

1881

Everyone commented on that. Aurora was so scared that she trembled and staggered two steps backward; her beautiful face was extremely pale.

‘Gosh! It’s over. Eira and Ambrose couldn’t hold back last night?’

They were siblings. How would they face the public if the news about that spread everywhere?’

Aurora was so stressed when she thought about what could have happened, her vision turned black, and she almost passed out.

Megan smiled in satisfaction when she saw everyone’s reactions.

Some nosy people even yelled at Megan. “Alliance Master! Open up the stone door quickly!”

“Yes, right! Let’s take a look. Something exciting must have happened inside the save.”

“Yeah, let’s do it!”

Megan put her smile away and glanced around when she heard the voices around her; she said coldly, “This is the Emei Sect. I’ll decide if I want to open the door or not. Why are you all so nosy?”

Despite the cold tone, Megan’s eyes flashed with pride and joy.

She wanted to chuckle.

‘So, I’ve managed to make all of these elites curious. When they leave Mount Emei, I won’t even need to tell them to spread the rumors. They’ll know what to do.’

Megan was not in a hurry to open the stone door.

There was one more thing she had yet done.

The audience fell silent after they heard Megan; they quickly shut their mouths.

Megan sighed softly before she called through the stone door. “Oh, Your Highness, I just received a piece of news—it’s somewhat good and bad for you. I wonder if you are interested in listening to it.”

Ambrose furrowed his brows in anger as he responded coldly. “Cut the crap, Megan. I’m sick of you being pretentious. Just say it if you have anything to say.”

He had seen through her after the event from the day before. He realized how malicious she could be when she wanted to do that. It seemed like the more beautiful her smile was, the more vicious her plan.

“Well, I’ll just say it then.”

Megan was not angry at all, not even when Ambrose gave her the cold shoulder. On the contrary, she wore a big smile on her face and said, “Your Highness, you knew that Aurora gave birth to Eira—a bastard—but you probably don’t know who her father is, right?”

What?

Ambrose was stunned; he was very puzzled.

‘Why did Megan bring this up? I’ve never heard Eira talk about her father. Have I met him before?’

Megan was right; Ambrose had never heard about Eira’s father. He wanted to ask her once, but he decided against it since it was sensitive and private.

At the same time, the crowd broke into a heated discussion again.

“Darryl is Eira’s father, right? Alliance Master had questioned Aurora in front of everyone during the Millennium Event, and she had admitted it on the spot.”

“Oh... this is interesting. The New World Prince is also rumored to be Darryl’s illegitimate son. When Lord Kenny killed the New World Emperor and declared himself the new Emperor, the prince’s mother had said so herself.”

“Really? If you hadn’t mentioned it, I wouldn’t even recall this piece of information.... So, Ambrose and Eira are half-siblings.”

“Interesting; this is really interesting! These two siblings are now together!” Laughter ensued.

Everyone gossiped about that, and Megan beamed happily.

Then, Megan cleared her throat and said, “Your Highness, it seems like you haven’t figured it out. Eira’s father is Darryl, who is also your biological father.”

1882

‘What?’

Ambrose’s mind buzzed as if he had been struck by lightning. He turned his head to stare at Eira, who was sound asleep, dumbfoundedly.

‘Eira is my half-sister? How can this be?’

‘No! This is not true; this must have been Megan’s ill intention to say this so that she can see me suffer. She is pulling my leg to embarrass me.’

For a moment, Ambrose was outraged; he yelled at the stone door. “Shut up! I will never forgive you if you keep talking rubbish.”

‘Eira can’t be Darryl’s daughter! No...’

Ambrose had a plan the previous night. If they could manage to leave Mount Emei, he would take Eira and her mother back to the New World Palace. Then, he would tell Lord Kenny to allow them to get married so that they would live happily together.

The news came so suddenly that the woman he loved was his younger sister; Ambrose could not accept the shocking truth!

“Your Highness.”

Megan looked delighted as she said slowly, “Don’t get angry; I’m not just spouting some nonsense. Aurora had admitted that she slept with Darryl and gave birth to his daughter. She told us that during Emei

Sect's Millennium Event. She could no longer stay in Emei Sect after we exposed that scandal. All our fellow cultivators knew about this little fact. Won't you hear from them?"

Megan turned around and beckoned to everyone around her.

Watson, who from the Tucker cult, was the first one to step out and laughed from outside the stone door. "Your Highness, there is no doubt that Alliance Master is right—Eira is Darryl's daughter."

At the same time, elites from the other sects also laughed and shook their heads.

"Yes, we can all testify the truth."

"If you don't believe us, Aurora is also here. Do you want her to tell you in person?" Laughter ensued.

"Yes, the truth is the truth; there's no need to run away from the problem, Your Highness..."

Aurora's legs weakened, and she almost collapsed. Her face was pale, and it looked like she could faint at any time.

It was all over.

Megan had known the truth about Ambrose and Eira's familial ties, but she had never told Ambrose about that. She had deliberately locked Eira and Ambrose up in a stone cave last night—how vicious and crafty of her!

What Megan did was simply more vicious than killing a person—it was thousand times more vicious! She was really a scum!

Aurora bit her lips nervously as she looked at Megan. How she wished she could kill Megan thousand times over, but her acupoints were sealed. Several Emei disciples also kept their eyes on her so she could not rush into the cave.

Buzz!

Meanwhile, in the stone cave, Ambrose stumbled when he heard what they said. He felt as if his head was about to explode.

‘It’s true—Eira is my sister.’

A few seconds later, Ambrose finally reacted. He tilted his head to look at Eira, took a deep breath, and secretly rejoiced.

‘Fortunately, I stuck to my principle last night and didn’t do anything to Eira. Otherwise, we would have no way to face the public in the future.’

Then, Ambrose thought of Darryl and the anger in his heart burned.

‘Darryl! Why is it you again? I still can’t believe that you are my biological father.’

‘Why? Why Eira? How is the person I love is also your daughter?’

Meanwhile, outside the cave.

There was no response from Ambrose, so Megan smiled and said, “Don’t blame me, Your Highness. I only just found out about this. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have done what I did last night. After all, we are friends, and I only wanted to help you.

Alas, the world is too small; who would have thought that the person you like is your sister? If you want to blame someone, then blame your father. He had so many affairs everywhere that led to this circumstance.”

1883

Ambrose took a deep breath and said coldly, “Cut the crap, Megan, will you? I know what you’re trying to do. Just tell me what you want!”

Ambrose was not a fool; he knew that Megan did that on purpose. Why else would she bring all the sects with them? She wanted to embarrass Ambrose and Eira. ‘She said she just found out about Eira’s biological father? My ass!’

Ambrose regretted that he saw Megan as a friend so much that he took the risk and broke into the North Moana Palace and rescued her.

Megan chuckled and smiled triumphantly. She had enough of nonsense, so she said, “You’ve mistaken; I don’t want anything. I felt very sorry after I found out about your relationship with Eira. I thought I was being helpful last night, but I was sorely mistaken. I’m here to open the door and get you two out.”

Megan decided to let Ambrose, Eira, and Aurora leave after she opened the stone door.

She was confident that Ambrose and Eira had sex the previous night; she did not need to kill them after that.

After all, incest was a detestable taboo, and the world would despise the pair of siblings. When the whole world found out, they would be subjected to so much disgrace that it would probably kill them. There was no need for Megan to dirty her hand.

Ambrose did not answer Megan, so she waved her jade-like hand and gave her instructions to the people with her. "Let's open the door and welcome His Highness and his sister from the cave."

"Yes!" Fanny, who stood at the side, quickly responded. Then, she walked forward and opened the door.

Grk... grk... grk!

The stone door was slowly slid open.

The crowd focused their attention on the cave entrance. They could not wait to see the shameful scene!

Hiss!

However, they were shocked by the sight! Everyone gasped!

Ambrose sat at the cave entrance, and his body was covered in wounds. Those injuries seemed densely packed on his body. It was a revolting sight, especially when the blood had dried. Ambrose's face was extremely pale.

Eira laid on the ground not too far away from Ambrose; she was sound asleep. Her delicate face looked calm and serene; she seemed like her usual charming and lovely self. The crowd was surprised to see that she was still neatly clothed.

Oh, wow! Everyone was stunned.

They were cultivators who had been in the community for years. It did not take long for them to realize that Ambrose had cut himself in a

despaired attempt to keep his mind clear—he and Eira did not have sex.

How many times did he cut himself to get so badly injured?
Furthermore, it took a lot of willpower for him to do that to himself!

Everyone was utterly shocked!

After about ten seconds, their shock turned to admiration.

It seemed like Ambrose would rather cut himself to stay calm and awake than succumb to temptation!

Even though Ambrose was just a young man, he was a true gentleman! A gentleman, indeed!

It was just like the saying—like father, like son!

Suddenly, everyone was reminded of a man...

It was Ambrose's father.

The World Universe's hero and guardian.

The Elysium Gate's Sect Master.

Darryl Darby—the Indomitable Darby!

Like father, like son, indeed!

1884

Ambrose was worthy of his title as Darryl's son. Darryl had been wronged so many times in the past, but yet he had never done anything inappropriate. Darryl had set up the Elysium Gate Sect at a young age and contributed to the cultivator community.

He sang praises to the good and punished the evil. He had also led the Elysium Gate, Flower Mountain and Eternal Life Palace Sect when they defended the World Universe against the New World's invasion.

Ambrose was still very young, but he was not inferior to Darryl.

After all, it was like the saying—like father like son!

Megan and the elites from the various sects trembled. Megan bit her lips as she stared at Ambrose in astonishment.

She noticed the thousands of cuts on Ambrose's body and his clothes completely stained in red with his blood. He was pale and shaky, yet he emanated an admirable aura. His bright eyes seemed so pure—as if it could repel all evils in the world.

Megan was stunned.

'Ambrose actually kept his mind clear? Was that what he did the entire night? How could this have happened?'

Mega's body trembled. Her pride and arrogance were utterly taken over by shock.

Aurora, on the other hand, was extremely glad after a moment of shock. She looked approvingly at Ambrose with tears of excitement.

‘That’s great! Nothing happened between the two of them. What a relief!’

At that moment, Eira woke up due to the noises.

“Brother Ambrose?”

She trembled in shock the moment she opened her eyes and saw Ambrose.

A few seconds later, Eira finally reacted—she plunged into Ambrose’s arms. She cried her eyes out. “Brother Ambrose, I’m sorry. It’s my fault, I’m sorry—”

Eira was smart. She figured what had happened after she realized that Ambrose was covered in wounds.

She remembered that she had her mind the previous night. She was not surprised if something had happened between the two of them. However, Ambrose had resorted to hurting himself with a knife to keep himself awake and protect her virtue.

His noble sacrifice moved Eira.

“Hey, it’s okay.” Ambrose cracked a faint smile; he raised his hand and patted Eira on her shoulder gently. “Sister, help me up. Let’s go.”

“Alright!” Eira replied as she quickly helped Ambrose out of the stone cave. However, she was weak as she was still recovering from the

aftereffect of the love potion she took last night. It was a strenuous effort to bear Ambrose's weight on her own.

Aurora rushed to help them when she noticed their struggle.

There was only silence!

Everyone stayed quiet. They felt terrible when they saw the wounds on Ambrose's body. They were speechless as their eyes locked onto Ambrose; no one stopped Aurora when she went to help them.

"Megan, the next time I see you will be the day I destroy the Emei Sect." Ambrose turned around to look at Megan to threaten her before they descended the mountain. His pale complexion was icy cold without the slightest emotion.

He had seen Megan as a friend, but she had plotted against him and almost got him to sully his sister.

He would fail as a man if he did not make her pay for her sin!

"Megan, the next time I see you will be the day I destroy the Emei Sect." His voice was not loud, but to those who heard it, it was enough to send shivers down their spine.

If it had been anyone else, it would be brushed off as empty talk.

However, Ambrose—the New World Prince—had said it, so Megan had better watch out.

The elites from the other sects looked at each other uneasily.

1885

Megan trembled. She bit her lips as she watched as Ambrose, Eira, and Aurora left the mountain. She felt so conflicted that she forgot to order her people to intercept them.

At that moment, Megan had the intention to kill all three of them, but she could not make up her mind.

After a few minutes, she looked in the direction they left, bit her lips and said softly, “Ambrose, I can take it if you ever come for your revenge. I’ve never regretted a decision in my life!”

...

Meanwhile, at the Forgotten Valley, where the New World continent, the World Universe continent and the Middle Terra met.

A woman sat quietly in a hall as she observed her surroundings blankly.

She wore a body-hugging off-white long dress that accentuated her graceful figure—she looked incredibly charming! She had a beautiful face that looked like a fairy, which would always take people’s breath away at first sight.

Her dewy eyes were bewitching.

It was Debra.

James had given her Forgotten Water when he brought her to the Forgotten Valley.

Half a month had passed since her arrival, and the Forgotten Water had erased Debra's memory—she could not remember anything from her past.

That was the first day Debra had been released from her private room, and it was also the day she officially joined the Forgotten Valley.

Rustle...

There were light footsteps as dozens of Forgotten Valley disciples escorted a woman in purple into the hall.

The woman looked about 30 years old, and she had a firm and graceful body. She was a charming and peerless beauty—she was the Forgotten Valley Master, Venus Stewart.

James Kant walked behind her.

“You—”

Debra stood up quickly; she frowned and asked in surprise, “Who are you? Where is this?”

Debra had utterly forgotten about the past after she consumed the Forgotten Water; she could not even remember how she got to the place. So, naturally, she did not remember James and Venus as well.

Venus smiled faintly as she looked at Debra. “Have you forgotten who I am, Debra?”

Venus eyed James after she said that.

James got her signal, and he stepped forward. He explained to Debra patiently as he watched her expression. “Debra, this is your master, the Forgotten Valley Master, Venus Stewart. Have you forgotten about her? I am Elder James—do you not remember me as well? ”

“You were an orphan when your master brought you back here and accepted you as her disciple. She taught you cultivation—”

James looked sincere and concerned, but there was a sly twinkle in his eyes.

They did not need to fabricate lies if they were any of their other disciples, but it was quite different with Debra. She had a unique identity, so they needed to come up with a new story about her.

‘Master?’

Debra’s beautiful face was perplexed when she stared at Venus. She was not at all familiar with that face.

‘Is she really my master? Why can’t I remember her?’

Venus sighed regretfully. “Debra, it’s my fault. I sent you on a mission, and you lost your memory after a dangerous episode. Rest assured that I’ll never send you out on another dangerous mission again. You’ll stay close to me from now onward.”

1886

Alright!

Debra nodded; she was seemingly convinced. 'So, I had an accident, and I lost my memory. Well, that explains why I can't remember anything.'

Debra thought about it before she spoke respectfully to Venus.
"Pleased to meet you, Master."

Her personality did not change even though she had no idea of her past. Debra was a knowledgeable and reasonable woman. When she knew that Venus was her master, she would admire Venus and treat her with respect.

What?

Venus nodded approvingly and smiled when Debra finally saw her as her Master. "Debra, you should rest. Remember to stay in the valley and don't leave without my permission."

Venus looked calm when she said that casually but she was indescribably excited.

'That's great. I've made the famous Artemis Sect Master Great East think I'm her Master without much effort at all. It will be easier for Forgotten Valley to expand in the future with someone like her as one of my disciples.'

Debra nodded before she asked curiously, "Master, what accident did I encounter before this? I can't remember anything."

It must have been quite a scary event for her to end up with amnesia.

Debra had not realized that she was not part of the Forgotten Valley, nor was she Venus's disciple. It was all lies that Venus and James made up to deceive her.

Err...

Venus began to think hard when Debra asked about her past.

How would she make a story out of nothing?

James, who stood quietly at the side, had a sudden idea. He looked at Debra with a smile and said, "Debra, you were injured by someone named Darryl. He's from the World Universe continent, and he's the Elysium Gate's Sect Master. He has a respectable social status, but he's also a very cunning and insidious man."

The man was solemn as he said to Debra, "So when you see this person in the future, you must be very careful and remember not to believe any of his words."

James looked serious when he said that. He was pleased with himself for his quick-wittedness.

'I am so smart; I actually made up this story.' Debra was Darryl's woman. Of course, Darryl would look for her everywhere after she went missing. James wanted a security net in case Darryl found Debra and tried to restore her memory. If that happened, all their efforts would have been in vain.

James had successfully planted an image of an evil and cunning Darryl in Debra's mind; she must have loathed Darryl. However, even if Darryl were to find Debra, it would not be easy for him to take her away.

After all, first impressions were crucial to Debra, who had lost her memory.

“Yes!”

Venus added quickly before Debra could respond. “Darryl is not only sinister and cunning, but he is also extremely crafty with his words. So, Debra, if you see him in the future, you must stay away from him, alright?”

Mmm!

Debra nodded solemnly. “Sure, Master!”

Debra had forgotten entirely about Darryl after she took the Forgotten Water, and she believed Venus.

As she agreed to Venus's advice, Debra bit her lips and continued to chant Darryl's name in her heart.

‘Darryl... Darryl! So, he's the one who caused my amnesia. He'd better watch out when I see him again in the future.’

James and Venus looked at each other and smiled when they noticed Debra's expression.

...

At that moment, on a random road in North Moana.

As the sun descended below the horizon and night fell, a dazzling red Ferrari cruised slowly on the quiet road.

1887

The cool supercar looked awkward in the quaint surroundings.

A man and a woman were in the car. The man was handsome and stylish, and the woman was charming and alluring—they were Darryl and Chang Er.

After they saw Jade in Rich Cloud City in Mistloren, Darryl had left quickly with Chang Er. Jade gave him the most fabulous and most eye-catching red Ferrari from the auto show before he left.

Darryl did not turn down the offer as the car was from his company, so he drove away in the car. After a few hours of driving, he had arrived in North Moana.

In the beginning, Darryl was stoked to be driving Chang Er in that supercar.

Any rich guy would love to have beautiful women in their fancy cars. Darryl had Chang Er, the well-known fairy. Which man in all nine continents would get the honor to drive Chang Er in their car?

However, Darryl became depressed after they arrived in North Moana.

North Moana was an ancient city with no smooth road and no gas station. He was afraid that his cool Ferrari would soon be useless.

Achoo!

Just as Darryl was worried about fuel, he sneezed abruptly.

Oh, gosh!

Darryl rubbed his nose and muttered to himself, “Who is talking about me behind my back?”

He turned his head around to look at Chang Er. He smiled and said, “Lady Chang Er, you’re a knowledgeable woman. Can you find out who is talking about me behind my back?”

Darryl had become bolder in front of Chang Er. He often joked with her during the journey.

“Don’t think too highly of yourself.” Chang Er rebutted coldly as she maintained a poker face. “Your enemies can’t wait for you to die. Who would talk about you?”

Chang Er could not hide the seething anger in her when she said that. She was furious when she thought about her experience in Mistloren. Darryl made her call him hubby. She would have killed him if her internal energy was not sealed.

Damn it!

Darryl thought that Chang Er’s response was too funny.

‘Oh, well! I was just joking, but she cursed me to death. All I did was to ask her to call me hubby a few times earlier. Of course, that was for the sake of her safety. Sigh!’

Whoosh!

Suddenly, he felt a strong breath of aura permeated from behind them. Darryl and Chang Er turned around quickly to check that.

Hiss!

Darryl was alarmed; he drew in a sharp breath of cold air.

Chang Er, who was in the co-driver seat, also trembled. Her beautiful face was nervous.

About a hundred meters behind them, they saw a huge figure dashed toward them—it had scarlet eyes and a mouth full of fangs. It was Yang Jian's Howling Celestial Dog.

F*ck!

Darryl felt his brain buzzed; he panicked when he saw the Howling Celestial Dog.

Perhaps Yang Jian was not far away.

'But how did this dog find me? I had just arrived from Mistloren, and even if Yang Jian laid an ambush for me in North Moana, it would not be so fast.'

"Oh, no."

Chang Er finally reacted. She bit her lips and said, "The Howling Celestial Dog excels at tracking. It must have recognized your scent the moment you appeared in North Moana and found us via that."

1888

Chang Er bit her lips. She thought she could quietly return to the royal city and fight to prove her innocence before they plan to regain the ruling power from Yang Jian. She had never expected to meet the Howling Celestial Dog the moment she set foot in North Moana.

Darryl took a deep breath after he heard Chang Er; he was unable to conceal his shock.

‘The dog can find my location based on my scent? The Howling Celestial Dog is truly Yang Jian’s enchanted beast—its tracking ability is simply amazing.’

Darryl felt beaten; he smiled bitterly. “We’re finished. Now that the Howling Celestial Dog has found us, we have nowhere to run.”

Chang Er frowned and suddenly thought of something. She looked at Darryl and said, “Didn’t you say that your car is fast? Why don’t we try to outrun the dog?”

‘What?’

Darryl was stunned momentarily. At the same time, he thought it was funny how Chang Er had a wild imagination.

She must be crazy to think that a Ferrari could run faster than the Howling Celestial Dog!

“Lady Chang Er.” Darryl said with a wry smile, “This supercar is very fast, but unfortunately, we do not have great roads in North Moana for it to perform its best. Besides, we’re almost out of fuel.”

“Useless piece of crap!” Chang Er rolled her eyes and stomped her feet. “Then, think of something quickly!”

Even though she had no idea what running out of fuel meant, Chang Er understood that it was a fantasy to think that the car could outrun the Howling Celestial Dog.

Darryl was anxious when he saw that the Howling Celestial Dog had gotten closer; its fangs flashed a frightening glow in the night.

The next second, Darryl recalled something, and he quickly asked Pang Tong in the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda. “Pang Tong, you are quite resourceful. Do you know how to get rid of this dog?”

Darryl was not afraid of the Howling Celestial Dog with his level of strength; he was worried that Yang Jian would suddenly appear and he would have no time to flee. Hence, Darryl was not in the mood to deal with the Howling Celestial Dog. He only wanted to get rid of it as soon as possible.

“Master!”

Pang Tong responded almost immediately. “The Howling Celestial Dog is good at tracking because of its sensitive nose. You may have a chance to escape if you start with its nose.”

‘Nose?’

Darryl was startled; his eyes suddenly lit up.

‘I got it.’ He chuckled.

The excited man took a bottle of chili powder from his pocket. Ten years ago, Darryl was sent to the Great East continent by the Wonder Travel Amulet, where he had met Jewel. The young woman brought some spices with her and cooked delicious game meat for Darryl while they traveled together.

Since then, Jewel's influence rubbed off on Darryl; he always carried some spices with him no matter where he went.

Buzz!

Darryl summoned his Rocky from the enchanted beast pouch the moment he retrieved the chili powder.

"Go," Darryl shouted.

Even though Darryl's Rocky was an enchanted beast, it had only cultivated for more than ten years. The Howling Celestial Dog, on the other hand, had cultivated for thousands of years. Their difference in strength was too far apart.

However, Darryl had never meant for Rocky to kill the Howling Celestial Dog. He only wanted Rocky to distract the dog.

Roar!

Rocky charged with a roar. The enchanted beast's aura exploded as he dashed toward the Howling Celestial Dog.

Woof!

The giant Howling Celestial Dog was startled when it saw Rocky. Its eyes lit up like a bloodthirsty beast, and it greeted Rocky's attack excitedly.

The Howling Celestial Dog had been with Yang Jian as his enchanted beast through hundreds of battles in thousands of years. It had fought against many other enchanted beasts, so it did not fluster at the sight of Rocky. Instead, Rocky's breath of aura aroused its bloodthirsty fighting spirit.

In the blink of an eye, both Rocky and the Howling Celestial Dog fought intensely in mid-air.

Chang Er bit her lips as she stared anxiously at the battle. She glanced at Darryl in disbelief as her eyes gleamed with complex emotions.

'Darryl has the enchanted beast—Rocky. It seems that I've underestimated him all this while.'

Darryl did not pay attention to Chang Er's reaction; he watched the battle closely as he looked for an opportunity.

Soon, as the Howling Celestial Dog had its attention on Rocky, Darryl quickly leapt into the air with a whole bottle of chili powder in his hand. Then, he sprinkled it on the Howling Celestial Dog's head.

At the same time, Darryl recalled Rocky in a jiffy.

The chili powder was dispersed all over the place; it was sprinkled on the Howling Celestial Dog's head, nostrils, eyes, and mouth.

Woof, woof, woof...

1889

The Howling Celestial Dog wailed as the chili powder stimulated its senses. Then, its huge body suddenly arched and fell heavily onto the ground, where it continued to roll.

The Howling Celestial Dog was not a godly beast, after all. It was considerably stronger than the other enchanted beasts in the same realm, and its unique stunt was its excellent tracking ability.

Pang Tong was right—the Howling Celestial Dog could only track things through its sensitive nose, so its nose was its strength and also its weakness. The chili powder was more torturous than open cut wounds.

Darryl chuckled as he clapped his hands; his mood had lifted.

‘So what if you’re Yang Jian’s Howling Celestial Dog? You can’t even fight against my bottle of chili powder.’

‘What?’

Chang Er was shocked; she could not believe her eyes.

‘That’s Yang Jian’s Howling Celestial Dog. Even I was scared of it when it went crazy, yet Darryl handled it like it was nothing.’

At that moment, Chang Er’s eyes shone with a strange luster when she looked at Darryl. The contempt she had for him had quietly disappeared—her views toward Darryl had changed.

Hou Yi was the only other person who was not bothered by Yang Jian's Howling Celestial Dog.

However, Hou Yi was dead.

Chang Er, who stared at Darryl in a relaxed manner, thought that she saw the shadow of Hou Yi in the man.

Darryl, like Hou Yi, did not fluster when he faced a desperate situation. In fact, they would be somewhat relaxed about it.

Damn...

Chang Er blushed.

'What am I thinking? How can this unpolished man compare with my husband?'

Darryl laughed.

He returned to the car and smiled at Chang Er. He said, "Lady Chang Er, let's go on for a drive." He sounded relaxed, but the man was actually quite anxious.

He had been separated from Lily and the other two since he fell into the depths of Mount Buzhou. He wondered what had happened to the three of them; he wanted to find them quickly.

Mmm!

Chang Er would usually sneer had it happened in the past, but at that moment, she did not say anything. Instead, she bowed her head and responded softly to Darryl.

Then, Darryl started the car and drove into the night.

The two of them had only left when a few figures swooped down quickly from the distant sky. The leader was in golden armor; he looked majestic as he held a Three-point Double-edged Saber—it was Yang Jian.

Yang Jian was surprised to see the Howling Celestial Dog rolled and wailed on the ground. His face darkened as he boiled in anger.

Yang Jian and his ten thousand troops had fallen into the depths of Mount Buzhou together. They had lost their way for a long time before they managed to escape.

After they got out, Yang Jian issued an imperial decree to comb the entire North Moana for Darryl and Chang Er.

When the Howling Celestial Dog suddenly detected Darryl's scent and started its frantic search for Darryl, Yang Jian and his men could only try to catch up from behind because the beast was too fast for them.

He had never expected to find the Howling Celestial Dog on the ground with no glimpse of Darryl around it.

Yang Jian roared. "Quick! Do a quick search! I want to know who had hurt my Howling Celestial Dog."

He was furious when he smelled the scent of chili powder on the Howling Celestial Dog.

Even though the Howling Celestial Dog was not a godly beast, it was an enchanted dog. It had been with him for thousands of years; it was always brave and had never let him down.

Yang Jian could not bear it when he saw his loyal dog harmed by mere chili powder.

As the saying went—watch out for its owner when you hit a dog. Yang Jian felt he was humiliated that someone had dared to hurt his dog.

Yang Jian still had no idea that it was Darryl who had hurt the Howling Celestial Dog with chili powder.

“Yes, Your Majesty!” Several men quickly searched around them.

Meanwhile, where Darryl was...

Screeched!

The car slowly came to a stop after it had been on the road for some time. Darryl looked at the fuel gauge and gave a wry smile.

‘F*ck... The car ran out of fuel... Why did it need to use so much fuel?’

Darryl got out of the car, looked around and sighed. They were in the middle of nowhere in the wilderness, surrounded by tall weeds. He was afraid that there was no one within a hundred kilometers.

1890

“Lady Chang Er!”

Darryl opened the car door and looked at Chang Er with a smile. “The car has run out of fuel, and we can’t drive it anymore. We’ll have to walk. If you don’t mind, I can hold you like how I did before this.”

Chang Er’s exquisite face instantly blushed when she heard that; she felt embarrassed.

‘Darryl is getting bolder and less serious these days.’

Buzz...

Before Chang Er could speak, she was shocked to see some vibration on the ground before a hole appeared. Suddenly, a short figure emerged from the spot.

The person looked salacious and wretched, but he emanated an intimidating aura.

He was Tu Xingsun.

F*ck...

Darryl was stunned and surprised.

Tu Xingsun was a strange character—he appeared and went as he wished.

“Lady Chang Er!”

Tu Xingsun yelled in excitement when he saw Chang Er.

After that, Tu Xingsun's gaze locked onto Darryl, and he roared. "Hey Brat, I have finally caught you. How dare you take Lady Chang Er away! You must have a death wish!"

When Tu Xingsun and Gonggong were in a fight, Darryl took the opportunity to whisk Chang Er away.

Tu Xingsun was loyal to Chang Er. He was a proud man; he felt ashamed and humiliated that Darryl managed to kidnap Chang Er right under his nose. He felt worse than death.

Tu Xingsun was so angry that he wanted to kill Darryl immediately when he spotted the man again.

Buzz!

Tu Xingsun discharged a powerful breath of aura before his tiny figure shot up and hit Darryl with a palm attack.

F*ck!

Darryl was startled.

'How could he attack me all of a sudden?'

"Stop!"

Chang Er frowned and screamed in the nick of time. "Tu Xingsun, don't hurt my hubby!"

While they were in Mistloren, Chang Er had to call Darryl her hubby whenever they were with anyone. She did it so many times that she had gotten used to it. She had subconsciously called him hubby, especially when she panicked.

Chang Er realized her mistake once she called out, and she blushed. She felt like she wanted to find a place to hide her face.

‘What’s wrong with me? Why did I call him hubby?’

‘What?’

Tu Xingsun was equally shocked to hear Chang Er say that. He stopped in his tracks as he retracted his palm abruptly. He fell onto the ground with his mouth wide open as he stared at Chang Er in astonishment.

‘What’s going on?’

‘Why is the Empress calling this brat hubby? Didn’t she hate him before? What?’

Tu Xingsun’s brain was in a mess; he was puzzled.

Darryl chuckled.

He was overjoyed when he saw that.

1891

Empress Chang Er was the noble Moon Palace Fairy. How could she make such a low-level mistake? How interesting!

“Ahem...”

A few seconds later, Darryl cleared his throat and looked at Tu Xingsun with a smile. “I have a nickname called hubby. Lady Chang Er is so familiar with me these days; it’s not a problem if she calls me by my nickname, right?”

Even though Chang Er had always looked down upon him, she was still Lady Chang Er after all. Darryl wanted her to keep her dignity.

Mmm...

Chang Er bowed her head and responded softly, but she dared not catch Darryl’s eyes.

Tu Xingsun was astonished. ‘Oh, so that’s the reason.’

‘However, that nickname is too strange. How can the man call himself that so shamelessly?’

Tu Xingsun thought as he glanced at Chang Er. He said, “Lady Chang Er, this kid is cunning and disrespectful to you. Why won’t you let me kill him?”

Err...

Chang Er pondered that before she said casually, “Even though he was at fault, if it weren’t for him, I would not have escaped Yang Jian’s pursuit. Taking that into consideration, he’s not guilty of what he did.”

Chang Er would definitely allow Tu Xingsun to kill Darryl two days ago.

However, it was strange; after a few days with the man, Chang Er had changed her mind about him. She could not bring herself to kill Darryl anymore. The confused Tu Xingsun scratched his head, but he said nothing.

“Tu Xingsun!”

Chang Er looked calmly at Tu Xingsun. “Why are you here?”

“Lady Chang Er.” Tu Xingsun bowed his head embarrassingly and replied, “Lady Chang Er, I’ve been looking all over for you. I’ve been to Mount Buzhou, the World Universe continent, and the New World continent, but I’ve failed to find you. I must be fortunate to have found you today! I’ve failed to protect you and caused you to suffer; please forgive me.”

Before Chang Er could respond, Darryl walked forward, smiled and said, “Oh, Senior Tu Xingsun, things are not as bad as you’ve described. You’re so loyal—why would Lady Chang Er blame you?”

Tu Xingsun frowned but did not reply.

‘This kid talks like he knows Lady Chang Er very well. Does he think he’s Emperor Hou Yi? Does he have a say with whether Lady Chang Er would punish me or not?’

Chang Er blushed in embarrassment. She felt a little annoyed that Darryl had become quite a nuisance; he thought he knew what was on her mind. Chang Er glanced at Darryl coldly, but she remained silent.

Darryl thought of something and asked Tu Xingsun eagerly. “Senior Tu Xingsun, you said you were looking for Chang Er in Mount Buzhou for two days. Then, have you seen Brother Zhurong, Senior Divine Farmer and another lady who looks like a fairy? She is my wife, Lily.”

Darryl looked hopeful when he asked the question.

Tu Xingsun replied, “I did see Zhurong, the Divine Farmer and a woman.”

Initially, Tu Xingsun had not wanted to talk to Darryl, but he replied willingly after he noticed Chang Er’s attitude toward Darryl had changed.

“Really?”

Darryl was excited. He walked forward and held Tu Xingsun’s hand tightly. “Where are they?”

Tu Xingsun frowned and flung Darryl’s hand away.

He answered casually, “I bumped into them after I left Mount Buzhou. I heard them saying that they were heading to the World Universe—”

‘They’re heading to the World Universe?’ Darryl thought to himself. Lily must have invited Zhurong and the Divine Farmer to go to the World Universe with her.

After all, Yang Jian had destroyed their homes in Mount Buzhou. Darryl was inexplicably excited; he was not as worried as he had been. Lily would definitely reach the World Universe continent safely with Zhurong and Divine Farmer's protection.

"Hub... Darryl!"

Chang Er approached him and said softly, "They should be fine, so you don't need to worry. Let's hurry and go to the North Moana Royal City to defend my innocence."

Even though Chang Er looked expressionless when she said that, she was extremely anxious.

Chang Er wanted to prove that she was innocent. As the Empress, she had always been pampered and treated with dignity. She was tired of being on the run for days; she could not continue like that.

1892

Chang Er had it all planned. After she returned to the palace, she would summon the civil and military officials to the city's outskirts and get Darryl to tell everyone that he had caused Hou Yi's death. She wanted to prove that she was innocent.

Darryl did not respond immediately; he took a deep breath helplessly.

He could understand Chang Er's intention, but he would have to offer his life if he were to go to the Royal City. Yang Jian had issued an order to hunt him down.

Furthermore, he had also used some chili powder to hurt Yang Jian's Howling Celestial Dog. If Yang Jian learned the truth, he would probably attack Darryl the moment he spotted him. How could Darryl stop Yang Jian if that happened?

Darryl was embarrassed to relay his concern. He thought that would make him less heroic and brave, and Chang Er would look down on him.

"Lady Chang Er."

Tu Xingsun looked solemn as he spoke to Chang Er. "We must never return to the Royal City at this time."

Tu Xingsun took a deep breath and continued to say, "Yang Jian had sent all royal guards on duty on a search and put the Royal City under a state of emergency. Lady Chang Er, I'm afraid they'll find you even before you manage to enter the Royal City."

‘What?’

Chang Er was shocked; she furrowed her eyebrows because she was worried.

‘The imperial city is under a state of emergency? Does that mean I can’t summon the civil and military ministers? Then, what can I do?’

Chang Er bit her lips anxiously; she did not know what to do next.

“Lady Chang Er!”

Darryl smiled and said, “In this case, why don’t you come to the World Universe continent with me. Let’s stay away from here for a while and plan our next move.”

Darryl was no longer in the mood to stay in North Moana when he found out that Lily and the others had gone to the World Universe.

“No way.”

Chang Er said that resolutely; her delicate face showed strong determination. “Yang Jian is too ambitious—I can’t just leave here. I must prove my innocence and regain the royal authority.”

Hou Yi was the one who had set up the North Moana Royals back then; she could not watch as the power fell into Yang Jian’s hands.

Oh, f*ck!

Darryl did not know how to react; he clutched his forehead helplessly.

‘Why is Chang Er so persistent? There are only the three of us. How could we possibly be Yang Jian’s opponents?’

Pitter-patter!

They heard footsteps from the woods nearby, but it was too dark to see anyone there. Darryl sensed that many people were approaching their location, and they were all cultivators—they were quite powerful too.

Damn it!

Darryl was taken aback; he thought that Yang Jian had brought his army. His eyes were fixed toward the direction of the woods; he was ready to escape if things went south.

Chang Er and Tu Xingsun also stood on alert.

The next second, thousands of people walked out of the woods. They were not from Yang Jian’s army, but they wore the same clothing embroidered with a special marking.

Darryl was taken aback at first, and then he was surprised and delighted.

They were the Holy Saint Sect disciples from North Moana.

Darryl saw a few familiar faces among those people—Diana Olsen, Harvey Wave, Donna Bush, the Ryukin Gold Altar Master, Alan Cirrus, and other people from the other branch altars.

The Holy Saint Sect had arranged for its disciples to descend the mountain for an expedition.

1893

Suddenly, Darryl spotted a hot woman amongst the Celestial Wood Altar crowd!

It was Yvette!

Darryl was excited when he saw her, and at the same time, he was overwhelmed with guilt. Yvette had sacrificed so much for him, but he was not by her side when she wandered in despair.

The people from the Holy Saint Sect had also discovered Darryl and his two companions. Their eyes gathered on him; they looked surprised.

‘Darren? Didn’t he die when he fell off the cliff? How is he still alive?’

About a month ago, Tina—the Eldest Senior Sister of the Ryukin Gold Altar—had deceived Darryl and led him to the cliff at the back of the mountain. Tina took advantage of Darryl’s carelessness and pushed him off the cliff. Everyone thought that Darryl was dead.

They did not expect that they would run into him there.

Hiss!

The next second, all eyes were on Chang Er.

‘She’s so beautiful.’

How could there be such a beautiful woman in the world? Of course, there were many pretty ladies in the Holy Saint Sect, but none could compare with her.

“Hubby!”

Yvette screamed before she ran forward and plunged into Darryl’s arms. Her beautiful face was filled with surprise. “Is it you? Is it really you? I just knew that you’d be fine. You won’t—”

Yvette hugged Darryl tightly as if she was afraid that the person in front of her would disappear in the blink of an eye; tears of excitement streamed from her eyes.

She was shocked when she learned that Darryl had fallen off the cliff. She had searched beneath the cliff several times, but she had found nothing.

At that time, all the Holy Saint Sect’s disciples told her that Darryl would not have survived the fall, but Yvette did not think so. She believed that Darryl was still alive; therefore, she was delighted to see him.

“Yvette... I’m fine... I’m sorry, I made you worried about me...” Darryl smiled as he spoke softly.

Darryl felt guilty. He was overwhelmed with emotion when he saw Yvette—he almost cried.

Waa...

Yvette could not hold it in anymore; she started to cry. “I thought I would never see you again... I miss you so much...”

Yvette had wondered if Darryl really did not survive the fall, so all her worries and longing for Darryl turned into tears when she saw that he was safe and sound!

“Okay, okay... it’s me. Yvette, don’t cry. You don’t look pretty when you cry.” Darryl hugged her tightly; he felt incredibly guilty to have saddened her.

Yvette cried even more. She felt aggrieved, and her tears would not stop. “Since you are all right, where have you been? Why didn’t you return to the Holy Saint Sect or come for me? Do you know that I miss you? I miss you very much. Do you know that?”

Yvette was frustrated when she saw Chang Er, who stood at the side.

Yvette’s jade-like hand clenched into a fist, and she hit Darryl’s chest. “I can’t even eat or sleep properly because I’m so worried about you. Do you know that? I truly believed that you were safe, but I am also afraid that you might have died. Have you forgotten about me and live so freely? I hate you! I hate you so much...”

Darryl felt even more uncomfortable after he heard that.

“Sorry... sorry...”

Darryl wiped the tears on her face. He was heartbroken, but he tried his best to comfort Yvette. “Yvette, it’s my fault. I deserve your hate. It’s all my fault. It’s not that I don’t want to look for you, but too many things have happened.”

Darryl stretched his hands and made a funny face.

Yvette cracked a smile after Darryl's attempt to tease her. Her delicate face blushed—she looked so charming at that moment.

1894

The Holy Saint Sect disciples also greeted Darryl with joy.

“Brother Darren!”

“Junior Brother, you’re fine! That’s great!”

“Yeah, when we heard that you fell off a cliff, we couldn’t believe it—”

Darryl smiled and greeted them as he indulged in their concern for him.

Chang Er, who had been silent, trembled. She was shocked.

‘Darryl is related to the Holy Saint Sect.’

Chang Er, who had been the Empress, knew about the Holy Saint Sect. That sect had always stayed away from worldly matters, so she was surprised to see Darryl’s interaction with them. How did the man know them?

Diana walked forward slowly and smiled at Darryl. “Darren? I’m delighted to see that you’re safe.”

Then, Diana asked Darryl, “What happened? Why did you go to the back of the mountain and fell off the cliff?”

All eyes were gathered on Darryl as they waited for his answer quietly.

Tina and the other Ryukin Gold Altar's disciples feigned a relaxed look, but they felt extremely anxious. A month ago, after Tina had successfully sent Darryl off the cliff, she thought the man was dead.

Tina and her group were restless after they saw that Darryl was still alive.

Darryl took a deep breath before he tilted his head to look at Alan Cirrus, the Ryukin Gold Altar Master. He smiled faintly. "What happened to me was because of the Ryukin Gold Altar. But, of course, we'd have to ask their Altar Master about that."

"What do you mean?" Alan frowned and commented unhappily.

Darryl smiled coldly and said, "Your favourite apprentice, Tina, was the one who did it. She lied to me and made me go to the back of the mountain, where she pushed me off the cliff. I was lucky to survive the fall. Otherwise, I would've died a miserable death."

Wow!

The group was in an uproar.

"What? Was it because of the Ryukin Gold Altar?"

"Darren and the Ryukin Gold Altar Master had a bet that the Altar Master lost. All the Ryukin Gold Altar disciples had to address Darren as Daddy whenever they saw him. It seems like they couldn't take the humiliation, and that was why they did that to Darren ."

"Tina looks kind and warm, but she's so cruel."

All the Celestial Wood disciples glared at those from the Ryukin Gold Altar.

Diana trembled in rage as she glowered at Alan. “Alan, Tina, how do you explain this?”

Yvette also looked at Alan as her chest heaved furiously. Yvette had thought about what had happened, and she wondered how Darryl had fallen off the cliff. So, it turned out to be a sneak attack.

The Ryukin Gold Altar’s Eldest Senior Sister might have looked and behaved warmly with everyone, but she was a malicious person.

Allan did not respond to Diana’s question. Instead, he took a deep breath—his face was gloomy and dark. He glanced at Tina. “Did you do it? Tell me the truth.”

Allan had felt terrible when he lost that bet to Darryl. He was happy when his disciples decided to teach the man a lesson. However, Tina’s attack on Darryl was a severe offence that violated the sect’s rules. Allan would not be able to protect Tina from the mistake, even if he was the Altar Master.

“Master.” Tina shuddered before she shouted, “He is talking nonsense. I didn’t deceive him, and I didn’t attack him. Don’t listen to him.”

Even though the sneak attack on Darryl was to help the Ryukin Gold Altar vent their anger, Tina kept it a secret from Allan because she knew that her behavior had violated the rules.

She was scared when Darryl confronted her, but she would never tell the truth.

All the other Ryukin Gold Altar disciples also responded.

“Yes, don’t blame us.”

“The day you fell off the cliff, Senior Sister Tina was not even at the back of the mountain. I can testify for her.”

“I can also testify that Darren is talking nonsense.”

The Ryukin Gold Altar disciples got more excited as they spoke. They insisted that Darryl had made up the story.

The Celestial Wood disciples could not hold back their emotions as they rebutted in rage.

“Who did you say was talking nonsense? Junior Brother Darren was telling the truth.”

“F*ck! No wonder the Ryukin Gold Altar has been keeping quiet. You guys have done something wrong.”

“You guys must have done it. You have to address Junior Brother Darren as Daddy whenever you see him. You must have felt so humiliated that you wanted to kill him. Now that he has told the truth, do you still dare to deny it?”

The disciples from the two altars got noisier and angrier; they almost started to fight.

1895

Darryl smiled faintly and looked at Tina mockingly. “Interesting! You guys dared to do that to me but dared not admit your mistakes. I guess that’s the only thing that the Ryukin Gold Altar disciples can do. You guys are supposed to call me Daddy anyway.”

“You—”

Tina’s face flushed, but she could not find the words to refute him.

After all, no one would have the confidence to do that after they did something terrible.

Then, Tina thought of an idea, and she sneered at Darryl. “Darren, you kept saying that I was the one who got you to the mountain and then sent you off the cliff. Do you have any evidence? Or a witness?”

All eyes were on Darryl again.

Uh...

Darryl was stunned; his brows furrowed as he shook his head and said, “No, there were only two of us.”

At that time, there was no one else at the back of the mountain.

Tina chuckled.

Then, she laughed contemptuously. “Darren, in that case, how can they believe you?”

Tina's mouth curled cunningly. "It looks like you are deliberately trying to provoke a dispute between the Ryukin Gold Altar and the Celestial Wood Altar. You're waiting for an internal fight to break out. You're so sinister. You are not worthy of being a Holy Saint Sect disciple."

F*ck!

Darryl had been furious when he heard that, but suddenly, he smiled.

'Tina is really even—she made the situation worse at a critical period.'

"Master!"

Tina looked aggrieved as she spoke to Alan. "Darren is making things up and slandering our reputation. Please help us clear our names, Master."

"Don't worry, I won't spare this kid," Alan said coldly as he nodded.

Alan glared at Darryl and shouted, "Boy, if you have no evidence, then don't slander a good person's name as you wish. I will have to teach you a lesson on behalf of my master."

Alan strode toward Darryl. He did not know the truth, but he believed Tina. He thought that Darryl wanted to cause them trouble.

The man had a strong personality, and he was very protective of his disciples. In addition to that, he resented Darryl. How could he let go of such a good opportunity?

Darryl looked indifferent when Alan approached him; he did not panic at all.

Diana dashed forward and stood in front of Darryl.

Then, she looked at Alan and said coldly, “Thank you, Altar Master. It doesn’t matter if Darren told the truth or not, he is my disciple, and it is not your responsibility to teach him anything.”

Alan’s eyes flashed coldly as he sneered. “Diana, this kid can’t produce any evidence for what he had said. He has slandered us. It is obvious that you’re protecting your disciples.”

“And so what if I am?”

Alan chuckled. “Very well. In that case, then we shall see what’s going to happen.”

Suddenly, the atmosphere tensed! The two altar masters stood in front of each other, and their auras caused the surrounding air to distort; those who were there could not catch their breath! The two altars would fight because they disagreed with each other!

“Darren?”

The silent Chang Er whispered, “You must be mistaken. He is the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master—Darryl—from the World Universe continent. How did he become Darren?”

‘What?’

In an instant, all the eyes focused on Darryl.

‘Is he Darryl?’

Diana, Alan and all the other Holy Saint Sect disciples were stupefied.

Even though the Holy Saint Sect rarely participated in disputes in the world of cultivators, they had heard about what had happened after the enchanted barrier disappeared from the nine continents. They knew about the famous Elysium Gate's Sect Master—Darryl.

They did not expect Darren, who claimed to be a fisherman and was a little dumb, was the famous Darryl from the nine continents.

F*ck!

Darryl scratched his head as he looked at Chang Er speechlessly. She was a nuisance. Why did she reveal his identity? Could she not have watched the fight quietly from the side?

However, it did not matter—his identity had been exposed.

“You—”

Diana' trembled—she watched Darryl closely. Then, she commented, “Are you Darryl, the Elysium Gate's Sect Master?”

Diana was surprised and delighted when she asked Darryl that question!

Perhaps that was why she thought her disciple was clever and that he knew everything—he was the most famous man in all of the nine continents!

1896

“My disciple, are you the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master?” Diana asked in a low and trembling voice; she was shaking.

“Yes!” Darryl smiled bitterly as he looked at Diana with an apologetic expression on his face. “I’m sorry, Master. But, unfortunately, I was forced to hide my identity.”

Darryl had never felt any affection for Diana as his master. However, when Diana stood in front of Alan to protect him, Darryl finally saw her as his beautiful master.

At that moment, all the Celestial Wood Altar disciples crowded around them excitedly. Senior Sister Donna seemed the most excited.

“Junior Brother, it turns out that you are Darryl; no wonder you know so much.”

“I didn’t expect Junior Brother would have such a prominent background.”

“Well, I did wonder how a fisherman could be so powerful. Even an Altar Master lost to him in the bet...”

The Celestial Wood Altar disciples could not conceal their respect and admiration for Darryl.

The Ryukin Gold Altar disciples had an ugly look on their faces, especially Alan. He looked at Darryl with complicated eyes; he was utterly stunned.

The next second, Alan laughed as he looked at Darryl. He said, “So you are the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master—Darryl. Well, what is your purpose for concealing your identity and joining the Holy Saint Sect?”

Alan’s tone became more serious. “Let me guess—you want to steal our sect secrets? Or do you want insider information about the Holy Saint Sect? Were you acting when you fell off the cliff? You fell when you were trying to get information, right?”

F*ck!

Darryl was stunned to hear the strange accusations.

‘Alan’s imagination is so wild. I’m the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master; why would I need their sect’s secrets?’

However, many of the Holy Saint Sect disciples believed Alan’s words.

‘Darryl is the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master; why would he join our sect? He must be here to steal the Saint Master’s secret manual, right? After all, only Saint Master can learn the secret manual.’

The Holy Saint Sect disciples were alarmed, and they looked at Darryl with suspicion.

“Everyone!”

Alan was happy to see how things had developed as he glanced at the disciples. He roared, “Darryl must have some bad intentions to be part of our Holy Saint Sect. As Ryukin Gold’s Altar Master, I order you to take him back to Saint Master for judgement.”

“Yes!” Many of the Holy Saint Sect disciples responded loudly as they closed in around Darryl.

The Celestial Wood Altar disciples looked at each other; they felt embarrassed.

Diana also frowned; she no longer spoke for Darryl.

Alan was right! Darryl was the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master, and he had disguised his identity to join the Holy Saint Sect. What was his purpose?

Even though Diana admired Darryl, she had always put the interests of the Holy Saint Sect first. Therefore, she could only put her emotions aside.

In the blink of an eye, Darryl had been surrounded by the disciples.

Yvette was nervous; she took Darryl’s hand and whispered, “Darryl, what shall we do?”

The two could not get out of the siege; there were too many of them.

“Stop it!”

Chang Er yelled. Her exquisite face was expressionless as she looked at the disciples. “You acted as you wish without even asking for any reason. It seems like the Holy Saint Sect is acting so rashly these days.”

Chang Er had not wanted to help Darryl.

However, she would not let that happen to Darryl. She still had to rely on Darryl to prove her innocence. If the Holy Saint Sect captured Darryl, what would happen to her?

“Who are you?” Alan questioned her with a cold face as he observed her. Then, he snarled, “This is the Holy Saint Sect’s internal matter. Stop meddling in our issues.”

“How presumptuous!”

As soon as Alan said that, there was a loud cry before Tu Xingsun appeared. He pointed at Alan and growled, “Do you know who she is? She is the famous Lady Chang Er. How dare you speak to her like that?”

Whoa!

It was dark, and Tu Xingsun was short, so the people from Holy Saint Sect had not paid any attention to him. They were taken aback when they saw the dwarf and heard him speak.

‘What?’

1897

Lady Chang Er?

Suddenly, everyone stared at Chang Er. They were so shocked that they were speechless.

Alan was also stunned. A few seconds later, he reacted and looked at Tu Xingsun. “And you are—” Alan’s eyes looked suspiciously at Tu Xingsun.

Lady Chang Er was the aloof Empress, the Moon Palace Fairy whom everyone admired. She had always lived in the palace. How could it be possible to spot her in such a place or with Darryl?

The other Holy Saint Sect disciples also found that hard to believe.

However, before Alan could ask more questions, he was interrupted by Tu Xingsun.

“I’m Tu Xingsun, and I’m here to protect the Empress.” Tu Xingsun looked at Alan and asked coldly, “What? Are you questioning the Empress’ identity with all these questions?”

He was not loud, but his firm voice permeated the area.

Alan drew in a sharp breath and waved his hand quickly. “No. Of course, I dare not do that.”

Tu Xingsun looked different from other ordinary people. Alan had figured it out when Tu Xingsun first appeared. However, he was no longer doubtful after he heard the dwarf’s self-introduction.

The woman that Xingsun guarded must be Chang Er. Who else in the world could she be besides Chang Er?

The other Holy Saint Sect disciples were convinced of that fact.

“Everyone!”

Chang Er looked at her audience and said gently, “Darryl must have his reasons to disguise his identity when he joined the Holy Saint Sect, but I’m sure it’s definitely not what you imagined. He is the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master. Why would he use this method to steal the Holy Saint Sect’s secret manual?”

Chang Er’s tone was light, but she spoke firmly. No one doubted her.

Chang Er would not have bothered to help Darryl two days ago. However, after they spent some time together, Chang Er realized that Darryl was not as bad as she had thought.

More importantly, Chang Er had to rely on Darryl to prove her innocence, so she could not allow any accident to happen to him.

Err...

Alan’s face flushed when he heard Chang Er’s explanation; he was very embarrassed.

Alan was not a fool. He could see that Chang Er was on Darryl’s side, but he dared not refute her because she was the Empress; she was of noble status.

At the same time, the other Holy Saint Sect disciples also nodded discreetly.

Empress Chang Er was right. As the Elysium Gate's Sect Master, Darryl had an extraordinary status and would never act so despicably. Therefore, he must have some other intention to disguise his identity to join the Holy Saint Sect.

However, Diana, who stood at the side, looked at Darryl strangely. She was indescribably surprised.

'Why did Chang Er speak for Darryl? How did he charm her to do that?'

"Darryl!"

Alan looked at Darryl and said unwillingly, "I won't find fault with you today for the sake of Lady Chang Er. You should be careful next time."

Even after he had learned Darryl's real identity, Alan did not abandon his suspicions; he felt even more resentful in his heart. After all, he had lost miserably to Darryl in their bet.

However, he had no way out.

Darryl had Chang Er's help, so Alan could not continue to find fault with the man.

Darryl smiled lightly as he ignored Alan. He could sense that the man was unhappy.

Then, Darryl tilted his head to look at Chang Er and nodded gratefully.

When Alan and the others gathered around him, Darryl had appeared calm, but he had panicked. Yvette was by his side, so he was worried that she would get hurt in the fight.

He did not expect Chang Er would help him at the critical moment.

Chang Er pretended not to see Darryl's act of gratitude; her beautiful face remained expressionless.

Darryl chuckle; he was delighted to spot that micro-expression on Chang Er's face.

'Chang Er is too interesting. She is afraid that something would happen to me, but she acts as if she doesn't care.'

Just as Darryl felt happy, Yvette shuddered; she pinched him.

Hiss!

Darryl took a sharp breath when he felt the pain. He stared at Yvette and whispered, "Yvette, what are you doing? Why did you pinch me?"

1898

Yvette bit her lips tight as she glared at Darryl indignantly. She stomped her feet angrily. “Why are you with Chang Er? What is your relationship with her?”

“|—”

Darryl felt helpless, but he quickly comforted Yvette. “My lovely Yvette, please don’t get me wrong. I have nothing to do with Chang Er, but I have encountered many troubles with her these past few days. I will explain it to you later.”

Yvette stopped speaking after she heard Darryl’s explanation.

Diana and the Celestial Wood Altar disciples gathered and chatted with Darryl.

Darryl was right when he guessed that the Holy Saint Sect disciples descended the mountain for an expedition. They were on their way back after it had ended.

After a round of simple greetings, Darryl followed Diana and everyone else back to the Holy Saint Sect. He had invited Chang Er to go with him.

After much consideration, Chang Er agreed to go with him.

After all, Yang Jian had ordered his people to hunt for Chang Er in the entire North Moana. She had no other safe place to go; the Holy Saint Sect was an ideal place for refuge.

After several hours of trekking, Darryl finally arrived at the gate to the mountain with the Holy Saint Sect disciples.

As soon as he arrived at the gate, Darryl felt that something was wrong. The entrance should have been tranquil at such late hours, with only some patrolling disciples around. However, that night, all the disciples who did not participate in the expedition were gathered at the plaza in front of the hall. They looked solemn and excited.

A proud figure stood at the entrance quietly.

Darryl saw the figure from a distance; the person was in an off-white color robe. He looked about 40 years old; his intimidating aura made him feel like an immortal. He was so far away, yet he could make everyone feel short of breath.

Darryl was even more shocked when he sensed that person's strength.

Oh, f*ck!

His strength was unfathomable; Darryl could not even read his cultivation realm. 'Who is this person?'

Diana, Alan, and the disciples behind them were extremely excited and delighted to see that person. They walked toward him quickly before greeted him respectfully.

"Saint Master!"

"We are pleased to see you, Saint Master."

“Congratulations to Saint Master for coming out of seclusion.”

F*ck!

Darryl was shocked when he heard that.

That was the Holy Saint Sect’s Saint Master; it was no wonder his strength was so terrifying. For someone who was so close to the Heaven Ascension Realm, Darryl could not even sense that person’s level of strength.

The person laughed.

The Saint Master smiled faintly as he raised his hand. “There’s no need to observe courtesy. I’ve just come out of seclusion and I know that you are returning from an expedition, so I waited here.”

The Saint Master swept his gaze over the disciples and nodded with satisfaction.

“Yes, your strength had improved a lot when I spent my time in seclusion. It seems that you have worked hard.”

What?

As he spoke, his gaze landed on Chang Er. His expression stiffened—he was shocked.

The next second, Saint Master walked forward and approached Chang Er happily. He was surprised, but he smiled and said, “The Holy Saint Sect is happy to have Empress Chang Er.”

The Saint Master had a smile on his face, and his tone was polite.

“Lu Dongbin.” Chang Er smiled and said, “This is unexpected. We haven’t met in a thousand years. It looks like you still like to meditate in seclusion.” She sounded relaxed. It was apparent that the two of them had known each other for a long time.

Damn it!

Darryl, who stood at the side, felt that his head buzzed; he was stupefied.

‘The Saint Master is Lu Dongbin?’

1899

Darryl was stunned.

He was utterly taken aback.

Lu Dongbin's Daoist name was Chun Yangzi—the Grandmaster of Daoism. Everyone knew of Lu Dongbin.

It was no wonder the entire Holy Saint Sect had a mystical aura, and most of their disciples had free and easy personalities. It turned out that their Saint Master was Chun Yangzi—Lu Dongbin.

Yes, the Holy Saint Sect's Saint Master was none other than the famous Chun Yangzi in Daoism—Lu Dongbin.

Like Zhurong and Divine Farmer in Mount Buzhou, Lu Dongbin was indifferent about worldly matters; he was devoted to understanding the principles of life. Hence, he created the Holy Saint Sect and prohibited his disciples from participating in any battles or conflicts within the world of cultivators.

As a well-known figure in Daoism, Lu Dongbin and Chang Er were friends, but Lu Dongbin liked to cultivate and meditate in seclusion. Therefore, it had been a long time since he and Chang Er had seen each other.

Lu Dongbin laughed happily before he turned to Chang Er and said, "Chang Er, you still look the same. You are still so gorgeous."

What?

After they exchanged a few words of greeting, Lu Dongbin noticed Darryl and commented in surprise. “I haven’t seen this young man before; is he your royal guard?”

The Holy Saint Sect was very strict in accepting disciples. Lu Dongbin had sharp eyes, so he noticed Darryl at a glance. He thought that he was part of Chang Er’s entourage. When Diana accepted Darryl as a disciple, Lu Dongbin was still in seclusion, so he had no idea.

“|—”

Darryl was flustered in his response when he noticed Lu Dongbin’s gaze upon him. Finally, he opened his mouth and was about to speak.

However, Alan had interrupted him.

“Saint Master, this Darryl.” Alan slowly said, “He’s the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master from the World Universe continent, but he disguised his identity and joined our Holy Saint Sect. Saint Master, please investigate this matter thoroughly.”

Alan looked serious when he said that, but he did that maliciously.

Darryl had Chang Er’s help before that, so Alan dared not say anything. However, when the Saint Master appeared, there was no need for Alan to worry about Chang Er anymore.

F*ck!

Darryl was furious.

Alan was so vicious; he had plotted against Darryl as soon as he had the chance.

The Elysium Gate's Sect Master?

Lu Dongbin frowned as he pondered that. 'Is that the sect that has developed rapidly in the World Universe continent in the past ten years? The sect that shot to fame in all nine continents?'

Chang Er walked forward and said softly, "Saint Master, Darryl is my friend. He was the reason I could make my way here today."

Oh!

Lu Dongbin showed a faint smile of approval and praised Darryl. "Your name is Darryl, right? You are young and promising; that's excellent..."

Even though Lu Dongbin still had no idea what had happened, he believed Chang Er. The man must be someone extraordinary if Chang Er was willing to speak on his behalf.

"Thank you!" Darryl replied modestly.

Alan got anxious; he said, "Saint Master, this man disguised his identity to join our sect. He must have an ill intention—"

Alan was very upset. He could not understand why the Saint Master would admire Darryl so much when they had only met for the first time.

However, Lu Dongbin stopped him before he could finish his sentence.

“Alan,” Lu Dongbin said unwaveringly with a cold face. “You are not allowed to be so unruly in front of Lady Chang Er. Step back.”

“Yes!” Alan said no more after he realized that the Saint Master was angry. He bowed his head servilely and backed away, but he continued to glare fiercely at Darryl.

Lu Dongbin smiled and invited Chang Er into the hall.

1900

“Lady Chang Er!”

After he took his seat, Lu Dongbin smiled at Chang Er and asked, “Why didn’t you stay in the palace and enjoy your wealth, but you came to the Holy Saint Sect instead?”

Lu Dongbin had cultivated in seclusion all year round, and he rarely asked about worldly affairs. Therefore, he still had no idea that Emperor Hou Yi had died and Yang Jian had become the new Emperor. The situation in North Moana Palace had changed.

Ugh!

Chang Er sighed and explained her situation slowly. “His Majesty is dead, and Yang Jian has seized the throne. He has ordered for my arrest all over the place...” Chang Er explained the details in a few minutes.

Of course, Chang Er did not tell him that Yang Jian was fond of her and wanted to have her. After all, she thought that was too shameful.

Whoa!

In an instant, the entire hall was in an uproar. Everyone stared blankly at Darryl; they were speechless.

“Oh, did Darryl kill Emperor Hou Yi?”

“That’s unbelievable! Yang Jian is just too hateful. He even took the opportunity to usurp the throne...”

“I did not expect so many things to happen in only one month.”

Everyone talked and passed comments. Lu Dongbin could not conceal his shock; he stared speechlessly at Darryl.

One should not trifle with that man who had accidentally killed Emperor Hou Yi.

However, Lu Dongbin was an expert in Daoism, and he was a broad-minded man. He believed that everything that happened was destined and meant to be. Therefore, he was relieved.

Lu Dongbin breathed a long sigh before he looked at Chang Er to try to comfort her. “The dead can’t return to life. I hope you’ll heal from this grief soon.”

Then, Lu Dongbin asked earnestly, “What’s your plan now?”

“No one knows about the truth yet. Yang Jian was convinced that Zhu Bajie and I had an affair and that we conspired to kill my husband.” Chang Er bit her lips; her delicate face looked furious. “He sent all the royal guards to come after me. Yang Jian has wild ambitions; North Moana would be in trouble if he were to secure his position as the new Emperor. I must prove my innocence and regain the throne.”

Chang Er clenched her fist tightly as she looked at Lu Dongbin expectantly. “Saint Master, you must help me!”

Lu Dongbin pondered that before he nodded. “Of course, I’ll help you since you’ve asked for my aid!”

Chang Er leapt in joy when Lu Dongbin agreed to help her. He was the Grandmaster of Daoism; there was no need to be afraid of Yang Jian if he was willing to help her.

“Lady Chang Er!”

Lu Dongbin continued to say, “This is not a trivial matter, so we need time to discuss and plan for it. During this period, you can stay at the Holy Saint Sect temporarily.”

Then, Lu Dongbin instructed Alan and others. “Sent some disciples to the Royal City to run an investigation discreetly. Report back to me once you see any movement from Grandmaster Erlang.”

“Yes, Saint Master!” Alan and the others responded in unison, and then they quickly walked out of the hall to get ready.

Even though Lu Dongbin was not afraid of Yang Jian, he had to be cautious as the other man was in control of the Royal City.

“Thank you, Saint Master.” Chang Er smiled faintly as she thanked Lu Dongbin gently.

Lu Dongbin smiled and gestured for her not to be worried.

Then, Lu Dongbin looked around before his eyes finally landed on Darryl. “No matter what you are, Darryl, you have joined the Holy Saint Sect. You are now my disciple. Since you and the Empress were destined to meet, you’ll be responsible for her food and daily needs from now onward.”

There was an implied emotion behind Lu Dongbin's seemingly indifferent expression.

There were thousands of Holy Saint Sect disciples, but it was only appropriate for Darryl to take care of Chang Er. After all, he was the one who had caused Hou Yi's death; it was an atonement for him to take care of Chang Er.

"Okay!" Darryl was a wise and clever man; he understood Lu Dongbin's suggestion and quickly nodded in response.

He had killed Hou Yi, albeit unintentionally, and he felt guilty toward Chang Er. He thought it was nothing even if he had to take care of her food and daily needs in the Holy Saint Sect.

Yvette, who stood beside him, bit her lips; she had to agree with the arrangement.

Yvette loved Darryl deeply. She was unwilling when Darryl promised to take care of Chang Er. However, she was a smart woman. She knew that it was an act of atonement, so she was supportive.

"No!"

Suddenly, a soft cry came from outside the hall before a graceful woman walked in slowly.

The long yellow dress accentuated her charming curves. She looked attractive, and she had a beautiful face, but she seemed cold and surly.