

EMPEROR 381

Chapter 381 Transcendent Truth Eyes Potential

Clara's narrowed brows relaxed as she nodded at Davis.

Her brother's ruthless yet smiling stare and the enigma in his question shook her core. However...

"You are my elder brother..." Clara spoke with a smile on her face. It was the same words she spoke at that time after days of contemplation.

She had chosen to believe in her heart, and in turn, that incident led her to take control of her Transcendent Truth Eyes a few months later.

At least, that was at least she believed to happen.

Davis smiled back, "I am not your elder brother..."

Claire let out a melodious chuckle. She was amused since her eyes said the same thing to her like last time, that he was speaking the truth.

"So, what does your eyes say now?"

"It still says that you're speaking the truth... That you're not my elder brother..."

Davis smiled as she shook his head, "But I am also your elder brother!"

Clara nodded her head, satisfied with his words. She did not know how he was doing it but was curious all the same.

Davis laughed as he spoke, "So you have chosen to follow your heart! Marvelous!"

As they flew, he suddenly stopped and turned to look at her, "The reason why both the sentence are the truth in your eyes is simply that I wholeheartedly believe in the words I uttered!"

Clara also stopped in mid-air as she simply listened, not bothering to interrupt.

"Not believable? Let me enlighten you..."

Davis looked at Clara and the image of Evelynn welled up in his eyes. His eyes glazed for a few seconds before he pointed at Clara and said, "You are my wife!"

Clara's eyes widened.

What in the heavens!?? Her eyes told her that his words were actually true!

Davis's pupils dilated a while before focus returned to his eyes as he once again uttered, "You are my wife!"

This time, Clara relaxed as her eyes told that his words were false.

"How did you do that?" Clara asked, greatly bewildered.

Davis simply shrugged, "It's really simple. I made my own soul dizzy by shaking up the soul sea with soul force and imagined that the woman in front of me is Evelynn. In other words, I simply hypnotized myself into believing that you are Evelynn."

Clara's mouth went agape.

"Clara, you can see through lies and deceit but... What if the person you're observing wholeheartedly believes in a false fact? Wouldn't that false fact become the truth for that person?"

Clara's lips slightly separated agape, her eyes displaying an understanding light.

"I've pondered over your powers a lot and inferred that it could only see through a person's heart and mind, not their reality or fate!"

Clara found herself automatically nodding her head to her brother's deduction. She almost felt convinced of his deduction.

"So when you meant that you were not my brother, you hypnotized yourself to think you're someone else?" Clara took a deep breath as she asked.

If the answer was yes, then she had no choice to believe that her brother's deduction to her ocular powers was right.

She had been pondering a lot on how her Transcendent Truth Eyes worked on people. Furthermore, there was another case of mystery she wanted to unravel but didn't dare to do so.

Davis sighed while his lips moved, "Not quite right..."

Clara raised her brows into a frown.

Was she wrong?

Davis spread his hands as he smiled, "I imagined myself to be my previous incarnation, the one from this place..."

Clara's raised brows once again widened giving her a shock, "Brother, you have your previous life's memories!?"

Davis solemnly nodded his head, "Yes..."

"..."

Only silence and a cold breeze flew past them as they stood on the sky, staring at each other.

"... No wonder," Clara muttered, "No wonder you knew so many things about this unique world."

In the cultivation world, reincarnation was a concept that almost everyone believed in even though there was not much shreds of evidence about it.

It was in their culture and blood to have faith in the next life.

In most cases, Cultivation was about gaining eternity, to live an endless life.

If one's life completely ceases to exist in the future, then what was the use of living or cultivating? Couldn't they just end their misery and be done with it?

Hence, reincarnation and the very concept of it was a kind of hope to not only the cultivators but also to the mortals in the cultivation world.

Davis nodded but his face withered, "My theory about your ocular powers is probably correct if you can confirm this final fact."

"Mhm?" Clara turned confused, 'What does elder brother mean? Didn't he already say that my powers can only see through one's heart and mind?'

"I'm talking about the potential of your Transcendent Truth Eyes. If it can only see through one's lies and deceit, it doesn't differ much from the ethereal heart intent which mother vaguely told us about, don't you think so?"

Clara turned startled as she was enlightened but she smiled.

She herself was the most knowledgeable about the Transcendent Truth Eyes since she was the possessor. It was just she couldn't put her finger on how she would perceive the results of her power.

It depended on what her eye told her, and like a seer, she was left to interpret it through experience.

"In any case, if you got a special power in those two pairs of eyes of yours, it's time to reveal it. I would be especially needing it right now..." Davis awkwardly laughed.

Clara shook her head, "It is as you said brother, but, I don't think I have mastered the power yet. The last time I used that power, I fainted and it was Princess Shirley who protected me from harm's way."

'What!?' Davis became inwardly startled.

Such a thing happened?

"Oh? When did this happen!?" His facial expression turned curious but also worried.

"Right after I competed Ice Phoenix Trial, the moment I broke through to the Body Transformation Stage, I tried to use my newfound ocular powers but I instantly went blind for a few seconds, and even worse, I fainted."

Clara looked stiff however her eyes exuded a little bit of fear.

"When I woke up, I felt lethargic... but safe..."

"Something like that happened and we didn't even thank her..." Davis sighed as she shook his head, feeling apologetic.

As to who he was feeling apologetic towards? Of course, it was Princess Shirley.

That woman seems to be doing things that would make him like her and even shows extravagant favor towards him.

However, she was the one who rejected the marriage at that time, not him. She rejected him with the premise that he would not love her wholeheartedly and would instead leave for someplace.

With his disposition and needs, he imagined he wouldn't want to be with a woman who constantly changes her emotions based on silly reasons.

"Brother..."

"Hmm?" Davis came out of his reverie as he turned to look at Clara.

"Are you really not going to marry Princess Shirley?"

"..."

Davis blinked.

Where did this question suddenly pop up from?

Especially when it came from his little sister Clara, it caught him off-guard.

"In case you didn't know, the marriage pact between me and Princess Shirley is already null and void." Davis took his index finger and pressed it to his chin.

Clara shook her head, "I'm not talking about that... I..."

However, she suddenly paused.

In her mind, a worried face popped up and the words she was going to say grew stuck in her throat.

Clara's half-agape lips closed and she shook her head again, "Mhm... It's nothing."

Chapter 382 You A**hole

Davis turned confused but since his little sister wasn't going to continue with this awkward topic that made him uncomfortable, it worked well for him.

He didn't reply but his thoughts moved back to Princess Shirley's lonely back.

He was well aware of Princess Shirley's feelings towards him currently. He can even guess that the origin point where Princess Shirley started to have feelings for him was after the incident that took place in her royal palace.

Where he had saved her from being a victim to an aphrodisiac.

That was a twist that even he didn't see it coming. If it weren't for those three women who harmed Evelyynn, two of them to be exact, none of this wouldn't have happened.

Princess Shirley's feelings were something that he couldn't reciprocate after he had confirmed his intimacy with Evelyynn, especially after he gave the latter his word, that he would listen to her arrangements regarding other 'women'.

There was no way he was getting together with Shirley unless...

Davis shook his head thinking that he was getting off track with his thoughts.

He promptly descended down and looked at the mountainous range that covered the entirety of the region.

Clara gently sighed as she followed suit behind her brother.

She wanted to tell her elder brother about Shirley's determination during the latter's Fire Phoenix Trial but she then remembered about her sister-in-law; Evelyynn.

The feelings she felt now was complicated since she wanted to support Evelynn but also support her friend...

'Friend!? Is this the feeling of having a friend?' Clara thought as she placed a single hand on her bosoms.

In comparison to the emotions she felt, the relationship she had with Ellia seemed superficial even though she once called her a friend due to her brother's trickery.

Leaving that to the back of her mind, she had already seen the consequences of a man having a harem with her own eyes, who was none other than her father.

She was well aware that discord would be born due to jealousy and other negative emotions when people were distressed because they didn't like what they were seeing.

If she ruined the relationship between her elder brother and her sister-in-law, she felt that she would turn guilty of separating them for her entire life.

If the worst comes to pass, then not only would she ruin her sister-in-law's life but also ruin her newly made friend's life.

Suddenly, she felt that it was a good thing she stopped herself from speaking, otherwise, she knew that the words once said could never be taken back.

The importance and the weight of words... she knew it all too well since her entire ocular powers were used to see through a person's true self.

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Tiantai, China.

There were a lot of places to sightsee in this mountainous region, especially it's historical architecture and the scenery had been preserved for the sake of cultural significance.

Near the Tiantai Mountain Hot Spring Resort, a few mountain villas belonged to the rich, the residences where they visit during the holidays or rent it out for their friends and VIPs to gain wealth out of it.

In a certain mountain villa that covered an area of 1,000 square feet and had about three floors, there stayed a single soul. The person was on the second floor, sitting on a sofa while drowning in alcohol.

A woman who wore loose clothes revealing most of her skin. A loose sleeveless tank-top that slid off her shoulder, tantalizingly revealing her side bosom, shorts that seemed to hold on to her slim thighs.

In her hand was an alcohol bottle that she quickly lifted it up and placed it on her lips as she consumed while gulping sounds echoed throughout the wide living hall.

In the living hall, TV and the other devices which one would have for recreation and entertainment were nowhere to be seen, instead, there was a box-like device that seemed to be a replacement for entertainment.

The living hall though clean without dust, seemed like a mess with wrappers from snacks strewn apart on the floor and even the sofa the woman sat on.

Giku!~

Clang!~

The woman dropped the alcohol bottle that was in her hand on the floor as she hiccuped but the bottle seemed not to break. Instead, it rolled to the side where the balcony extended outside of the mountain cliff.

The woman extended her hands as she tried to get the alcohol bottle back but slowly realized that she had swallowed the contents until there were only a few drops left.

Taking back her hands, she instantly abandoned all thoughts of picking up the bottle from the floor with a stupid smile on her face.

Giku!~

She hiccuped again as her expression dazed while she slowly stood up, wobbling her way to the cupboard that held a few more alcohol bottles.

She neared and pulled open the cupboard, taking a new alcohol bottle with her other hand on the cupboard hold as she smiled with a silly expression on her face.

It was like the woman was an alcohol addict who liked to drink until she fainted.

However, just when she tried to open the cork of the sealed alcohol bottle...

Clang!~

Her heartbeat audibly increased and she instantly turned to see the source of the mysterious yet creepy noise.

A shadowy silhouette stood on the balcony, and the alcohol bottle that rolled slowly to the balcony was beside the shadowy silhouette's feet.

The shadowy figure took a step of the bottle and walked towards her without even making a sound.

Seeing the shadow come closer, the woman visibly panicked through her blurry eyes and threw the bottle at the incoming silhouette but her brows widened in shock.

She noticed the other party catch the bottle in its hands as if the speed she threw weren't anything to be fazed at.

Even in her dizziness, she instantly moved, instinctively.

Just when she got another bottle from the cupboard and tried to throw it, she got a glimpse of the silhouette's face, except it was blurry to her eyes.

Nevertheless...

"It's you..." The woman uttered while the silhouette stopped advancing, except the silhouette was no longer a silhouette since the dim light from the room seemed to illuminate the shadowy figure.

A man with a familiar hair, eyes, nose, and lips entered her view. However, it seemed to be going blurry as it coincided with an unfamiliar person.

"Hahaha!"

The woman suddenly started to laugh as if she went crazy. As her laugh echoed throughout the room, she seemed to murmur something as if she expected this to happen.

"The d-doctor said I would start to h-hallucinate soon but I didn't think that it would be this soon!
Hahaha!"

Her words were incoherent but the male figure who was standing in front of her seemed to understand her words when he saw a table beside that had injections on top of it.

Drugs?

The male figure furrowed his brows.

"Hahaha, you came to see me again, just like you did in the past..."

The woman removed the cork from the bottle that was in her hands and held the opening down her throat, taking the in the contents as she gulped.

The alcohol overflowed from her mouth, staining her tank-top shirt and even her shorts.

Heaving a sigh of content, she hiccuped and pointed at the male figure, "How devious!"

"N-not only did you murder my father b-but you also took my heart with you, Pei!" The woman spat by the side and looked at the male figure, her eyes filled with hatred, "If I had known that before, I've never would've liked you in the first place, Tian Long, you asshole!"

Chapter 383 Dragons Triangle

The woman threw the half-finished alcohol bottle at the male figure whom she called Tian Long but it seemed to vanish, however, she didn't notice since she staggered and almost fell.

She somehow regained her bearings and looked at the male figure once again, her eyes emitting a strange light.

"T-Tian Long... look at how I am... Aren't I a mess?"

The woman took a step forward and staggered as she fell into the embrace of the male figure, her eyes emitting a haziness that was capable of seducing any mortal man without enough willpower.

"Tian Long, I'm I-lonely..." She whispered, her breath full of sexual tension and stinky from the alcohol.

The male figure didn't seem to do anything but supported her from falling to the ground.

"Hug me..." The woman repeated and placed her face on his chest.

Feeling the immense warmth that she once hoped to feel, she moved her lips in a trance, "Comfort me..."

However, nothing happened even after a while.

It was like her words fell on deaf ears, making her feel no sense of accomplishment as her consciousness faded into the darkness.

"She fainted..."

The male figure that held the woman uttered a few words for the first time, validating that his existence in reality.

Another woman who wore royal robes and a veil mysteriously appeared in the room and looked at the figure in her male figure's arms.

"Is she your woman in your previous life, brother?" The robe-clad woman questioned with a frown on her face.

The male figure shook his head with a smirk, "I killed her father, say, you think she is my previous life's woman?"

These two were none other than Davis and Clara.

Clara opened her mouth for a second as she turned speechless but then replied, "If you had chosen to hide that fact, yes..."

Davis laughed, "I didn't have any wives nor had a physical relationship with any woman for that matter."

Clara blinked her eyes to her brother's statement. She didn't see his eyes dilate from hypnotizing himself so could that mean that her brother really told the truth?

"Then why have we come to see her?"

Davis paused for a few seconds.

This was a truly difficult question to answer. Should he explain that he could see some really intense Karma Thread connecting him and her?

In the first place, he wondered why there was a strong yet comforting intent coming from that thread and had approached to check.

Never did he imagined it to be connected it with this girl who actually grew up to be a fine yet messed up woman.

He sighed and spoke, "Well, she and I were nothing but the victims of a generations-long family feud and I merely put an end to that cycle of hatred."

Davis then proceeded to explain about his past, the event that took place when he got kidnapped by this woman's father; Mo Wuming, also known as Twizer.

After hearing about Davis's past, Clara narrowed her eyes in fury, "I don't understand why brother is sympathizing with your enemy's daughter like this..."

She couldn't help but feel anger in place of her brother.

"There are many reasons..." Davis just chuckled.

One of the many reasons he had was this woman was the one who was solely responsible for him not becoming the man he hated the most.

At that time, when he was on the verge of being crazed, this woman curbed him from falling to the abyss.

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Midnight.

Davis and Clara flew in the air as they headed east, and took a turn slightly to the south.

"Where are we going, brother?"

"A place called Dragon's Triangle... It's one of the suspicious places I wanted to investigate." Davis promptly replied to Clara.

"Are there some treasures?"

Davis shook his head, "I don't know... For all I know, it can be dangerous so why don't you stay here for a while I go check out..."

Clara blinked, "No, I'm going as long as brother is going."

Davis paused but then nodded his head, "Alright..."

Soon, in a few minutes, the skies changed and the seas were raging. Thunder echoed and lightning shot at the surface of the sea while whirlwinds and typhoons were spinning at a fearsome speed.

If any civilian or navy ships were to cross this part of the sea, there's more than a ninety percent chance for them to end up in tatters and lost.

In the raging skies above the Dragon's Triangle, Davis and Clara floated as they stared at the threatening yet inspiring scenery.

"This is the place where my Soul Sense can't enter; penetrate..." Davis spoke as he looked towards the front, however, his tone held a slight amount of disbelief.

His Mature Soul Stage Soul Sense was unable to penetrate this place? He couldn't understand what exactly hid in this place.

He cast a glance at Clara and asked, "How about you, Clara?"

Clara shook her head, "My Soul Sense can't penetrate this invisible border as well..."

Davis narrowed his eyes in deep thought. However, he nodded and spoke, "Let us enter then..."

Davis floated forwards and Clara followed behind, their heartbeats quite stable despite the eerie yet noisy surroundings.

When Davis touched the border of the place where his Soul Sense couldn't enter, his finger was suddenly pushed back.

Davis was stunned as Clara also stopped in her tracks.

"What the..." Davis looked at the empty space in front of him, bewildered what exactly managed to push him back.

Was it an unknown formation?

Although he was pushed back, he had not incurred an injury to his body nor his soul. To validate that he had not received any damage, he even used one of those opportunities to ask Fallen Heaven to which it said nothing happened.

His heart turned relaxed.

Feeling curious, he tried to pass through that invisible space but he was again pushed back.

Davis could only let out a helpless sigh. He was made powerless the exact moment he came in contact with the invisible space, rendering him incapable of even using his energy.

"Let me try brother!"

Came an echo which startled Davis. He looked at Clara and asked, "Are you sure?"

Clara nodded her head while determination shone in her eyes.

Davis pondered over the dangers.

'Could it be that mysterious entity knows that I'm here and rejects me so I can never find out some truths that I've been looking for?'

'Maybe Clara could enter since I'm being rejected by the mysterious entity...'

'If so, if Clara can really enter, then doesn't that mean I've fallen for that mysterious entity's trap?'
Davis's eyes widened when he thought it like this.

Just when he was about to not let her near that invisible space, Clara had already closed the distance without even stopping to reconsider.

"Clara, stop!"

Davis's heart froze but then he heaved a sigh of relief. Fortunately, reality proved to him that he had just been overcautious.

Just like him, she was also pushed back from that invisible space.

"Brother, I don't even know how I was pushed back..." Clara spoke in a bewildered tone as she floated back. Her cautiousness towards mysterious space in front of her increased to a widening degree.

It was like she was made weightless and then pushed back as if she was nothing. This spatial border even made her slightly uncomfortable.

"This is strange... Many ships and planes carrying passengers have passed through this border but we cannot take a step in? Does this mean only mortals could take a step inside this invisible border?" Davis pondered as he spoke.

Even though many of those mortals went missing according to the knowledge he had, they were still able to pass through.

Chapter 384 Another Mysterious Space

As for him and Clara, they weren't even able to pass through the spatial border, making him think in this way.

"Could it be that we have to reach or stay in a particular cultivation base to pass through this place?" Clara mused as she looked at Davis.

Davis turned to look at Clara as a particular glint flashed through his eyes. A feeling of enlightenment even tugged his instinct as if her words made extreme sense.

Unlike him, she thought from a different perspective which made him appreciative of her input.

"So this means that we should be in either at the extreme low like a mortal or at a certain cultivation base to enter this place?" Clara shared her opinion.

Davis pondered for a while before nodding his head, "What you stated could be true."

"However, there are still eleven places to check..."

"There are still eleven mysterious places like that?" Clara spoke in a dumbfounded tone.

Davis acknowledged, "We'll head to those places and see if it's the same situation."

Clara responded with a hum and they promptly left to the closest of the other eleven places.

They traveled by utilizing their full speed and just when they were near the mysterious place...

"What's that?" Clara squinted her eyes as she looked at the dot that was a few hundred kilometers away from them.

"Fighter jets..." Davis lazily replied.

"Fighter jets...? For a mortal's flying boat, its speed is extremely marvelous but is extremely lacking in offense and defense..." Clara simply spoke out her true thoughts as she probed with her Soul Sense.

Davis had seen flying boats and floating wagons or carriages in the Royal Xuan Capital but he was confused as to why Clara would know about it since flying boats didn't seem to exist in the Grand Sea Continent.

'Ah yes, there must be a treasure of that type in the Phoenix Immortal Inheritance... Or mother should have told stories about the First Layer.' He assumed and let go of that thought.

They were in the airspace above the North-Western part of India.

Soon, the tiny dot divided into many dots in the far skies as it turned bigger and clearer, and four fighter jets appeared in their vicinity as they flew past them with an extremely noisy whoosh sound.

"It's making too much noise while trying to break through the wind..." Clara commented in an annoyed tone, however, she could see that these 'fighter jets' were faster than their maximum flying speed.

Davis inwardly chuckled and sensed those fighter jets take a reverse maneuver before they followed them on their trail.

To him, these jets were nothing but harmless mechanical birds flying in the sky but to Clara...

"Are they trying to establish dominance?" She spoke as a cold light flashed past her eyes.

"Eh?" Davis turned speechless.

A gaseous wave of white vapor spread through Clara's legs to her the skies behind her.

The sixth-generation fighter jets that were following behind him them suddenly started to turn into ice from the solid exterior.

He could see the pilots panicking and trying to press the switches but every action they did failed which ended up in them panicking even more.

The engines froze and shut down as the fighter jets plummeted downwards. The engines were no longer working as every part of the jet was encased in ice except the cockpit.

Davis still turned to look at Clara speechlessly.

She had destroyed them even before they could establish contact through some means.

He couldn't help but inwardly laugh at their poor fate.

"Brother had already warned them but they still dare to strut off their measly strength around us!" Clara shook her head.

'These fighter jets belonged to India, not China!' Davis inwardly spoke but didn't explain.

He had only warned China and never made contact with another country's troops, but Clara wasn't in the know so it couldn't be helped.

Davis extended his Soul Sense and saw two of the soldiers panicking while the remaining two looked as if they were prepared to die.

Just when the fighter jets were about to make contact with the ground and burst into flames with a loud bang, the incoming explosion didn't happen.

Instead, the fighter jets stopped midair, just a few meters above the ground. Those jets slowly dropped down and landed on the ground without incurring any damage.

Davis laughed at their stunned reactions and melted some of the ice above the cockpit with his soul force. If he had left just like that with Clara, then saving those four pilots would have been meaningless as they would've died of starvation or lack of oxygen.

He didn't doubt one bit that they would be able to melt the Ice that Clara cast over them. It would probably take them months and before that, the pilots would be even dead from the coldness of the Ice.

"Brother, why are you saving them? They deserved to die for being this impetuous in front of us..." Clara spoke as she shot a look at Davis.

"Give them some slack... They meant no harm and probably just wanted to confirm our threat level to ensure the safety of their people..." Davis replied as he shook his head. He wasn't disappointed but understood.

Both parties, his little sister and India, were ignorant about the situation of each other, so it couldn't be helped if they even offended each other.

Since he was present here, he wouldn't let such meaningless conflict happen for no reason.

Clara paused for a moment but then nodded her head, "If they come again, then I'll show no mercy..."

"Suit yourself..." Davis replied as she shrugged.

Clara really did show mercy as she didn't straight away freeze them to death on their fighter jets.

If India was intent on courting death, he wasn't going to stop them either.

Soon, they reached their destination.

In the airspace above Mohenjadaro, in the place where the ancient civilization known to mankind once existed, the Indus Valley Civilization.

Davis looked at the ruins that existed throughout the centuries.

He took a step forward and when he tried to enter the space where his Soul Sense could not enter, he was pushed back again.

"This place is also the same..." Davis narrowed his eyes as he saw Clara try and as expected, the result was the same. She was pushed back as well.

She pointed towards the ruins and spoke, "Brother, look! There are some mortals inside..."

Davis nodded his head in agreement, "It can only mean that our conjecture is somewhat true..."

"Then I wonder what Cultivation Base do we need to be in to enter exactly?" Clara voiced out her thoughts as she pondered.

Davis was currently at the Fourth Stage, Fifth Stage and Sixth Stage in Essence Gathering Cultivation, Body Tempering Cultivation and Soul Forging Cultivation respectively.

That left out the First Stage, Second Stage, Third Stage and the stages above the Sixth Stage to be explored.

However, Clara was at the Second Stage and Third Stage in Body Tempering Cultivation and Soul Forging Cultivation respectively which excluded the Second Stage and the Third Stage from the list to be explored.

This made Davis be suspicious of the First Stage and the stages above Sixth Stage.

If his current way of thinking was wrong then he must need a formation key of some shape to enter this space.

A few moments passed in silence but both of them failed to arrive at an answer.

"There's no use in thinking if we can't arrive at a conclusion. Just in case, let's check a few other locations as well." Davis spoke as he backed off from the invisible border that kept them from entering.

Clara simply nodded her head in agreement and followed suit.

Chapter 385 The Space Above

Antarctica.

In the airspace above the blue freezing waves and the white sheets of ice caps covering the entire surface, Davis and Clara floated as their entire vision was occupied by hazy ice.

They flew in the skies as their faces looked gloomy.

The former let out a sigh while the latter spoke, "Brother, this is the last location you mentioned but we're not still able to enter any one of them. It's best if we give up for now..."

Davis sighed as he nodded at her opinion.

He found a vague amount of spirit stones being encased in ice, however, he didn't bother taking them away.

Those spirit stones didn't even enter his eyes as he was extremely rich after clearing and getting the rewards of Emperor Grade Trial.

While checking the few other Vile Vortices, he vaguely hoped that they would at least be able to pass through one of them but it seemed like all of them denied entry to cultivators... at least to the ones of their level and stage.

"I would like to try again when I reach the Seventh Stage..." Davis spoke as he looked at the aurora that was visible in the night sky.

It was so beautiful yet he felt unfortunate since he wasn't able to find the place where Fallen Heaven was sealed.

And...

'Drake was able to enter the Dragon's Triangle when he was a mortal... and was even able to find a spatial formation to the First Layer. Could he enter the Dragon's Triangle now that he had grown in Cultivation Base?'

Davis felt that he should try informing Drake to have him help out in this matter but was also hesitant due to certain reasons.

'Should I, or should I not?' He mused since it seemed like Drake missed his family over here.

"Brother, shall we return to the Grand Sea Continent, or is there still anything of concern in this barren yet mysterious place?"

Davis turned to look at her as he understood her words.

The reason why she said barren was that there was no heaven and earth energy on Earth. It wasn't that there was absolutely nothing but could be considered negligible.

It was so little that it could only probably support the likes of First Stage Cultivators at the max; however, First Stage Cultivators didn't need that much heaven and earth energy in the first place, unlike the latter stages.

Heaven and earth energy were like oxygen and food for cultivators. Lacking it in the atmosphere could quickly cause their condition to deplete, leading to the consumption of the energy in their own body to survive.

If the energy in the body of a cultivator were to reach the point of nil, then they would essentially die of starvation.

This scenario seemed unlikely to occur in the cultivation world since the Second and First Layer was seething with heaven and earth energy in the first place.

"Mmm... Before that, we still have two things to take care of..." Davis replied as he looked above the starry skies.

His eyes glazed and it reflected the light, turning it into a pearl of a universe.

Outer Space!!

Clara also looked at the starry outer space as her eyes gleamed, "Brother, countless people tried to enter outer space in the Grand Sea Continent only to fail. Are we going to try that here?"

Davis's curves curved into an excited grin, "Yes!"

Back in the Loret Family's Library, he had read about the cultivators who had wanted to explore the outer space in the Grand Sea Continent but it seemed like once they reached a certain height, the skies seemed to extend even more as if the starry skies were an illusion.

In the end, none of the cultivators were able to break past that said limit to enter outer space, not even the legendary Sixth Stage Experts who were present in the ancient times of the Grand Sea Continent.

Clara was dumbfounded but her eyes revealed extreme excitement. Even her facial expression turned fanatical.

Davis smiled as he recalled the news which he saw. Moon Bases were actually being established currently with a population of hundred people.

Humanity had once again managed to reach the moon but they were at baby steps to the path of Space Age, not even close.

"Don't worry, the mortals here have managed to reach outer space through their own ingenuity. If those mortals can reach, why can't we..." Davis spoke while trying to boost their confidence but suddenly went silent.

Could it be that the same rules that barred them from entering these mysterious spaces also stop them from entering outer space?

Davis couldn't help but get angry at this thought. He calmed himself down and continued, "In any case, we should try..."

Clara nodded her head, clearly excited.

*Boom!~"

They both shot to the skies at maximum speed.

A sonic boom echoed as Davis traveled at a speed of 350 meters per second, leaving Clara in the dust.

He looked down to see Clara travel at a speed of 200 meters per second through her Essence Gathering Cultivation and thought, 'Hmm, that's her maximum speed?'

But soon, his thoughts turned to somewhere else, the sonic boom because, even if he used his full speed in the Second Layer, he still wouldn't be able to cause a sonic boom, meaning that sound traveled faster if heaven and earth energy were to be present.

Sound and light required a medium to travel, and it seemed that heaven and earth energy could also act as a medium.

He finally understood as to why exactly sound was fast as light in the cultivation world, maybe even faster in certain cases and vice versa.

Soon, in a few minutes, they shot past orbiting satellites, space stations and exited the orbit of the Earth.

Davis stopped at a point somewhere in the Exosphere where there was literally no air.

The energy in his body circulated to keep him in a functional state, and the vacuum around seemed to have no significant effect on him.

Thankfully, it seemed like outer space wasn't restricted by the mysterious entity.

Davis shouted in excitement, "Marvelous!!"

But the sound only echoed within his body and couldn't be heard by any other being other than him since there was no medium that sound can use to travel in outer space.

Davis chuckled a bit, 'Maybe if it were the outer space in the Second Layer, the sound could still travel due to the heaven and earth energy being omnipresent there...'

Soon, Clara also managed to catch up to him and looked at the outer space in awe as she removed her veil, her eyes glowing with fervor and curiosity as she let herself float.

The bright white light of the moon seemed to shine on her entire figure, making her look absolutely like a celestial fairy born out of moonlight.

Davis looked at Clara and even he was tongue-tied at her extremely beautiful appearance.

He extended his hand in her direction and undulations in the form of energy spread, "Can you hear me?"

Clara turned to glance at him as she moved her mouth but no sound seemed to be heard.

Davis spoke again, "I can't hear you..."

She frowned and then sent a Soul Transmission to her brother, "You're spreading your energy to speak and that much is clear but I have no idea why my voice can't reach you normally..."

Davis laughed slightly and explained to her about sound and light needing a medium to travel.

Clara nodded her head as she accepted her brother's explanation, "So that's what it is..."

Davis cast his gaze at the moon, "Look, can you see those small buildings at that point, near that big crater."

Chapter 386 A Foreigner?

Clara looked at those small buildings and the tiny mortals. She was instantly in awe of those mortal's prowess. She began to have some respect for them when she deemed that those weak beings were capable of achieving feats such as this.

Davis turned to look towards the distance, where the other planets seem to be orbiting around the Sun.

The nine planets, magnificent in all their glory.

Extending outside the orbital zone were even more planets but they were all cold and icier than pluto.

His gaze traveled far, seemingly trying to penetrate the veil that Fallen Heaven had embedded in him.

'The space beyond Milky Way is an illusion?' Even to him, it didn't seem likely when he saw the space with his own eyes.

Of course, he couldn't see that far. The last planets that were visible in his eyes were Pluto and a few planets outside the orbital zone.

He shook his head and moved the thoughts to the back of his head.

They didn't bother to waste their energy anymore but spoke using Soul Transmission.

"Let's head back, we'll continue our space exploration when our traveling speed can reach over a kilometer per second, after all, space is incredibly vast." Davis decisively spoke, "There could be dangers that we are unaware of, so it's better to explore after we increase our cultivation bases."

Space was ridiculously vast and roaming in this silent space would be extremely boring, and could be even dangerous.

Even the distance between the Earth and the Moon was around 384,400 kilometers. Even with a speed of 1 kilometer per second, it could still take them slightly more than three days to travel and six days for a return trip.

Clara felt hesitant as she wanted to travel to the moon but she still nodded her head in respect to her brother's wishes.

In any case, she felt that she was weaker than her brother and felt that decision making in a group should be done by the strong and competent.

Once she thought of it like this, she spoke, "Let's return then..."

Davis was about to give in when she looked at her hesitant face but then saw her comply with his wishes.

He too wanted to see the moon but there was an even brighter moon waiting for him in his home already. However, he also wondered how beautiful would it be to travel to the real moon with Evelyn.

"Hahaha..." Laughing at his own romantic thoughts, Davis's gaze moved back to Earth.

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Tiantai, China.

On the sofa, the eyelids of a woman gently trembled as the sun's rays shone on her entire being through the glassed surface of the walls.

The woman opened her eyes and looked at the dimly lit room, whereupon her hands moved above to caress her forehead from the hangover.

She puckered her lips and let out a dissatisfied grunt.

Her bracelet suddenly that was over her hand lit up and a voice could be heard, "Good Morning, Investigator Mo Mingzhi."

The woman named Mo Mingzhi didn't even blink, her eyes were devoid of motivation. She kept staring at the ceiling in a daze for a few seconds before suddenly letting out a mocking laugh that was aimed at herself.

Ding~

"You have received a voice message. Would you like to play it?"

"Yes..." She instinctively replied but then clicked her tongue when she heard the voice of a male.

"The absence you took from work is nearing its limit. If you skip work anymore, there's actually a chance that you will lose your job..."

The message ended.

"I don't care anymore..." Mo Mingzhi sat up as she held her forehead, her long shoulder-length messy hair fell to her front and covered half of her face.

Ding~

"You have received a voice message. Would you like to play it?"

Mo Mingzhi clicked her tongue again in annoyance. She moved her hand and saw the projection from the bracelet. The voice message was from the same person she expected it to be, who was none other than her colleague.

She hesitated for a moment before touching the projection.

"Investigator Mo, I haven't seen you come to work for quite a few days. Today morning, the country had issued a secret Level-X Alert to the higher-ups in the entire police force. However, the matter quickly spread and I'm really worried about you. I couldn't help but ask, are you really fi..."

Mo Mingzhi touched the projection again, interrupting the voice message from being complete.

'Level-X Alert? What was that...?' Mo Mingzhi squeezed her forehead with her index and thumb fingers but she couldn't remember.

Sigh~

Letting out a confused sigh, she touched the projection a few times before speaking, "Wang He, I'm not the woman you think I am, and I can never be together with you. Please leave me alone from here on out..."

Ding~

"Voice message has been sent!"

Mo Mingzhi sighed once again as she collapsed while her head landed on the pillow that was at the corner of the sofa.

The man she spoke to was someone she thought of as a colleague but the man seemed to hold endearing feelings for her.

In a workplace, although love between colleagues wasn't forbidden, it wasn't something she was interested in either, as her heart had already belonged to someone else.

At least, that was the case until she learned of the truth a few days ago, leading to her streak of absence from work for the first time in her career as an investigator.

Ding~

"You have received a voice message. Would you like to play it?"

"Yes..." Mo Mingzhi simply replied as she waited for the bracelet to play his voice message.

"... I see..." There was a long pause before the voice continued, "Take care then..."

Mo Mingzhi's face scrunched up in exasperation. She could tell from the tone of his voice that he seemed to not give up on her.

"Is that your boyfriend?"

Mo Mingzhi's eyes suddenly widened as she shot up from the bed and reached her hand under the crevice of the sofa.

A pistol could be seen in her hands as she pointed at the source of the sound as if she had practiced it numerous times beforehand.

"Don't move!" She shouted and took a look at the source of the voice.

Her vision was blurry due to the effects of the hangover and the sudden maneuver. However, her pupils dilated before it slowly turned into a normal one.

A stable figure seated on the chair with the hands below the chin entered her vision, and the blurry figure slowly turned into a clear one under the dimly lit room.

A blonde-haired man dressed in fantasy like robes came into her view, making her mutter to herself in confusion, "A foreigner? Cosplay?"

She instantly shook her head and composed herself, "How did you get in here?"

The ground floor was locked and the only way that the blonde man should be able to enter her room was from the balcony or the roof from the third floor.

However, the balcony was like a cliff and it was impossible to climb up unless one had the necessary pieces of equipment.

If the other party was a mountain climber, it would make sense but the blonde man was garbed in fantasy like clothes.

As for the third floor, the door leading to the second floor was locked, so he shouldn't have been able to enter the living room without jumping to the balcony.

'How careless of me, I shouldn't have turned off the home AI...' Mo Mingzhi thought and slightly glanced at the drugs she used.

Chapter 387 You're Tian Long!?

Drugs were illegal and if found to be in possession of it by other people, even her investigator profession wouldn't help her get away without any penalties. She might be even taken advantage of if found by opportunistic people.

The figure of Wang He crossed her mind and she knew that he would definitely take this opportunity to woo or even take advantage of her.

To avoid this, she simply turned off the AI which was monitoring the whole residence and would alert her if there was an intruder but now it looks like it had backfired on her.

'Tian Long, you've made a mess out of me bastard!' Anger clouded her eyes as she cursed the man who was responsible for her to become a mess but the foreigner in front of her suddenly stood up.

Bang!~

"I said don't move!" Mo Mingzhi warned as the shot she fired hit the wall behind the blonde man, breaking the glass cupboard that was behind him.

The pieces of glass fell over and shattered near the blonde man's legs, however, the person seemed to be unfazed.

"This is the last time I'm warning you! Kneel down and surrender while keeping your hands above!"

Mo Mingzhi's vision was set on his movements but her hands were trembling as she saw the latter smile.

Feeling ominous, she instantly pressed the trigger of the gun but the resulting sound never seemed to be heard.

It was like she lost a moment of her life as her heart seemed to stop for a second.

Quickly coming back to her senses, she clenched her palms and realized that the gun was no longer in her hands.

"How!?" Mo Mingzhi muttered with a shocked expression on her face.

Her pupils that temporarily glanced at the missing gun returned to the blonde man's figure as her shocked expression receded to become solemn.

Her mind quickly whirled to find out the reason for this absurd yet realistic situation.

Or was it because she was not sober yet?

Spontaneously, her mind connected the person to her front with the Level-X Alert that had been issued by the government.

Her pupils once again dilated as she understood the gist of the situation; the situation she was placed in.

She heard it from her colleague just a while ago and didn't put much thought into it because she had other things to like cleaning herself up and drowning herself in depravity again, however...

'Cultivator...' Mo Mingzhi bit her lips as she realized who was the person in front of her was... Not a cosplayer, not a foreigner, but a real cultivator; an alien entity to the people of earth to be exact.

She was well of the cultivators aware since she had been paying attention to the mystic and news regarding the flying man ever since the world came to know about that flying man through that famous era distinguishing article.

No wonder the person in front of her wasn't fazed by the pistol she held and was even able to make the pistol quickly disappear from her hand.

'Swiped off from my hand just like that?'

A feeling of helplessness and nihilistic views filled her mind. Her nerves that were taut relaxed and a wry smile lit up her face.

If the other party was really a cultivator and had ill intentions, then she was well aware that even the top elite force present on Earth couldn't save her now.

Even so, she warily glanced at the blonde man before her eyes darted towards the drugs and another weapon that was kept inside the drawer.

Nevertheless, she knew that she couldn't make the slightest movement to garner the hostile attention of the person in front of her.

There wasn't even a knife in her hands or clothes for her to hold herself hostage or some drugs to kill herself by overdosing.

"You don't need to be wary of me that much, Mingzhi..."

Mo Mingzhi's eyes squeezed into two tiny slits.

This person knew her name? How?

No, that wasn't important.

"W-what do you mean?" Her dry lips parted in trepidation

The way this person in front of her voiced his words was as if she should know him.

She tried to remember but couldn't recall having a handsome acquaintance with any blonde hair to that matter, even those who have dyed their black hair flashed past her mind but she failed to identify any one of them with the person in front of her.

As for calling her first name, she could brush it off since this person seemed to be a cultivator, an outsider who didn't know about name-calling significance.

"The way you whined about me yesterday, it seems like you found out the truth..."

Mo Mingzhi turned even more confused.

What was this person talking about?

'Yesterday? Wasn't I drunk and high as fuck? Did I talk about this person or talk to him directly yesterday? Could it be that I'm still dreaming?'

Mo Mingzhi couldn't remember but she tried really hard as her head still ached from the hangover.

Numerous thoughts flashed past her mind but then suddenly, she vaguely seemed to recall that a person; a shadowy figure appeared in front of her yesterday... which then turned into that person whom she both adored and hated.

Mo Mingzhi's eyes slowly widened as her lips trembled. Her gaze fell on the blonde man as she shockingly muttered, "Y-You... are... Tian Long?"

"Correct, little Mingzhi..." The blonde man smiled; he who was none other than Davis.

Mo Mingzhi's face revealed a twist of emotions once she saw stared at his handsome face, trying to connect it with the person she knew, Tian Long.

Disbelief, anger, affection and even longing, yet after displaying all these in an instant, she spoke in complex tone, "What do you want?"

"How far have you uncovered about me?" Davis smilingly asked.

Mo Mingzhi let out a mocking chuckle, "I thought I knew everything about you, but now it seems like..."

"Well, aren't you going to kill me then?" Davis still had a calm smile on his face.

If she knew everything, why was she still looking at him like that? He really wanted to know.

"Are you really Tian Long?"

Mo Mingzhi didn't answer. Her eyes were still filled with doubt.

Davis perfunctorily nodded, "Well, yes..."

Mo Mingzhi couldn't help but scan his face for lies. At the same time, she inevitably saw the expression on his face coinciding with what she knew, what she was familiar with. They were both confident and annoying to the extreme.

Mo Mingzhi inwardly bit her lips.

"I don't know what kind of plastic surgery you used in the rumored cultivation world but this face of yours suits you more..." Mo Mingzhi mockingly spoke.

Davis blinked at her jab and understood as he pointed at his face, "You mean to say that this face saved me from your wrath?"

Mo Mingzhi didn't reply, instead, her gaze fell on the surface as she clenched her fists. She hid her trembling lips and her moist eyes, however, Davis could feel her raging emotions.

Was it because he was a cultivator that she didn't dare to attack or was it because he had his face changed, no, his entire body changed from transmigrating?

Looking at her silhouette which invoked a feeling of protection in him, he felt somewhat uncomfortable. He inwardly gave off a sigh and stepped forward. His hand extended as it reached above her head and patted, "You've worked hard..."

Mo Mingzhi froze.

Chapter 388 To Sever

In a small yet girlish room, a little girl was murmuring an algebraic formula, executing calculations in her mind as she puckered her lips while playing with the pen, spinning it while being ready to tap on the notebook beside her.

The room she was in suited to the little girls' taste but was small, however, this was just the entrance to the hall and a few rooms inside.

Suddenly, a woman in a caretaker uniform which was blue in color with floral patterns entered the room and spoke, "Ah, Little Mingzhi... Your sponsor has come again..."

Mo Mingzhi's small yet wide eyes lit up as she dropped the pen on the notebook, "Really!? That person is here?"

"Yes," The woman stopped but suddenly saw Mo Mingzhi's expression turning sad. She couldn't help but say, "That person has seemed to deny contact with you for some reason but I think you can peek at him if you want to... I'm telling, you, he's a good-looking man..."

Cough~

The woman suddenly coughed a bit as her eyes darted to the back, "Oops... What I meant it is that you can watch him from afar, after all, 'to not interact with you' was the only request that person made to fund your future."

Mo Mingzhi pouted as she felt wronged. Why was this person who was good to her and funded her never seemed to be interested in talking or even seeing her?

She couldn't understand.

She then heard the caretaker woman explain the whereabouts of that person and she instantly left the room with a dash, abandoning her homework.

Taking a few turns as she descended the floors through the stairs, Mo Mingzhi finally had a look at the person whom she only saw in a photo that the caretakers here snapped for their own entertainment.

Wearing a windbreaker, and jeans, that person stood in front of some people who seemed to speak in a favorable yet abnormal tone, as if they trying to curry favor.

Mo Mingzhi hid herself behind a box that had supplies for them and silently gazed at the person who funded her for most of her life.

She looked at the person's side profile and saw how confident yet prudent he was in speaking with the other people. There was a lazy smile on his face which told her that he really wasn't paying attention to the old men and women who were surrounding him.

She kept on listening to them talk about her studies and results.

But soon, her expression turned confused as she could hear them speaking something about inheritance and stuff, which she really couldn't understand.

She was only 12 years old, and the stuff they were talking about most likely came off as incomprehensible to her.

Soon, she got bored and heaved a sigh as she moved a little, intending to return without meeting that person at least once, but...

Suddenly, her eyes widened and her heart froze from an abrupt stare. Instantly, she hid behind the box and curled her small body completely.

'Was I noticed!?' She couldn't help but think as her heart pounded rapidly. Her surroundings became hot as she held her breath, perspiration ran down her forehead.

A few seconds passed and her heartbeat slowly returned normal but when she turned to look back, her heart leaped out of her throat!

It was that person!

He stood in front of her and let out a harmless smile, "The subsequent generation is not in the wrong..."

Hearing him speak, Mo Mingzhi turned confused. When she was about to ask what it meant, the man placed his hand on her head as he patted.

Mo Mingzhi froze again, except this time, she felt a vague sense of warmth and even a sense of belonging welled up within her.

She lowered her head even more and closed her eyes while she felt content. It looked as if she was silently purring like a cat, welcoming the warm hands of its master.

"Haha..."

She could hear the man slightly laugh as he let go of her head. When she looked above and opened her eyes, the man's straight back was in her vision.

"You've worked hard..."

Mo Mingzhi's face slowly brightened yet tears were already falling from her eyes, wetting her sleeveless shirt.

Her glazed eyes shook and his back figure was no more as it turned into the figure of a blonde man, with a look of absolute calmness.

Mo Mingzhi pushed off Davis's hands as she uttered again, "What do you want?"

The emotions that she was experiencing at the moment were complex to the extreme. She wanted to thrash the man in front of her but also wanted to cuddle in his embrace.

It was extremely frustrating and distasteful to the current her.

Davis took a single step back as he spoke, "I came to sever our Karma..."

Mo Mingzhi's pupils dilated. She lifted up her head and incredulously looked at Davis not understanding what he meant, "What did you say?"

Nevertheless, it did sound like something that was not going to make her happy.

"I said I came to sever our Karma, so you don't have to be the mess you are anymore..."

Mo Mingzhi stayed silent as lips curled into even more confusion.

"I wondered why Karma was connecting me with you 'in this life'... No wonder... You've held feelings for me, didn't you?" Davis coldly spoke.

Mo Mingzhi let out a chuckle as her eyes were shrouded with anger, "Tian Long, you bastard! If you mentioned that you were the one who killed my father, even if I were crazy, I wouldn't have fallen for you in the first place!"

"I'll ask again, aren't you going to kill me?"

"Hehe, Kill you? Me? Investigator Mo Mingzhi killing a cultivator of strange and tremendous power? Is that even possible?" Mo Mingzhi mockingly gestured as she pointed at herself.

"That doesn't matter. What I want to know is whether you plan to kill me or not?"

Mo Mingzhi looked as if she was amused, "I see... You plan on killing me if I were to say that I'm bent on killing you, aren't you?"

Davis blinked and then sighed.

Just when he was about to speak, Mo Mingzhi spoke, "I don't care anymore. I fell for you, I let my feelings for you fester in my heart for all the time until I learned about the truth a week ago!"

She then suddenly let out a mocking laugh again, "Unfortunately, it was also the same time I learned about my father's unscrupulous actions."

"Leading a Crime Organization, his activities include assassinations, high-tech crime, bribery, property theft, kidnapping, rape, drug trafficking, forgery, identity theft... and many m-more! All of these were enough for me to doubt if that person was really my father but he undoubtedly was...."

Davis stayed silent as he heard her speak.

Mo Mingzhi held her bosom tremblingly, "I even finally traced what he did to you back then as I ultimately remembered the vague events when everyone told me that my father died due to a heart attack."

Her chin inclined as she looked at him.

"You ran away so I wasn't able to see your face but now I know that it was you who undoubtedly killed my father using an unknown method."

"Now that I think about it, you probably used some magical technique to kill him, no?" Mo Mingzhi smiled as she asked, however, the whites of her eyes were red.

Chapter 389 Red-Stained Thread

Davis didn't answer her question but responded with a question, "Are you going to kill me or what?"

Mo Mingzhi's expression fell, "I'm going to fucking kill you!!"

"What she said, is it true?"

Davis turned to look at his side.

A woman suddenly materialized to their side and spoke in a bewildered tone, "I'm surprised..."

"So?" Davis prompted.

"She's lying..."

Davis turned confused, "Meaning that she's unwilling to kill me?"

Clara nodded her head. She had already mastered the Chinese Language in a single night after returning from outer space. Having nothing to do, she and her brother stayed on the third floor, gazing at the skies while taking rest. In the meantime, she did learn Chinese to better understand.

Although she couldn't speak fluently, she could more or less understand it easily.

Mo Mingzhi took a step back as she became alert a moment ago when another woman suddenly appeared in her room.

Then she heard the two of them speak in another language that she had no way of understanding at the moment.

But when she looked at the woman who suddenly appeared look like a celestial beauty even with a veiled appearance, jealousy and envy filled her heart.

Mo Mingzhi's current appearance was filled with a few pimples, haggard wrinkles, probably an after-effect from the drugs and alcohol she took.

This filled her with immense loathing for Tian Long because, if it were not for him, she would not have fallen low to this point but also reminded her how low she had fallen

Nevertheless, her expression changed again.

She realized that if it weren't for Tian Long, would she have even survived after her father was dead?

She was no child right now, and was well aware of the consequences of a fallen princess, especially when the fallen princess is from an underground organization.

'Could it be that he was the one who left me in an orphanage to protect me?'

Her memories after her father had died were vague because she was only 6 years old at that time.

She had no idea what truly had happened at that time and failed to consider after she had learned the truth due to the shock factor.

In truth, Davis had used the Death Book at that time to do his biddings, including the fact that Mo Mingzhi joining an orphanage was also his doing through using another man.

Although he did use the Death Book, deaths never happened because he ingeniously wrote that his victims would only die a minute before their lifespan ends.

So, in reality, he only took a minute of their lives to control them and fulfill his needs. In other words, it can also be interpreted as that they wouldn't meet with any danger until they neared the end of their lifespan, however, that remains to be seen and tested.

Then again, after the Death Book fused with his soul during the transmigration, he doubted that if they would even die a minute sooner in the first place as he noticed that the Death Book's reset and even changed intrinsically after their fusion, revealing unknown powers as he gradually increased his cultivation.

"What are you going to do, brother?" Clara inquired after the few seconds passed, which were filled with ambient silence.

"..." Davis stayed silent, not opting to answer Clara.

The karma thread in front of him that connected him and Mo Mingzhi was filled with mainly two types of colors from her side.

Red and black.

From his soul, a white thread flew out as it reached Mo Mingzhi's soul. Halfway to her soul, the color of the white thread changed to something that was tinged with red and black.

A red thread signified love, both affectionately and sexually while a black thread signified negative emotions such as hate, anger and various types of negative emotions.

He knew what red signified because the thread connecting Evelyn and him was coated with bright red, like the red thread that connected lovers in the legends.

As for the black thread, he practiced his Karma Laws in the prison during the time he spent living in the Royal Castle after his marriage with Evelyn.

So from his experiments, he knew that black threads signified negative emotions like hate and anger.

'What else can I do other than severing this thread? The only way to return her to normal is for her to forget about me...' Davis pondered as he looked at Mo Mingzhi's grown-up facial features.

The last time he saw her was precisely at the time when she was 12 years old when he shared more than half of the inheritance which originally belonged to Mo Mingzhi's father but was obtained through crime and illegal means.

In any case, he didn't need millions of dollars to live his life, so he just returned it to support this little girl's future.

Even half of it was enough to let her live the life of a princess in the modern world, however, he looked at the state she was currently in...

Messy black hair that was unkempt till her shoulders, eyes which look tired and a mildly red small nose, probably from the number of times she cried. Her lips were not luscious nor rosy but just dry as if the flesh there had withered up.

She should be more than 30 years old but still had a gorgeous figure capable of bearing children even from a few years ago.

He could see that she lived well with the money he had left for her, he could see that she grew up to be a fine woman but messed up because of her feelings for him. Although it didn't make him feel guilty, he did feel pity.

Pity for the fact that despite knowing that he was the killer of her father, she still couldn't determine herself to kill him.

His and her relationship could be considered as purely one of caretaker and the one being cared, and he only met her once twice yet it devolved into being one of this...

Suddenly, his pupils dilated.

He saw the changes occurring in the thread and was bewildered, even astonished.

The black color coating the thread was slowly eroded by the red color. The latter spread and painted the black colored area with red as if it were tainting, and after a few moments, only a few specks of black color were left on the thread, becoming slightly inconspicuous than before.

"Are you the one who put me in that orphanage? Even meddling with my studies indirectly?"

Davis was confused as what was happening to her but he still replied truthfully, "Yes..."

Mo Mingzhi bit her lips, "I'm the daughter of the one who tortured you... Why didn't you kill... or even torture me back then to curb your hatred?"

"Didn't I tell you already?" The corner of his lips curved, "The subsequent generation is not in the wrong."

Truthfully, if it weren't for Mo Mingzhi's heartwrenching cries at that time, he would've in no doubt fallen into depravity, something which he had loathed since he was an innocent boy in the slums.

It was especially so when he saw the twisted face of Mo Wuming, Mo Mingzhi's father. He didn't want to become a person like that, someone who was deprived, twisted, deranged and insane.

Mo Mingzhi's eyes widened as his figure superimposed with that Tian Long's harmless smile, 'Ah, so that's what he meant at that time...'

She closed her eyes as her lips curved while she let out a mocking laugh, "I take it back. Although you didn't kill me, you did torture me..."

Davis's eyes widened as black lines filled his face. Not to her reply but to the changes in the karma thread.

Chapter 390 Are You Interested?

The black stains in the half red karma thread were no more... It was as if her negative emotions completely disappeared, nowhere to be seen.

From her words, he could tell that...

"You..."

"If you truly said what you meant, it doesn't matter if we love each other, right?" Mo Mingzhi took a step forward as her eyes glazed.

Davis had a not so amused expression on his face as he lifted his hand.

A few moments of silence emerged before his lips curved into a grin, wanting to put her down, "I'm married!"

Mo Mingzhi's slow steps hindered as she shot a glance at Clara, her eyes emitting a hostile intent.

She then smiled crazily as her gaze fell on Davis, "I'm 36, single, virgin and am willing to be your mistress, what do you say?"

"I decline..." Without missing a beat, Davis replied.

Mo Mingzhi didn't give up as she opened her mouth, "Don't worry, the world has changed and mistresses are as common as the clouds, I'm pretty sure it's even more so in a world where strength is the ruling factor."

"First, the initiative is with my wife, second..." He pointed at Clara, "This is my little sister, so don't misunderstand."

Davis felt a headache coming when he watched her crazed reactions and the audacity in willing to become a mistress, so he felt that it would be better if he told Mo Mingzhi beforehand, making her shut her mouth and delusions, however, it looks like his explanation fell on deaf ears.

"So it's your sister!" Mo Mingzhi's eyes brightened, thinking he had been adopted by a family in the cultivation world and just when she was about to initiate a conversation with Clara, Davis stood in front of her.

"In any case, you'll be forgetting me in a moment, so I don't need to worry about your nonsense..."

Mo Mingzhi went silent before she asked with narrowed brows, "What do you mean?"

Davis coldly spoke, "What I meant before, I'll be severing our Karma..."

Instantly, his fingers caught the karma thread that connected him and her, pulling on it till it almost threatened to tear apart in the middle.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!~" Mo Mingzhi shrieked as she held her head while her expression turned as if she had just seen someone she loved die miserably. She felt as if her head was splitting.

Davis narrowed his brows as he loosened his pull on the thread.

Mo Mingzhi froped to the florr while tears cascaded down from her eyes. Her tears rapidly stained her sleeveless shirt as it fell on the surface.

'What's happening?' Davis turned confused.

The last time he severed Karma was in prison when he experimented with a random prisoner.

When he severed the karma thread that was created between them from a casual talk, that person simply forgot him but didn't experience any pain.

The next moment, that person couldn't even recognize his existence and was simply spacing out.

A minute later, when Davis established contact with that person again, the latter seemed to vaguely recall him but couldn't.

But now, the situation he was witnessing was totally different.

The woman in front of him was holding her head and crying desperately as if she didn't want to give up something dear to her.

Davis promptly asked in his soul sea, "Fallen Heaven, what is this supposed to mean?"

"Even if you ask me..." Fallen Heaven's hazy figure which actually resembled Davis's outline materialized in Davis's Soul Sea, "The only reason I could think of is that you have influenced a large part of her life, so severing the karma between you two is like bending her will to live?"

"What?"

Why did Fallen Heaven use a doubting tone?

"... I'm not sure about what this new power of mine signifies..."

Davis's eyes widened. If he thought about this carefully, then what Fallen Heaven mentioned made sense, albeit vaguely.

When compared with that random person who hadn't had much of a connection with him, Mo Mingzhi had probably spent more than half of her life thinking about him.

Even when she turned 36, she still had not given her body to anyone from her words. Even the Karma threads connecting to him from her were bright red as if she was already bent on her obsession to him.

'Is she obsessed with me? Like crazy?' Davis couldn't understand but then he thought about her age.

'36 years old... She was obsessed with me for more than how many years? About 24 years!?' His fingers twitched and moved beside his waist as he let go of the karma thread.

In a sense, he imagined that maybe severing the karma thread was no different than killing her.

Mo Mingzhi lifted up her face. She looked like an absolute mess with her black unkempt hair and wet eyes. Her lips trembled, emitting a little bit of fear as she recalled what had just happened to her.

"Is this... what you call as severing Karma?" Her pupils shook as she asked and slowly embraced herself as if seeking solace, "It would be better off if you just kill me then..."

Davis felt complex to the extreme. This girl...

Her lips curved into an ironic smile, "It would be quite fulfilling to be killed by you... Tian Long..."

Davis took a step back after a short pause. He turned and left towards the balcony, intent on leaving.

"Brother, you are not severing any karma by just leaving like that..."

Davis stopped in his tracks as he heard Clara speak. His sharp gaze fell on her and she felt intimidated, even so, she opened her mouth again.

"I am only saying this b-because I can see that she really wants to be killed by brother..."

"So you want me to kill her?" Davis asked with an indifferent face.

Clara shook her head, "Didn't brother once tell father to take responsibility for his actions? I merely didn't want to brother to ignore his own rule..."

Davis looked at her in surprise. So she wanted him to take responsibility?

As to whether if he would kill or sever karma? It seemed like she didn't care...

"Good! Good! Clara, you've really learned how to speak with your elder brother!" Davis smiled as he spoke.

"Thank you for the compliment, brother..." Clara nodded her head with a smile. She looked as if she was really happy.

'No... That wasn't really a compliment...' Davis inwardly wanted to retort but then turned to look at the despondent Mo Mingzhi.

He was really in a bind on what to do with her. She had already declared her wishes to him, wanting to become his mistress and he just brushed it off as her crazy thoughts.

Even if she did really mean it, he didn't want to be with this woman since he already had Evelyn.

He just witnessed his parents fight a battle because of a situation caused by 'harem' and of course, him.

He didn't want to face off with Evelyn like that, even to the point of arguing with her and that thought curbed him from disappointing her.

What else could he do for this woman who had inadvertently saved him from darkness?

He still saw her as that little girl, and her current grown-up figure superimposed with that small figure who cried desperately for her dead father.

Davis suddenly blinked as a thought encroached his mind. His thought process was too narrow.

Responsibility could be taken in many ways, and it wouldn't necessarily interfere with his daily life if he supported her like the last time.

'In other words, I should just take responsibility no matter what the form of inconvenience I may have caused to an innocent bystander...'

Davis sighed and spoke, "Mo Mingzhi..."

Mo Mingzhi smiled as if she accepted something. Her peaceful expression indicated that she welcomed death willingly.

Davis noticed her reaction and thought that from her perspective, maybe death was a release.

"Are you interested in the cultivation world?"