

Chapter 1217

Darryl's Rocky was the same size as Sloan's Rocky, but it had a different color! Darryl's Rocky had purple lightning, and it possessed lightning attributes!

Roar!

Roar!

The two Rockies immediately bit each other!

Those two beasts were from the same mother. Hence, they were from the same blood.

However, after they were claimed, they would obey their master's orders. Even if they knew that they were blood-related, they had no qualms to go all out in that battle.

Whoa!

Everyone there was shocked to see the two Rockies in a fight; they were stupefied.

It was a rare sight, indeed, to see them assault one another. Never in a thousand years!

Darryl held the Blood Drinking Sword as he charged at the Country Secretary and Sloan!

Even though Darryl relied on Pure Energy to channel his internal energy, it was still a tough fight to go against the Country Secretary and Sloan. Those two cooperated very well with each other.

"Darryl!"

The Country Secretary teased him. "Didn't you say that you want to destroy the royal family by yourself? Not only you won't be successful, but you won't leave here alive either! I'll have you know; I was the one who killed that lame old man. Avenge your master! Kill me today!"

The Country Secretary's eyes were full of contempt when he said that!

He said that to disrupt Darryl's state of mind, but he had no idea that those words had invited a murderous disaster for himself!

Darryl's eyes were blood-red as he met the Country Secretary's gaze. "Well, well, well! I'll take your life to pay homage to my master's spirit. Go to hell! Die!"

Roar!

Darryl flipped his wrist. A shot of white flame flew into the air and transformed into the shape of a lotus!

Hum!

The surrounding area's temperature rose rapidly as if the air was about to turn into flames!

It was the White Lily Cold Flame!

"This...this is...the White Lily Cold Flame?"

The Country Secretary paled after he felt the scorching temperature. He panicked!

He was the Country Secretary, so how could he not know the White Lily Cold Flame? The White Lily Cold Flame was ranked first in the World Enchanted Flame Chart. It could swallow any other type of flames—it had terrifying power.

Countless people had tried to integrate with the White Lily Cold Flame, but they had all failed. Some people even lost their lives when they tried to do that!

They had not expected that Darryl would have the legendary White Lily Cold Flame!

Whoa!

Darryl did not waste time with words. He waved his hand and flung the White Lily Cold Flame at the Country Secretary!

"Argh!"

The White Lily Cold Flame looked like it had traveled slowly across space, but it had arrived before the Country Secretary could even blink! The Country Secretary had no time to react—the flame had immediately engulfed him. He was utterly burned after only a short yelp—not a speck of ashes was left!

Gasp!

The New World Emperor and the civil and military officials took a sharp breath of cold air.

The Country Secretary, the New World guardian angel, was dead?

Suddenly, the huge palace hall fell silent.

It was so quiet that one could hear it if a needle were to drop!

Sloan's face paled after she realized the White Lily Cold Flame's lethality. She had to retreat to avoid a mishap!

No one dared to stand within a hundred meter of Darryl.

"Emperor, Old Man!"

Darryl locked his eyes onto the New World Emperor as his cold voice resonated throughout the space. "It's your turn next!"

Chapter 1218

After he heard Darryl's word, the New World Emperor was shocked and frightened, and anger brewed in his heart.

Darryl was extremely arrogant.

Not only had he killed the Country Secretary, but he also wanted to claim the Emperor's life.

"Well, well, well. Very well."

The New World Emperor studied Darryl closely before his face twisted into an ugly expression. "Come and take my head if you can!"

Whoa...

More than a hundred thousand soldiers from the royal army had gathered outside with their spears; they rushed into the hall like a tide.

"Protect His Majesty! Kill Darryl!"

"Protect His Majesty!"

The royal armies rushed forward with a loud roar that shocked the world—each one of them looked determined and fearless!

The royal armies were the New World's elite soldiers. It was their sacred and glorious mission to stay in the palace day and night to protect the Emperor. They would not hesitate even if they were to bleed to the last drop!

The New World Emperor stood proudly; there were no changes in his expression.

'Even if Darryl had the White Lily Cold Flame—so what?'

No matter how powerful he was, he would not be able to defeat the royal army!

He must have dreamt it when he thought he could destroy the New World's royal family and behead the Emperor.

Darryl laughed out loud when he saw the soldiers. His eyes flashed with the luster of madness as he gripped onto his Blood Drinking Sword tightly.

"Come on! If you are not afraid of death! Today, I'll avenge my master. Anyone who dares to stop me will not be spared!" Darryl bellowed desperately—his eyes were extremely red. After he said that, he rushed into the crowd like a violent lion!

Darryl was mad. His heart was full of killing intent, and a word continued to

echo in his mind!

Kill! Kill! Kill!

"Argh!"

Screams could be heard all over the place as if it was the end of the world. Blood had stained the entire Full Energy Hall!

Darryl was like a murderous god as he moved toward the soldiers! His body repeatedly swung from left to right as he sought to kill at every opportunity. Each time he moved his sword, it would take a few heads off!

In a blink of an eye, Darryl was already covered in blood, and fallen soldiers had piled into a small mountain.

However, there were too many soldiers; they appeared from every direction! There were too many to kill!

The New World Emperor looked embarrassed!

'Is Darryl so strong that no one from the entire New World could pose a threat to him?

"Darryl!"

As the battle worsened, Yvette frowned and shouted at Darryl. "Darryl, stop! Stop now!"

Darryl deserved to die because he had trespassed the Full Energy Hall, and he had spoken ill of the royal family.

Yvette felt conflicted when she learned that Darryl wanted to avenge Ford.

Yvette and Ford had shared some time in the canyon.

It was a complicated feeling, and Yvette did not want the situation to grow out of control.

However!

It seemed like Darryl had gone mad—he had turned a deaf ear to Yvette's shouts. He continued to kill his enemies around him!

Urgh...

Yvette stomped her feet helplessly!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In a blink of an eye, Darryl had killed the last few remaining soldiers in front of him. At the same time, he had sent Sloan backward with a palm attack.

There was no more obstacle before Darryl.

Drip!

Darryl's body was covered with wounds as blood flowed continuously. His blood-red eyes made him look like a wild beast as he stared at the Emperor. He glared at the Emperor and shouted, "Die!"

Chapter 1219

Darryl advanced with horrible killing intent.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The New World Emperor felt as if each step he took seemed heavy.

He could feel Darryl's suffocating murderous intent. The Emperor's face paled —his heart was alarmed, and his body shivered!

The Country Secretary and Sloan were two great guardians, yet one was dead and the other wounded!

Darryl had killed more than ten thousand royal guards and a hundred thousand soldiers.

The New World Emperor finally realized that he had underestimated Darryl's strength!

It was as if the God of War had possessed the man!

'What should I do?'

The New World Emperor's legs felt like jelly. He had completely set aside his imposing manner.

Would he die in Darryl's hands that day?

Huh!

In the blink of an eye, Darryl had gone up to the New World Emperor with his Blood Drinking Sword and shouted, "Master, your spirit can now rest in peace in heaven!"

After Darryl said that, the Blood Drinking Sword shot a bright light targeted at the New World Emperor's neck.

"No!"

Someone exclaimed. Then, a slim figure ran to the Emperor's front — she kept the man behind her.

It was Yvette!

Darryl frowned when he realized that it was Yvette. The Blood Drinking Sword suddenly stopped in the air.

"Step aside!"

Darryl's face paled. Then, he spoke coldly without the slightest change in his

eyes.

The Emperor must die that day!

No one could stop it!

"Darryl!" Yvette bit her lips as she pleaded with the man. "Please spare my father's life! Please, I beg you! Yes, he has killed your master, and it was his fault, but it was done unintentionally. You have killed so many people, so please, stop it..."

Yvette knelt and hugged Darryl's legs with both of her hands.

After she saw Darryl's real strength, Yvette knew that no one in the entire palace could defeat him!

The only way was to beg the man for mercy!

After all, the Emperor was her father. How could she let Darryl kill him?

"Yvette!"

The New World Emperor felt aggrieved, indignant and humiliated when he saw what Yvette had done. He lashed out at his daughter, angrily. "Stand up! I don't need you to help me beg for his mercy."

Darryl was powerful, indeed.

However, no one should trample on the royal family's dignity. A dignified princess should not kneel in front of Darryl.

'Even if I were to die, I would never bow to anyone! Never!'

However, Yvette pretended as if she did not hear him. Her eyes looked at Darryl anxiously as she pleaded for an answer.

Darryl's face was cold. He did not want to say anything else. "I'll say it one more time—move aside!"

If it were anyone else, Darryl would have brushed them aside mercilessly.

However, it was Yvette; for some reason, he could not do that.

Unfortunately, the New World Emperor must also die that day.

'I must bury him with my master!'

Yvette became anxious after she felt Darryl's indifference. Tears continued to fall as she cried, "Darryl, please! I beg you! If you have to kill to vent your hatred, you can kill me instead! Please spare my father's life!"

Yvette had completely foregone her image as a princess when she did all that. She held onto Darryl's leg and gritted her teeth; she would not let go!

At the same time, tears continued to stream down her cheeks!

She had never asked for any favor from anyone since she was young. She had let go of her dignity as a princess when she knelt and begged Darryl; she wanted him to spare her father's life. She would do anything if he could agree to her request!

Chapter 1220

The New World's civil and military officials were aggrieved and indignant!

Darryl had trespassed into the Royal City single-handedly, yet no one in the entire town was his opponent. Furthermore, Princess Yvette was forced to get down on her knees to beg the man!

Shameful!

How shameful!

Darryl stood as firm as iron as he glanced at Yvette with indifference and said, "Move! Otherwise, don't blame me for being impolite!"

Darryl remained cold-hearted even though Yvette kept her arms around his legs. He did not budge even the slightest bit.

Darryl knew that he would feel guilty toward his master his entire life if he let the Emperor off that day!

Yvette shook her head desperately as tears streamed down her cheeks. "Darryl, I beg you! Can you spare my father? I beg you..."

Darryl was anxious and wanted to break free, but Yvette held his legs so tightly. He could not let go just yet.

"How dare you! Go to hell!"

Just as Darryl got anxious, a loud shout came from behind him! A man emerged and slapped his body with his palm!

It was Florian!

Florian was a sinister villain. He was a despicable and cunning man. It seemed as if he had kept hidden in a corner.

After Darryl had killed Sawyer and the Country Secretary in seconds and defeated the royal army, he decided to show his strength to shock the audience!

Florian, who had observed the situation, appeared shocked, envious and consumed with hatred. He knew that he could not go against Darryl; he would not survive the attempt.

If it had happened in the past, Florian would have sneaked away. He did not do that then. Instead, he hid and observed the situation. He wanted to wait for an opportunity to launch an attack.

Florian had decided to take the chance to attack when Darryl was exhausted.

That way, not only would he make a great contribution in front of the Emperor, but he would also get rid of Darryl—his nemesis.

Florian would never be able to return to the World Universe as long as Darryl was alive!

Therefore, Darryl must die!

Florian knew that he had to grab the chance when he saw Darryl and Yvette in a dispute!

Hum!

He dashed to Darryl's front as he gathered a strong wave of energy; black light lit up all around his body.

Then, a behemoth suddenly appeared in front of Florian.

It was a black kylin!

Florian displayed his unique skill—the Mysterious Godly Scripture!

Florian had fallen off a cliff by the Donghai City seaside and inadvertently got his hand on the Mysterious Godly Scripture. He cherished it like it was a piece of rare treasure, and he had practiced hard.

The Mysterious Godly Scripture consisted of three stages.

In the first stage, one could use their internal energy to transform into birds and beasts!

In the next step, one would be able to transform into wind, rain and lightning!

Finally, in the last step, one could transform into a beast. It was an infinitely powerful technique!

For the past ten years, Florian had mastered that unique skill. He was able to transform into a sacred beast—a kylin.

Florian's kylin was enshrouded with a layer of black aura. Although it was transformed via internal energy, it had felt real. Its length was more than ten meters, and it had blood-red eyes. When it showed off its white fangs, it looked extremely terrifying.

Its appearance lowered the temperature in the entire palace hall, and the atmosphere around it was completely distorted.

"Florian!"

Darryl shouted when he spotted Florian; his eyes became red as he gritted his teeth.

A very long time ago, Florian had sullied his sister-in-law, Rebecca, and blamed it on Darryl. He was unjustly wronged, and the Darby family and even the cultivators' community had shunned him because of that!

Chapter 1221

That was the darkest period in Darryl's life; how he wished he could forget about it and never be reminded of it again.

Soon after that, the New World army had attacked Donghai City. Rebecca's coffin was discovered after the battle at the Wishing Star Tower. The truth they uncovered had relieved Darryl of the blame.

Finally, the event had cleared the misunderstanding they had toward Darryl.

However, Florian took the opportunity to escape with the New World army.

He did not only do that; he had also captured Yvonne and Monica!

Yvonne was sent to Westrington by the New World Emperor to marry Donoghue. Monica, on the other hand, was separated from Darryl for ten years. She had gone through so many hardships and sufferings, and she had also been separated from her child.

All of which was Florian's fault!

Darryl got even more furious when he thought about that!

The situation was at its worst when the enemies met!

Darryl could not wait to kill Florian immediately!

However, Darryl was already heavily wounded after his battle with the Country Secretary, Sloan, and more than a hundred thousand soldiers from the royal army. He had fought them single-handedly! He had also used up a fair bit of his internal energy to activate the White Lily Cold Flame!

More importantly, Yvette kept a tight hold on Darryl's legs; his movement was completely hampered.

"Darryl!" Florian smiled slightly; he was unable to conceal his excitement and pride as he said coldly, "This is God's will! Go to hell!"

Roar!

After Florian said that, the huge kylin opened its large and bloodied mouth as it charged toward Darryl in an instant.

"Florian! How could you ambush him?" Yvette was shocked; she wanted to let go of Darryl, but it was too late.

Boom!

The kylin rammed into Darryl's body with a load of its momentum. A

deafening roar sounded as Darryl vomited a mouthful of blood. The impact threw his body backward.

It was too late for Yvette to let go. Even though the kylin did not hit her, the impact also threw her to the end of the hall with Darryl.

Pfft!

They flew about 100 meters backward; Darryl vomited blood while his body was still in midair before he finally landed on the ground with a loud thud. His eyes darkened, and he passed out.

The transformed kylin had gathered all of Florian's internal energy! It felt extremely powerful! However, Darryl had been injured before that, so he struggled to bear the brunt of the momentum.

At the same time, Yvette slid down beside Darryl, only to feel the qi and blood revolted in her like choppy waves. The impact shook her, but she did not suffer any significant injuries.

The New World Emperor laughed. He was excited to see the turn of events. He looked up to the sky and laughed heartily as he admired Florian. He said, "Well done, Florian. You did really well. Quick, quick! Kill Darryl, and you'll be rewarded!"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Florian responded respectfully. He stared at Darryl closely before he approached the man with a grin!

Florian no longer saw Darryl as a brother. Hence, he had no qualms about hurting Darryl.

Yvette was anxious when she realized that Florian was ready for another attack. She shouted at the unconscious Darryl. "What are you doing, Darryl? Wake up!"

Yvette knew that Darryl was there to avenge his master. So, she did not hate him.

All Yvette wanted to do was to save Darryl and resolve any grievances between them. She could not think of a good idea to do that, so she rushed to the man's side, hugged him. Then she took something off her body at the same time.

It was an amulet!

Hum!

The amulet cast a dazzling light that was armed with a strange spiritual power. The light immediately wrapped itself around Yvette and Darryl!

That was right!

Yvette had used the Wonder Travel Amulet!

Chapter 1222

The Wonder Travel Amulet in Yvette's hand was a great thing that one could have!

Darryl and Abbess Mother Serendipity had once inadvertently activated the amulet, and they were sent to the Great East Continent.

The amulet was not so easily obtainable in all of nine continents! However, Yvette was a princess from the New World, and for that reason, she had managed to get her hands on a lot of weird and rare things, and that included a World Travel Amulet!

The amulet was Yvette's 16th birthday present from the Daoist Sect, and it could take its user to random places. It could also save lives at critical moments, so Yvette had always kept it near her.

Yvette had decided to use the amulet because Darryl was in danger; she was in a hurry, and she did not have a better idea.

"Your Royal Highness!" Florian stopped in his tracks; he was surprised.

Yvette was the Emperor's beloved daughter. She held Darryl's body—she used hers as a way to shield the man. How could Florian attack them under such circumstances?

He could not afford to harm the princess!

More importantly, he did not know anything about the amulet in Yvette's hand.

"Yvette!" The Emperor was furious. He yelled at his daughter as a bright light enveloped her. "What are you doing? Stop protecting Darryl! Let Florian kill him!"

The Emperor was embarrassed when Yvette knelt and begged Darryl for mercy. He was also touched that his daughter would kneel to plead for his safety.

However, when he saw his daughter wanted to save Darryl, anger overtook the warmth in his heart—only wrath remained in his mind.

"Father!"

Yvette bit her lips and said softly, "Father, I can't let Darryl die..."

Even though she was a woman, Yvette had always been intelligent and resourceful since she was a child. She had weighed the consequences of her action before she made the decision.

Darryl held a special status in the World Universe. He was not only the Elysium Gate's Sect Master, but he was also well connected.

If they had killed Darryl that day, his allies would not let matters slip.

The Eternal Life Palace Sect and the Flower Mountain Sect from the World Universe, and the Artemis Sect and the Elixir Sect from the Great East—they would be a terrifying threat if they were to join forces.

That would spell a great catastrophe for the New World's royal family. Even if they were fortunate enough to survive it, many innocent lives would be sacrificed.

That was not what Yvette wanted.

Yvette hugged Darryl tightly; her delicate face looked determined.

Hum!

The light from the amulet surrounded Yvette and Darryl, and they were spontaneously teleported after a surge of spiritual power.

In the blink of an eye, they had disappeared from everyone's sight.

"Yvette!"

"Your Highness!"

"This—"

Florian and the people around him were astounded.

The Emperor wore a gloomy expression on his face. He knew that Yvette had used the Wonder Travel Amulet; both she and Darryl had been teleported away.

The amulet would send them to a random place.

Therefore, no one knew those two would end up.

Meanwhile, at Donghai City's seaside in the World Universe.

Lily stood alone on the coast; she was dressed in a long skirt.

Seven years had passed, but Lily still had a charming figure.

Half of her face was fair and silky smooth, and if it were not for the other half, which was dark and ugly, Lily would still be a well-deserved goddess in Donghai City.

It was the day for Lily and Darryl's seven-year agreement.

Lily had gotten up early in the morning and dressed herself up. Then, she

walked to the beach and waited for Darryl. She felt rather uneasy and expectant.

For the past seven years, Lily had tried to forget about Darryl and start a new life, but the man was so deeply rooted in her heart that it was impossible for her to forget him.

She always thought about Darryl in the quiet nights.

Chapter 1223

She thought about the times that they were together!

She thought of things that Darryl had secretly done for her in the past.

She reminisced about the scenes that were already engraved in her heart and imprinted in her mind! It was an unforgettable past! It was also her best memory!

Time passed by—minutes and seconds—slowly.

Lily waited and waited—from morning to the afternoon and into the night—but she did not see Darryl.

She did not know that Darryl had gone to avenge his master, who had been murdered. That was why he was delayed. As the night sky fell, the night gradually turned cold.

Lily's heart, like the icy night breeze, slowly turned cold from the heated expectation.

'Darryl... Did he forget? Our seventh-year appointment—had he forgotten about it?'

Lily took her mobile phone and looked at the time on the screen. It said 00:00—her heart ached!

Lily trembled as tears streamed silently; she felt like she was about to faint.

She had waited the whole day, but the man whom she yearned did not show up.

It seemed like Darryl had already forgotten about her.

'I guess he must be doing well. After all, he has many bosom friends.'

'Yvonne, Artemis Sect Master Darby, and Jewel, his close-knit maid... All of them are beautiful people. Look at me...'

'Forget it!' She sighed.

'I don't deserve him anymore.'

Lily comforted herself, but she wondered why she got more uncomfortable the more she persuaded herself.

...

Meanwhile...

Yvette activated the Wonder Travel Amulet and hugged Darryl close to her

body. She sensed it when the darkness consumed her sight as they left the New World palace. She felt as if both of them had continued to fall.

After a while, Yvette and Darryl finally landed on the ground!

Where had they been transported to?

Yvette opened her eyes, and she was stunned to see the scene in front of her.

They were in a city, but it was much smaller than the New World Royal City, and it was not as prosperous too! It seemed like they had been teleported to the woods just outside the city.

Yvette did not know that they were on the North Moana continent.

North Moana, like the New World, was also an ancient society. It seemed like they had arrived in Cloud City.

Yvette sighed softly as she scanned her surroundings. Then, she tilted her head to glance at Darryl.

Darryl still had his eyes closed; he was still unconscious.

He was covered in many wounds.

'He's not dead, is he?'

Yvette thought about it as she leaned forward and put her finger under Darryl's nose—he still breathed. She was relieved, so she checked him for other injuries.

Fortunately, Darryl only had superficial wounds; it was nothing serious.

Yvette was not an ignorant princess; she knew a little about first aid.

Darryl did not need any treasures for his wounds; he would be fine after some nourishments with ginseng and fungus. Then, he would need to rest for some time.

Even though his injuries were not serious, they should not delay the treatment. It might be risky for him if they put it off.

'There must be a medicine shop in Cloud City!'

After she made up her mind, Yvette stood up and walked toward the city entrance!

"Wait here, Darryl. I will go get some medicine for you." Yvette said as she turned her head and looked at the unconscious and unresponsive Darryl.

Chapter 1224

Yvette went to the city to get some medicine. After a while, Darryl woke up.

Hiss!

When Darryl opened his eyes, he sucked in a cold breath. His body was sore, especially his back. The pain was almost unbearable.

'Florian... I will kill you eventually.'

As he muttered to himself, Darryl began to observe his surroundings. Suddenly, he was shocked!

'Where is this place?'

'This doesn't seem right!'

'Was I not in the New World palace? I fainted after Florian assaulted me. How did I get here?'

Darryl was stunned. He tried to stand up, but his body was extremely weak; he had no strength at all.

Pitter-patter!

Sounds of footsteps echoed before he saw a few young boys approach him. They looked as if they were the local gangsters.

Darryl did not mind them. He coughed a few times because of the injuries on his body.

The gangsters heard the cough. Then, they immediately discovered Darryl.

"There is someone here!"

"Oh, my. He is injured and covered in blood!"

"Look at his clothes. Why is he so weird?"

The gangsters sized Darryl up before they came up with some bad ideas!

"Brothers!"

The bald leader waved his hand. "Take off his clothes and search his body. See if he has anything valuable on him. We haven't eaten meat or drank in a few days!"

The few gangsters gathered around Darryl; they wanted to take advantage of the situation!

Darryl felt helpless. He smiled and said weakly, "Hey guys, I don't have

anything valuable on me. I'm afraid that you won't get anything today, so let me go, will you?"

Darryl felt depressed when he said that.

He would not have put himself in such an inferior position if he was not immobile.

The bald leader grinned. "We'll find out after we search your body for money. Don't worry, buddy, we only want money, not your life!"

Those gangsters started to strip Darryl off his clothes.

Soon, they had completed the search. The bald leader was disappointed—he spat at the ground. "F*ck! You really don't have any money! What a poor bum!"

He threw Darryl's clothes aside and left with his friends.

Darryl was so angry that he wanted to cry.

Even a dog could bully a wounded tiger.

A few mere gangsters had managed to strip the Elysium Gate's Sect Master off his clothes. Fortunately, he was not around acquaintances. Otherwise, he would lose his dignity.

"Darryl, are you awake?"

Just as he was feeling sorry for himself, he heard a voice. Then, he saw Yvette as she walked toward him.

Yvette was quite sad.

They were in a small city, and she could not find a decent drug store. She could not even find some ordinary herbs to stop Darryl's bleeding, let alone ginseng and fungus!

Yvette?

Darryl was shocked to hear Yvette's voice.

Darryl was on the ground without his top; he was unable to move at all. However, he recognized Yvette's voice!

'Why is Yvette here?'

'Did she save me?'

While Darryl pondered about that, Yvette had already arrived by his side.

Huh!

Yvette shuddered and blushed when she saw Darryl's appearance; his clothes

were strewn next to him.

'Darryl... What did he do? In broad daylight...'

"Argh!"

Next second, Yvette reacted. She screamed as she tried to cover her eyes frantically with her hands.

Yvette thought that Darryl had taken his clothes off by himself.

Chapter 1225

"No!"

Darryl was extremely embarrassed; he tried to explain himself, but his speech lacked coherence. "It's not what you think; there were a few gangsters here just now..."

What a shame!

Yvette chuckled after she heard Darryl's words. She had a playful expression on her face. "Darryl, are you saying that a few gangsters bullied a dignified Elysium Gate Sect Master?" She laughed again.

That scene must have looked interesting!

It was funny when one thought about it...

"You—"

Darryl was speechless. His face became hot, and he wanted to find a place to hide.

For a while, the atmosphere felt awkward.

After a few seconds, Darryl took a deep breath to hide his embarrassment and said, "What the hell is going on here? Why am I here? Where is this place?"

Yvette's eyes flickered conflicted before she smiled and said, "Of course, I was the one who saved you. Otherwise, Florian would have killed you!"

Yvette turned around to look at Cloud City; her tone was sad when she said, "I asked someone in the city—this is the North Moana continent, and this is Cloud City."

North Moana?

Cloud City?

Darryl was stunned; his brain buzzed.

"Hey!"

Yvette frowned as she said sullenly, "You should put on your clothes..."

Yvette's face blushed again when she said that.

She was a princess. It was improper for her to talk to a half-naked man.

"I—"

Darryl sweated profusely; he was very embarrassed. "I can't move—"

If he were able to move, he would not have been bullied by those gangsters.

"What? What should I do?" Yvette's face was so hot that she asked anxiously, "You can't possibly not be wearing anything, right?"

Yvette bit her lips. "Forget it; let me put them on for you."

The woman picked up the clothes, walked toward the man, and helped him get dressed. Perhaps she was a little flustered; her hands continued to shake.

Yvette had not wanted to help Darryl get dressed.

However, she had to do it. If someone saw them in that circumstance, they might think that they were up to no good.

Darryl's body stiffened, and his mind went blank for an instant as Yvette helped him to get dressed.

At the same time, his heart raced when he smelled the faint fragrance on Yvette's body.

The two of them were in awkward silence.

The atmosphere became even more embarrassing.

When he was almost fully dressed, Darryl broke the silence and said, "Why did you save me?"

He had killed the Country Secretary and so many royal guards, and he also wanted to kill her father — the Emperor.

She should hate him for that.

Darryl did not expect that she would save him and be willing to put aside her dignity as a princess to help him get dressed.

Darryl was very puzzled.

When Yvette was done helping him, she stood up and looked at him with a severe expression. "Darryl, you'd better not overthink this. There is no other reason for me to save you; I did not want another dispute between our two continents."

Yvette continued to look at Darryl. "I admit that my father was wrong when he ordered them to kill your master. However, you've also killed the Country Secretary and many of our people. Now that I have saved your life, shall we call it a truce?"

Yvette looked expectantly at Darryl.

Over the years, Yvette had learned many things, and she wanted world peace.

Hmm...

Darryl's expression changed; he started to ponder about Yvette's words.

Even though he had killed the Country Secretary to avenge his murdered master, it did not calm the resentment he felt in his heart.

After all, his master—Ford—was the person he respected the most!

Chapter 1226

"Darryl, you have already caused a scene in the New World palace. Can't you let your master's grievances go?" Yvette stomped her feet anxiously.

Darryl remained quiet.

Yvette became anxious because Darryl did not reply, so she said, "Darryl, do you remember when Leroy absorbed Yvonne's spirit energy ten years ago? I helped you to save her life, and you agreed to grant me a wish."

Yvette continued to say, "Now, I will put forth my wish. I want you never to seek revenge from my father; not now and not in the future either!"

Darryl took a deep breath as he sighed. After a few minutes of silence, he said, "Very well, I promise you!"

Darryl was extremely annoyed.

However, he had to keep his words. Besides, he had also personally killed the New World's Country Secretary.

Well, he had no choice but to let go of the vengeance.

Yvette smiled after Darryl agreed to her condition. She said happily, "Now, you have agreed, and you can't go back on your words."

She could finally relax.

It was not easy to get Darryl to agree to her conditions. She had never had the upper hand with him.

Yvette did not wait for Darryl's reaction before she walked toward him and held his arm. Then, she carried him on her back and said, "Your injury is severe. I went to the city to get some ginseng and fungus, but I can't find them. It seems that we can only go pick them from the mountain."

Yvette carried Darryl on her back and walked toward the nearby mountain.

Hiss!

Darryl rested his head on Yvette's shoulder; her body smelled lovely and fragrant. He felt a little conflicted as his heart pounded; he was also very touched.

He had almost killed Yvette's father, but she had saved him nonetheless.

With Darryl on her back, Yvette slowly made her way toward the mountain. The two tried to look for ginseng and fungus, but they did not manage to find any medicinal herbs even after more than an hour of search. They were also a

little depressed as they had gotten lost.

The mountain range was covered with indigenous forest. The trees there were more than ten meters high, which obscured the sky. That was why it was hard for them to look for direction.

Not only had Yvette gotten a little dizzy, but even Darryl, who had always had a good sense of direction, was confused.

Of course, both of them had only been on that continent for the first time; they were not familiar with their surroundings at all.

Not only did they fail to find any herbs, but they had also gotten lost in the forest.

That was very unfortunate.

Darryl smiled bitterly as he mumbled and complained under his breath. He said to Yvette, "It's getting dark soon. Let's take a rest and continue to look for ginseng and fungus tomorrow."

"But—"

Yvette bit her lips; she looked rather worried. "Will you be okay to wait until tomorrow?"

She knew that Darryl's breath had gotten very weak; he had no energy to speak.

Even though the wounds on Darryl's body were not fatal, they had begun to get worse as they had left them untreated for some time.

Huh!

Darryl took a deep breath and forced a weak smile. "I'm fine—"

"No, I must find the herbs!" Yvette gritted her teeth. She was very persistent; she continued to search the forest with Darryl on her back.

"No, don't look for it anymore. There is a cave nearby, let's go there and take a rest. I'm a little thirsty... I want to drink some water..." Darryl pointed in a direction. Indeed, there was a cave nearby, but it had a tiny entrance. One might not notice it if they did not look closely enough.

Darryl was very tired; he wanted to go into the cave and get a good night's sleep.

Yvette turned around to look at Darryl. The man was covered in blood. There were more than a hundred wounds on his body, which looked to be inflamed.

Her heart sank as she sighed. She walked into the cave with Darryl still on her

back. As she walked, she said, "After we get into the cave, you can wait for me there while I go out and find herbs and water."

The two walked into the cave.

The cave looked deep—a long and narrow path led them into its depths. Yvette carried Darryl on her back as she trudged cautiously.

Chapter 1227

The two of them walked into the cave. After nearly ten minutes, they arrived at an open space.

They saw a beautiful valley with a splendid peach blossom forest nearby. One of the streams meandered gently through the woods, and the green grass on the bank had many exotic flowers and shrubs.

The gentle breeze blew softly. How fascinating!

Nice!

The place was so beautiful—it was a paradise.

Darryl and Yvette were dumbfounded. They did not expect that they would arrive at such a beautiful place after the cave.

After a few minutes, Yvette snapped back to her senses and walked toward the stream with Darryl still on her back.

There were a few thatched cottages on the bank of the stream.

Even though the thatched cottages looked simple, they were nicely decorated.

At the door of one of the thatched cottages, an old man was crouched as he treated a white crane. The bird had a broken leg, and it was bleeding; it also wailed faintly.

Darryl noticed that the old man had a burly stature; he was dressed in burlap and linen and had no internal energy. At first glance, he looked like an ordinary mountain farmer, but he had an aura that no one dared to provoke him.

The old man took a few spiritual herbs, crushed them and applied them on the white crane's broken leg. Then he bandaged the wounded leg carefully. His movements were smooth; he was very skillful.

In just a short while, the white crane had regained its ability to move. It fluttered its wings and flew off; it had disappeared from their sight.

Wow!

That was simply amazing.

Darryl and Yvette were shocked to see that.

There was a popular saying—a hundred days recovery journey for injuries to the tendons and bones—which meant that it would take three months for one to recover after an injury to their tendons and bones.

Even a cultivator who suffered the same injuries would need at least a month of recovery—if they managed to get the wounds treated in time.

However, Darryl and Yvette noticed that the old man's body did not generate any internal energy when he treated the white crane. He only used a few herbs, and he was able to heal the bird's broken leg in just a few minutes.

It was amazing.

For a moment, Darryl stared at the old man blankly. He was so surprised that he was speechless.

"Grandpa!"

While Darryl was still utterly surprised, Yvette had recovered from the shock. She said to the old man politely, "What place is this? Your medical skills are amazing."

It was apparent that Yvette adored the skillful old man.

As a princess, Yvette was quite knowledgeable, but that scene was new to her. She was shocked!

That elder's medical skills were simply too exceptional; the palace's imperial doctors had far fewer skills.

"You—." The old man looked at Yvette and Darryl with a frown. "Who are you? How did you get in here?"

"Elder!"

Darryl sighed as he called out to him and weakly said, "We stumbled upon this place accidentally. We're sorry to have interrupted you. What's your name?"

That person's medical skills were truly a culmination!

The old man frowned and said slowly, "My name is Divine Farmer, and I have lived here for many years. Since you came here by accident, I won't blame you. But please, leave quickly."

The old man stopped talking and turned around to get into the thatched cottage.

'What?'

'He is the Divine Farmer?'

Divine Farmer—the one who had tasted a hundred herbs! He was also known as the Yan Emperor!

Darryl's mind went blank as he froze; he was in shock!

Chapter 1228

Divine Farmer was like a god in the World Universe's past—he was one of the first few well-known men! Darryl was familiar with the history and Divine Farmer's name!

'But wait, that can't be right!'

The history books mentioned that Divine Farmer eventually accumulated too much toxin in his body as he had tasted too many different kinds of herbs. He had died after he had eaten the slit gut herb.

How was he still alive?'

That old man was the famous Divine Farmer—also known as the Yan Emperor!

It was true that Divine Farmer did taste many kinds of herbs, as mentioned in the historical records, but some of the information was erroneous. It was precisely because of the herbs that he had eaten that his body changed—like he had been reborn. He became resistant to all kinds of disease, and he even got to live a longer life; up until then, he had lived for a thousand years.

In fact, if a cultivator could break through the Martial Emperor level and progress to the next level, they would be immune to diseases. One's life expectancy would be extended as well.

Divine Farmer could live for so long not because of his high cultivation foundation but because he had tasted all kinds of spiritual herbs that eventually gave him an extraordinary physique.

Yvette was also shocked; her red lips parted slightly in awe.

'This old man is the Yan Emperor—Divine Farmer?'

"Grandpa!"

Yvette snapped back to her senses. She walked to the cottage door and pleaded sincerely, "This is my friend—Darryl. He is seriously injured. I hope that you can be merciful and save his life. His wounds have been left untreated for far too long. If you don't save him, he might die..."

Yvette was right.

Darryl's injuries had been left untreated for way too long.

There was nothing much Yvette could do at that point, even if she had an elixir. She could only ask for Divine Farmer's help.

At the same time, Darryl was also full of anticipation and excitement.

He wanted to laugh,

'I thought I would die this time.'

'I did not expect that I would bump into Divine Farmer. I guess I won't die, after all.'

However...

After Yvette said that, Divine Farmer's indifferent voice came from inside the thatched cottage. "You are lucky that I did not mind you trespassing into my area. Don't disturb me, leave quickly..."

Darryl and Yvette were taken aback. They never thought that Divine Farmer would turn them down so curtly.

Thud.

Yvette put Darryl down and knelt in front of the thatched cottage door. She was determined. "Grandpa, I beg you, please! If you refuse to help him, he will die! I'll do anything as long as you are willing to save him."

Darryl gasped. He felt touched as he gazed at Yvette.

She was a princess with noble status, but she had sacrificed so much to save him...

Squeak.

Divine Farmer came out of the thatched cottage and looked at Yvette with a burning gaze. "My dear girl, did you say that you're willing to do anything as long as I save this kid?"

His voice was not loud, but he sounded imposing.

Yvette bit her lips and nodded firmly. "Yes."

"Great!"

Divine Farmer stroked his beard. He thought about it and said slowly, "Be my medical assistant for two years!"

Then, Divine Farmer pointed at the strange-looking flowers and shrubs nearby. "Will you help me to take care of these herbs and do all the chores?"

"Yes!"

Yvette met Divine Farmer's gaze. She did not hesitate with her answer.

Darryl's heart pounded; he was indescribably moved when he looked at Yvette.

Two years.

'Is it worth sacrificing two years of her freedom to save me?'

Divine Farmer stopped talking and said simply, "Get him inside."

Then, he turned around and went into the thatched cottage.