

2189

Nathan's cold sweat continued to drip. Finally, he asked the soldiers beside him, "What happened? Tell me honestly, don't hide anything."

The soldier trembled and explained the situation to Nathan cautiously.

Zane continued to speak after the soldier narrated the situation.

"Father, I only invited Miss Synder to be my guest at the mansion. I have no other intention, but this man caused a scene. He was rude to me—"

Slap!

Before he could finish his sentences, Nathan slapped Zane on his face without warning!

Nathan almost used all of his strength to slap his son; blood started to drip from the corner of Zane's lips.

The confused Zane covered his cheek in disbelief. "Father! Why did you hit me?"

Everyone else was equally stunned.

'What's going on?'

'Didn't Nathan admit that he did not know Darren? Then, why is he on Darren's side and even taught his son a lesson?'

"B*stard! Are you trying to get me in trouble?" Nathan became angrier. He slapped his son a couple more times.

“Father, what’s going on?!”

Zane was dumbfounded by his father’s sudden change of attitude. He felt like crying as he rolled around on the ground in pain.

The crowd was also bewildered. Several soldiers wanted to step forward and mediate the conflict, but they were held back by Nathan’s scary expression.

“What did I teach you? As the Green Dragon Garrison Commander, my duty is to keep everyone safe. You are my son, so you ought to have led by example. Yet, you kept messing around and getting me in trouble!”

Nathan slapped and rebuked Zane in his rage.

Soon, Zane’s face swelled to almost double its size.

Nathan was heartbroken to have done that to his son, but he maintained a smile when he approached Darryl. Then, he said politely, “Sir, you’ve done an admirable job in helping someone in distress. My unruly son had made such a huge mistake, but you managed to stop him. I’m grateful for your aid!”

Nathan’s voice trembled when he said that; he spoke with respect and care. Yet, at the same time, he panicked.

Nathan knew that his son was a big bully, and many had suffered in his son’s hands. However, he never expected that the Emperor would witness his son snatched a woman so lawlessly. Had he not done

something to rectify the situation, he was afraid that his head might roll.

‘What?’

The crowd was shocked to hear Nathan’s words.

‘What’s going on?’

Not only did the aloof Green Dragon City Garrison Commander taught his son a lesson on behalf of Darren, but he also behaved politely around the stranger. Was that the same Nathan who often took his son’s side no matter what horrible things Zane did?

The crowd could not fathom the situation; they were puzzled. They had no idea that Darren was Emperor of Westrington. Nathan would have to behave servilely around him.

Darryl stood there with a poker face that showed no change of emotion.

“Sir, I—” Nathan was terrified when Darryl remained quiet. He continued to say, “Sir, would you forgive my son for his foolishness?”

Still, Darryl said nothing!

‘Looks like it’s hopeless—’

Nathan’s heart sank. ‘His Majesty must still be angry if he doesn’t say anything!’

“You b*stard!”

The next second, Nathan roared and started to beat and scold Zane again. “You’ve shamed the Xanthos family. I’ll kill you—”

All the soldiers exchanged looks with each other, but none dared to interfere or stop Nathan.

After a while, Zane was dead from his father’s beating. Finally, Nathan stopped.

Zane’s nose and face were swollen and covered with bruises. His tears continued to stream; he was aggrieved at what had happened. “Father, why did you hit me? This man is just an ordinary person. Even if you appreciate his chivalrous courage to help others, you don’t have to hit me—”

Zane still felt wronged.

‘My father has always been very protective of me. What happened today? He seems to be a different person.’

‘Did he just call the Emperor an ordinary person?’

Nathan was so furious that even his beard trembled in accordance with his body. He kicked Zane fiercely. “*Shut up! You asked why I am hitting you? You did something wrong, and yet, you asked me why I am hitting you?”

2190

Nathan was still vexed. He stared at Zane and said, "Bear this in mind; the next time you do this again, you are no longer my son. I will break your leg and kick you out of the house. Got it?"

Nathan had always overlooked his son's wrongdoings.

However, the Emperor was there, so Nathan dared not take his son's side or allow his son to behave unscrupulously.

"I understand..."

Zane bowed his head as he replied feebly. He felt hurt. He thought his father was there to help him, but he had suffered a brutal beating from his father instead. That was too embarrassing!

Zane still did not understand why his father, who had always been protective of him, had changed so suddenly.

'Is it because of that man?' Zane thought to himself as he stole a glance at Darryl to get some clues. However, he failed to notice anything special about the man!

Zane saw a crowd around him, and suddenly he was reminded of something.

There were many refugees from the World Universe. Zane thought that maybe his father had taught him a lesson in front of those refugees for the sake of his good name, but it seemed to have gone a bit overboard.

Zane believed that Nathan beat him because he wanted to set his reputation as a good official in front of those refugees. It probably did not have anything to do with Darryl.

“Mister Xanthos.”

Darryl turned to Nathan and said, “Don’t get too occupied with teaching your son. He has taken two of my friends; you should get them freed.”

He was not loud, but his tone was unwavering.

“Yes! Sure!” Nathan wiped the cold sweat off his forehead and nodded repeatedly.

Next, Nathan glared at Zane and shouted, “Where did you put those two people?”

Zane was stubborn, but he dared not behave presumptuously around his father. He whispered, “At the mansion, in the wing room at the back of the garden.”

Zane was reluctant to give that information. Miss Synder was a rare beauty, and he wanted to kiss her. Unfortunately, it looked like his dream had crashed.

‘F*ck, this man is a troublemaker.’

Zane threw Darryl a bitter look. ‘Had Darryl not find fault with me, I would have taken Tanya away a long time ago, and my father would not have heard the news and come here.’

“Sir!”

Nathan forced a smile as he said sincerely to Darryl, “I’ll free your two friends now. Please come with me.”

Nathan quickly led the way.

Darryl nodded and went with Nathan.

“Mister, are you okay?”

The surrounding soldiers walked up to Zane.

Zane was irritable. With the support from some of his people, he followed the group painstakingly from a distance; he stared at Darryl’s back viciously.

‘You’d better watch out. My father might have hit me just now, but it was only for show in front of the refugees. I’ll make sure to skin you alive after we get to the mansion later.’

Soon, they arrived at a large and exquisite courtyard. Darryl saw two words written on a plaque at the gate—Xanthos’s Mansion.

“We’ve arrived!” Nathan servilely invited Darryl to the back of the garden.

“Father!”

Zane, who was following closely, yelled, “Are you really letting them go?”

He thought that his father did not need to put up a show anymore after they were back in their mansion; there were no strangers there.

“Shut up!” Nathan rebuked angrily.

Zane noticed that his father was still angry and that Nathan did not seem to have faked his anger, so Zane trembled and quickly kept quiet. However, he was still not convinced.

Suddenly...

Tanya and Jonas were kept in a wing room at the back of the garden, and they were tied to the chairs. They were terrified and panicked, especially Tanya. Her delicate face looked flustered.

‘Darren had messed with Zane. What would happen to him? Will Zane kill him?’

“Cousin.”

2191

Jonas figured that something was up after he studied Tanya's expression. He exclaimed, "Don't tell me that you're worried about Darren right now; we can't even help ourselves! Why are you worried about someone so insignificant?"

Then, Jonas murmured angrily, "Darren deserved it. He thought that he's powerful and he could mess with the Garrison Commander's son. F*ck it! We wouldn't have been locked up had he not angered Zane!"

Jonas was furious. If his cousin were not by his side, he would have sworn and cursed Darren.

"Shut up!"

Tanya shook in anger as she stomped her feet. "Jonas, are you even human? Darren offended Zane to save me. It's fine if you want to keep complaining, but you are not even showing the slightest hint of gratitude toward him."

Tanya looked at Jonas in disappointment.

She thought it was embarrassing for her cousin, Jonas, as a man, to cave into Zane at such a critical time. He had put the Dokko family to shame. On the other hand, Darren was only an ordinary civilian, but he was not afraid to stand up for what was right. Tanya thought that Darren was a righteous man.

The two men were vastly different.

“|—”

After Tanya scolded him, Jonas lowered his head dispiritedly and mumbled, “Cousin, I did that for the sake of your safety—”

Tanya ignored Jonas.

Squeak!

The door was gently pushed open when they were talking, and then two soldiers walked into the room with a grim expression.

Tanya and Jonas became nervous, but they were stunned when they saw the people who came in after the soldiers.

Nathan and Darryl had walked into the room.

“Darren, they’ve arrested you too?” Tanya did not know Nathan, so she had her attention on Darryl. She shivered when she asked that.

However, Tanya was perplexed when she noticed that Darryl’s hands and feet were not bound.

‘What’s the situation? Darren is taken captive?’

Jonas was also surprised. He stared contemptuously and resentfully at Darryl.

“Sorry!”

Tanya was still confused when Nathan walked forward quickly with a smile on his face and apologized, “You must be Miss Synder from

Middle Terra. I am Nathan, the Green Dragon City Gate Garrison Commander. I'm sorry that my unruly son has offended you, Young Lady. I've already taught him a lesson just now. I hope that you will not take this to heart."

Nathan was an arrogant man. Under normal circumstances, he would have never behaved so courteously around a woman.

He had no choice because she was the Emperor's friend; he could not afford to offend her.

'What?'

Tanya and Jonas were both stunned. They were stupefied when they spotted Zane outside the door with a swollen and bruised face.

'What's going on?'

The old man was the Green Dragon City Gate Garrison Commander, Nathan? 'And did he say that he just taught Zane a lesson?'

'Was it all because of Darren? What is his relationship with Nathan?'

Err...

A few seconds later, Tanya finally reacted. She looked at Darryl curiously and asked, "Darren, do you know Mister Xanthos?"

Darryl smiled, shook his head and said, "How can I possibly know Mister Xanthos? He is a righteous man, so he won't overlook his son's wrongdoings. Hence, he's here to let you go."

Darryl did not want to reveal his identity to Tanya. He had just met her, and he had already kept his identity hidden in front of the crowd not too long ago, so he would do the same with Tanya.

“Yes.”

Nathan quickly nodded in agreement. “My son has always been overbearing and arrogant. Unfortunately, I have been busy with my official duties, so I didn’t have the time to discipline him. Fortunately, this gentleman took action today and stopped my son from making another big mistake.”

Nathan knew Darryl did not want anyone to know about his real identity, so Nathan played along with him!

Tanya and Jonas were stunned.

That was how the situation had developed. It seemed that Nathan was a good official. Tanya thought that Nathan did that all because he knew Darren.

Jonas breathed a sigh of relief as he glanced at Darryl. Unfortunately, he did not show the slightest hint of gratitude; he looked even more disgusted.

‘F*ck, this man is too lucky! He had met a good official like Nathan.’ Had Nathan favored his son, Jonas knew that he and his cousin would suffer a worse fate.

2192

“Mister Xanthos is wise, indeed.”

Tanya commented as she smiled at Nathan. “You’re generous and admirable. It is a blessing to have a good official like you at the Green Dragon City Gate.”

“Thank you, Miss Synder, for the high praise.” Nathan waved his hand quickly with a humble smile on his face. “I’m just doing my part.”

Then, Nathan gave an order to the soldiers next to him. “Why are you standing here? Hurry and untie them.”

The two soldiers quickly untied the ropes that bound Tanya and Jonas.

Tanya was delighted to be freed and thanked Nathan. “Thank you, Sir.”

Tanya looked at Darryl. “Darren, can we talk for a second?”

Mmm!

Darryl nodded and followed her.

Jonas saw that, and he also went after them hurriedly.

“Darren!”

They stood next to the flower bed as Tanya said to Darryl gratefully, “Thank you for helping me just now; I was worried about you...”

As the Synder family's eldest young miss, Tanya was rather vain. No man had ever impressed her since she was young, but Darryl's actions had touched her that day.

Tanya had regarded Darryl as her friend.

Darryl smiled faintly; he still looked indifferent. "No worries."

"Cousin!"

Jonas said, "Why are you thanking him? He is a reckless man who only made the situation worse. Had he not tried to intervene, Zane would not have gotten angry with us or detained us. Today, we are lucky to meet a good official like Mister Xanthos—"

Jonas threw disdainful glances at Darryl.

He thought he and his cousin were safe because of Nathan's impartiality; it had nothing to do with Darryl.

He did not know that Nathan had released them because of Darryl.

Jonas continued to blabber away, but Tanya did not pay any attention to him.

Tanya sighed in relief and asked Darryl, "Darren, what are your plans after this? I am going to the Royal City; do you want to come with me? Then, after I have settled my business there, I can take you in as my assistant. Would you like that?"

Tanya thought that Darryl was a refugee from the World Universe.

“No, thanks!”

Darryl smiled and refused her offer politely. “I learned that some of my relatives have also made it to the Green Dragon City Gate. I’ll be joining them soon.”

Darryl had to gather an army to rescue the people from the World Universe. How could he go to the Royal City with Tanya?

“Alright, then!”

Tanya was disappointed to hear Darryl’s answer, but she smiled and said, “Then, we shall take our leave for now. By the way, if you do visit Middle Terra in the future, you must let me know. I’ll take you to enjoy some tea!”

“Very well!” Darryl smiled and nodded. “One day, I will definitely visit Middle Terra.”

Tanya said no more. She waved goodbye to Darryl and turned to leave with Jonas.

Darryl put his smile away, and his expression became solemn after the two of them left the mansion.

The next second, Darryl took a deep breath, turned around and returned to the wing room. He sat on the chair in the center of the room and studied Nathan.

Nathan panicked after he sensed Darryl’s sharp gaze. He held his breath nervously.

‘Oh, no! His friends have left. His Majesty is going to get even with me for this.’

“How bold of you!”

Zane walked into the room and yelled at Darryl, “Do you think you deserve to sit there? Get up!”

‘How disgusted that this ordinary civilian behaved so arrogantly around my father. What a stuck up!’

“B*stard!”

Nathan roared; his angry voice trembled. “Quickly! Kneel and confess your sin to His Majesty.”

Nathan almost fainted. ‘Stupid son, haven’t you got it yet? Why would your father be so polite to an ordinary man when I’m the dignified Green Dragon City Gate Garrison Commander? This person must have a formidable background.’

Zane’s mind buzzed.

2193

Zane was shocked to hear that from his father. His mind buzzed as he looked at Darryl blankly.

‘What did Father say? His Majesty? This is the Emperor?’

“Nathan!”

Darryl stared at Nathan and said coldly, “As a government official, you have a heavy responsibility on your shoulder to guard the Green Dragon City Gate, but your lawless and unruly son was committing crimes so brazenly in broad daylight. So tell me, are you guilty?”

Thud!

Nathan trembled as he landed on his knees. Then, he said fearfully, “I am guilty.”

Zane also knelt involuntarily; his forehead dripped with cold sweat. He was so frightened that he almost lost his soul.

‘Oh, no!’

‘I have been yelling at His Majesty? I even threatened to cut his hands and feet and throw him to the mountains to feed the wolves! Oh, no! I’ve sinned. My life is over now.’

Darryl seemed indifferent. There was not the slightest fluctuation in his expression.

The atmosphere in the room was extremely depressing and gloomy.

“Nathan!”

Finally, a few seconds later, Darryl said, “You don’t have to be so nervous. I saw how you taught your son. I will not execute him for the time being, but you can’t run away from your punishment.”

Then, Darryl’s gaze fell on Zane. “Zane, I want to lead an army to rescue people from the World Universe. You’ll be the first line general as an act of atonement.”

Darry would never have spared Zane so easily. However, the situation in the World Universe was too critical, so Darryl needed a lot of help in the rescue mission. Zane was rather powerful, so it seemed to be a pity to have him killed.

“I shall obey the imperial order.” Zane trembled and responded hurriedly, “Thank you for your mercy, Your Majesty. I’ll work hard to kill our enemies and live up to Your Majesty’s expectations.”

Zane looked like he was loyal to Darryl, but he felt extremely bitter.

It was dangerous to go out onto the battlefield —one could die if one were not careful. Who would do so willingly?

However, Zane was left with no choice. He had committed a deadly sin for being disrespectful to His Majesty. It was not hard to imagine what could have happened to him had he refused to join the army.

“Very well!”

Darryl nodded in satisfaction. Then, he gave an order to Nathan.
“Summon all Westrington’s soldiers at the Green Dragon City Gate.”

“Yes, Your Majesty!” Nathan replied and went to work quickly.

A few hours later, Westrington’s garrison army and royal guards had gathered at Green Dragon City Gate. Darryl led 300,000 soldiers and marched toward the World Universe continent mightily.

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Meanwhile, on a barren mountain in the Yellow Sea Continent about 100 miles away from Windhill Town.

There was a ruined temple on the slope of the barren mountain. Donoghue sat in that temple with a faint smile on his face. He looked at Debra and Shentel, who were right in front of him.

Both women had their acupoints sealed off; they were placed on a pile of straw. Their perfect curves were showing. Both of them were extremely frightened, and they looked extremely nervous.

“Donoghue!”

Finally, Debra bit her lips and said, “What on earth are you doing? Hurry up and release me!”

‘What am I doing?’

Donoghue chuckled and sounded discontent. “Senior Sister, I really like you, but you are always so indifferent toward me. I feel so sad.”

As he spoke, Donoghue stood up and walked forward and grabbed Debra's hand.

He leaned forward and sniffed her. Then, he said in a joyful tone, "Senior Sister, you smell so good. Please stay with me tonight. Don't worry; after you become my woman, I will protect you, and I will never leave you alone."

"You—"

Debra trembled furiously. She cried as she struggled to break free. "Let go of me! Let me go!"

Debra felt extremely embarrassed and angry. She did not expect that the junior brother she used to admire was a brute. Donoghue tried to defile Debra with Shentel next to them.

"Donoghue!"

Shentel could not stand it anymore. She was blushing as she yelled, "Stop it!"

Shentel looked serious. "Donoghue, I've always thought that you were an upright man. You are not a despicable villain who bullies women when they have no choice. So calm down, please."

Shentel was embarrassed and angry.

Donoghue was crazy! He wanted to defile Darryl's woman forcibly. Besides, Shentel was next to them. He was too bold; had he no shame at all?

2194

Donoghue laughed.

Then he sneered as he looked at Shentel closely. “Since you think that I am an upright man, then why would you want to leave me and make me forget about you?”

“I—” Shentel trembled as she gaped at Donoghue in silence.

Many things had happened when they were separated. How could Shentel explain that to Donoghue?

Donoghue smiled faintly. “You have no answer for me? You lied, right? You think that I am a failure. Do I need to care about anything else when my woman has abandoned me?”

Donoghue’s eyes flashed with a mad ecstasy; he had completely lost his mind. Then, suddenly, he pulled Debra into his arms.

Debra yelped as her body slammed into Donoghue’s arms. Before she could even try to struggle, Donoghue embraced her tightly.

“Senior Sister, don’t be afraid. I will love you very much in the future.” Donoghue laughed as his lips got closer to Debra.

Debra gave up struggling and closed her eyes in despair when she realized that she could not escape from Donoghue.

‘Is this my fate?’

Debra's eyes were red, and her tears continued to stream. She could sense Donoghue's heavy breathing on her face—she felt humiliated and angry.

Debra felt like dying when she remembered that Shentel was next to her, and she could see everything.

Debra felt that it was worse than death if someone was there to see her humiliation.

“Amitabha!”

Just as Debra had utterly given up, a sudden call of the Buddha's name echoed from outside the ruined temple. The voice was loud, and it reverberated throughout the temple.

What?

Donoghue was very annoyed, so he turned around to check out what had happened.

‘Who is that? What an annoying disturbance!’

Donoghue frowned; he was taken aback.

A monk had appeared at the ruined temple entrance. He was dressed in gray monk attire. He was tall, and nine conspicuous scars branded his shiny bald head. His eyes twinkled like lightning as if he could see through people.

Debra and Shentel were stunned. They did not expect to meet a monk in the ruined temple in the wilderness.

Debra breathed a sigh of relief and secretly thanked the monk for appearing at the right time.

‘Someone is here. Does that mean I escaped the catastrophe and avoided being humiliated?’

“Where did this bloody bald donkey come from?”

Finally, Donoghue reacted. His fierce, piercing eyes flashed as he coldly shouted, “Get lost!” His tone was cold, and he sounded devilish.

Donoghue had utterly lost his humanity when he had decided to tarnish Debra in front of Shentel. Hence, he did not feign a polite look around the monk.

“Mister!”

The monk did not fluster even after he sensed Donoghue’s murderous intent. Instead, he arranged his palms together and said, “Mister, you’re filled with evil spirits. Besides, you were trying to defile a woman, and so, you have sinned. It must be destiny that we met today. I advise you to return to the path of righteousness.”

The monk sounded sincere.

However, Donoghue could not digest any of the monk’s words. Instead, he stared at the monk before he said coldly, “Bloody bald donkey, do you have a name?”

“I’m Rama!”

Rama responded, “I came from the Temple of Enchanted Retreat from the Chaotic Mountain Range. I happen to pass by here today, and I believe we’re destined to meet. You asked who I am, but have you repented?”

‘Chaotic Mountain Range? Temple of Enchanted Retreat?’

Donoghue frowned.

Donoghue heard about the Chaotic Mountain Range. It was situated at the border of the nine continents. He heard the environment was terrible and it was barren land. Most people would stay away from such a place. Unexpectedly, the monk was from the Chaotic Mountain Range.

As for the Temple of Enchanted Retreat, Donoghue had never heard of it.

Donoghue muttered in his heart; he was too lazy to think about it. He sneered impatiently. “You talked so much. Why do I need to repent? I’ve never regretted anything I did in my life. I ask for your name because I’ve never killed an unknown person.”

Buzz!

Donoghue mustered his internal energy, and he darted forward to hit Rama with a palm attack.

2195

Donoghue went all out with his strength. The strong wind roared in the ruined temple as the air distorted; the power was incredibly terrifying.

Donoghue thought that Rama was only an ordinary monk; he thought he could kill him easily.

Debra and Shentel held their breath as they sweated profusely; they were worried for Rama.

Rama did not mean to dodge the attack at all.

On the contrary, Rama gently shook his head at Donoghue as the man charged at him; his eyes gleamed with a hint of pity.

“Mister, be careful,” Debra warned him.

Shentel, who was next to Debra, was also nervous. Donoghue had the Sky Breaking Axe. With that weapon in hand, very few people in the nine continents could subdue him.

Boom!

Finally, Donoghue’s palm hit Rama squarely on his chest! They heard a muffled grunt!

Debra and Shentel closed their eyes. They thought the monk would not survive after Donoghue’s palm attack hit him.

What?

However, when they opened their eyes again, they were stunned. They saw Rama stood there motionless, but Donoghue was pale, and he had retreated several steps backward quickly!

Donoghue's palm did not manage to harm Rama. Instead, the man was injured.

Err...

Shentel looked at Rama closely; she felt shocked.

'This monk is so powerful! How did he resist Donoghue's palm attack?'

Debra was also in disbelief! Her red lips parted slightly when she stared at Raman. She was speechless and in shock!

"You—"

Donoghue regained his footing and looked at Rama. "Who are you?"

'F*ck, this monk tried to hide his strength.'

Donoghue was very frightened because he could sense the unfathomable inner energy of Rama. Furthermore, the monk's aura was different from the conventional aura that he had displayed earlier.

"I just told you." Rama arranged his palms together in a compassionate posture and said, "I'm Rama from the Temple of Enchanted Retreat in the Chaotic Mountain Range."

Two thousand years ago, Bodhidharma had traveled the world and experienced the suffering of all living beings. Finally, he arrived at the Chaotic Mountain Range and attained enlightenment to become a Buddha. That was why he built a temple there. He had a Kylin enchanted beast, and that was why he named the temple—Temple of Enchanted Retreat.

For thousands of years, monks at the Temple of Enchanted Retreat had followed the teachings of Bodhidharma. The monks practiced abstinence in the Chaotic Mountain Range, and therefore, very few people knew about them.

The Temple of Enchanted Retreat had been around for 30 generations, and Rama was the temple's head.

Among the previous temple heads in the past, Rama had the highest understanding of Bodhidharma's perfect skill. He had used one of Bodhidharma's many skills to resist Donoghue's palm attack.

Rama and Donoghue stared down at each other before the monk said, "Mister, you're powerful, but the Dharma knowledge is boundless; you are not my opponent. So let's stop the killing here."

Donoghue's self-esteem was threatened when he heard Rama's words, and his eyes reddened.

'Did you say that I'm not your opponent?'

Donoghue felt angry; he was the former Westrington Emperor, and he had the Sky Breaking Axe—did the monk really look down on him?

He had lost his throne and the woman he loved. On top of that, a monk had pointed fingers at him, which irritated Donoghue.

Donoghue's anger built as he thought about his misfortunes. Finally, he waved his hand, and the Sky Breaking Axe appeared with a clear sound.

Then, a touch of golden light that resembled a sun shot out from the axe. It illuminated the hillside around the ruined temple.

"You don't know your place, bloody bald donkey! I merely underestimated you, and you claimed that I am not your match? Go to hell!" Donoghue bellowed coldly.

Donoghue held the Sky Breaking Axe tightly and swung the axe around fiercely!

Roar!

Cries of the dragon came from the giant axe. The next moment, a golden light tore the heaven and earth and swooped down upon Rama!

2196

Whoa!

The axe seemed to have split the entire night sky into two!

Suddenly, Debra and Shentel trembled—they were worried sick about Rama.

The monk must have been in grave danger after Donoghue mobilized his Sky Breaking Axe.

‘The Sky Breaking Axe?’

Rama exclaimed in his heart when he felt the mighty power contained in the golden light. He was no longer calm like before; he had never expected his opponent to have the Sky Breaking Axe.

As the Temple of Enchanted Retreat’s head monk and the recipient of Bodhidharma’s consummate skills, Rama had learned a lot. So how could he not know about the ancient grand weapons like the Sky Breaking Axe?

“It turns out that you have a Grand Weapon; no wonder you are so arrogant,” Rama said slowly as he took a deep breath. His face was solemn.

Buzz!

Rama’s figure floated in the air as he recited a Buddhist mantra silently. Then, his body was enshrouded in a golden Buddha light.

The next second, Rama arranged his palms together. Then, he mobilized his internal energy and deployed a protective layer in front of himself.

The protective layer glimmered with golden light; it was Rama's defensive skill—the Boundless Brahma.

Boom!

Donoghue's axe slammed on the protective layer as an earth-shattering sound roared. The entire barren mountain trembled.

After the loud roar, the golden protective layer disintegrated instantly. Rama paled, but he was unscathed.

Rama was a genius with powerful internal energy. However, even though he managed to evade the attack, it was still an attack from the Sky Breaking Axe—an Ancient Grand Weapon. Hence, Rama still suffered some minor shock injuries.

However, the Buddhism cultivation method from the Temple of Enchanted Retreat was extremely abstruse. After a few seconds, Rama recuperated tranquilly via his cultivation method and readjusted his internal energy. Soon, his face recovered some color.

'What?'

Debra and Shentel trembled, and they were so shocked that they were speechless.

'Rama managed to parry the attack from Donoghue's Sky Breaking Axe?'

How did he do that? They could not believe their eyes. Donoghue's Sky Breaking Axe possessed the power to crack the world open. Even Darryl would not dare to face the power of the axe head-on.

However, the monk did that.

What?

Donoghue frowned while he stared at Rama; he was confused.

'Bloody bald donkey seems unremarkable, but he is so powerful.'

"Mister."

Rama's calm face was a great contrast against Donoghue's astonished look. Rama took a deep breath and once again persuaded his opponent. "Since you have an ancient grand weapon like the Sky Breaking Axe, you should stop doing evil deeds or harming other people. Therefore, I advise you to repent immediately."

As a Buddhist practitioner, Rama did not like to fight. Hence, he had not wanted to fight with Donoghue.

"Go to hell!"

Donoghue had utterly gone crazy. He could not hear Rama clearly. He shouted as his figure whizzed upward to the air. Then, he sent another attack at Rama with his Sky Breaking Axe!

It was midnight, and the power of Yin and Yang within the Sky Breaking Axe was at a perfect balance.

That was Donoghue's strongest blow! He believed that even if Rama was a Heaven Ascension expert, he could not possibly survive the Sky Breaking Axe's blow!

Debra and Shentel dripped in sweat as they bit their lips anxiously!

They wondered if the monk could survive Donoghue's killer move.

Rama's eyes flickered as a complicated feeling overwhelmed him. He saw Donoghue had charged at him again, and he no longer looked as surprised or as solemn as before that.

Ugh...

When Donoghue got closer to him, Rama sighed and raised his hands slowly. Then, two streaks of golden lights shot out from his eyes.

Buzz!

The air around Rama distorted, and a powerful Buddhism aura permeated from within him.

"Since you're unwilling to repent, then I shall go all out."

2197

Finally, Rama spoke with a cold voice!

“Thousand Buddhas!”

The world changed its color after Rama uttered the final word! An auspicious golden cloud had suddenly appeared in the night sky. Rama whizzed into the air and hovered among the bright golden clouds. A huge shadow of the Buddha appeared behind him vaguely. The shadow was formed entirely by the Buddhist internal energy. It looked as if the real Buddha had made an appearance.

Boom!

The entire barren mountain trembled violently as a loud noise reverberated. Then, the ruined temple collapsed in an instant. The bright and dazzling Buddha light covered an area of at least several kilometers in radius.

Thousand Buddhas—it was the most powerful consummate skill of Bodhidharma, and it was also the most difficult one to perform. It had been thousands of years, but Temple of Enchanted Retreat’s head monks had never been able to understand the abstruse skill successfully.

Ten years ago, after Rama took over as the temple head, he finally perceived the essence of the Thousand Buddhas.

The Thousand Buddhas technique was extremely complex; it had a total of seven levels. Ten years later, Rama had only managed to reach the fourth level.

Even with the Thousand Buddhas technique, Rama was not sure if he could defeat Donoghue ultimately. After all, the Sky Breaking Axe was an ancient grand weapon, but Rama firmly believed that it should not be a problem for him to dodge Donoghue's most powerful blow had he tried all his might.

Rama sensed that the Sky Breaking Axe would consume a lot of its wielder's internal energy. Donoghue seemed unrivaled, but his energy had worn out.

Buzz!

The Thousand Buddha was a supreme Buddhist technique. When the skill was displayed, the night sky would immediately lit up. Then, the shadow of Buddha behind Rama disappeared before a huge Buddha seal appeared in front of him.

The Buddha seal was a palm print, but it was called the Buddha seal in Buddhism.

The Buddha seal was a couple of thousand kilometers wide in diameter! It could cover the entire barren mountain!

Debra and Shentel trembled as they felt the limitless power from the Buddha seal. The magnificent force wholly suppressed them, and at the same time, they felt inexplicably excited!

“Mister, you should give up!” Rama shouted as the huge Buddha seal targeted at Donoghue immediately zoomed downward!

The world distorted wherever the Buddha seal went past!

‘What?’

Donoghue screamed as he raised the Sky Breaking Axe hurriedly to resist the attack!

Boom!

The Buddha seal slammed against the Sky Breaking Axe, and the terrifying Buddhist power exploded. Golden light illuminated the area about a few hundred kilometers in radius!

Puff!

Donoghue spurted blood as his body flew backward from the impact!

Rama was right—after Donoghue used his Sky Breaking Axe, again and again, his internal energy had worn out. Therefore, he had no chance to handle the Thousand Buddhas’ attack.

Donoghue regained his footing after he was thrown a few hundred meters away. Then, he spurted even more blood!

Rama was also a little weak after he had performed the Thousand Buddhas technique, but he was much better than Donoghue because he was a skillful monk.

Whoa...

Debra and Shentel were dumbfounded after they saw what had happened.

'Rama had managed to defeat Donoghue! He's so powerful!'

The skill that Rama had performed was way too terrifying.

"Mister!"

Rama wore a gentle expression on his face as he looked at Donoghue. Then, he said calmly, "No matter how strong you are, you are only a drop of water in the ocean in front of the vast and limitless Buddhist power. Are you willing to repent now?"

"Bloody bald donkey! Stop talking nonsense! I must kill you today!"

Donoghue fought the weakness in his body. He gripped the Sky Breaking Axe tightly as his eyes locked onto Rama. His face looked madly ferocious when he charged at Rama again!

Donoghue was extremely weak, but he could not let the matter slip. He had been around the nine continents, and even Darryl dared not confront him so brazenly. Furthermore, he could not believe that a monk had beaten him that night. Donoghue felt ashamed, so he was desperate to kill Rama!

Rama shook his head discreetly when Donoghue approached him again.

Tap... tap... tap...

The next second, Rama avoided Donoghue's onslaught gently. Then, he turned around, and with several quick moves, he managed to seal Donoghue's acupoints.

Even though Rama had also used a lot of his internal energy, his power was far more advanced and profound than Donoghue.

After a while, Donoghue trembled; he could not move anymore.

2198

“Mister!”

Rama looked at Donoghue quietly and said, “Buddha is compassionate and kind to the world. No matter how vicious a person is, as long as he abandons evil and does good deeds, Buddha will forgive and accept him. I’ve defeated you. What else do you want to say?”

Rama was not loud, but he sounded convincing.

Donoghue threw his head upward and laughed at the sky; he was still arrogant and unbridled. “You want me to be submissive? Bloody bald donkey, you’ve just met me. I was the Westrington Emperor, and I have the Ancient Grand Weapon. No one in the world can subdue me; not even Buddha can do that.”

Rama’s face ashen; his eyes widened as his exasperating eyes stared intently at Donoghue.

As a monk, Rama had always adhered to the principle of compassion, but he knew where to draw the line. Donoghue’s scornful remark for the Buddha had angered Rama.

“Amitabha!”

The next second, Rama chanted the Buddha’s name and said coldly, “Well, since you’re so stubborn, then don’t blame me for being harsh.”

Clang!

Rama pulled out his monk's knife. The knife was one meter long, and it gleamed under the light of the night sky.

The monk's knife was a device used by the Buddhist monks. However, it was not a weapon but more of a tool for the monks when they traveled the world and spent their nights in the wilderness.

As the Temple of Enchanted Retreat's head monk, Rama's tool was a crafted masterpiece; it was not an ordinary monk's knife.

Donoghue was shocked to see the monk's knife. "What are you doing?"

Debra and Shentel, who were next to them, held their breaths. Even though Donoghue was malicious and deserved to die, the monk's scary expression and his tool caught their attention. 'Is he going to cut Donoghue?'

Rama did not respond to him. Instead, he grabbed Donoghue and walked to the back of a nearby hill that was formed when the barren mountain shook in the previous fight. It was huge enough to hinder Debra and Shentel's sight.

Debra and Shentel were even more curious. They wanted to check what had happened, but they did not have the courage.

"Argh!"

While Debra and Shentel were trying to guess Rama's next action, they heard a loud scream from behind the hill that sounded clear in the quiet night.

It was Donoghue.

A few seconds later, Rama reappeared with Donoghue.

Gasp!

Both Debra and Shentel trembled and gasped; they were blushing.

‘Oh... the monk has castrated Donoghue?’

Rama wore a stern expression. He held Donoghue in one hand and a bloody object in the other hand.

Donoghue’s face was pale with a trace of sallow as his body dripped with cold sweat. He crouched like a dried shrimp, and there was a bloodied patch around his pubic area.

Debra and Shentel were relieved to see what had happened, but they were also shocked.

The monk was decisive in his action, and he was also blatantly ruthless. After Donoghue was castrated, he would not be able to harm any women anymore, but his life was completely ruined.

“Bloody bald donkey.”

Donoghue endured the severe pain as he stared at Rama fiercely. Then, he hissed through his gritted teeth. “You’d better kill me now. After I regain my energy, not only will I slay you, I’ll also go to the Chaotic Mountain Range and wash the Temple of Enchanted Retreat in blood...”

Donoghue's eyes were blood-red when he said that; his heart was consumed in anger and resentment.

Donoghue had gone mad. He had never expected that Rama would be so brutal to him that he would ruin his life forever.

Could he still be a man? What could he do even if he had the Sky Breaking Axe and a powerful internal strength? The world would laugh at him for losing something so crucial for a man.

The more Donoghue thought about it, the more aggrieved and angry he felt. He could not wait to eat Rama alive. If eyes could kill, Rama would have died thousands of times.

However, Rama remained unmoved, and his expression was extremely indifferent as he faced Donoghue's anger and resentment.

Then, Rama turned around to look at Debra and Shentel. He said, "Miss, I've subdued this wicked man. You are both safe now, so please leave here quickly!"

2199

Oh...

Debra and Shentel glanced at each other as they hesitated.

Debra was disappointed in what Donoghue had done. She wanted to see how Rama would deal with Donoghue after he was castrated.

However, both women dared not linger after they sensed Rama's intimidating aura. They nodded and went down the mountain together.

Rama took a deep breath after he watched the two women leave.

The next second, Rama turned around and looked at Donoghue quietly. Then, he said clearly, "I remove your body part because I don't want you to harm innocent women anymore. Next, I'll cleanse the evil thoughts and killing intent in your heart."

Rama picked up a string of Buddhist beads solemnly. Then, he looked at Donoghue and said, "Your murderous intent and evil thoughts are embedded deep within you. It is difficult for you to repent in such a short time. I've decided to take you in as my disciple, and I'll teach you the Supreme Buddhism knowledge; I'm hoping to save you from your sins. Are you willing to take it?"

In Buddhism, the more wicked a person was, the more he had to be saved.

Donoghue's body stiffened when he heard Rama's words. His seething anger was about to explode; his eyes almost burst into flames.

'This bloody bald donkey made me an incomplete man, and now he wants to take me as his disciple?'

'How could I face the world if I agreed to his offer?'

"You want me to be your disciple?"

Finally, Donoghue reacted; he stared at Rama ferociously. "Bloody bald donkey, I'll never be on your side. So you'd better kill me quickly. Otherwise, you will regret it."

Donoghue sounded hoarse, like a voice from hell.

He could not wait to hack Rama into pieces; why would he be his disciple?

"Well, well, well."

Rama shook his head and said, "I don't usually kill. Since you don't want to be my disciple, I won't force it on you, let alone take your life. But to prevent you from doing any evil deeds in the future, I've no choice but to abolish your cultivation and take your Sky Breaking Axe. This way, you can't be evil anymore after you've recovered."

That was right. Rama's principle was not to kill if he could help it. Otherwise, he would not have merely castrated Donoghue; he would have killed him.

Donoghue was startled; he was frightened and panicked.

'This bloody bald donkey doesn't want to kill me? He wants to destroy my cultivation?'

Donoghue's face darkened, and his heart pounded.

'He is now an incomplete man. If he loses his cultivation and lives his life like an ordinary person, what's the point of being alive?'

"I'm sorry, Mister!"

Rama raised his hand slowly and gathered his internal energy; he was prepared to channel it into Donoghue's energy field.

"Hold on."

Suddenly, Donoghue yelled hurriedly. Then, he bowed his head toward Rama as he gritted his teeth to endure the severe pain. "I'm willing to be your disciple. I'll make obeisance to you, my master."

Donoghue hissed those words through his gritted teeth; resentment and unwillingness were obvious in his eyes.

He was reluctant to call Rama his master or to join Buddhism.

However, he was left with no choice. If he disagreed, Rama would rather abolish his cultivation than kill him. It was an outcome that Donoghue dreaded more than death.

Donoghue thought it over. He would pretend to agree to the terms. Then, as soon as he could regain his strength and heal his injuries, he would look for an opportunity to kill Rama.

After all, he could only seek revenge if he stayed alive and maintained his strength—everything else was useless.

Mmm!

Rama nodded in satisfaction after Donoghue said that. Then, he pondered it before he said, “You’ll be given a dharma name now that you’ve joined Buddhism. You shall be called Vikara, for I hope that your soul can be renewed, and you’d change for the better.”

“Yes, Master,” Donoghue replied with a poker face.

However, he cursed Rama thousands of times in his heart.

‘Bloody bald donkey, you’d better watch out. When I find a chance, you’ll suffer a fate worse than death in my hands.’

2200

Meanwhile, at Mid City in the World Universe continent.

Yang Jian led a few hundred thousand soldiers and set up camps outside the city.

A few days ago, Yang Jian had conquered Yunzhou City. Then, after a short break, he continued to set off and conquer the cities along the way. He had been very successful, and he had arrived in Mid City within only a few days.

Yang Jian ordered his men to invade the city, but the Carter family and elites from the various sects had managed to stop him.

The Carter family and elites from various sects were no match to the North Moana Army. However, Mid City was the World Universe's capital. It was the most developed and prosperous city on the continent. Its land size was almost five times that of Yunzhou City, and its defense mechanism was also the strongest in the continent.

Under such circumstances, the Carter family and elites from the various sects were lucky enough to be able to defend against the North Moana Army's attack. With the help from the people of Mid City and the powerful defense mechanism, they managed to secure the city.

Yang Jian did not take any further action after the failed attempt to take over the city. Instead, he ordered his army to rest and recuperate in the camp.

The Carter family and elites from the various sects dared not lower their guards. With help from ordinary civilians, they worked to strengthen their defenses at the Mid City entrances. At the same time, they sent people to observe the North Moana Army's movement and be prepared when their opponents launched another attack.

The entire Mid City was gloomy.

In North Moana Army's military camp.

Yang Jian was troubled as he sat in the commander-in-chief's seat.

Next to him, Zhang Jue also frowned, and their generals also held their breath nervously.

The atmosphere in the military camp seemed calm, but everyone felt suffocated and depressed.

Yang Jian was very annoyed. He thought that he would be able to acquire Mid City in one fell swoop, but he had failed in his first attempt.

Mid City was worthy of its name as the largest city on the continent. It had a large population with numerous defense mechanisms. That was why Yang Jian had trouble conquering it.

Suddenly, the front-line general, Jake Herald, stepped out slowly.

Jake asked cautiously, "Your Majesty, do you want to try to invade the city again before nightfall?"

Yang Jian waved his hand and growled, "Why should I? Are you sure you can break through their defense mechanism?"

Uh...

Jake was embarrassed. After he pondered the question, he said in a low voice, "With our army's current strength, we can do it if we go all out."

"Don't I know that?" Yang Jian said coldly, "Let's not talk about our casualties for now. Many Mid City civilians would have been killed and injured in the process. I have already been scolded by the public when we took the other cities. Do you want them to think that I am a tyrant?"

Yang Jian was very annoyed.

Jake was right; they could take the city if they went all out. However, the prosperous Mid City would surely be ruined in the process.

More importantly, Yang Jian did not want to leave a bad impression.

Yang Jian was arrogant and self-satisfied. He wanted to dominate all nine continents to become an unprecedented Emperor. However, he failed to consider the civilians when he conquered the other cities. As a result, he made a mess, and there were cries of discontent from the public. Yang Jian felt bad.

He thought about it and decided that he must occupy Mid City with the least cost and try not to harm innocent people.

Uh...

The awkward Jake quickly knelt on the ground; he was panicked. “Your Majesty, I have no bad intentions. I was just trying to share your burden, and hopefully, we’ll conquer Mid City soon.”

Yang Jian was so upset that he did not dwell on it. Instead, he waved his hand and signaled for Jake to retreat.

Then, Yang Jian tilted his head to look at Zhang Jue. “Military Adviser, do you have a good plan?”

Zhang Jue took a deep breath, pondered, and said, “Your Majesty wants to occupy Mid City at the lowest cost possible and try not to harm the civilians. I have a way to do that, but I am not sure whether it will succeed.”

“Military Adviser, please tell me your plan!” Yang Jian was overjoyed; he urged Zhang Jue to uncover his plan.

Zhang Jue smiled faintly and said, “My method is very simple. Let’s send a few of our elites into the Carter Mansion and kidnap Susan. Everything will fall into place after that.”

“Darryl is not around, and Susan has been the one to command their strategies. Once we get a hold of her, then the World Universe would lose their leader; they would be in a mess.”

Zhang Jue looked confident after he gave the suggestion. He pointed to the table in front of him and said, “I just took another look at the Carter Mansion. It is in the northeast of Mid City, and to the north is some barren hills and wilderness. It is not difficult to sneak into it. Nonetheless, it’s hard to say if we could catch Susan.”

Yang Jian laughed.

He was overjoyed; he praised sincerely. "I like your method. It's perfect! Let's try it. I'll leave this to you, Military Adviser."