently hugged Madam Lan. "Grandaunt, you're really amazing."

After returning from the Lan family, Yu Wan went to Sikong Ye's room and handed the memorial tablet to him.

Sikong Ye hugged the memorial tablet and was in a daze for a long time.

They were about to leave the Nether Capital. Yu Wan packed her things overnight. Although she had only been in the Nether Capital for two months, she had received a lot of treasures. Putting aside the Weapon Tome that Qing Yan and Yue Gou had brought back, the Sikong family and the Lan family had both given her a bunch of good things. She had brought all the useful things along the way. The rest was left in the Nether Mountain. After all, the Nether Mountain was her home.

Yu Wan first finished packing Yan Jiuchao's clothes and began to pack the children's. She had only been in the Nether Mountain for less than twenty days, but the three little fellows had gained weight from their great-grandfather's feeding. Their clothes were almost worn out. Ever since Little Rakshasa could eat normal food, he had grown a little.

The four little ones were about to buy new clothes.

Yu Wan was wondering if she should go down the mountain tomorrow morning when she heard a knock on the door.

The door was ajar. They could have just come in. Who was so polite?

Yu Wan put down the half-folded clothes in her hand and walked over to open the ajar door. However, she was surprised to find that the person who came was the Rakshasa King. The Rakshasa King was dressed in a dark robe and was tall. Having lost half a blood core, he had successfully escaped the control of the Blood Demon Technique. He still needed to take blood pills, but he no longer needed human blood.

He was carrying the sleeping Little Rakshasa.

Little Rakshasa and the little black eggs played crazily for the entire day and fell asleep in the bathtub. The four of them had their own hut and should be sleeping soundly on the bed at this time. Why did the Rakshasa King carry Little Rakshasa alone?

Yu Wan was puzzled, but she still invited the Rakshasa King in.

“Please sit,” Yu Wan said as she pointed at the chair.

“Did I disturb you?” The Rakshasa King asked. After being imprisoned in the Sang Family’s forbidden ground for many years, he had almost forgotten how to speak. After coming to the Nether Mountain to stay with Sikong Ye for a few days, his strength had yet to recover, but his language had finally recovered. Yu Wan shook her head. “No, why did Senior Sang bring Little Rakshasa over?”

The Rakshasa King paused and was in a difficult position. However, he had no choice but to make up his mind. “I’m here to bid you farewell.”

“Farewell?” Yu Wan looked at him and then at Little Rakshasa in his arms. She did not expect him to say such a thing. “Where... where... are you going?”

“I know that I’ve committed serious sins. I don’t want to be a Blood Rakshasa for the rest of my life.” The Rakshasa King looked at the sleeping little fellow in his arms and a dotting gaze flashed across his eyes. “I want to bring him around. Although he’s a young Rakshasa, he has half of the inner core of a normal expert in his body. He has half a chance of becoming a normal person. I want to raise him well.”

Yu Wan’s throat ached as she looked reluctantly at Little Rakshasa in his arms.

“Do you want to hug him again?” The Rakshasa King asked Yu Wan.

Yu Wan nodded and reached out to Little Rakshasa.

The Rakshasa King handed the little fellow to Yu Wan.

It was unknown if it was because he felt Yu Wan's aura in his sleep, but Little Rakshasa hugged Yu Wan's neck affectionately.

Yu Wan looked at his sleeping face and smiled slightly. She lowered her head and kissed his forehead.

Although she wanted to keep him, she understood that he was the Rakshasa

King's child. This had nothing to do with bloodline. From the moment the Rakshasa King saved him from the blood pool and fed him with blood to extend his life, he was already the Rakshasa King's deepest bond.

"When are you leaving?" Yu Wan asked.

"Now," the Rakshasa King said.

Yu Wan suddenly tightened her grip on Little Rakshasa. "Can't you leave tomorrow morning?"

"I'm afraid that he won't be able to bear to leave when he wakes up." It wasn't that the Rakshasa King hadn't thought of going to the Sorcerer Clan with them, but with his current cultivation, he would probably become a burden to them. This trip to the Sorcerer Clan concerned Yan Jiuchao's life and death. He couldn't let anything happen.

"I'll send you off," Yu Wan said.

The Rakshasa King nodded.

Yu Wan carried Little Rakshasa and walked down the Nether Mountain with the Rakshasa King out of the Sikong family's house.

At the entrance of the Sikong Manor, the Rakshasa King stopped in his tracks. "Let's stop here. It's getting late. You're pregnant. Go back and rest early." Yu Wan looked reluctantly at Little Rakshasa and was about to hand him over.

The Rakshasa King said, "Give him a name."

"Xiao Zhao." Yu Wan looked at Little Rakshasa lovingly and said, "His name is Xiao Zhao."

"He's called Xiao Zhao," the Rakshasa King murmured.

Yu Wan held back the strong reluctance in her heart and slowly handed Xiao Zhao to the Rakshasa King.

There were no moon or stars in the night sky tonight. Every street in the Nether Capital was dark.

The Rakshasa King carried Xiao Zhao and walked on the dark street. Suddenly, the street lit up piece by piece with the Saintess Stones and spread at an unbelievable speed. In almost the blink of an eye, the Saintess Stone of the entire Nether Capital lit up.

The Nether Capital had never been so beautiful. It had become a city of light.

Xiao Zhao, someone is sending you off again.

The Rakshasa King smiled and carried Xiao Zhao forward without looking back..

Chapter 926: Little Black Eggs and Rakshasa Egg!

The map in the Sorcerer Stone was drawn on the parchment by Shadow Six with cinnabar. No one knew how young this bead was, so no one knew if this could lead to the former Sorcerer Clan.

Or perhaps, when they really went over, there would be no so-called Sorcerer Clan. But no matter what, as long as there was a chance, they could not give up.

Xiao Zhao's departure made Yu Wan very sad for a while. When she thought of the thin child, the little fellow who had learned to wheedle and act cute in her arms, she could not bear to part with him.

'We'll meet again, right...' Yu Wan muttered and put away the clothes that Xiao Zhao had worn.

The three little black eggs were also very sad. When they woke up, their brother was gone. Who could understand the pain in their hearts?

"Grow up quickly. When you grow up, you can go look for Xiao Zhao," Yu Wan said as she stroked their heads.

The three of them nodded solemnly. "Mm!"

Shadow Six spent an entire night and finally drew the map in the Sorcerer Stone. The Nether Capital was also on the map, but there was no sign. Instead, it was marked with the old site of the Ghost Clan. This was not surprising. After all, when the ancestors of the Sikong Clan left this map, they did not expect their descendants to move the capital.

"It's a map from a thousand years ago. Is it really still useful? A few small saplings have grown into a forest, and the small pond has condensed into a stream. How can we find it?" Qing Yan held the map and said with a defeated expression.

Opposite him sat Yu Wan and Shadow Six.

'That's you!' Shadow Six took the map over. If the Nether Capital and the Ghost Clan weren't on the map, it might be really difficult to find the right path. However, with the two of them, he could roughly

estimate the size of each mountain range and forest according to the distance and ratio on the map. Even if the terrain changed, the distance and direction wouldn't change.

Of course, this sounded easy, but it was really a test of one's mental calculations and observation skills.

"Are you confident?" Yu Wan asked.

"Yes." Shadow Six nodded. "There's no problem with Young Master and Thirteen reminding me."

Yu Wan said softly, "Alright, everyone rest well tonight and set off tomorrow morning. By the way, how are Asura and Ah Wei's situation?"

The two of them had been in seclusion for a few days, but there were no signs of them coming out of seclusion.

At the mention of this, Qing Yan was both happy and worried. He was happy that the two of them had been in seclusion for so long and that their breakthrough in cultivation would be even stronger than he had imagined. He was worried that they were about to set off, but the two of them had yet to come out of seclusion. What should he do?

"Young Master's illness can't be delayed..." Shadow Six said tactfully.

"I know! That's why I'm worried!" Qing Yan was about to cry.

"Why don't..." Shadow Six looked at Yu Wan, who shook her head. There was no way to wait. They didn't know how dangerous the trip to the Sorcerer Clan was, but they were sure that even a small Nether Capital was filled with hidden dragons and crouching tigers. If there were really still Sorcerer Clan's members alive in the place of origin of the Sorcerer Clan, they would definitely not be easier to deal with than Nether Capital. Therefore, having one more expert would be a very precious help to them.

"We'll make plans tomorrow morning. You guys rest early. I'll go back to my room." With that, Yu Wan stood up and left Shadow Six and Shadow Thirteen's room.

Just as she reached the small garden, Sikong Changfeng arrived.

“Ah Wan.” Sikong Ye actually came too.

Yu Wan looked at Sikong Changfeng and then at Sikong Ye. She greeted, “Great Grandpa, Young Master Sikong, are you here for me?”

The two of them nodded. Sikong Changfeng bowed respectfully to Sikong Ye. “Greetings, Ancestor.”

Sikong Ye nodded indifferently and glanced at him. “Ah Wan, come to my room later.’

“Okay,” Yu Wan agreed.

Sikong Ye strode back into the house.

Sikong Changfeng originally planned to let the Ancestor talk to Yu Wan first while he waited outside. He did not expect the Ancestor to be so considerate and give him the opportunity first.

It seemed that ever since Ah Wan and the others came, the ancestor had become more considerate and easy to talk to.

Sikong Changfeng was happy with the ancestor’s change, but he was a little sad about the separation. His eyes darkened and he sighed. “Ah Wan, you’re leaving, right?”

“Yes,” Yu Wan said. “We’ve found a map to the Sorcerer Clan. We’ll set off tomorrow morning.”

Sikong Changfeng suddenly looked up at her. “So soon? Aren’t you going to stay for a few more days?”

Yu Wan shook her head slightly. “Yan Jiuchao’s poison can’t be delayed anymore. It has to be treated as soon as possible.”

“A poison like the Fragrance of Hundred Miles is really the most difficult poison in the world to detoxify.” Sikong Changfeng frowned. He really hoped that Yu Wan could stay. Not only was it because she had the bloodline of the Saint King, but the Lan family and the Nether Capital also needed her. It was also because... he actually couldn’t bear to part with her. However, he could only silently hide this reluctance in his heart.

“Thank you for coming to say goodbye to me.” Yu Wan smiled slightly. Yu Wan had a good impression of Sikong Changfeng. Although he was born

into a top-notch aristocratic family, he did not have the bad habits of a young master from aristocratic families, nor did he give up on himself because of the unfair treatment he had suffered since he was young. He had grown into an upright and kind person, worthy of the best woman in the Nether Capital entrusting her life to him.

“I hope I’ll already have a cousin-in-law the next time I return to the Nether Capital,” she said with a smile.

Sikong Changfeng was stunned. Ah Wan... recognized him as her cousin? Because he was too shocked, he forgot to say that there was no other woman who could move his heart.

“Cousin, take care.” Yu Wan bowed.

“Wait!” Sikong Changfeng suddenly came back to his senses and remembered that he was looking for her. “I was so focused on talking to you that I forgot about business.”

“Huh?” Yu Wan looked at him in surprise.

He took out a portrait from his sleeve and handed it to Yu Wan. “If the painting isn’t good, Ah Wan, please bear with me.”

Yu Wan took the portrait, untied the ribbon, and slowly unfolded it. A strong ink fragrance wafted over.

In the portrait were four little fellows wearing flowery clothes, a big red flower on their heads, flying eyebrows, and fiery red lips. The three little black eggs and the Rakshasa egg had their hands on their hips. They raised their heads and laughed loudly. They seemed to have heard the two rows of pig cries through the rice paper.

Yu Wan burst into laughter, her eyes moist. "Thank you."

Two thank yous. The first was politeness, and this one was sincere gratitude.

After bidding farewell to Sikong Changfeng, Yu Wan went to Sikong Ye's room. When the Rakshasa King was around, this room was always lively. The two of them fought at the head of the bed and made up at the end of the bed. A few things in the room had to break every day, and it gave the disciples a headache. Now that the Rakshasa King was no longer around, the things did not break, but everyone was willing for things to continue breaking.

"Great-grandpa," Yu Wan called softly.

Sikong Ye was already asleep, holding the memorial tablet of Saintess Lan Yi in his arms.

With his peak strength, how could he not notice the commotion of someone entering?

Yu Wan walked over quietly and tucked him in. At this moment, she really felt that this man was old. He had protected the Nether Mountain and the Sikong family for the rest of their lives. It was time for him to be taken care of.

Yu Wan guarded in front of the bed for a while and covered him with a blanket several times. It was not until late at night and he was completely asleep that Yu Wan stood up and left.

The next day, Yu Wan and the others planned to set off.

The milk Asura and Ah Wei were still in seclusion. Yu Wan and Yan Jiuchao discussed for a while and decided to let Qing Yan and Yue Gou stay. After their Asura and Ah Wei came out of seclusion, they would go to the Sorcerer Clan together.

“We’ll leave a signal along the way. Ah Wei can use Gu worms to track us,” Yu Wan said to Qing Yan and Yue Gou.

The two of them nodded reluctantly.

“I’ll leave Grandma to you. Ah Wan, take good care of him,” Qing Yan said solemnly.

They couldn’t let go of Ah Wan, nor could they let go of Grandma, who was already old. However, Grandma couldn’t not go because only he knew the matters of the Sorcerer and Saintess Clans the best.

“There’s no need for me to go.” Old Cui rubbed his nose resentfully. “If that kid’s poison acts up again, unless there’s an antidote, Hua Tuo won’t be able to save him.”

Shadow Six exploded. “Then go over and concoct the antidote!”

Old Cui snorted and “reluctantly” took the seventeen to eighteen boxes of luggage that he had packed for half the night.

Everyone:

When Sikong Ye came over, everyone’s luggage was almost packed.

“Great-grandpa.” When Yu Wan saw him come over, she smiled and walked over to greet him. “Did you sleep well last night? I was just about to bid you farewell. We’re leaving.”

“I know. Actually, I’m also here to bid farewell to you,” he said. Not only did his gaze sweep across Yu Wan and the others, but it also landed on Master Sikong and Sikong Changfeng.

Sikong Changfeng realized something and asked in confusion, "Ancestor, where are you going?"

"I'm leaving the Nether Mountain," Sikong Ye said.

"Ancestor!" Master Sikong's expression changed. He looked at his dantian and said, "Your injury..."

Sikong Ye smiled and did not answer him. Instead, he stroked Yu Wan's head lovingly. "I originally planned to go with Ah Wan and Jiuchao, but with my current strength, I can't protect them. I'm prepared to go to Nanzhao to see my and Lan Yi's children."

As he spoke, he hugged Yu Wan's little body tightly and pressed his chin against her forehead. "I'm sorry, Ah Wan. Great Grandpa can't continue to protect you.."

Chapter 927: Little Sly Jiang Stealing Eggs! Father and Daughter Meet! (1)

Sikong Ye's decision was agreed by everyone. The trip to the Sorcerer Clan was filled with danger. He had yet to recover from his injuries, and no one could bear to let him take the risk. Moreover, he had protected enough people in his life. If not for the Sikong family, he would have long left the Nether Capital with Lan Yi. He had missed Lan Yi, at least he would not miss his daughter.

Sikong Ye packed his things. He did not have much luggage, only a few changes of clothes along the way. Most importantly, he wrapped the memorial tablet of the Saintess of Lan Yi in cloth and carried it tightly on his back.

He had only brought Jinghong from the Chaoyang Hall.

"Ancestor." Sikong Changfeng walked towards him. For some reason, he had a feeling that the Ancestor would not return to the Nether Mountain even though he did not bring much luggage. "Will you... come back?"

Sikong Changfeng voiced his doubts.

Sikong Ye said, "I don't know."

After living for the Sikong family for so many years, he only wanted to live for Lan Yi and his children for the rest of his life.

He would guard wherever they were.

Sikong Ye turned around and looked at the Chaoyang Hall bathed in the morning light. There was no longer any complicated expression in his eyes. Instead, he revealed a relieved smile. "The Nether Mountain is yours."

"Ancestor—" Sikong Changfeng felt as if his chest had been torn apart, and tears could not help but well up. He had lost his mother when he was young and was not liked by his biological father and stepmother. It was the Ancestor and the Nether Mountain who had given him a place to protect. Although the Ancestor did not see him often, as long as he saw him, he would teach him without reservation. It was because his natural endowments were clumsy and he could not inherit the Ancestor's mantle.

In his heart, the ancestor was a family closer to him than his father. He could not bear to part with the ancestor.

Sikong Ye did not say anything else. He patted his shoulder and turned to say goodbye to the other disciples.

On the other hand, the Little Gu and the Ten Thousand Gu King were also going to part. Just like how the Little Gu wanted to protect Yu Wan, the Ten Thousand Gu King also wanted to protect his master.

It and its master were already old, but be it its Gu life or its last journey, it had to be by its master's side.

Little Gu hugged the Ten Thousand Gu King's big claw and rubbed against it with tears in its eyes.

The Ten Thousand Gu King drove hundreds of Thousand Gu Kings into different jade bottles. This was food prepared for Little Gu because it was worried that it would be hungry.

Next was the whereabouts of Yu Shaoqing, Madam Jiang, and the three little fellows. Initially, she was worried about what her parents and the three little fellows would do. Now that her great-grandfather was going to Nanzhao, it was really suitable.

Sikong Ye was naturally glad to see it. He was happier than anyone else to be with his Little Ah Shu and the three little babies.

However, Yu Shaoqing insisted on traveling with Yu Wan. Whether his daughter and son-in-law went to Nanzhao or came to the Ghost Clan's Nether

Capital, he could not accompany them. This time, he did not leave them behind no matter what.

After all, he was a top expert who could defeat twenty Blood Rakshasa with his bare hands. His daughter needed him!

His attitude was firm, and Yu Wan could not refuse. She could only agree to go with him.

Little Sly Jiang's luck was not so good. It was useless even if she acted coquettishly. Who asked her to be so sick and weak? Yu Wan was worried that she would hurt her body on the way and wanted her to return to Nanzhao with Sikong Ye no matter what.

Seeing Madam Jiang pout aggrievedly, Yu Wan whispered, "Great-grandpa doesn't know how to take care of children. I'm relieved with Mom around."

Madam Jiang and the three little black eggs boarded the carriage back to Nanzhao with tears in their eyes. Those who knew would say that they were going home. Those who didn't know would think that they had been abandoned.

At noon, the two groups left the Nether Capital and went in different directions. About evening, the two groups arrived at their first habitat. Yu Wan, Yan Jiuchao, and the others entered a forest, but Sikong Ye set up a tent by the stream.

Jinghong went to the stream to catch a few fish and made a roasted fish. After the few of them ate, Sikong Ye brought the three little black eggs back to his tent, while Little Sly Jiang slept in another tent.

Jinghong sat by the fire and guarded the night.

In the middle of the night, a small head quietly stuck out of the tent. It looked around and after confirming that no one had discovered it, it tiptoed out of the tent.

The little figure silently disappeared into the night.

The night was very quiet. The moon was bright and the stars were sparse. After a while, the little figure that had already walked far away turned back with a whoosh. It pounced into Sikong Ye's tent and carried something out..

Chapter 928: Little Sly Jiang Stealing Eggs! Father and Daughter Meet! (2)

When the sky was dim, the fire had long lost its heat. Jinghong hugged his sword and tapped his head down like a chick pecking at rice. He was suddenly woken up. His first reaction was to pull out his sword and sized up his surroundings.

Seeing that there was no danger, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"I actually fell asleep after saying that I had to keep watch." Jinghong rubbed his stiff neck in self-reproach and turned to greet the ancestor. When he passed by Madam Ah Shu's tent, he vaguely felt that something was wrong.

"Madam Ah Shu," he called softly from outside.

There was no reaction from the tent. The uneasiness in Jinghong's heart was magnified. He hesitated for a moment, gritted his teeth, and used the hilt of his sword to lift the tent to take a look. In the end, he was dumbfounded.

“Not good—not good—Ancestor—Madam Ah Shu is missing—” Jinghong scrambled to the outside of Sikong Ye’s tent.

The meditating Ten Thousand Gu King looked at him calmly and continued to lie beside Sikong Ye. Sikong Ye sat up and stretched indifferently. “Why are you making so much noise so early in the morning?”

Jinghong crawled into the tent and said in a trembling voice, “Madam Ah Shu is missing! ”

Sikong Ye yawned. “So be it. Why are you making such a fuss?”

“...Huh?” Jinghong was stunned by his ancestor’s reaction. Madam Ah Shu was his biological granddaughter. He doted on her so much. Why did he have such a reaction when he heard that she was missing?

Wait! Why did the ancestor look like he had known about this long ago? That’s right, his martial arts were weak. He could not notice the commotion in the tent when he was asleep, but it was impossible for the ancestor not to be cautious of Madam Ah Shu.

Jinghong looked at Sikong Ye and probed, “Ancestor, do you... know where Madam Ah Shu went?”

“Yes, I know,” Sikong Ye said.

“Ah...” As expected, Jinghong opened her mouth in a daze. “Then should we wait for Madam Ah Shu here?”

Sikong Ye said indifferently, “There’s no need. She won’t come back.”

“Ah...” What did he mean by not coming back? Ancestor, don’t scare me!

Sikong Ye knew that he was crooked when he saw his expression. He glanced at him coldly and said, “It’s not what you think. She’s very good!”

“Oh.” Jinghong didn’t know what to say.

“Ah!” Jinghong called out again.

Sikong Ye had a headache because of him. “What’s wrong now?”

Jinghong pointed at Sikong Ye’s empty side and stammered, “The little... little masters are gone too!”

“Mm,” Sikong Ye replied calmly again.

Jinghong looked at his ancestor in horror. “Could it be that they were also taken away by Madam Ah Shu? Why is Ah Shu so ridiculous? It’s fine if she escaped herself, but why did she take the little masters away too? Ancestor, why don’t I go and chase them back with the Ten Thousand Gu King!”

Sikong Ye said thoughtfully, “There’s no need. They really need those little fellows for the Sorcerer Clan.”

What did this mean? Did Madam Ah Shu bring the little masters to the Sorcerer Clan?

But why did they need the little masters? They were just a few three-year-old children!

Jinghong wanted to ask, but Sikong Ye was unwilling to say anything else.

Little Ah Shu came to steal eggs in his tent. Did she really think he didn’t notice when he was asleep?

However, before Little Ah Shu left, she even thoughtfully covered him with a blanket.

Although she had taken his money.

But his Little Ah Shu was really the kindest and most considerate child in the world!

After so many years, the terrain had indeed changed a lot. Fortunately, Shadow

Six was the most powerful scout in the world. Yan Jiuchao and Shadow Thirteen were also good at getting their bearings. The group stumbled and were really about to arrive at the Sorcerer Clan's territory described on the map.

"We have to cross this sea," Shadow Six said as he pointed at the map. There had been no change to this sea, but the originally desolate shoal had now become a small town. It was said that it belonged to the Jade Nation.

If he had not personally gone to such a small country that he had never heard of, how could he believe that it really existed?

Shadow Six opened his notebook and carefully recorded the route.

"Why are you remembering this?" Old Cui asked curiously.

"It can be used when we come back. When we return to the Great Zhou in the future, it can also be used as a public map. Isn't that good?" Shadow Six said.

Yu Wan looked at Shadow Six in admiration. Shadow Six was really a motivated child. What they did not expect, he could think of everything. Yan Jiuchao was from the royal family of the Great Zhou. The more he knew about this continent, the more benefits and chips he would have in the future..

Chapter 929: Little Sly Jiang Stealing Eggs! Father and Daughter Meet! (3)

The few of them waited at the endless dock.

Suddenly, Shadow Thirteen, who had gone to investigate, returned and reported to Yan Jiuchao and Yu Wan, "There are two ships crossing the sea once every ten days. There happens to be the last ship today, but..."

At this point, he revealed a troubled expression.

“But what?” Yu Wan asked.

Shadow Thirteen said, “They only accept people from the Jade Nation and those with business tickets from the Jade Nation. We don’t have these, so we can’t board the ship.”

“Where did you get the business ticket?” Yu Wan asked.

Shadow Thirteen also asked about this. “You can get it in the city with money, but I can’t do it today.”

Yu Wan frowned and said, “In other words, we can’t board the ship today? But if we miss this trip, the next ship will be ten days later. No, we can’t wait that long!”

Shadow Thirteen gripped his sword tightly. “Why don’t—”

“You young people are just impulsive. Can’t we talk nicely? Why do you have to do this?” Yu Shaoqing, who had been silent all this while, spoke. Although Yu Shaoqing was a general, war was to protect the country. In private, he was not a person who would fight at any chance.

He said seriously, “I’ll go talk to them and reason with them. I believe they’ll let us on the ship.”

As Yu Shaoqing thought this, he really went. He came to the dock where the ship was boarding and asked a pageboy who was carrying goods, “May I ask where your boss is?”

The pageboy pointed casually.

“Thank you.” Yu Shaoqing followed his finger and came to a small teahouse near the docks.

Today was the day to go out to sea, and the teahouse was packed with people. The shopkeeper was too busy and didn't pay much attention to Yu Shaoqing, who was walking towards him.

Yu Shaoqing asked, "May I know if the captain of that ship is around?"

The shopkeeper ignored him.

Yu Shaoqing took out a certain amount of money.

After the shopkeeper received the silver, he looked at Yu Shaoqing. It had to be said that he had lived for more than half of his life and had seen countless people. He had never seen such a handsome, mighty, and extraordinary man. The shopkeeper pointed at a room in the hall and whispered, "The first-in-charge isn't around. Go find the second-in-charge. Don't say that I told you."

"Thank you!" Yu Shaoqing thanked him sincerely and walked towards the room.

After he had walked far away, another shop assistant came over and said to the shopkeeper, "Second Boss hates this kind of pretty boy with tender skin. Wouldn't you be letting him have a death wish if you sent him over?"

The sandstorm that Yu Shaoqing had suffered in the military camp had long been nurtured by Little Sly Jiang. It was fair and tender, and everyone would believe that he was less than thirty.

The shopkeeper weighed the silver in his hand. "He has a death wish. Can you

blame me?"

Yu Shaoqing did not know that he was about to step into a tiger's den. He saw that the door was wide open and there was a bearded and burly man sitting on the yokeback armchair. He walked over politely and said, "Excuse me, are you the Second Boss?"

The man glanced at him coldly and narrowed his eyes.

Yu Shaoqing cupped his hands and said, 'My family and I have something urgent to go out to sea. As we don't know the market of your land in advance, we didn't have time to apply for a business ticket. I hope you can make it easy for us. We'll make up for the business ticket later. We won't treat you badly in terms of the price.'

Second Boss looked at Yu Shaoqing's handsome face and clenched his fists tightly.

Yu Shaoqing saw that the water on the stove was ready. He picked up the kettle and turned around to make tea for the second boss. "In addition, my family knows medicine. If any of the sailors suffer from illnesses and disasters on the way to the sea, my family can provide medical skills and medicine for free."

Naturally, Second Boss would not agree to him. What was a ship passenger? If he was sick, so be it. If he died, so be it. Was there a need to save him?

On the other hand, this pretty boy's pretentiousness really annoyed him. Just as Second Boss was about to send Yu Shaoqing flying with a punch, a fair hand suddenly reached out from behind the armchair, grabbed his collar, and dragged him behind the green gauze cabinet!

Yu Shaoqing didn't know what Second Boss had experienced, but when he turned around, Second Boss was gone.

When he turned around again, Second Boss had returned to his chair. However, he did not know if it was her imagination, but Second Boss's body seemed to be trembling.

"Ah Wan!"

Fifteen minutes later, Yu Shaoqing returned in high spirits.

Behind him was the trembling Second Boss, Third Boss, and the Boss who was known as the overlord of the sea.

Yu Wan looked at her father and the burly men who had come with him strangely. "Dad, who are they?"

Yu Shaoqing chuckled and said, "Let me introduce them to you. They're the first, second, and third leaders of this ship. They're here to invite us aboard! Who said they're unreasonable? We've really misunderstood them. They're very good people. They heard that we have an urgent matter and need to board the ship. They even waived the ship's fees and specially came to help us carry our luggage!"

The corners of Shadow Thirteen's mouth twitched. '

Are you sure he and the Master met the same group of people?

Yu Wan, Yan Jiuchao, and the others were respectfully invited onto the ship. Just as Yu Shaoqing had said, they really did not ask for a single copper coin from them. Not only that, they even gave up the luxurious room they were staying in.

Yu Wan was stunned. "This isn't appropriate, right? Isn't it too troublesome?" The three of them shook their heads like rattle drums. "No trouble, no trouble!"

Yu Wan smiled awkwardly. "Let's go stay in the small room. We're already very embarrassed to make an exception and board the ship. If we take over your room..."

The three of them said in unison, wishing they could kneel down in front of Yu

Wan. "No, no, no! Please don't stay in the small room, Miss!"

If you stay in the small room, we have to enter the haunted house! Boohoo, that woman was so scary!

Boss: "Our people from Jade Nation are very hospitable!"

Second Boss: "That's right! Foreign guests are paramount! We can't embarrass the Jade Nation!"

Third Boss: "You guys stay here!"

Yan Jiuchao entered the room calmly. "I can't refuse their kindness. Just stay here."

The three of them were relieved!

On the other hand, when Yu Wan and the others boarded the ship to go out to sea, Sikong Ye had also arrived in the Capital of Nanzhao.

The Emperor still did not know that his father-in-law had traveled thousands of miles to Nanzhao. He was arguing with Consort Yun. So many days had passed, but Consort Yun was still clamoring for a divorce.

He had already conferred her as the Empress. What else did she want?

"Your Majesty, Her Majesty threw the phoenix crown and golden seal again... Her Majesty said that it's better for Your Majesty to dream than let her be the Empress..." The eunuch said with a long face.

"Bastard! Is this something a concubine should say? Am I spoiling her too much? I've repeatedly tolerated her. Does she really think that the power of the Emperor is a joke?!" The Emperor was furious and flicked his sleeves to Consort Yun's bedchamber.

The door to the bedchamber was tightly shut.

The Emperor said sternly, "Open the door!"

With a rumble, the door opened. However, the first thing he saw was not his newly conferred Empress, Shen Yun, but a silver-haired, tall, sage-like man. "You are..." The Emperor was stunned.

"Yun'er, is this the man who bullied you and Little Ah Shu?" As soon as Sikong Ye said this with internal energy, the Emperor, who was about to punish Consort Yun, knelt down with a thud!

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Chapter 930: Doting Daughter Maniac

Consort Yun's biological mother had passed away early, and her father didn't dote on her much. It wasn't that she hadn't suspected that she might not be his biological daughter. After all, Old Master Shen was so ugly. No matter how she looked at it, he didn't look like he could give birth to a daughter as beautiful as her.

However, that was just a wild thought. She did not expect it to be true.

When this man who claimed to be from the Nether Capital appeared in front of her, she was stunned. She knew there was a reason why she was so beautiful. Her appearance did not look too similar to her biological mother, but she definitely looked like her biological father!

Sikong Ye was already so sage-like at an old age, let alone when he was young. He was the true number one handsome man in the Nether Capital. The women who wanted to marry him wished they could break through the threshold of the Sikong Manor.

However, he was only focused on Saintess Lan Yi and did not care about the other women at all.

However, he and Saintess Lan Yi knew very well that the two of them were destined not to be fated. She had the Lan family that she wanted to protect, and he had the Sikong family that he wanted to protect. The ancestral teachings from the family were like an insurmountable chasm. That was until she was framed. He took the risk of betraying the family and released her.

She said that it's better to deal with painful things quickly. From now on, they would forget about each other.

How could he know that was the last time he saw Lan Yi?

How would he know that Lan Yi was already pregnant with his child?

In the resplendent bedchamber, Sikong Ye looked at his daughter without blinking. Actually, in terms of looks, Little Ah Shu, Ah Wan, and Lan Yi were more similar, but he could see Lan Yi's appearance on Yun'er.

Ah Wan, Qiu Bing, and the others told him about Yun'er and Little Ah Shu one after another. He never knew that the two of them had such a difficult life. Yun'er's life in the Shen family was not too difficult. Because she was a concubine's daughter, other than being more beautiful, her status was not eye-catching. However, ever since she met the Emperor, who was still the Crown Prince at that time, she had started the misfortune of her life.

She was schemed against at such a young age and had no one to rely on in the harem. She even had to suffer the cold violence of the Emperor and the Empress's schemes. However, this was not the most sad thing. The greatest pain in a mother's heart was losing her children.

His heart ached when he thought about what had happened to his and Lan Yi's daughter.

Consort Yun had already thought it through. Although she had suffered in her early years, she was all better now. Her daughter was fine and had found a man who doted on her. Ah Wan had also married a good husband. As for the children, they were even better.

If there was anything troubling, it would probably be the Emperor who she could not shake off!

However, this father who descended from the sky seemed to be quite powerful—

Consort Yun widened her eyes and blinked at her father.

No matter how old Consort Yun was, she was still a child in Sikong Ye's eyes.

She was his and Lan Yi's only daughter in the world. Sikong Ye felt that Consort

Yun looked extremely cute, and he looked at her dotingly.

The father and daughter looked at each other. The Emperor at the side had been completely ignored by the two of them. He had been paused here for a long time and his back was sore.

The Emperor felt that he had to make his presence known. He cleared his throat and said, "That..

"Shut up!"

"Shut up!"

As soon as he spoke, the father and daughter spoke in unison without looking back. Then, they continued to look at each other affectionately.

The Emperor... The Emperor shut his mouth resentfully.

He wanted to be angry and have a million corpses. Unfortunately, the entire imperial guards of the palace were suppressed by this man who claimed to be Consort Yun's father with his internal energy.

The Emperor felt bitter. The Emperor did not say anything.

Rumble-

Consort Yun's stomach growled.

"Yun'er is hungry. What do you want to eat?" Sikong Ye asked dotingly.

"Red braised pork," Consort Yun said.

"Your mother also liked to eat red braised pork back then. It seems that you and Ah Shu have taken after her." After Sikong Ye said with a smile, he turned around and instructed the palace maid beside him indifferently, "Hurry up and make red braised pork. By the way, make a serving of braised pork knuckle, crispy duck, exquisite chicken, steamed carp, and braised mutton."

“Yes!” The palace maid hurriedly left. She did not know why she listened to this stranger!

The Emperor :

It’s fine if you barged into the palace, but you even ordered my palace maids around! Who is the master of the palace?!

“Were you the one who shouted at my Yun’er outside the bedchamber just now?” Sikong Ye was finally in the mood to deal with the Emperor, who he had neglected for more than an hour.

Although the Emperor was the ruler of Nanzhao, he was only a local Emperor to the descendants of the Sorcerer Clan. Sikong Ye did not take this “son-in-law” seriously.

The Emperor broke out in cold sweat under his father-in-law’s cold gaze. He wanted to show off his might as a monarch, but before this thought could flash through his mind, he felt his knees go weak.

This was a person who could suppress the entire palace with a pressure. He could probably destroy the entire Capital with a flick of his finger.

For the safety of the people in the Capital, the Emperor decided to swallow his anger and refuse to admit that he was a coward!

“I didn’t know that Father-in-law had come to the capital. Sorry for not welcoming you.” He cleared his throat and said.

“Who’s your father-in-law? Did I admit that you’re my son-in-law?” Sikong Ye retorted angrily. Jiuchao and Beiyu were still the cutest. No matter how he looked at it, they were much more reliable than this fellow.

The Emperor broke out in a cold sweat and said, “Shen Yun is my Empress...”

“I didn’t agree to be your Empress!” Consort Yun rolled her eyes. She dared to cause trouble without her father’s support. Now that she had such a powerful father to support her, she could be even more arrogant!

“I told you, I want to divorce you!” She crossed her arms in front of her chest.

Sikong Ye snorted. “Did you hear that? My daughter wants to have a repudiation!”

The corners of the Emperor’s mouth twitched. It was supposed to be a divorce, so why did it become a repudiation? He was the ruler of a country, so how could he let others repudiate him? There was no such thing as divorce, okay!

This was truly his father-in-law. He could not be angry!

The Emperor took a deep breath and said earnestly, “Father-in-law, I know that I was in the wrong in the past. I shouldn’t have misunderstood Shen Yun and shouldn’t have believed in malicious people. I was the one who caused the two of them to suffer. I regret it greatly. I want to make it up to Shen Yun and

An snu.”

“You think you can compensate just because you say so? Have you asked my daughter if she’s willing to take it?” He had wronged his daughter for the rest of her life and even caused his dear Ah Shu to wander around the Ghost Clan. In the end, it was over with a word of compensation? He wanted to ask him, what could he use to compensate?

The position of Empress?

Would a descendant of the Sorcerer Clan, the daughter of the Nether Capital, care about the Empress of the Nanzhao Nation?!

If his Yun’er wanted the world, he could give it to her! Why would he need a heartless man to give her a mere harem?!

The Emperor had really kicked an iron plate this time. After understanding that he had been schemed against by the Empress and Yuwen Zhao, he had actually come to his senses. He knew that he had been wrong all these years. Consort Yun had been innocent from the beginning to the end. He had seen how good

Consort Yun was and was willing to treat her like a pearl for the rest of his life.

However, Sikong Ye was right about one thing. He had indeed never asked Consort Yun if she wanted it or not. There was a kind of goodness. And that was the Emperor thought that he was good to her. Perhaps the reason was that Consort Yun did not have the support of her maternal family. He felt that as long as Consort Yun caused enough trouble, there would be a day when she would compromise with him.

Unexpectedly, that day did not come. Instead, his father-in-law came. His father-in-law's attack was extraordinary, making him kneel down in a single

move.

Sikong Ye gestured and Jinghong walked in with a large pile of things.

Sikong Ye said indifferently, "On account of Dabao, Er'bao, and Xiaobao, I won't kill you, but you can't escape punishment. A washboard, rolling pin, and a cane. Choose one yourself. Kneel until my daughter vents her anger!"

The Emperor's eyebrows twitched. He was the ruler of a country! He would not kneel down!

Two hours later, Consort Yun and Sikong Ye were having dinner in the side hall. Consort Yun glanced at three plates of red braised pork while Sikong Ye focused on picking the bones of fish bones and chicken for her.

The Emperor knelt on the washboard outside the door, trembling in the cold wind. "Father-in-law, may I get up?"

Sikong Ye looked at Consort Yun. "If you think he's pitiful, let him get up."

Although he wanted to kill him, his daughter's wishes were the most important. He would not force his thoughts on his daughter.

"Who pity him?" Consort Yun did not pity him! Back then, when she knelt in the snow and begged him not to exile Ah Shu in the heavy snow, he did not pity her and Ah Shu! Thinking of how she had been bullied by his beloved Empress for so many years and how the four-year-old Ah Shu had suffered so much in the Ghost Clan, Consort Yun wished she could make this man kneel for three days and three nights!

Consort Yun slurped a mouthful of red braised pork and snorted.. "Let him kneel!!!"