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“Hmm.”

In the next second, Uncle You Shi rushed into the sky.

“Wow.” Uncle You screamed, feeling the incredible speed.

Likewise, Uncle You soared in the sky for half an hour before landing, for half an hour, he had flown so far away that it would take more than half a day to reach it on a horse.

Uncle You Shifu was deeply in love with this flying magic treasure, and said that he would never return it to Omi.

Uncle Youushi landed on the ground.

“How was it, Uncle You.”

“Haha, it’s great, I’m now confident that I can defeat the Master.”

“Uncle You, this magic treasure, he only recognizes my voice, I’m just lending it to you to use now oh.”

“This.”

“But don’t worry, although it’s lent to you, I intend to lend it to you for the rest of my life, so it’s just as if it’s completely yours.” First URL m . kanshu8.net

“Thank you, Windy.”

“Oh, you’re welcome, Uncle You, now can you tell me how my master died?” Omi asked.

Uncle Youushi thought for a moment and said, “Alright, I’ll tell you, I’m not afraid of Song Dingtian now anyway, so it’s still not certain who will be the Head Master in the future.”

“You say.”

“After that martial arts conference, although we were besieged by other sects, their siege wasn’t very strong, they were just venting their discontent, it wasn’t

fatal at all. On our way back, instead, Song Dingtian and Ding Ru had several wars and quarrels.”

“Great wars?”

“Yes, Song Dingtian feels that you’re so powerful, I’m afraid it has something to do with your background, when your master picked you up back then, he brought back a bag with you, and in the bag there were clothes, silver, letters and so on, Song Dingtian also knew about this, but at that time, no one thought much of it. And now that you’re so powerful, Song Dingtian felt that you must have an unusual background. So I wanted to ask Brother Ding Ru to hand over the bag he picked up back then and give it to him to study. Your master was determined not to give it to him, your master said that that bag only had a letter, and he wouldn’t say what the contents of the letter were, your master was a man of principle, he thought that the letter was your stuff, and that outsiders didn’t have the right to know.”

“So, Song Dingtian was very annoyed with your master, the more he thought that there was something in that epistle, that your master must have something good that he didn’t share, and so they quarreled for days and had several fights. This matter, I don’t know how, was seen by a passing Ancestor Great Perfection level strong man, and that Ancestor Great Perfection level strong man thought there was something good, so he took your master away, and he also wanted your master to hand over the secret.”

“Just like that, what was originally a fabricated thing, made a mess as if it were real, after your master was taken away by that Zongshi Grand Perfection, there’s no news, he hasn’t returned for so long, I’m afraid he’s already dead.”

“Song Dingtian, this son of a bitch.” Xie Yong was furious.

Omi asked, “Who is that Ancestral Master Great Perfection that captured my master?”

“I don’t know about that, you also know that those Ancestor Perfection and Great Perfection level powerhouses rarely show their faces, none of us are on the same level, many of them we don’t know, and we don’t know which sect they are from, or if they don’t have a sect.”

Omi smashed the wall in anger.

This Song Dingtian.

However, Song Dingtian had indeed guessed correctly, Omi himself thought that the

I’m afraid his origin was not so simple, because Omi learned Life Blood Hidden from that five-year-old’s pre-memory.

A martial skill of this level of Life Blood Concealment was definitely not simple, and Omi himself thought that he was not simple, so the fact that Song Dingtian was so suspicious of him at least showed that he was quite discerning.

Of course, Uncle You and the others, however, thought that this was a fabrication, and in comparison, Uncle You and the others were not as discerning as Song Dingtian.

"So, after we returned to the sect, Ding Ru didn't come back, your teacher's wife and the others came to ask questions, but how could Song Dingtian dare to tell anyone, he didn't dare to openly say that he was killed by a siege by another sect, because we would know if it was true or not if we went to verify it, so Song Dingtian wouldn't say anything, and we were warned by him not to say anything."

"This son-of-a-bitch, Uncle You, I gave you the Flying Heavenly Magic Treasure, it's time for you to teach Song Dingtian a lesson."

"Uh, this."

"What? Don't you want the Flying Heavenly Magic Treasure anymore? You don't want to be the Master anymore? Do you think this behavior of Song Dingtian is worthy of being the Headmaster?"

Uncle You Shifu nodded, "Alright, then I'll go find him, I don't like him much anyway, he's not very good at being a human being. Hopefully, the assistant teacher uncles won't expel me from the sect."

"Don't worry, they won't, because, Song Dingtian has most likely committed a serious crime."

"What do you mean? Are you saying that Song Dingtian harmed Ding Ru because of a trumped-up story? This matter is known to all of the divisional assistants. Your master was captured by a master master great perfectionist, this matter can't be completely blamed on Song Dingtian, Song Dingtian didn't expect to be seen by a master great perfectionist so coincidentally."

"No, it's my teacher's wife, my teacher's wife went down the mountain to look for my master, and then she disappeared for no apparent reason, if I'm not wrong, my teacher's wife must still be in the Divine Dragon Sect." Omi said.

"What? My teacher's wife is still in the Divine Dragon Sect?" Omi's brothers and sisters were taken aback.

"Right."

"Why do you say that?"

"Hmph, wasn't Song Dingtian obsessed with my origins before? Do you want to know the mystery of my origins at my master's? Therefore, I guess my teacher's wife must have been hidden by Song Dingtian, and it was hidden in the Divine

Dragon Sect. The reason why Song Dingtian hid my teacher's wife, needless to say, must be that he wanted to know my origins through my teacher's wife."

"Ah, no way."

Everyone looked at Omi incredulously.

"Otherwise, how could my teacher's mother be missing when she's so good."

"Heavens, if Song Dingtian really hid Yan Xingyi, then Song Dingtian has indeed committed a great sin of the Divine Dragon Sect." Uncle You was busy.

Right now, in one of the Divine Dragon Sect's underground heavenly dungeons, Yan Xin Yi, Omi's teacher's wife, was securely tied to a stone wall, her back lute bones were locked up, so Yan Xin Yi couldn't exert any power and was underground all day long in this dark, sunless place.

This Heavenly Prison, only the palmist could come down, because the entrance was in the palmist's room, it was usually used to imprison particularly significant and powerful prisoners, but a prisoner of this level was not seen for decades, so usually everyone forgot about the existence of this Heavenly Prison, no one would even think that this Heavenly Prison still had people locked up.

Just at this moment, the Heavenly Prison opened and a person walked in.

It was Song Dingtian.

"Song Dingtian." Yan Xinyi gritted her teeth and said.

"Yan Xinyi, why haven't you told us the mystery of Wind Lightning's origins?"

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"Hmph, don't say there are no secrets, even if there were, I wouldn't tell you this dog." Yan Xin Yi raged.

"It's been a year since I locked you up and you still won't tell me, so it seems that I have no choice."

"What do you want? My husband knows and won't leave you alone."

"Your husband? Didn't I tell you that he was already dead?"

"I don't believe he's dead."

"Ugh, you're such a stubborn woman, well, I don't intend to keep holding you anyway, so I'll tell you today. It's true that I can't guarantee whether Ding Ru is dead or alive, because he was originally captured by a strong man who was a great master, and that strong man saw me fighting with Ding Ru, as if I was

fighting for something great, so he captured Ding Ru and must have forced him to ask him, and now a year has passed and Ding Ru hasn't come back, which means he's dead. That strong man couldn't ask anything of value, so naturally there's no need to keep him."

"No, he won't die."

"Hahaha, Yan Xingyi, Yan Xingyi, you're really naive. Actually, I also liked you back then, after all, back then you were famous and sensational, no man would dislike you, but unfortunately, I didn't have Ding Ru's looks, so I could only watch him marry you off. So, I've never been very fond of Ding Ru, and this time when I asked him about the fascination of Omi's origins, he didn't even think about it and said that he didn't have any, such an attitude made me believe even more that he must know something."

"You're despicable and shameless."

"Whatever you say, anyway, it's been a year, and you can't ask anything from your mouth, so I guess you don't know anything either, or, it's true that Wind Lightning doesn't have any secrets, but that's not important, the important thing is that I don't want to lock you up anymore."

Yan Xinyi said, "Then why don't you quickly release me." Remember the URL . kanshu8 . net

"Hahaha, you're so naive, didn't you catch what I was saying? I don't want to imprison you anymore, I just don't want to keep you alive. You think I'm going to let you out alive and reveal that I'm holding you captive? Don't be foolish, from the day I imprisoned you, I didn't dare to let you live, the reason why I let you live for so long was just to know if there were any secrets in the infancy of Wind Lightning back then. Now, I'll pretend there are no secrets, and you can be free."

"You." Yan Xinyi felt unwilling inside and struggled desperately, but the more she struggled, the more powerless she became, and the back of her lute bone was locked in pain.

"Stop struggling, it's useless, no one will even know that I'm holding you here, and after I kill you, I'll use corpse powder to turn you into a corpse, then you'll really be missing from here. It's just a pity, such a beautiful beauty, alas, if it wasn't for the fact that you're now covered in filth and bony, which really makes me unable to generate desire, I'd really like to fuck you, after all, you were my goddess in the first place, huh?"

"Bah." Yan Xinyi a mouthful of water wanted to spit Song Dingtian, but there was no saliva, her lips were so dry that she hadn't drunk a drop of water for at least a month, although Song Dingtian didn't kill her, but he only occasionally, only came down for a month or even two months, and then gave her a few steamed buns to keep from starving to death. Yan Xinyi had already become a skin and bones, almost only a layer of skin left on her body, and her appearance looked horrible, before even the most beautiful person, so starved for a year, there was no beauty to speak of.

"Right, Yan Xinyi, before you die, I'll tell you one thing. You should miss Wind Lightning, huh, he's back."

Yan Xinyi looked at Song Dingtian and struggled.

"You want to see him very much, huh, this kid, I really want to kill him." Song Dingtian thought of Omi and suddenly felt a rage within him.

This anger had nowhere for him to vent.

"Bang." Song Dingtian punched Yan Xinyi's already skinny belly.

Yan Xinyi didn't even vomit a few drops of blood because of the severe water shortage.

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nbsp; "I can't teach him a lesson, so I'll have to beat you up to vent." Song Dingtian said.

"Hahaha, hahaha, Song Dingtian, Feng'er he will kill you sooner or later." Yan Xinyi said through clenched teeth, seeing Song Dingtian in such a rage, Yan Xinyi knew that it must have been Wind Lightning who had made Song Dingtian suffer a lot and there was nothing he could do about it.

Song Dingtian grabbed Yan Xinyi's hair and gritted his teeth, "You're dying yourself and you still care about me, even though Wind Lightning might surpass me one day, so what, he'll never know that I killed his teacher's wife with my own hands."

After saying that, Song Dingtian pointed at the wine jar on the ground and said, "Do you know what's in this jar?"

"It's corpse powder, you're about to become a floor of corpse water in this place, hahaha." Song Dingtian laughed out loud.

Then, Song Dingtian covered Yan Xinyi's mouth and suffocated her to death.

Yan Xinyi struggled desperately, even though her back pipa bone was locked and it was painful for her to move, but her survival instinct made her forget the pain and struggle non-stop.

At this moment, on the ground a hundred meters above.

Omi and Uncle You came.

Along with them were Omi's group of brothers and sisters.

"Song Dingtian, come out." Omi shouted several times.

There was no response from Song Dingtian.

"Bang." Omi kicked open Song Dingtian's courtyard door.

"It's not even there."

Uncle You Shi said, "Wind Lightning, why don't you go back first, don't worry, I'm definitely going to fight Song Dingtian, I also want to know how I defeated Song Dingtian after possessing the Flying Heavenly Magic Treasure."

Omi asked, "Uncle You, is there any place in our Divine Dragon Sect that no one goes to at all?"

"This, I don't think so, the Divine Dragon School is too familiar with it, every place has been visited by someone."

Omi asked again, "Uncle You, if you were Song Dingtian and captured my teacher's wife, where would you hide?"

"Uh." Uncle You Shifu froze, seemingly awakened by Omi and remembered something.

"Uncle You Shi, did you think of something?"

"There's a place, it's the Heavenly Cauldron underneath the headmaster's house, this Heavenly Cauldron holds extremely powerful prisoners, but a prisoner of this level hasn't seen one for decades, so it's usually empty."

Omi busily said, "It must be here, it must be here. Uncle You, where is the entrance to this Heavenly Cauldron?"

"This, it should be in the palm master's room."

Omi immediately went to Song Dingtian's room, and indeed found a mechanism, where a wall originally moved away to either side, then revealed a staircase going down.

"Haha, let's go, go down and take a look." Omi said.

Everyone rushed down after Omi, the more hidden it was, the more likely Omi thought it was.

Uncle You also followed down.

At this moment, in the hundred meter deep underground dungeon.

Yan Xinyi was already motionless, her entire body dangling helplessly on the stone wall, like a roast duck hanging from a hook, looking extremely terrifying.

Song Dingtian snorted, clapped his hands, and said, "It's good to die, but now that the wind is here, it's better to deal with this trouble early in order not to cause any complications."

Song Dingtian said, moved the wine jar placed on the ground next to him, tore open the seal, and prepared to pour the corpse-forming powder on Yan Xinyi's body, so that she would turn into a puddle of blood without a trace, truly an essential product for home killing.