

Chapter 2393

Impossible!

What skill did Zhang Jue use to put out the flame that Zhurong had cast?

Zhurong was the supreme existence that people had worshipped as the Fire God for more than a thousand years for his ability to manipulate flame. No one would have believed that it could be extinguished with such ease by Zhang Jue if they had not seen it for themselves.

"You—" Zhurong's eyes widened in shock as he stared at Zhang Jue; he was shocked and enraged.

"Don't look so surprised; that is the Black Hurricane. It is no ordinary hurricane," Zhang Jue grinned as he said to Zhurong.

The Black Hurricane was a skill that Zhang Jue had mastered from the Immortal Pure Scripture, the most mysterious book that contained even the most bizarre knowledge beyond one's imagination. Megan Castello managed to subdue all sects because she had learned the Dark Day Pill recipe from the Immortal Pure Scripture, which did not hold a candle to the Black Hurricane in terms of power. Zhurong's face flushed crimson as he opened his mouth as if to argue, but he was rendered speechless.

"Darryl Darby!" Zhang Jue's expression was vicious as he said that victoriously. "Even heaven is on my side today; there is no way you can survive this. Decide now, or your death will be marked on this day."

'Even Zhurong is not my match; who else could defy me?' Zhang Jue thought as he laughed arrogantly.

Darryl drew a deep breath wordlessly; his expression was gloom and helpless as he glared at Zhang Jue. It was no wonder that the man could rule over the entire world a thousand years ago. Even Zhurong could not defeat him; it was sufficient proof that Zhang Jue had established the Yellow Turban Rebellion and wreaked havoc all across the Nine Mainland with his own strength and power.

"It's over. I guess I have no choice but to surrender to Zhang Jue today," Darryl thought as he smiled bitterly.

"Amitabha!" Out of the blue, Rama, who had stayed silent the entire time, gestured with his two palms folded toward Zhang Jue. "Almsgiver Zhang, the current situation does call for all parties to work together against the Raksasa Tribe. Would it not be inappropriate for you to turn against your allies?" he said.

Zhang Jue laughed, sneered, and said, "Master Rama, save the lectures. If you truly think that that is inappropriate, why don't we have a duel and decide? If you win, I will retreat; if you lose, you can shut up and mind your own business."

Rama's expression froze awkwardly at his words. He might have stood a chance against Zhang Jue in a duel if his internal energy had not been depleted previously. There was no chance that he would win in that state.

Chester and the others cursed inwardly as their expressions darkened when they heard Zhang Jue's shameless reply. He knew that Master Rama's internal energy had yet to recover, and still, Zhang Jue challenged him intentionally; he knew that the monk would not be able to do anything. Everyone was furious and in despair when they realized that none of them could defeat Zhang Jue. Did they really have to surrender?

"Zhang Jue, enough with your arrogance!"

A calm and authoritative voice echoed from the sky not far away. It sounded as soothing and wondrous as a drizzle on a hot day. The voice drew the attention of every single person on the battlefield. Both sides had stopped whatever they were doing and looked toward the sky as two figures shot through the pitch-black sky like meteors.

Before anyone could say anything, an old man and a woman landed on the ground. The old man was in a Taoist robe, and even though his expression looked kind, his presence was entirely out of that world; an aura of bottomless strength surrounded him.

Next to him, the woman slowly stepped forward. She was dressed in a silky white dress, and the fabric fluttered as she moved; it emphasized her enticing

figure. Like an angel that had fallen to the earth, her beauty was enough to bring a country to her feet. Her appearance not only hypnotized the men but the women as well.

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Darryl chuckled inwardly.

His mind went blank for a moment when he saw the figures who were approaching him. Then he smiled enthusiastically when he realized that they were Chang Er and Chun Yangzi, or Lu Dongbin. When Yang Jian tracked Chang Er, she was forced to hide in the mountain where Chun Yangzi was cultivating. Darryl had not seen her ever since they bid each other farewell. He did not imagine that the two would appear at such perfect timing when he was in danger.

Chester and the others were stunned, and they were confused. Why did that old man possess such tremendous power? The woman's beauty was also beyond one's description. There were no words to convey her graceful being.

Chester and the others had never seen Chang Er in person; her fairy-like appearance and elegant demeanor enticed them. The hundreds of thousands of soldiers in the North Moana Army were breathless when they saw her beautiful appearance.

Everyone in the North Moana Army knew that Chang Er was the woman behind Emperor Hou Yi, who ruled over the world. Zhang Jue was stunned for a moment when he saw her. He scanned her appearance with thoughtful eyes, and his expression looked conflicted. He thought he had complete control over the situation, but Chang Er's sudden appearance interrupted his plan.

It took almost half a minute before Zhang Jue could gather himself; he bowed respectfully toward Chang Er. "My, if it's not Lady Chang Er, it is my pleasure to be in your presence," he said pretentiously.

What? As the words dropped, Chester, Quincy, and the others jumped in shock at the name. Chang Er? That was Lady Chang Er?

Unlike the others, Darryl took a deep breath and greeted her at ease with a playful grin. "It's been a while, Lady Chang Er." His attitude was different from Zhang Jue's pretentious act. Their friendship could be traced back to his encounter with Chang Er about half a year ago when they bonded over a series of curious and bizarre events. The time they shared had always been something to remember.

Chang Er nodded at Darryl's grin as a trace of uneasiness appeared on her stunning features. 'It has been a while, but that Darryl Darby is still as indecent as ever,' she thought.

Then she turned her attention to Zhang Jue, and with a cold tone, she said, "Zhang Jue, you can drop your act. I've heard that ever since you became Yang Jian's commander, you have been launching attacks against the other continents and preying on the weak. The Raksasa Tribe is about to invade the Nine Mainland, and you are trying to cause a civil war instead of defending your home with your allies. To have a man like you as the highest commander of the North Moana Army is a disgrace to the North Moana continent." Her words pierced through the air loud and clear.

Three days ago, Chang Er had caught the news that the Raksasa Tribe had climbed over the Chaotic Mountain Range and were at war with the Nine Mainland. Yang Jian and the Raksasa King fought against one another, and then both were missing.

Chang Er was shocked; she did not waste another second to seek help from Lu Dongbin. When they reached the Chaotic Mountain Range, they saw Zhang Jue lead the North Moana Army to war with Darryl. A woman as intelligent and virtuous as Chang Er immediately comprehended Zhang Jue's conspiracy and spoke out to condemn his action.

"Lady Chang Er, you are in no position to judge me. Rumor has it that you plotted the murder of Emperor Hou Yi with Zhu Bajie, and His Majesty is still hunting for you. To commit such a crime is an insult to all the respect and worship you have received over the years," Zhang Jue said as his expression sank into a sneer.

"Why, you!" Chang Er scowled; his rudeness visibly provoked her. "That was nothing but a misunderstanding. Besides, whatever happens within the palace, it is not your place to judge."

She paused to look around them and spoke directly to the hundreds of thousands of North Moana soldiers. "Warriors, you are men with unwavering loyalty to your king and country. The Raksasa Army is here to destroy our home, and here you are, following the orders of a dishonest man, turning your weapons against your comrades from the same roots. Have you no shame?"

Instantly, all the North Moana soldiers bowed their heads guiltily, and not a single man dared to respond to her.

Zhang Jue chuckled in contempt and said, "Lady Chang Er, cease your attempt at manipulating the soldiers. As long as the matter of your scheme against Emperor Hou Yi remains unresolved, no one here will listen to you."

Chang Er had enough of Zhang Jue's rudeness; she turned toward Lu Dongbin and said, "Master Chun Yang, I ask that you bring that despicable man to me."

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Chester, Quincy, and the others were rendered speechless again as their eyes widened in awe at the name they heard. The old priest who stood before them was the Daoist hero who was worshiped by many across the Nine Mainland—Chun Yangzi, Lu Dongbin? He was known as the man closest to God in the Daoist Sect—who did not know Chun Yangzi's name? Not one person on the Nine Mainland would claim not to know him.

When he realized that he was the center of attention, Lu Dongbin smiled gently and said, "Lady Chang Er, there is no need for you to ask." He leaped into the air as he said the last word and dashed toward Darryl.

He halted mid-air when he was about 20 meters away from Zhang Jue and said, "Zhang Jue, the unjust is always doomed to self-destruct in the end. There was a time when you established the Yellow Turban Rebellion and wreaked havoc everywhere, and here you are again, trying to pull the trigger to a civil war between the continents in the Nine Mainland. I advise that you put a stop to that when you still can."

"You stinking priest; save your lectures for someone else. When I was leading the Yellow Turban Rebellion to conquer the world, you were still hiding and

cultivating in some cave. Now that you have managed to become the Grandmaster of Daoism, you think you are in a position to lecture me?" Zhang Jue replied with utter contempt.

When he realized that Zhang Jue had no intention to stop his action, Lu Dongbin sighed softly before he said, "If you insist, then so be it." A wave of real Daoist energy erupted from within Lu Dongbin as he spoke.

Instantly, the air around him seemed to have frozen in place as an intimidating aura radiated off of him. Every person on the field felt as though they were breathless in the deep sea. Lu Dongbin shifted his right arm steadily and directed his palm against Zhang Jue as he launched an attack of incredible power. Simultaneously, a gigantic eight trigram figure began to form behind Lu Dongbin. It was the Twelve Royal Guards—the signature move that had made his name known to the world.

Sh*t!

When he sensed the dreadful power of Lu Dongbin's attack, Zhang Jue scowled and cursed inwardly.

'I guess he is quite formidable after all,' Zhang Jue thought as he responded swiftly by firing up his internal energy. Lights in the shapes of swords burst from the one he held in his hand. He sent it to counter Lu Dongbin's palm attack. The wind blew frantically, and the clouds swirled in chaos at the sheer force of the encounter. Everyone who witnessed the duel felt their hearts stop when they saw that.

Baam!

The moment the palm attack clashed with the light of swords, it emitted a shock wave. The earth moved and sent dust and sand into the air as they slowly began to fade. Lu Dongbin and Zhang Jue were already more than a hundred meters away from one another.

"So that is Chun Yangzi's power? How overrated," Zhang Jue said as he steadied himself to scan Lu Dongbin up and down in disdain.

Lu Dongbin remained quiet at the insult. He lifted his right arm once again, and with a crisp click, a sword that was as white as first snow appeared in his hand. That was a jade sword forged with an ice jade formed more than ten thousand years ago. It was found by Lu Dongbin five hundred years ago on top of the Snowy Mountains and was made into a purple-rank jade sword. The moment he drew it, the temperature dropped tremendously.

A purple-rank sword? The crowd was shocked when they saw that sword in Lu Dongbin's hand. A purple-rank jade sword, no less? A purple-rank weapon might not be rare, but one that was forged with white jade was one of the rarest things in the world.

"You stinking priest!" When he sensed the aura that oozed from Lu Dongbin, Zhang Jue could no longer maintain his composure. He said, "You want to cross swords with me?" The swordsmanship that Zhang Jue had mastered from Immortal Pure Scripture was second to none; Lu Dongbin would be digging his own grave if he truly planned on facing him with a sword.

"That's right." Lu Dongbin replied calmly, "Zhang Jue, it is true that the swordsmanship you learned from the Immortal Pure Scripture is incredibly powerful, but at the same time, it is evil. You must know that virtue would triumph over evil. Always."

Virtue would triumph over evil!

Those five words pierced through the air as clear as a bell.

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Zhang Jue was shocked for a moment by the words, but he immediately began to laugh. "Virtue would triumph over evil? Very well, let's see what you've got then." Zhang Jue gripped his sword tightly and darted toward Lu Dongbin.

Lu Dongbin shook his head in resignation and sighed before he chanted, "Supreme Illusory Sword!"

He had tried his best to give Zhang Jue a chance to redeem himself, but there was nothing he could do if the man did not want to take it. Instantly, with Lu Dongbin as the center, the clouds from within a thousand meters radius were blasted into non-existence as a ray of light appeared and slowly condensed into the shape of a sword. The air circled the illusory sword, exposing the fact that it was a product of one's internal energy. The sword looked marvelous and symbolized the emphasis of harmony within Daoism. In the blink of an eye, the illusory sword pierced through the air and darted toward Zhang Jue.

"Admit defeat, Zhang Jue!" Lu Dongbin shouted in a cold tone.

The gigantic illusory sword tore through the sky, almost as if it cut the world in half as it sped forward. The sword moved at a speed that a human eye could barely keep up; it arrived right before Zhang Jue in a split second.

Was Lu Dongbin really that powerful? That illusory sword that erupted from within him seemed far too powerful for one to counter. Zhang Jue scowled cautiously as he urged his internal energy derived from the Immortal Pure Scripture without hesitation; he summoned an illusory sword as well for a counterattack.

The earth rumbled as the two swords clashed against one another.

A muffled grunt leaked from Zhang Jue's mouth as he was sent flying backward and landed more than a hundred meters away from his location. He had consumed quite a portion of his internal energy when he faced Chester and the others. It had taken his remaining power to cast such a powerful skill against Lu Dongbin, but it had been insufficient to overpower Lu Dongbin's attack.

After all, his opponent was the famed Chun Yangzi! Everyone at the battlefield gaped at the scene and stared dazedly at Lu Dongbin with respect and awe. Powerful. Truly powerful.

Zhang Jue's defeat lifted Darryl's spirit.

Lu Dongbin was truly worthy of his title as the Grandmaster of Daoism; he had defeated a man as loathsome as Zhang Jue so effortlessly.

"Zhang Jue!" Lu Dongbin hovered in mid-air as his Daoist robe fluttered gently; he looked like a celestial being. "I have shown you mercy earlier; I hope that it is enough of a lesson for you to change your behavior." Indeed, the Supreme Illusory Sword that Lu Dongbin had cast had only contained half of its original strength. Otherwise, Zhang Jue would have been killed instantly.

Zhang Jue paled miserably without a word, and his eyes darted around as he was not ready to give up yet.

The crowd immediately erupted in an uproar as they were dissatisfied with the fight's outcome, especially Chester, Yvette, and the rest. Zhang Jue had nearly killed all of them and drove the Nine Mainland into destruction; even though Lu Dongbin was merciful, Zhang Jue did not deserve that kindness.

"Master Chun Yang!" Dax yelled. "You are an elder from the Daoist sect; you should not get your hands dirty with such a despicable man. We can deal with him instead."

An axe appeared in his hand as Dax approached Zhang Jue; his eyes were painted red with hatred. "Zhang Jue, your cruelty knows no bounds. Instead of defending the Nine Mainland against the Raksasa Army's invasion, you thought of nothing but your own ambition and tried to plot against the Union Army. Today will mark your death!"

"I—" Zhang Jue began to sweat in shock and anger when he sensed that Dax was about to kill him. His previous arrogant demeanor had disappeared entirely.

He would not even bat an eyelash at Dax's threats if he were in full strength, but things were different then. He had suffered tremendous damage from Lu Dongbin's attack; even a mere soldier could easily kill him. Chester and others stood indifferently as they watched the scene unfold.

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For a man as despicable as Zhang Jue, death is the only thing he deserves,' Darryl thought with an emotionless face.

The North Moana army's soldiers and generals, on the other hand, were restless. Many had wanted to interfere but were far too intimidated by Lu Dongbin to step forward. Zhang Jue fell to his knees; he knew that he could not turn the situation around anymore.

"My own ambition blinded me. I was wrong; please have mercy..." Zhang Jue was helpless; he had never imagined himself in such a situation where he would be villainized and landed in such a vulnerable state. If only Yang Jian were around, he would not have to fear Lu Dongbin. However, he was not there, so he could not rely on anyone.

Dax snorted in disdain; he turned to look at Chang Er, who hovered in the air. Whatever the circumstances, Dax did not belong to the North Moana continent. No matter Zhang Jue's offenses, he was still the North Moana continent's commander. Chang Er should decide his fate.

Instantly, all eyes were on Chang Er with anticipation. Zhang Jue's life hung by the thread, and Chang Er was the only one who could either save or kill him.

A man as cunning as Zhang Jue was no fool. He realized that, and so he immediately turned to Chang Er. He kowtowed and pleaded with her. "This humble man is here to greet your ladyship. My sincerest apologies for the incivility earlier. Please have mercy on me..."

Chang Er sighed when she saw Zhang Jue's sincerity; it seemed like the man had given up. She said gently, "Very well, you may rise. Since you are aware of your wrongdoings, I will spare your life. But this will be your last chance. Be wise with it, or I will have your head." Chang Er turned to look at Darryl before she said, "Zhang Jue, from that moment onward, you will assist Darryl Darby and contribute fully to the cause of defeating the Raksasa Tribe. You mustn't act against him, am I understood?"

Zhang Jue's heart stopped at the order; he doubted his ears. 'What?! She wants me to assist Darryl Darby? How can a man with my talents follow Darryl Darby, who is merely a junior?' he thought to himself. Instantly, his face reddened with reluctance.

Chang Er observed Zhang Jue's face with watchful eyes and immediately noticed his disinclination. "Why? Are you not willing to do so?" she questioned in annoyance.

"I am willing; I am willing!" Zhang Jue sobered and nodded frantically. He stood up and walked toward Darryl before he bowed deeply and said, "My respect to Sect Master Darby, I shall follow you and heed your every order." Zhang Jue kept his expression respectful, but his eyes remained cold. He was meant to rule over the Nine Mainland; how could he possibly work under Darryl? He had decided that he would pretend to compromise for the time being and kill Darryl whenever the chance presented itself.

Darryl smiled mysteriously without a word in response. The way he looked at Zhang Jue had the other man anxious with uncertainty. 'D*mn it! Is he plotting to kill me for trying to frame and kill him a couple of times before that?' Zhang Jue thought.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Chaotic Mountain Range, a monk strode swiftly ahead in the woods approximately a dozen kilometers away; he dragged an enormous stone chest along the way. With a dark expression, his attractive features were stunning and yet somehow evil-looking. The monk was Donoghue.

Indeed, Donoghue had captured more than a dozen people to decipher the ancient wordings on the stone chest. After that, Jack Trevor from the Mouse Sect had managed to discover the information about a hidden treasure, which could be the key to unlocking the box. The other treasure was located next to the Chaotic Mountain Range.

Motivated by the news, Donoghue immediately headed for the Chaotic Mountain Range. However, he found nothing in his search in the area with a radius of over a hundred kilometers. Apart from Raksasa and the Nine Mainland military camps, the woods he was in was the only place left to search.

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Donoghue had circled the entire forest with the stone chest, but he was unable to find anything.

Just as he got slightly frustrated, he found a collapsed cave. Could that be it? Donoghue's spirit instantly lifted. When he saw that the cave entrance was blocked, he did not hesitate to summon his internal energy and blasted it

open before he went into the cave. Indeed, that was the cave where Darryl had been trapped and also where he found the Ghost Valley Sage. It did not take long before Donoghue discovered the stone room that Darryl had used for his cultivation.

Excited beyond words, Donoghue could tell that the other treasure must be hidden around there somewhere. He paced around the room and realized that there was something unnatural with the stone platform in the middle of the room. He immediately investigated and uncovered the well beneath the Ghost Valley Sage's body and an opened stone chest hidden in it.

Donoghue's expression darkened the moment he caught sight of the opened box. He had been one step too late; someone had already taken the treasure. He looked at the outer box—the engravings and the ancient words seemed to be the same as those on the box in his possession.

Donoghue stood in rage for a while; he was visibly close to a breakdown. He was so close to obtaining the treasure that the Yellow Emperor had left behind, but his effort had been in vain. No one could accept the same result. It was a few minutes before he could calm down and collect his thoughts.

The person who had been in the cave must have been someone extraordinary. The Raksasa Tribe and the Nine Mainland had been in a war on the Chaotic Mountain Range. So the person who took the treasure must have been someone from either of those camps.

"Right, the Nine Mainland camp first then." He had decided on that. Donoghue hid the stone chest determinedly and headed toward the direction of the Nine Mainland army camp.

He had planned to use his disguise as one of Rama's disciples to obtain as much information about the chest as possible. If he could not find anything, then he would have to take the risk to search for it in the Raksasa Army camp.

Darryl stared at Zhang Jue dispassionately as he said, "Open your mouth!"

What?

Zhang Jue paused at the request, but he subconsciously obeyed and opened his mouth. The moment he did that, Darryl retrieved a pill from his pocket and stuffed it into his mouth without a moment of hesitation. Zhang Jue could not respond to the sudden movement, so he had no choice but to swallow it.

“Why you—” Zhang Jue was shocked and enraged with Darryl’s audacity; he glared at the man and asked in a shaking tone, “What did you give me?” Zhang Jue was familiar with despicable means, so he knew instinctively that whatever Darryl had fed him, it could not have been anything good.

“Why are you so scared, Zhang Jue? I heard that you used the same method when you led the Yellow Turban Rebellion Army. You used it to ensure that you have complete control over your followers. What’s wrong? Are you scared now that it’s your turn to be on the receiving end?” Darryl sneered before his face changed to an emotionless expression as he continued to say, “Don’t worry, I did not feed you poison or anything bad; it’s just the Heaven Cult Elixir!”

Indeed, the pill that Darryl had fed Zhang Jue forcefully was the Heaven Cult Elixir, the tablet that was utilized by the Grandmaster Heaven Cult as a means to control his followers. Once they ingested the pill, the victims would die in miserable pain if they were not given the antidote. That was how the Heaven Cult grew into such an enormous organization that its existence threatened even the Six Sects.

“Heaven Cult Elixir?” Zhang Jue was instantly soaked in his own sweat as he struggled to stand up straight at the mention of the pill. Zhang Jue was also skilled in the Art of Elixir and hence was familiar with the Heaven Cult Elixir. Sweat dripped off his chin as he tried to comprehend the situation; his heart was heavy with frustration and fear. ‘Damn you, Darryl Darby. He thinks that I would try to betray him, and so he is threatening me into submission with that pill,’ he thought.

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Darryl sneered as he studied Zhang Jue’s expression and said, “It’s not that I don’t want to believe you, but let’s be honest here. What you have done so far makes it really difficult to do so. As long as you are focused on assisting me in

our defense against the Raksasa Tribe, I promise you will get the antidote in time. Am I understood?"

"Understood..." Zhang Jue nodded without hesitation. He would not dare to say otherwise in his circumstances. Zhang Jue might be a master in the Art of Elixir, but the Heaven Cult Elixir recipe was something he had not been able to get his hands on so far. After all, the Heaven Cult Elixir was the Heaven Cult's top-secret from years ago. Zhang Jue trembled as he pictured himself dying miserably without the antidote.

The crowd gaped at the sudden turn of events, and amongst them, Chester, Yvette, Chang Er, and the others were exceptionally pleased. They looked at Darryl with approval in their eyes.

Zhang Jue was as untamable as a wild horse. There was no way of knowing for sure whether he had truly accepted his punishment. Darryl's approach to dealing with him was most appropriate.

"Lady Chang Er, you appointed Zhang Jue to assist me, but are you not going to lead the North Moana Army to fight against the Raksasa Tribe with us?" Darryl grinned and asked as he faced Chang Er. All eyes gathered on Chang Er once again. Indeed, as Emperor Hou Yi's wife, the famed Lady Chang Er had connections worldwide. One word from her would be sufficient to gather all forces in the Nine Mainland to encourage better coordination.

"I—" Chang Er smiled gently when she realized that everyone was looking at her and said, "I have spent far too much time in Chun Yangzi's sect and have completely gotten used to the peacefulness there. I cannot bear to see blood and conflicts any longer. Besides, I hardly possess the skill to lead an army." Chang Er paused to study Darryl before she shifted to a more serious tone. "Darryl Darby, you possess exceptional talent. You are not only proficient in literature and martial art, but you are also resourceful when it comes to military strategies. No other man is worthy of leading the Nine Mainland against our enemies but you." Sincerity and appreciation filled Chang Er's attractive features.

She used to look down on Darryl, but after she got to know him, she realized that even though he might be indecent most of the time, he always came through and found a way to turn the circumstances around whenever and

wherever he was needed. A talented man like Darryl Darby was truly a rare gem in the whole of Nine Mainland.

Darryl scratched his head absently in embarrassment after Chang Er praised him in front of such a large crowd. 'Am I really that talented?' he thought.

"Warrior of the North Moana Army, heed my order." Chang Er's expression looked dignified as she spoke to the hundreds of thousands of soldiers before her. "From today onward, as expected from Zhang Jue, you must assist Darryl Darby in the coming war against the Raksasa Tribe. Heed his every order with absolute loyalty; insubordination will not be tolerated," she spoke coldly with unquestionable authority.

"Yes!" The generals looked at each other with hesitation before they responded respectfully. They were still reluctant to obey Chang Er's orders. After all, the matter with Emperor Hou Yi's death had yet to be resolved, and she was still the biggest suspect. However, Yang Jian was still missing, and Zhang Jue had submitted himself to Darryl. If they were to defy that order, they would probably be executed for insubordination.

"Yes!" Hundreds of thousands of North Moana soldiers followed in unison—their voices were loud and clear. Then they turned to Darryl and said, "Greetings to Sect Master Darby!"

Darryl was dazed when he saw the scene in front of him. Half an hour ago, he had been worried about how he would handle the attack from the North Moana Army. Then, they had become his subordinates. He was still in awe when he bowed to Chang Er and said, "Thank you, Lady Chang Er, for trusting me."

Chang Er nodded with a smile and said, "I will pray for your success in defending the Nine Mainland against the Raksasa Tribe. Master Chun Yang and I will be taking our leave now. We await the good news of your victory."

Lu Dongbin had planned to stay and help, but with the North Moana Army under Darryl's command, there should not be any further internal conflict. With all hearts united as one, they would surely succeed in defeating the Raksasa Tribe, and hence, Lu Dongbin no longer had any particular reason to stay.

Darryl nodded at them respectfully. Without another word, Chang Er and Lu Dongbin flew off; they disappeared into the distance in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 2400

Chester and the others immediately snapped out of their initial shock and cheered in extreme excitement.

The North Moana Army had joined them, and their concerns over a civil war had been eradicated. They were happy because they could finally focus on their true enemy—the Raksasa Tribe. Darryl also smiled from ear to ear as he swiftly made arrangements to combine the North Moana Army's camp with theirs. Then he ordered everyone to return to their tent to rest.

The previous battles had caused tremendous casualties, and they needed to heal before they planned their strategies against the Raksasa Tribe.

Once everything was settled, Darryl was about to head back to his tent for some well-deserved rest when a soldier spotted a shadow that lurked outside of camps. He called out, "Who is there?"

Simultaneously, everyone turned and focused their attention on the direction where the shadow was spotted. A figure slowly approached from the dark; his bald head stood out, and exhaustion loomed over his angular features. It was Donoghue.

Darryl and the others were stunned when they saw Donoghue's sudden appearance. Was that not Master Rama's disciple—Vikara? He had been missing for days. Darryl, Quincy, Parker, and a few others had sent some of their disciples to investigate the situation on the Chaotic Mountain Range. That man had been selected as the person in charge to lead the way, but none had returned since then. Naturally, Darryl and the others had yet to realize that the monk was Donoghue!

"Vikara!" Rama was overwhelmed with joy as he hurried forward and said, "Where have you been? Where are the others who were with you? What happened?"

"Master!" Donoghue replied remorsefully, "I am ashamed. I was journeying on the ocean with the other sects' disciples when we encountered a storm. Everyone was dead except for me, but I dared not forget the crisis here in the Chaotic Mountain Range. So I struggled my way back here." Donoghue paused to look at Darryl and the others before he said, "My sincerest apologies. My incompetence has disappointed everyone."

What? They were at the bottom of the sea? Darryl, Quincy, and others felt their heart sank but were empathetic as they saw the sincerity in Donoghue's tone.

"Little Master, you have tried your best; don't be too hard on yourself."

"Indeed! Besides, we were partly responsible for not thinking it through as well."

"Yes, don't be too upset, Little Master."

They sighed and spoke out to comfort the poor disciple. When Darryl and the others had forgiven him, relief and gratitude emerged from Donoghue's expression as he sneered inwardly.

'A bunch of morons! They have no idea that they are being played right now. I was the one who killed every last one of their disciples, and here they are consoling me,' he thought.

"Master Rama!" Darryl stepped forward with a gentle smile and said, "Your disciple must have been through hell. Please take him to the center tent to get some rest. I will have my men prepare some hot water and drinks to make sure he is comfortable."

Rama and the Hidden Spirit Temple's roles were crucial to what happened in the Chaotic Mountain Range. The Nine Mainland would not have been able to set up defenses in time if it were not for them. Therefore, they must treat their disciples with care.

"You are so kind, Sect Master Darby," Rama smiled gently before he turned toward Donoghue and said, "Come and thank Sect Master Darby."

"Thank you for your kindness, Sect Master Darby!" Donoghue made obeisance respectfully. Even though his heart was filled with evil intentions, his expression remained thankful. 'Darryl Darby, it is your fault that I had to go through so much. I am coming for your head first thing once I find the Yellow Emperor's treasure.'

Chapter 2401

Darryl nodded and led the way towards the Central Army Camp.

Rama and Donoghue followed closely behind Chester and the others.

"Young Master, please have some tea!"

When they arrived at the Central Army Camp, tea was quickly prepared. Darryl smiled at Donoghue.

Donoghue had a look of gratitude on his face as he drank his tea.

"Young Master!"

At this moment, Chester could not help but ask curiously, "The sea region between the Earthly Yuan Continent and the Apocalypse Continent is not very wide. Everyone else is dead. It is fortunate that you survived. But...why did you only return now? What happened?"

As his voice faded, everyone around them looked curiously .

That's right. From the Earth Circle Continent, crossing the sea to the Apocalypse Continent, and then reaching the Chaos Mountain Range, the fastest was three days and the latest was five days. However, this Life Transformation Realm took a total of thirteen days from the moment they set off until they appeared.

Donoghue smiled bitterly. "I won't hide it from anyone. When the storm hit, I fell into the sea and eventually drifted to a deserted island. Later on, I met pirates. It can be said that misfortune never comes alone."

So that was what happened.

Hearing those words, everyone nodded in realization.

At that, Donoghue revealed a smile and continued, "There's a saying that goes, 'A blessing in disguise'. It might be fate that allowed me to survive this calamity. At that time, I was fighting with the pirates and was saved by a member of the Sea Mackie Clan. I was even brought to Coral Island where their tribe resided."

"There, I received a shocking piece of news. It turned out that Emperor Xuanyuan had expected the Demon Tribe to cross the Chaotic Mountains Range. So he left the Sea Mackie Clan a treasure to be safeguarded. However, he placed the key to the treasure chest in the Chaotic Mountains."

"This matter concerns the safety of the Nine Provinces. At that time, I asked the Sea Mackie Clan's Chief to hand me the treasure so that I could bring it back to the Primal Chaotic Mountain Range. Unfortunately, the Chief didn't believe me."

Donoghue had a serious look on his face as he secretly observed everyone's reactions.

That's right. These words were all fabricated by Donoghue. He knew that it would be very difficult for him to investigate in secret, so he might as well make up a lie. If someone in the Nine Continents Barracks obtained the item in the stone box and heard his words, they would definitely be unable to remain calm.

In truth, Donoghue had already made a bet before coming here. He was betting that Ambrose and Eira had yet to arrive at the Chaotic Mountain Range. Now, he had made the right bet. As long as Ambrose and his sister were not around, he could say whatever he wanted to without any qualms.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the entire Central Army Camp was in an uproar. Everyone was stunned and incomparably shocked.

So...Emperor Xuanyuan had left behind a treasure for his descendants. As expected of the leader of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, he had such deep foresights.

At that moment, no one doubted Donoghue's words. After all, he was Rama's disciple. There was no need to lie to everyone.

Swish!

Darryl the most excited. He stood up immediately and looked at Donoghue closely. "Little Master, is what you said true?"

Although it was a question, Darryl's eyes flickered with a strange light. He almost couldn't control himself.

Because the thing Donoghue was looking for was in Darryl's hands. It was a dragon pearl. How could he not be excited?

At this moment, Darryl didn't realize that he had been deceived by the monk in front of him. He was extremely excited. It turned out that there was another thing that had been guarded by the Sea Mackie Clan for thousands of years on Coral Island, deep within the vast sea.

"Of course." Donoghue's expression was unwavering.

Upon hearing this, Darryl could not help but burst out laughing. He slapped his thigh and said, "The heavens are really helping the nine continents!"

This...

Seeing how amused Darryl was, everyone was stunned.

Why was he so amused?

Chapter 2402

Donoghue's brows were also tightly furrowed as he stared fixedly at Darryl with a bewildered gaze.

Darryl was so agitated. Could it be...

In the face of everyone's gaze, Darryl smiled slightly and took out a pearl from his pocket. The light emanating from it was dazzling. The light instantly illuminated the entire Central Army Camp.

Swoosh!

In an instant, everyone had their gaze on it. All of their eyes widened and were locked onto the pearl in Darryl's hand. They were all dumbfounded.

Everyone could clearly sense that this pearl was incomparably gorgeous and contained a strange power within it. Once this power broke the seal, it would definitely shake the heavens and earth.

Donoghue was also stunned. He stared unblinkingly at the pearl, which was shimmering with a blinding light. He was also indescribably shocked.

Was this the treasure in the stone box? Something that could open the stone box?

After so long, it was Darryl who took it. This guy's luck was pretty good.

Donoghue suppressed his excitement and said to Darryl in surprise, "Sect Master Darby, you are..."

Donoghue had thought it through. He must not expose himself. He had to remain calm and think of a way to trick Darryl's pearl over. When that happened, he would be able to open the stone chest and obtain a treasure.

Without waiting for him to finish his question, Darryl chuckled and said, "Little Master, this is one of the two treasures you mentioned. Back then, I accidentally found a cave in a forest and obtained what Emperor Xuanyuan left behind."

"I also understand the situation you're talking about. Of the two treasures, one was near the Chaotic Mountains Range and the other was outside the vast sea. I obtained one of them. At that time, I was thinking about how to go overseas to search for it, but I didn't expect that the little master of the Transformation

Realm would bring me such an important clue. It turns out that the other treasure is protected by the Sea Mackie Clan on Coral Island.”

“In this way, both treasures have a definite location. It’s only a matter of time before they become one.”

“Right now, we are in a confrontation with the Raksasa Race and the situation is dire. The Little Master gave us such an important clue at a critical moment. This is the will of the heavens. The heavens are helping our Nine Continents.”

Darryl was all smiles as he said this. He was very excited.

However, when he mentioned the cave, Darryl did not say that he was framed by Jackie Yale. It should be known that this was a crucial time to fight against the Raksasa Race. Darryl did not want any trouble to occur in the Nine Continent.

Darryl decided to settle the score with Jackie after he defeated the Raksasa Tribe. After all, the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda was still in her hands.

Hearing those words, the crowd looked ecstatic.

“That’s right, heaven bless the nine continents!”

“Little Master, you came back just in time.”

“In the future, when we fight against the Raksasa Tribe, we don’t need to be scared anymore.”

Amidst everyone’s discussion, Jocelyn Ludwig seemed to have thought of something. She looked at the pearl in Darryl’s hand and asked curiously, “We have clues about both treasures, but what exactly did Emperor Xuanyuan leave behind? Also, what pearl do you have in your hand, Darryl? It feels very strange.”

As soon as he said that, everyone came to their senses and observed the beads again.

Yes, which exactly was this bead?

Which treasure did Emperor Xuanyuan leave behind?

Seeing that everyone was looking doubtful, Darryl smiled and said, "I don't know what the treasure left behind by Emperor Xuanyuan is, but what I can say is that this pearl is not an ordinary pearl. It is a dragon pearl."

What?

Hearing these words, the entire Central Army Camp instantly boiled over.

Dragon pearl? This pearl is a dragon pearl?

Everyone was dumbstruck.

There had been rumors of dragons in the World of the Nine Continents since ancient times. Legends had it that dragons were the head of Divine Beasts. They soared between the heavens and earth and possessed terrifying power. However, there were very few records of them.

Chapter 2403

It was said that a few thousand years ago, there were still dragons in the continent of the Nine Provinces. But as humans continued to grow stronger, dragons eventually disappeared without a trace. No one expected to see dragon pearls, especially now.

Dragon pearls were the essence of dragons.

For a moment, everyone stared blankly at the dragon pearl in Darryl's hands. They were all shocked and speechless.

The entire Central Army Camp was so silent that one could hear a pin drop.

After a few minutes of silence, Quincy was the first to react. She couldn't help but say, "Since the Dragon Pearl is the key to opening the treasure chest, it seems like what Emperor Xuanyuan left behind might be a dragon."

Upon hearing this assumption, everyone couldn't help but inhale a breath of cold air. A dragon? If that really was the case, then why would the nine continents be afraid of the Raksasa Tribe?

Darryl took a deep breath and nodded in agreement. "Yes, I guessed as much."

At this moment, Donoghue had a burning gaze in his eyes. F*ck, if it was a dragon, he would definitely think of a way to obtain the dragon pearl. After all, he had hidden the treasure chest in that cave.

After obtaining the Dragon Pearl, he could easily open the treasure chest and awaken the dragon inside. Who else in the nine continents could be his opponent?

Thinking up to this point, Donoghue couldn't wait any longer. He wanted to just snatch the dragon pearl from Darryl's hands, but considering the number of people around him, he held back.

He can't be reckless.

Besides, the people present were all well-known figures in the Nine Continent. Even Rana who was beside him could not be underestimated.

At this moment, Dax stood up and said to Darryl excitedly, "Darryl, since this is the Dragon Pearl, what are we waiting for? Hurry and send some people to Coral Island."

As the sound of his voice faded, the surrounding people all started to speak.

"That's right. I know where Coral Island is."

"If the treasure really is a dragon, then it wouldn't be so difficult for us to deal with the Raksasa Tribe."

"Everyone is right. Darryl, you should go to Coral Island with your little master. We will look after you here. Nothing will happen."

Darryl was very tempted by the crowd's suggestions.

Donoghue was even more excited.

As long as Darryl went to Coral Island alone with him, he could find an opportunity to launch a surprise attack on him. The dragon pearl would definitely be easily obtained. After all, Darryl was alone and it was impossible to guard against him. He never expected that Rama's disciple would attack him.

At this time, Darryl made a decision. He looked around and shook his head with a smile. "Let's not rush to Coral Island for now. Tomorrow morning, send someone to check on the Raksasa Tribe before making a decision."

To be honest, Darryl wanted to listen to everyone's suggestion and head to Coral Island with the students. As for this place, Zhang Jue would be in charge for the time being. After all, Zhang Jue's troops treated him like a god. With him around, there was no need to worry about a surprise attack from the Raksasa Army.

However, since Zhang Jue had just submitted, Darryl wasn't sure if he was convinced or not. If Zhang Jue caused any trouble while he wasn't around, it wouldn't be worth it.

Everyone was looking at each other excitedly.

"That's good too!"

"That's right, since the Northern Ying army has already joined us, we should unite. We should not be afraid of the Raksasa Tribe for now. We are not in a hurry to go to Coral Island."

Seeing that Darryl did not agree with their opinion, Donoghue's face turned red..

"Little Master!"

Just as Donoghue was silently trying to suppress his anger, Darryl turned his head to look at him and said with a smile, "Thank you for telling us this. The journey was tiring, so you should rest early. In two days, once the situation

here is stable, please lead the way. We will head to Coral Island together to visit the Sea Mackie Clan."

Upon hearing this, Donoghue revealed a smile and nodded. "Alright! We will follow Sect Master Darby's arrangements."

Darryl, this fool, actually believed his words and even took the initiative to go to Coral Island with him. When the time came, he would snatch the dragon pearl and kill him himself.

Chapter 2404

At that moment, Donoghue's mood was instantly lifted. Although he still had to wait for a few more days, he didn't have to worry about anything since Darryl had decided it himself.

Seeing Donoghue nod his head, Darryl did not say anything else and told everyone to rest.

Donoghue followed Rama back to his resting tent.

"Life Transformation!"

At this moment, Rama sat cross-legged and asked Donoghue, "Tell me, did those disciples with you really encounter a storm and died in the sea?"

There was a meaningful look in Rama's eyes when he asked this.

This disciple of his was cruel and easy to kill. Rama understood him the best. Although he had converted to Buddhism, the viciousness in his heart had yet to be completely restrained. Therefore, Rama did not believe what Donoghue had told everyone. He felt that there was something fishy about it. However, it was not appropriate to ask in front of so many people especially when Darryl was present, so he had waited until now.

"Master!" Donoghue said with a serious expression. "Ever since I converted to Buddhism, I know what I have done in the past. I have committed grave sins

and have already repented. I have decided to turn over a new leaf. Why would I lie?"

As he spoke, Donoghue thought of something and continued, "Furthermore, Master often teaches me that monks do not lie."

Hearing this, Rama nodded slowly. "Alright, I believe in you. I am very glad that you can truly repent."

Donoghue smiled. "Thank you for your trust, Master."

Following that, Donoghue walked over with a look of sincerity. "That's right, Master. I have been your disciple for so long, but you have yet to teach me any Buddhist cultivation techniques. Today, I sincerely request that you teach me everything."

As he spoke, Donoghue's expression was sincere, but his heart was full of loathing.

A month ago, he had been severely injured by Rama. His life was destroyed, and he was even forced to acknowledge Rama as his master. Donoghue would never forget this humiliation for the rest of his life. However, Rama's Buddhist techniques were profound, and Donoghue knew that he was no match for her.

Therefore, Donoghue had thought it through. He would ask Rama to teach him Buddhist techniques so that he could figure out Rama's flaws. When that happened, he would be able to vent his anger.

Rama had no idea of what Donoghue was thinking. Seeing his sincere expression, he said in a gratified manner, "As the saying goes, the Buddhist Dharma is boundless. The cultivation technique of my Temple of Enchanted Retreat was passed down by Patriarch Bodhidharma. Not only does it require extremely high talent, it also requires one to have a Zen heart. Previously, when you fought to your death, your Zen heart was lacking. However, your perception is quite good."

As he spoke, Rama pondered for a moment before continuing, "But seeing that you're so humble as to seek guidance, I'll impart it to you."

"Thank you, Master!"

Donoghue was overjoyed and quickly knelt on the ground.

At that instant, Donoghue's eyes shone with a cold glint as he sneered secretly. Rama, when I find the flaw in your technique, you are doomed.

Meanwhile, on the other side...

After Darryl and the others left the Central Army Camp, they were not in a hurry to return to the tent to rest. Instead, they went to the cell.

He had captured Raksasa King's daughter, Natalie. This woman was so unyielding. She wouldn't commit suicide in prison, would she?

With that in mind, Darryl walked to the cell door.

"Let me go, or none of you will live."

Just as she reached the door, she heard a series of delicate shouts from inside the cell. It was Natalie's voice.

Darryl couldn't help but to smile. Natalie had a really strong temper.

Darryl walked in and was stunned when he saw the scene in front of him. Natalie's hands and feet were chained but she did not look afraid at all. Her beautiful face was filled with anger.

Outside the iron bars, the two guards looked bitter.

"Alright, you may leave." Darryl walked over and said lightly.

"Yes!" The two guards obeyed and left.

At once, only Darryl and Natalie were left in the cell.