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Dax scratched his head awkwardly. Darryl took a deep breath as he looked around and said, "Now, we are going to gather the warriors immediately and join forces with Zhang Jue. Hurry!" He thought that Zhang Jue had decided to launch a raid against the Raksasa army to prove himself capable of commanding his troops; he must not have known that it was a trap.

"Yes!" The others responded in unison before he strode out of the tent and began to gather the soldiers. About a minute later, the Union Army's hundreds of thousands of warriors started to march toward the Raksasa camp...

Meanwhile, in the Raksasa camp.

The Celestial Feather Riders' ambush had taken the Raksasa army by surprise, but it did not take long before they regrouped and began to fight back.

"Kill them all, leave no one alive!" Amastan's determined cry echoed throughout the battlefield as his internal energy exploded from within him. He wielded his sword with strength comparable to a God of War; he sent a few Celestial Feather Riders to their bloody death with each swing. Zhang Jue observed the battlefield wordlessly as he hovered in the sky about a hundred meters away.

Thousands of Celestial Feather Riders followed his command with absolute obedience; they fought the Raksasa army with no regard to their own lives at all. Many of them had died miserably.

Zhang Jue felt no remorse for the loss, as he believed that men with a greater purpose must not hesitate to break a few eggs. The generals next to him, though, could no longer bear the sight.

"Is Darryl Darby going to show with back-ups?"

"How would I know..."

"If this continues like this, thousands of Celestial Feather Riders are going to die here." Frustration filled their hearts as they discussed that. It was precisely

that moment when one of the generals spotted something from afar and yelled in excitement, "Look, Darryl Darby is leading the Union Army here!"

They saw hundreds of thousands of torches moved toward them. The person who led them hovered mid-air with the Heavenly Halberd in his hand; he looked undeniably majestic. That person was Darryl.

Zhang Jue sneered maliciously when he saw that everything had gone according to his plan. He thought, 'Oh Darryl, it doesn't matter if you managed to survive and restore your internal energy. You're still too inexperienced to defeat me on the ever-changing battlefield.' Zhang Jue raised his arm and signaled an order to retreat. The Celestial Feather Riders that were nearly trapped in the Raksasa camp immediately began to urge their mounts to withdraw when they saw the signal.

Damn it! Just as the Celestial Feather Riders retreated, Amastan caught sight of another army as he was about to pursue them. He froze in place.

"Another army is coming!"

"Sh*t! They must have planned this."

"We are going to show them!"

Many Raksasa soldiers cried wildly. Amastan also felt his will to fight was further evoked as his eyes turned a bloodthirsty crimson. He held his sword high and said, "Warriors, counter them! We are not letting any of them leave this battlefield alive. Forward!"

The gigantic birds that the Celestial Feather Riders rode provided them a significant advantage in mobility over the Raksasa army. So, Amastan decided not to chase after them; he focused his attention on Darryl's hundreds of thousands of Union Army soldiers instead.

"Forward!" The deafening battle cry of close to a million Raksasa soldiers ripped through the sky as they charged toward the Union Army. As the two forces clashed, animalistic shouts and tortured cries filled the air; the sky looked as if it were painted red as blood continued to spill.

"Hold on, Darryl!" Chester seemed to have realized something when he saw the overwhelming number of soldiers charged toward them, but not one North Moana warrior was in sight. "Damn it; we have been tricked! Zhang Jue, that bast*rd has us trapped here."

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Darryl's face immediately sank at the realization. He looked at the camps and saw hundreds of Celestial Feather Riders' corpses across the field. Apart from that, there was no sight of the North Moana army. It was apparent that Zhang Jue had schemed to get him to the rescue as soon as he launched the raid. Then, he would retreat once Darryl had arrived; he would leave their enemy to him.

'Zhang Jue...' Darryl clenched his fists as his eyes reddened from the sheer hatred. Zhang Jue's despicability had never ceased to amaze him; who would have thought that he would plot against Darryl at times like that? Darryl was enraged, and he desperately wanted to command the Union Army to retreat. However, it was too late as both sides were engaged in a heated battle.

Meanwhile, Alaric scowled as he searched for an effective counterattack. Debra and Shentel stood by his side wordlessly; they were stunned at the unpredicted turn of events. However, they were not ordinary women; they maintained their composure.

"The Nine Mainland's army is trying to ambush us from both sides?" Alaric sobered and theorized as he looked across the battlefield. "It's a shame that they didn't coordinate well enough. The Raksasa army will win if we go after them right now." He also realized that the North Moana soldiers had left the field; only soldiers from the Union Army were there.

"No!" Shentel shook her head and said hurriedly, "Yang Jian might not be here, but Darryl Darby and Zhang Jue are not to be underestimated. They could be doing this to lure you to a trap."

Shentel had been a renowned Westrington talent; her fields of studies even included military strategies. She only needed one look to know that Zhang Jue had planned to sic Darryl and the Raksasa armies on one another. She might

not have liked Darryl Darby, but she did not want the Union Army to lose. She would not stand idly by for the sake of the Nine Mainland. She could only try to convince Alaric not to pursue them.

"Oh?" Alaric trembled for a moment before he turned to look at Shentel curiously. "So what should we do, my teacher?"

"We must reinforce the camps' defense and chase the enemies away without getting too caught up with going after them." Shentel bit her lips before she gave that advice.

Alaric nodded in agreement; he gathered the force within his energy field to shout across the battlefield toward Amastan. "Brother, focus on pushing them back; do not pursue them."

"Do not pursue"? The enemies were in their camps, yet they could not pursue them? Amastan was confused and frustrated; he neglected his brother's command and charged toward the enemy troops.

Amastan was skilled in battle and was as threatening as a hungry tiger out for blood. In the blink of an eye, countless Union Army soldiers were killed.

'This brat can fight,' Darryl thought as he frowned at the sight. He immediately braced himself before he dashed toward Amastan.

"You will pay for killing my comrades!" he shouted as he wielded the Heavenly Halberd against Amastan fiercely.

"It's you?" The sight of Darryl further aroused Amastan's thirst for blood as he thought about how the man had killed so many of Raksasa's soldiers in the previous battle. He wanted revenge, and Darryl had delivered himself to Amastan.

Amastan swung his longsword and planted it in front of him. The Heavenly Halberd and the longsword clashed in full force; the power pushed Amastan backward to more than a hundred meters away. His feet dragged all the way; it formed two deep gullies as he struggled to stand against it.

"Darryl Darby, I will defeat you even if it means my death!" Amastan was not intimidated at all by Darryl's formidable strength but instead was more motivated than ever. He roared as he charged toward Darryl again.

Darryl sneered at the young man's pointless effort; he countered Amastan with a tight grip on the Heavenly Halberd. Amastan had managed to handle Darryl's attack, but eventually, he began to tire in the intense exchange. He might be fierce amongst the Raksasa soldiers, but he was still no match to Darryl, who had advanced to the Heaven Ascension level; his powers were incomparable to what he had before that.

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"Stupid Amastan." Alaric watched anxiously as Alaric's reckless attempt at defeating Darryl began to fail miserably.

"Brother, I have your back," a sweet voice shouted as a valiant woman leaped into the air toward Darryl. The woman, Natalie Celtic, wore crimson armor that hugged the curves of her athletic figure, which oozed fierceness as she approached them. Darryl brandished the Heavenly Halberd calmly to counter his new opponent as she closed into him. The moment he saw her face, he paused in shock for a split second. 'Her?'

Then, Darryl realized that the Raksasa woman he had encountered was the Raksasa King's daughter and Alaric and Amastan's sister.

"So, you are Darryl Darby. You liar! You told me that your name was Darren Derby," she accused through gritted teeth. Once she was near him, she shifted her hands into a slashing motion with a pair of bone-forged scimitars toward Darryl. The man had subdued her in her own bed, and she had been in awe of his strength; she had fallen in love with him. She felt deceived and insulted when she learned that he was the famous Darryl Darby from the Nine Mainland.

Raksasa women were fierce and straightforward by nature. Natalie did not show him any mercy once she realized that he had lied to her. Even though her ferocious attack did not threaten Darryl, he was slightly confused. All he

did was lay on her bed to escape the guards. He did not even do anything to her; why was she so frustrated that she wanted to kill him?

With Natalie's help, Amastan finally caught a chance to retreat and rest to restore his strength. "Sister, he is really powerful, so be careful."

Natalie did not respond to him; she focused on her opponent with consistent offensive moves. For a split second, Darryl did want to strike her down, but in the end, he could do it.

Suddenly, something rumbled. A few Raksasa soldiers on Gigantic Monsters joined the battle. Darryl's army had a huge gap to fill compared to the Raksasa troops in terms of strength. They might lose the Nine Mainland with the Gigantic Monsters' participation.

Countless disciples from different sects were stomped to death as they wailed. Alarmed by the constant screams and deaths beneath him, Darryl turned to look at Natalie and said, "Sorry, but I don't have time to deal with you right now."

Darryl raised his right arm, and a ball of white flame formed on his palm, which quickly shifted into the shape of a lotus flower that brightened the entire sky. It was the White Lily Cold Flame.

'What is that?' Natalie thought as she scowled. She had never heard of the White Lily Cold Flame, but the terrifying heat of the flame had her instinctively on alert.

Shentel and Debra, who were nearby, jerked forward when they saw the flame. Next to them, Alaric's expression changed as he asked hurriedly, "My dear teachers, what did Darryl Darby summon?"

"The White Lily Cold Flame."

"The most powerful strange fire in the world," Debra and Shentel answered simultaneously.

Alaric immediately paled at the name he heard. Then, he shouted across the field, "Sister, watch out! That's the most powerful strange fire in the world!" He

did not know the White Lily Cold Flame's power, but he knew that it was terribly dangerous from the expression on Shentel and Debra's faces.

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Natalie's face sank at her brother's warning, and she swiftly dodged to the side with no hesitation. She did not need to know what the white flame before her was, but she knew that she stood no chance against it.

"Oh my, you sure can run." Darryl sneered before he pursued Natalie hurriedly and sealed her acupoints in one single motion before she could react. Natalie's body was immediately frozen in place; she could not even lift a finger.

"You'll just have to endure this; you are the Raksasa King's daughter, after all," Darryl said as he lifted Natalie with his arms and jumped backward with a tap of his feet. Darryl had a plan—he would hold Natalie hostage so that the Raksasa Army would have to hold back. That could only benefit the Union Army in their subsequent battles.

"Let me go!" Natalie shouted breathlessly with frustration as she struggled and attempted to break free. However, it was meaningless as her acupoints were sealed.

"Sister!" When he saw that his sister had been kidnapped, Amastan panicked and stood up to chase after her. Unfortunately, the duel with Darryl had wounded him and drained most of his internal energy; it left him too weak to do anything to stop them.

"Let go of my sister!" Alaric roared in rage as he leaped into the air after Darryl. His internal energy exploded as he launched himself toward Darryl with his palm in an offensive position. In his father's absence, Alaric should not have acted so recklessly as the General Commander of his army, but he lost control when he saw someone had taken his sister.

"Want her back?" Darryl smiled carelessly; he spun around at the last minute with his palm up for a counterattack.

Baam! The two palms collided and emitted a shockwave that sent Alaric flying with a muffled grunt. His face paled as he landed and steadied himself on the field over twenty meters away. He was stunned as he stared daggers at Darryl. Just how strong was that man?

Darryl took advantage of Alaric's defeat to retreat swiftly. He shouted, "Fall back! Fall back!" He glanced at the battlefield, and he realized that one-sixth of his soldiers had died that night. It had been a significant loss for the Nine Mainland.

'But things are different now; I have the Raksasa King's daughter, his army wouldn't dare to pursue us,' he thought.

Chester and the others heeded Darryl's command; they immediately jumped into action and began to gather everyone for a retreat.

"Go!" Amastan's eyes reddened in anger as he shouted, "Go after them right now, kill them all and get my sister back!"

Then, Alaric strode toward his brother with a dark expression and scolded him. "You need to calm down, Brother! They have our sister; what happens if they decide to harm her to stop us from pursuing them?" He paused and looked around them before he raised his voice and shouted, "Soldiers, return to camp and strengthen our defense."

The Raksasa Army obeyed his command; they returned to the camp in an orderly fashion. Raksasa King was missing, so the Honorable Son Alaric's order was absolute.

Amastan was not happy with the fact that they could not do anything about it. He slammed his fist onto the rock next to him and returned to the camp with the others reluctantly.

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At the time, Amastan had his mind full with the urge to charge into the Nine Mainland camp and rescue his sister, but when he saw the others obeyed

Alaric's order and the fact that he was in no shape to do such a thing, he could only swallow his pride.

A few minutes later, Alaric sat gloomily in his tent. Dozens of Raksasa generals stood in line on both sides of the tent, with Amastan at the very front of the line. Not one dared to breathe a word in the nerve-wracking atmosphere. Debra and Shentel, who sat quietly behind Alaric, remained silent as well. In the wake of the sudden raid launched against their camp, their enemy had captured his sister. Alaric had gathered everyone for a strategy to resolve the issue at hand.

"Brother!" Finally, Amastan could not take the silence any longer and stepped forward. "What is there to discuss? We'll rest for a bit and then immediately set out to attack the Nine Mainland camp and rescue our sister."

The majority of the generals seemed to agree as they nodded in approval. The Raksasa Tribe had always been invincible; when had they ever encountered such a failure? Most of them wanted to solve the problem. However, Alaric remained thoughtful in silence.

"Brother, why are you still thinking about it?" Amastan questioned in frustration.

"Honorable Son, rest assured. Darryl Darby might have Natalie, but from what I know about that man, he would not harm her," Shentel said in an attempt to appease Amastan.

Debra nodded in agreement and added, "That is true. The Nine Mainland have been on the losing end so far; the only reason Darryl took Natalie was to hinder our army. I believe that this is an opportunity. If the Honorable Son would like to make peace with them, we could send a messenger to them to discuss terms now."

Make peace? The generals in the tent turned to look at one another; they looked conflicted. For the Raksasa Tribe, it had always been to conquer or be conquered; peace was never in the equation.

The suggestion provoked Amastan; he pointed at Debra and bellowed, "Woman, shut your mouth! Stop trying to manipulate my brother with your words!" It was the women's fault; they had his brother wrapped around their

fingers. His brother had always been resolute, but ever since they appeared, he had turned soft and indecisive. The more thought Amastan put into it, the angrier he got. He pulled out his longsword and pointed it toward Debra and Shentel. "There's a saying in the Nine Mainland—beauty is the root of disasters. I am eradicating those roots today," he shouted as he ran toward them.

Debra and Shentel's expressions dropped at the sudden assault. They did not think that that Amastan was so displeased that he would attack them with no hesitation.

"Stop!" Alaric roared as he pulled his weapon out as well to block the strike. Clang! With a wave of vibration, Amastan stumbled about ten meters backward. Alaric's face paled at the impact. He was also wounded from the battle with Darryl.

"Brother!" Amastan widened his eyes in disbelief and yelled, "Why are you keeping those women around? You've been living under their spells!" Before he could finish, Alaric slapped his brother without any warning.

"That is for your lack of judgment in what is right and wrong." Alaric stared coldly at his brother and growled, "Father is missing. The most important thing right now is keeping the Nine Mainland's situation contained and finding him. But all you want to do is to fight."

Amastan had continuously neglected his orders in the previous battles. He had tolerated his behavior then, but he could not find it in him to put up with that any longer. Debra and Shentel might be women, but they were knowledgeable individuals who had taught him valuable insight. He would not allow Amastan to kill them.

Amastan was shocked by that slap; he did not manage to snap out of it until seconds had passed. Then, he looked at Alaric; he was utterly astounded.

"Brother, I am only doing that for the sake of the Raksasa Tribe; why would you hit me? What have I done wrong?"

Amastan was even more agitated as he spoke. "It's not like I don't want to go look for our father. Is it such a bad idea that we defeat the Nine Mainland and surprise him when we find him instead?"

Snap! Alaric was further provoked by what his brother had said. He swung his arm and slapped him across the face again.

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"How dare you claim that you are doing this for the Raksasa Tribe?" Alaric pointed at Amastan and shouted as he trembled with rage, "You idiot! If it weren't for your insubordination, this would not have happened. You ignored my warning and charged right into the enemies' formation, putting yourself in danger. If it weren't for that, our sister wouldn't have gone to your rescue and ended up held captive by Darryl Darby."

Alaric looked around the room and continued to say in a cold tone, "I hereby announce that Amastan will be temporarily relieved of his position as the Vanguard Commander and detained in the camp. He will not be allowed to step foot out of this camp without my order." Alaric was far too reckless to be left unattended; he had to do that to prevent him from wreaking havoc and going after their sister on his own.

"Yes, Honorable Son!" The generals replied in unison. They thought that Alaric's decision was slightly inappropriate, but since he was outraged, none dared to plead for Amastan.

"What?" Amastan's eyes turned red in disbelief as he stared at Alaric. "You are stripping me of my position? What have I done to deserve this?"

"You still don't get it?" Alaric rebuked, "You will answer to Father when we find him."

"I—" Amastan wanted to refute, but he gave up and turned to leave reluctantly; he knew that nothing would change his brother's mind.

"The rest of you, go and get some rest." Alaric waved his hand and gestured to the generals to take their leave. The generals obeyed and left his tent in an orderly fashion.

After they left, Alaric turned around to face Debra and Shentel and said, "My apologies for the incident earlier. The two of you must have been terrified. My

little brother has always been reckless, doing whatever he feels like doing. I hope that you would be kind enough to look past this; as long as I'm here, no one can harm you."

"Okay!" Debra nodded even though she was still in shock.

Shentel, on the other hand, responded with a gentle smile, "That's alright, we won't hold grudges!" She studied Alaric's pale face and said with genuine concern, "Honorable Son, you are wounded. You should get some rest as well." They had spent many days with Alaric, and they believed that he had a golden heart that longed for peace and was destined to be a wise leader.

Alaric nodded and called for soldiers to escort the women back to their tents before he laid down to rest. His previous encounter with Darryl left him feeling as though all the veins on his chest were blasted open. He really needed to rest to recover.

It was past midnight. As commanded by Alaric, the Raksasa Army had tightened their defenses as silence loomed over the camp. Only dozens of soldiers patrolled back and forth quietly. Alaric meditated for a while before he closed his eyes and prepared to rest.

Suddenly, faint footsteps approached the tent as a shadow snuck into it. It was dark, and Amastan's expression was cold with traces of internal conflicts. Alaric sat up immediately when he noticed the sound, and he was stunned to see his younger brother in front of him.

"Brother? What are you doing here in my tent instead of resting in yours?" Alaric was still irritated by Amastan's previous behaviors and remained affectionless in his tone.

"Eldest Brother!" Amastan opened his mouth and paused as if he was searching for the right words. He fell to his knees and said, "I was wrong; I was reckless." Remorse and regret filled Alaric's expression as he continued to say, "I reflected upon my wrongdoings and realized that ever since Father went missing, I've been acting rashly. Many of our clansmen died because of my poor judgment, and today, it's my fault that our little sister was kidnapped. Eldest Brother, I am sorry. Please forgive me, would you?"

Alaric was relieved when his little brother realized his mistakes. He smiled and gestured for him to get up. "Brother, there is no need for this. It is enough that you realize your wrongdoings. You don't have to kneel for that." He had been quite troubled by Amastan's recklessness, but he was pleased that his brother had finally found his way back.

"You are destined to be the next Raksasa King, Eldest Brother; it is hardly inappropriate for me to kneel before you," Amastan replied sincerely, yet his eyes flashed with schemes. Alaric strode toward him and extended his arms to help Amastan up. That was when he heard someone shout, "DIE!"

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The moment that Alaric's hand came into contact with Amastan's shoulder, a brute force erupted from within Amastan with a roar as his palm moved to strike toward Alaric's chest. Indeed, Amastan did not want to apologize to his older brother because he thought that Alaric should share his ambition in defeating the Nine Mainland by all means.

However, Alaric had turned to those women from the Nine Mainland for advice and allowed himself to become unreliable. The man that he had become was no longer qualified to be the next Raksasa King. Amastan had always looked up to his older brother, but he could not get over the fact that his brother had slapped and lectured him in front of everyone.

Alaric would never imagine that his biological younger brother would attack him; his heart was heavy with shock and anger. He tried to dodge the attack, but Amastan was way too fast for him to get away in time. The strength Alaric gained from cultivation might be formidable. Still, his reflexes were affected by his weakened state from the previous fight with Darryl, whereas Amastan came prepared, fully intending to have him killed.

Baam! Amastan had every last drop of power gathered on his fist as it landed on Alaric's chest. Alaric was sent flying backward with a tortured cry. His body smashed against the wooden pillar behind him before he landed at the corner of the tent.

Alaric choked on his own blood as he fell onto the ground. He took one final look at his younger brother before he drew his last breath reluctantly.

"Brother, don't blame me for not showing you mercy." Amastan took a deep breath as he stared at Alaric's motionless corpse. His eyes were emotionless with no compassion or pain as he said, "You were completely under the spell of those two women from the Nine Mainland; you want nothing but peace with them. The future of the RaksasaTribe must not fall into your hands." He turned around to step out of the tent and proceeded to howl toward the sky. That was the signal for an emergency signal.

Not long after that, dozens of Raksasa generals arrived hurriedly when they heard the howl. When they stepped into the tent, their jaws dropped to the ground as their feet froze in place. They saw Alaric on the ground; he was lifeless as his body laid in a pool of blood. His chest was flat; he was no longer breathing.

"Generals," Amastan looked at the men before he shed fake tears of despair. He said, "My brother is gone. The veins around his heart blasted open during his duel with Darryl Darby. He tried to cultivate and heal, but it worsened the wound and caused severe bleeding. He lost his life because of that."

Amastan might be barbaric, but he was no fool. The truth about Alaric's death must not get out; Darryl Darby would have to take the blame for it. The generals snapped out of the initial shock and were tearful for their loss.

"The Honorable Son!"

"Damn the Nine Mainland."

"That Darryl Darby was the one who got the Honourable Son killed; we can't let that slide."

Relieved that no one doubted his words, Amastan hid the smugness in his eyes before he pretended to be utterly grief-stricken as he cried out toward his brother's corpse, "Eldest Brother, rest in peace! I will kill that b*stard Darryl Darby and avenge your death."

"Yes, we will avenge you!"

"We must kill Darryl Darby and avenge the Honorable Son!" The generals seconded Amastan's determined promise. Amid their indignation, one of the generals knelt before Amastan and said, "My lord, with the King's absence and the Honorable Son dead, we beg you to take over and lead us to victory in the coming battle."

"We beg you to take over the position as the General Commander..." Simultaneously, all generals in the tent fell to their knees and shouted in unison.

Amastan nodded in satisfaction and gestured for them to rise. "You may rise. My first command as the General Commander—we march toward the Nine Mainland's camp tomorrow."

"Yes, Commander!" the generals shouted.

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"Honorable Son!" One of the generals seemed to have remembered something, so he asked courteously, "Since the late Honorable Son is dead, what should we do with those two women from the Nine Mainland?"

When Alaric was still alive and well, no one dared to harm Debra and Shentel. However, they would not need to respect those two women since he was already dead.

Amastan considered that question as his eyes flashed with interest at the mention of those women.

"Take both of them to my tent," he said with a sneer.

Amastan had wanted to decapitate those women in front of the entire army. Then, he remembered that they were beautiful women, and it would be a shame to kill them before he could enjoy himself with them first.

"Yes, Honorable Son." The general strode off without delay upon receiving the order.

Meanwhile, at the Nine Mainland camp.

Darryl led his remaining troops back to camp. Everyone was exhausted and frustrated with Zhang Jue's boundless despicability. That man had pretended to raid the Raksasa Army camp to lure Darryl to the battle. Then, he sat back and watched as the forces battled.

Darryl had gathered Chester and the rest in the center tent to discuss strategies, while Natalie, who he had captured, was thrown into a cell.

Baam! Dax punched the chair next to him. The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. "Zhang Jue is too vicious; we can't look past that," he said furiously.

Most of the people in the tent nodded in agreement.

"True, that Zhang Jue is far too treacherous!"

"We might as well just go against the North Moana Army, kill Zhang Jue, and take over their troops."

"Ya, let's kill Zhang Jue!"

While the others were caught up in the discussion, Darryl thought about it with a dark expression on his face. He also wanted to kill Zhang Jue for what the man had done. He had lost about a hundred thousand soldiers; the damage they took was disastrous. Chester and the others were wounded as well. Not even the most forgiving man on earth could put up with that.

Darryl drew a deep breath after a few seconds of consideration. He was about to announce his decision when Gonggong barged into the tent with worry written all over her delicate features. "Darryl, quickly! You need to get ready; Zhang Jue is leading his army here to wipe all of you out."

Gonggong had gone to Darryl's tent to apologize for what she had done. Coincidentally, she witnessed the scene where Zhang Jue led the army to raid the Raksasa camps as she was leaving. Not long after that, she found out that Zhang Jue was launching an attack against Darryl. So she went to warn them.

She had never seen eye to eye with Zhang Jue. She only played along because she respected Yang Jian. Since the latter had gone missing, she did not feel the need to obey Zhang Jue's order.

Everyone was shocked when they heard that. Darryl stood abruptly. His expression darkened further with seething rage. It looked like that b*stard, Zhang Jue, did not intend to spare anyone. He wanted to attack them when they had been weakened by their previous battle with the Raksasa Army. How ruthless!

Baam! Deafening noise ripped through the camp as everyone was still trapped in the initial shock. The entrance to the camp had been shattered. A soldier rushed into the tent with sweat beaded on his face; he said, "Something terrible has happened. The North Moana Army is here; they have the entire camp surrounded!"

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The soldier trembled in shock and anger as he reported the devastating news. Darryl cursed inwardly as he led the others out of the tent.

Once they were outside, the sight that unfolded before them had Darryl's heart stopped for a moment. Hundreds of thousands of North Moana soldiers had surrounded the entire camp without even a tiny gap. The North Moana Army was fearless with an imposing air about them; they were fully prepared for battle.

Chester, Quincy, Yvette, and the others were enraged by the attack. Each one of them scowled as they tried to think of something that could get them out of that situation. Zhang Jue hovered above the North Moana army; an evil grin of satisfaction appeared on his vicious features.

Darryl took a deep breath and stepped forward. "Zhang Jue, what are you trying to do?" he asked.

"What does it look like?" Zhang Jue sneered at the question and looked at the camp before he shouted, "All of the nine continents have always respected the North Moana continent, and yet you imbeciles had the audacity to disrespect

our king. You refused to submit to our command, which led to our king's disappearance during his duel with the Raksasa King. You have committed a crime beyond redemption." Then, Zhang Jue's tone softened as he said, "I will give you a chance now. Submit to the North Moana continent and follow my command, or I shall show you no mercy."

Zhang Jue was not concerned about the possibility of an attack from the Raksasa Army. After all, they had just fought Darryl and his army and had lost countless soldiers in the process. Besides, Zhang Jue had sent spies to observe the situation at the Raksasa camp and learned that they had locked down in defense. There was no way they would launch an attack then. Naturally, Zhang Jue could not let that opportunity slip. He had to defeat Darryl that night.

Darryl laughed sarcastically; he was consumed by nerve-wracking rage when he heard Zhang Jue's speech. How dare he change his story into one where Darryl was the one to blame for almost getting them killed? Dax and the others were furious too.

"Zhang Jue!" Yvette shouted as she could not contain her anger any longer. "Just how thick-skinned can you get? You were the one who lured us into that situation by pretending to raid the Raksasa camps. Many have died in that fight, and now you are here to surround us. You are trying to get us to fight against each other when the whole nine continents are in grave danger."

"That's right! If your civil war leads the Nine Mainland to fall to our enemy's occupation, you will be a sinner in history for thousands of years to come," Quincy said with a cold expression.

A sinner? Zhang Jue sneered at the accusation and responded, "Whatever you say, nothing will change. You have half an hour to decide—" Before he could finish his sentence, Gonggong stepped forward and interrupted him.

"Zhang Jue!" Gonggong stared right into Zhang Jue's eyes and said, "Don't you dare use His Majesty as your excuse. If His Majesty were here, he would have never allowed that. It looks like you are trying to take advantage of His Majesty's absence and rule over the Nine Mainland yourself." Gonggong paused to scan the entire North Moana Army before she said, "Warriors, please do not listen to Zhang Jue. That man is despicable beyond words, and now he is trying to trigger a civil war within the Nine Mainland in the midst of such calamity, with no consideration of consequences. If we let that happen,

the Raksasa Army will exploit that and defeat us. Do you really wish to see your homeland trapped in endless wars?"

Her speech had led many of the North Moana soldiers to question their purpose. Zhang Jue's face sank and twisted viciously as he stared at Gonggong like a viper that targeted its prey; he roared, "Gonggong, stop trying to manipulate the soldiers. You were nowhere to be found when we headed toward the Raksasa Army camp. I did suspect that your loyalty had wavered. And surprise, surprise, here you are by Darryl Darby's side." Gonggong had challenged his authority openly, and Zhang Jue could not feel any more insulted. It had taken so long for him to realize his plans finally. How could he possibly let her destroy it?

"Fellow warriors, as you can see, she was once His Majesty's follower, and yet she had switched sides and betrayed us. Bring her to me," Zhang Jue said as he pointed at Gonggong. The moment he said that, hundreds of North Moana soldiers drew their swords without hesitation and charged toward Gonggong.

Chapter 2390

"Zhang Jue!" Gonggong trembled in exasperation at Zhang Jue's order to capture her. "Don't you dare try to make that about you; you know deep down whether I've betrayed North Moana. You are the traitor who wanted to obtain power and destroy our alliance with the Nine Mainland in His Majesty's absence." Gonggong tapped her feet on the ground and leaped into the air elegantly to face the hundreds of soldiers headed toward her.

Gonggong knew that Zhang Jue had been suspicious about her for a long time, so what happened that day was merely an excuse to get rid of her. She also knew that even if she submitted to Zhang Jue, he would not let her live. If that were the case, she might as well pick a stance and go against him instead.

In the blink of an eye, Gonggong was swarmed by hundreds of soldiers. She could have defeated them easily without breaking a sweat, but since they still needed the soldiers for their battle with the Raksasa Army, she only pushed them off her.

Darryl observed the fight between Gonggong and the soldiers with a frown. His cold eyes fixated on Zhang Jue as he searched his head for countermeasures against him. Zhang Jue was too cold-blooded, and Gonggong had always been loyal to the North Moana continent, yet he had framed her as a traitor and attacked her without any hesitation for his own benefits.

Next to him, Chester, Yvette, and the others could no longer stand the absurdity.

"Darryl!" Dax yelled, "Zhang Jue has gone too far this time; he's manipulating the truth in his favor. Let's take care of him."

"I agree." Chester nodded in agreement. "Once he has dealt with Gonggong, we are going to be next. We might well act now instead of sitting around for that."

Chester would usually advise against reckless advancement, but Zhang Jue had been too despicable. First, he had set Darryl up against their mutual enemy and almost caused their annihilation. Then, he was there to create more trouble.

Of course, Chester was not blinded by anger either. Since they had kept the Raksasa King's daughter as their hostage, they would not act so rashly against them.

"Okay!" Darryl nodded, and the Heavenly Halberd appeared with a crisp sound. He pointed it toward the North Moana army and commanded, "Heed my order, attack! Strike to disable and do your best not to kill them."

Even though he was frustrated, he could remain cool-headed to a certain degree. The fight with the North Moana Army was inevitable. Still, they must minimize the casualties to preserve the strength of the Nine Mainland for fending off the Raksasa Tribe in future battles.

"Forward!" Waves of battle cries erupted from the army as they drew their weapons and charged toward the North Moana Army. Everyone was engaged in heated battles within the blink of an eye.

They were mindful of Darryl's command, so none of them aimed to kill. Instead, they tried their best to disable the North Moana soldiers. However, the warriors had yet to recover their internal energy from the earlier battle against the Raksasa Army, and so they were powerless before the formidable North Moana Army. Many of Darryl's soldiers screamed as they fell into their own pool of blood.

"Darryl Darby!" Zhang Jue said cunningly with a fearsome look in his eyes. "Remember, you started this; you were the one who broke the alliance, and you will be held responsible for whatever comes next." He drew his sword and fired his internal energy, and moved toward Darryl like a meteorite.

'Son of a b*tch!' Darryl cursed inwardly.

Then, he said emotionlessly, "Zhang Jue, stop playing with words! You are the one who led your army here and surrounded our camp. You were the one with evil intentions. Are we supposed just to sit and let you walk all over us?" Darryl tightened his grip on the Heavenly Halberd and charged forth.

Darryl and Zhang Jue began their heated duel in mid-air as waves of intimidating energy spread across the sky and stirred the clouds as they moved. Darryl had been confident at the beginning of the duel. He had achieved the Heaven Ascension level, so his strength was comparable to Zhang Jue. However, after a few minutes, the reality had Darryl in shock.

He sensed that Zhang Jue was stronger than he had imagined; he might even be more powerful than Gonggong. Darryl was still weakened from the previous battle, so he had no time to recover. He began to lose.

Chapter 2391

"Darryl!"

"Watch out!"

Yvette, Yvonne, Quincy, and the others yelled when they saw Darryl in danger of losing. One by one, they drew their swords and hurried to Darryl's side to

help him against Zhang Jue. At that very moment, Gonggong was touched by the fact that Darryl had proactively stood up and fought Zhang Jue for her.

The pressure on Darryl was lifted when Yvette and the rest went to help him.

'Damn it!'

Zhang Jue was frustrated beyond words at the sudden turn of events. He thought that he would have the chance to get rid of Daryl once and for all, and yet with his level of prestige, people would simply get in his way.

He was agitated because his enemies had surrounded him; Zhang Jue's eyes reddened. "You people are nothing but a disorderly mob, DIE!"

Baam!

Zhang Jue struck with a roar. A strong force was emitted, and it pushed Yvette and Yvonne back a few steps backward. He looked around in detest as he felt the fire of his rage burned stronger by the minute. As he gazed downward, he saw that the enemies had completely hindered the North Moana Army under Darryl's command. It would be difficult to enter their camp, let alone to win the fight.

"Darryl Darby, do you really believe that you would be safe as long as you have people helping you? Today, you will die!" Zhang Jue promised him emotionlessly. Before anyone could respond to that, Zhang Jue pointed his sword toward the sky, and his immense internal energy burst outward; it drew the air from heaven and earth toward him.

"Infinite Sword of Destruction!" Zhang Jue roared with reddened eyes as he pointed his finger at Chester and the others. Simultaneously, blinding lights that were shaped like swords crystalized in front of Zhang Jue; each shone in glorious colors as they ripped through the sky and flew toward his enemies.

The largest one amongst the tens of millions of light swords struck against Darryl with lightning speed. The Infinite Sword of Destruction had originated from the Immortal Pure Scripture. It was the most powerful skill that Zhang Jue had learned. It was something that he had kept to himself, but to kill Darryl for sure, he could no longer hold back.

Darryl was a legendary hero known across the Nine Mainland, and to Zhang Jue, the biggest obstacle that stood between him and his ambition of ruling over the Nine Mainland. Since Darryl had managed to break through to the Heaven Ascension level, he must eradicate him at all cost once the chance presented itself.

Chester and the others' hearts sank when they saw the countless light swords rained upon them. They hurriedly fired their internal energy and erected protective barriers in front of them.

Baam! Baam! Baam!

In the blink of an eye, innumerable light swords crashed into their protective barriers, followed by infinitive rumbling noises. The barriers were close to their breaking point, but they managed to fend off the attack. Even so, Chester, Quincy, and a couple of others were wounded by the aftershock; their faces paled in pain. Technically, Chester and the others were more than capable of blocking the attack from the light swords. Still, their internal energy had yet to recover from their previous battle against the Raksasa Army.

Zhang Jue's Infinite Sword of Destruction sent the most powerful light sword toward Darryl—it contained more than 60 percent of Zhang Jue's power. It ripped through the air with tremendous force, and as it got closer to Darryl, he realized that he would not be able to dodge it. He took a deep breath as he summoned his internal energy and shifted his hand to place the Heavenly Halberd before him in an attempt to block the attack.

Baam!

Darryl felt as though a tsunami had hit him as the enormous light sword crashed onto the Heavenly Halberd, and with a muffled grunt, he was sent flying backward. He did not stop until he was more than a hundred meters away from the camp; dozens of trees were snapped in half along his path. Blood gushed from his mouth uncontrollably as his body touched the ground.

Chapter 2392

Darryl glared at Zhang Jue as he struggled to get up; his heart was filled with pent-up rage. Zhang Jue was far too despicable for attacking them when their internal energy was weakened in an attempt to take over the control of the Nine Mainland. He would die in that battle before he would let Zhang Jue win.

"Darryl!"

"Darryl!"

Chester and Yvette gasped when they saw that; they tried to make their way to him, but with the overwhelming number of North Moana soldiers surrounding them, there was no way they could escape.

Zhang Jue laughed victoriously toward the sky. "Those who obey me will prosper, and those who disobey me will be eliminated. Darryl Darby, once I kill you, I will take over the command of all your soldiers and defeat the Raksasa Tribe. I will become the one and only—Nine Continents Supreme. It's still not too late to bow to me," he said to Darryl.

Zhang Jue descended slowly with a tight grip on his sword; he began to walk toward Darryl, his vicious aura filled the air with every step he took. Darryl could not have felt more enraged; he felt dissatisfied as he watched Zhang Jue approach him. Was he destined to die at the hands of Zhang Jue?

Darryl looked across the field and saw that Chester, Yvette, and the others were stuck more than a hundred meters away with the North Moana Arm. There was no way they could come to his aid in time. With his injuries, he was powerless against Zhang Jue's attack.

'If only I had the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda with me; too bad it was stolen by that bloody woman, Jackie Yale,' he thought as he clenched his fist so hard that his nails almost sunk into his flesh.

"Darryl, my brother!"

It was precisely that moment when he heard a deafening roar that echoed throughout the battlefield. When he looked across it, he saw Zhurong sprinted toward him, and when he reached the younger man, Zhurong stood protectively in front of him. Intense fighting will oozed off him. "Do not worry,

Brother! I will help you to deal with that abomination!" Zhurong locked eyes with Zhang Jue as he began to fire up his internal energy.

"Zhang Jue, you are nothing but an abomination with despicable intentions. The Nine Mainland is at risk, and the first thing you can think of is to harm people on the same side as you instead of fighting against the Raksasa Tribe? You want Darryl dead? Then you are going to have to get through me first."

"Zhurong, the Fire God?" Zhang Jue scowled before he sneered in contempt. "You are overestimating yourself. If you are so desperate to die, then I will do you a favor and send you both to hell," Zhang Jue said in cold disdain.

If it were any other time, Zhang Jue would be more cautious with Zhurong. After all, like Gonggong, Zhurong was one of the most powerful beings in the history of close to a thousand years. However, just like the others, Zhurong had also burnt through a considerable amount of his internal energy in the earlier battle against the Raksasa Army; Zhang Jue did not fear him.

"Die!" Provoked by Zhang Jue's disdain, a wave of scorching fury erupted from within Zhurong as he roared furiously. Instantly, a blazing flame emerged and steadily formed into a sea of fire as it spread toward Zhang Jue at incredible speed, lighting the sky as it did.

Chester and the others immediately felt optimistic when they saw Zhurong. Still, at that moment, none of them dared to slight the situation. They instantly worked to raise a protective barrier before them. Zhurong's flame might not be as powerful as Darryl's White Lily Cold Flame, but its power was not something to be underestimated.

"Playing with fire?" Zhang Jue's mouth twitched with amusement as he gazed at the approaching flame. Zhang Jue waved his arm, and his internal energy surged. A black hurricane appeared. It went straight toward the flame and put out the majestic sea of fire in a matter of seconds.

What the...

Darryl, Zhurong, Chester, and the others' jaws dropped to the ground when they saw that.