

1869

‘This brat dressed like a hillbilly. Why would the lady hire him as her driver? How did I miss that clue?’

‘This is a helicopter. If this brat can’t afford to pay for it, then I might not be able to keep my job too. Oh, dear! They might hold me responsible for it.’

The security guard was in distress as he pondered that; he wanted to cry. He shouted at Darryl, “Don’t you dare run away. If you don’t pay for the damages, then you’ll have to work here to pay off your debts.”

“Who said anything about running away?” Darryl replied quizzically.

‘It’s just a helicopter. Why would I run?’

Pitter-patter...

The commotion on the platform had attracted a crowd.

“What happened?”

Soon, a few people walked out of the crowd—they were staff at the mall. The leader was a well-dressed man, and he looked imposing.

He was probably only about 25 years old; he was Chas Turner—the mall’s owner.

Chas’ family, the Turner family, was quite influential in Rich Cloud City. They had businesses in various fields and industries, and Chas was their second young master.

The young man enjoyed a pivotal social status in Rich Cloud City.

Chas’s face turned green when he saw the smoke that puffed out of the helicopter. His stern gaze swept toward the security guard. “F\*ck! Didn’t I

tell you to watch the entrance well and not just let anyone in? What happened? Tell me!”

“Boss.” The security guard shuddered and almost knelt on the ground. He wept as he narrated the incident fearfully.

At the end of his story, the security guard pointed at Darryl and shouted, “Boss, it’s this brat’s fault. He sneaked in while I wasn’t paying attention and broke the helicopter...”

Damn it!

Darryl was perplexed when he heard what the guard had said. He was speechless.

The security guard had let them onto the platform because Chang Er’s beauty had enamored him. However, he had denied any responsibility when things went wrong.

How interesting!

Suddenly, all eyes focused on Darryl. They all looked puzzled.

‘This brat is so courageous. How dare he break the helicopter?’

They all thought that Darryl looked like an ordinary person without any abilities. Even if he worked at the mall for the rest of his life, he would never be able to afford to pay for the helicopter.

The crowd passed some comments; they were also profoundly attracted by Chang Er’s beauty.

‘So pretty! She’s so gorgeous!’

Sexy, charming, alluring—those words were not enough to describe Chang Er's beauty.

Gulp!

Chas was also distracted by Chang Er's beauty; he swallowed his saliva discreetly.

The very next second, Chas's eyes fell onto Darryl. "Hey, did you break this helicopter?"

"Yes." Darryl nodded.

What?

Chas was stunned momentarily. He was surprised that Darryl would admit it so readily. Then, he sneered at him. "Very well then. Tell me how you'd like to deal with this matter."

Darryl thought about it for a while and said, "Give me an hour to find someone, and then I'll send you the money. I'll pay the exact price, and you won't lose a single cent."

Darryl wanted to find a public phone to call Felix and ask him to send some money. One hour should be more than enough to do that.

Whoa!

The crowd erupted in an uproar, and many of them chuckled.

"Interesting! Did that kid say that he would pay for a helicopter?"

"Boy, do you know how much this helicopter is? You can't afford to pay for it even if you sell yourself."

“Besides, did you say you want to go out and get someone to send you money? You must be looking for a chance to slip away. Who do you think you’d fool with this trick?”

Everyone commented on it; they all mocked Darryl.

Chas also laughed; he could not conceal his contempt. He looked at Darryl.

“Do you think I’m so naive? Do you really think I’d agree to give you an hour?”

1870

“Then, what is your suggestion?” Darryl ignored their mockery. He merely watched Chas.

“Boy!”

Chas cracked a smile and said coldly, “I am a very fair person. You have two choices—either you pay now, and both of you can leave, or you can go, but you’d need to leave this charming lady behind.”

Chas pointed at Chang Er when he said the last sentence. He had a lecherous smile in his eyes.

Chas thought Darryl was a poor man who could not afford the helicopter. He thought he was kind enough to let him go if he would leave the beautiful woman behind.

“That won’t work.” Darryl refused his offer without any hesitation.

That guy was smart—he thought he could get his hands on Chang Er.

Chang Er, who stood at the side, also changed her expression abruptly. She was embarrassed, so she turned to Darryl and said, “Didn’t you say you can compensate them? So, hurry up and do that!”

‘These ordinary folks are really bold and daring. How could they compare me with a helicopter?’

‘And that Darryl! He obviously didn’t know how to fly a helicopter, yet he had to show off. Now, these people won’t let him go.’

“Don’t panic.” Darryl smiled. He lowered his voice as he comforted Chang Er. “I will take care of this matter.”

“You are the owner of this mall, right?” Darryl smiled. He looked at Chas and said, “I noticed that this auto show is a collaboration with the Windon Group. They brought these cars from the World Universe, right?”

Darryl looked solemn as he continued to say, “Since it is a collaboration, you should know Jade, the Windon Group’s president. You may give her a call and tell her that I’m Darryl. Please get her to come here now.”

Since Chas would not let him go, Darryl could not get in touch with Felix. He had no choice but to find a way to see Jade.

Plus, he had not seen her for many years since he left the last time.

‘What?’

Chas’s expression froze; he was stunned. He looked at Darryl with confusion.

‘He knows Jade?’

Darryl was right—Chas knew Jade. The supercars and helicopters were brought from the World Universe through Jade’s company.

However, Jade was a well-known businesswoman in Mistloren. Even though Chas had a prominent family’s support and cooperated with Jade in many business transactions, he rarely saw her.

‘Did he say that he knew Jade?’

‘Not only did he claim to know her, but he also asked for Jade to come here. Has he no shame? Who does he think he is?’

The crowd also looked at Darryl; they smiled with mockery in their eyes.

“Boy!”

Chas reacted and sneered at Darryl. “I don’t have time to listen to you brag. Since you can’t pay and you won’t leave this beautiful woman behind, then don’t blame me!”

Chas wasted no time—he spoke to the staff around him. “Get the rest of the security guards and grab the two of them. I’ll deal with them later.”

Ring... Ring... Ring...

As soon as Chas gave the order, his phone rang.

Chas laughed when he saw the caller ID. He turned to Darryl and said, “What a coincidence! This call is from Jade. Let me ask if she knows you.”

Chas eyed Darryl contemptuously when he said that.

Chas was pretty sure that the miserable young man did not know Jade.

Chas answered the call, and then he turned on the speakerphone.

He wanted Darryl to listen so that he could embarrass the man.

1871

However, Chas did not notice that Darryl was not in a panic at all. Instead, a small smile crept onto his lips.

Darryl wanted to chuckle.

What a coincidence! Darryl was worried about how he could get in touch with Jade, and she had called Chas instead.

“Hey, Jade. What can I do for you?” Chas spoke on the phone politely.  
“Well, the auto show is still ongoing, but we had a problem today.”

Even though Chas was from a prominent family, they only had influence in Rich Cloud City. On the other hand, Jade was a businesswoman in Mistloren, and she had been in the limelight for years. They were not on the same level, so Chas had to be polite to Jade.

“A problem?” Jade frowned on the other end of the phone. “What was the problem?”

The crowd was inexplicably excited when they heard Jade’s name.

‘Is she the famed Windon Group’s president? Rumor has it that she is a beautiful woman; her voice also sounds so nice.’

Everyone was excited; they longed to meet Jade.

It would be very nice to meet that legendary woman.

“Well, Jade, we had a little incident just now.” Chas took a deep breath and said, “Someone broke a helicopter in our auto show. He is just a poor man, and he didn’t have any money to pay for it. However, he kept saying that he knows you. How ridiculous!”

“What? Someone broke the helicopter?” Jade was alarmed when she heard that.

Jade had been planning for the auto show for a long time. The supercar culture in Mistloren was still in its infancy stage, so Jade wanted to introduce more supercars from the World Universe to that market. She hoped to make a lot of money when that market matured.

Jade had brought the helicopter to attract more crowds. Unfortunately, there was only one helicopter, and it had been on display for a day before it was broken.

Who would not be angry about that?

“Where is that person? Did he give his name?” Jade asked coldly; she was furious.

“Well, he is right next to me—” Chas replied quickly. Then, without warning, Darryl strode forward and grabbed the phone from Chas halfway through his conversation with Jade!

“Hey, you—” Chas was furious; Darryl was too rude.

Darryl ignored him. He smiled and said, “Jade.”

“Who’re you?” The sudden change of voice stunned Jade, so she questioned him surly.

“Who do you think I am?”

“Dad... Daddy?”

Jade trembled on the other side of the call. She was surprised and happy, so she stammered, “Is it you? Is it really you?”

Back then, Darryl made a bet with Jade, but she had lost. The consequence of that bet was that Jade had to address Darryl as Daddy whenever they met. Jade remembered the incident vividly, so soon as she heard Darryl's voice, she had called him Daddy.

Darryl had invested in the Windon Group. Jade would never gain her successes if it had not been for that man. Darryl had been busy with the cultivation world for the past few years, so she rarely saw him. Jade was stoked to hear Darryl's voice.

'What?'

Everyone around Darryl was stunned!

They could not believe their ears. 'Jade called him Daddy?'

Chas froze. He stared at Darryl blankly; he was unable to utter a single word!

'Who is this kid? How did he make Jade call him daddy willingly?'

Darryl smiled faintly and said, "Jade, you have developed the company well over the years. I am delighted with your performance. Unfortunately, I accidentally broke the helicopter you put in the show. That's not a problem, right?"

"No problem! No problem at all." Jade cried with excitement and quickly said, "Daddy, what is going on over there?"

1872

Darryl smiled and said to Jade on the phone, "Nothing's wrong. I broke the helicopter, but your partner, Chas, didn't want to let me go. He said he wanted to capture my friend and me."

'What?'

On the other side of the phone, Jade's knees nearly buckled when she heard that. She trembled in anger.

'How dare Chas be so disrespectful toward Darryl? He must be seeking death!'

Chas hurriedly said, "I'll take care of this matter. I'll head over there right away."

Darryl stopped talking and threw the phone back at Chas.

Chas caught the phone and took a look at Darryl; he felt a little uneasy.

After a while, footsteps echoed from the lobby on the first floor. Then, a woman walked forward hurriedly; men in black surrounded her.

The woman was dressed in a light brown professional outfit that accentuated her exquisite figure. She looked charming and elegant in the suit. Her delicate face had light makeup that made her look extremely attractive, but her expression was solemn.

It was Jade.

Whoa!

The crowd was in a tumult; all the men's eyes were on Jade. They stared at her without blinking.

'Is this the Windon Group's female president? She is the well-known Iron Lady in the business world?'

She was beautiful, indeed. However, her temperament was not inferior to any of those female celebrities.

Chas trotted toward Jade, and when he saw her, he said cautiously, "Jade—"

However, Jade did not even look at Chas. She pranced on her high heels and walked straight toward Darryl.

When she arrived right in front of him, Jade suppressed the excitement in her heart and bowed toward Darryl. "Daddy."

As she spoke, Jade kept an eye on Chang Er, who stood next to Darryl.

'What a beautiful woman!'

Jade sighed discreetly. She was somewhat confident with her look, but she was nowhere near Chang Er's standard.

She admired Darryl even more.

'He's a respectable man, indeed. He had so many women with him, and one was better than the other.'

Jade had not realized that the beautiful woman next to Darryl was the famous Lady Chang Er.

Darryl smiled and nodded at Jade. "Let's take care of this matter."

Mmm!

Jade responded with a soft grunt before she glanced at Chas. “What the hell is going on?”

“Jade!” Chas rubbed his hands carefully as he told Jade about how Darryl had destroyed the helicopter.

Jade flushed with anger after she heard about what had happened.

“Chas, do you no longer want to cooperate with the Windon Group? Do you know who that is? How dare you stop him and even try to capture him?” Jade asked—annoyance laced her tone.

Chas shivered fearfully when he felt Jade’s anger.

Even though he had little contact with Jade, he always felt as if she was an amicable Iron Lady. She had never been angry with anyone, but at that moment, she was furious because of a man.

“Jade, I didn’t do anything to him,” Chas argued helplessly. “My attitude might have been bad, but I think there is no need to do this.”

“No need?”

Jade’s face was cold. “Do you know who he is? He’s our World Universe’s hero and the Elysium Gate’s Sect Master—Darryl! He was the one who had invested and set up the Windon Group. Do you understand now?”

‘What?’

Chas trembled—he was in a daze.

1873

'He is Darryl?'

Darryl's name had grown even more popular over the years. Everyone in the nine continents would have heard about him.

The crowd was confused; they stared at Darryl blankly because most of them were still in shock.

'It turns out that he is Darryl—no wonder he is so confident. Even an Iron Lady like Jade calls him Daddy.'

A few seconds later, Chas's voice quivered. He wore a glum expression as he pleaded with Jade. "Jade, I was wrong—"

"You don't need to say anything. Our contract is now cancelled, and we're no longer working together on the auto show." Jade was so angry that she was unwilling to dwell on any nonsense. "My assistant will get in touch with you to sort out the rescind of our contract."

'It's over.'

Chas's body shook, and he almost slumped to the ground. He wanted to cry, but he had no tears left.

Meanwhile, in a room in a small courtyard behind the Westrington Royal Palace.

Donoghue put on his dragon robe after the action was done. There was a pleasant smile on his handsome face.

Florian's wife, Yumi, laid next to him. She had tears on her face. She looked at Donoghue resentfully; she wished she could kill him.

'He sullied me again.'

Yumi had fallen in Donoghue's hands about ten years ago, and she had suffered similar humiliation along the way.

Even though so many years had passed, Yumi always remembered the darkest moment in her life. However, she did not expect the same thing would happen again ten years later.

Yumi also could not accept the fact that she had taken the initiative to present herself to him!

Donoghue walked forward with a smile as he stared lecherously at Yumi's figure. He said, "Mrs Darby, you should be happy that we are reunited after a long time. Why would you want to kill me?"

He had to admit that Darryl's sister-in-law was an interesting person. She was the same as before, which made her even more memorable.

"Get out! Get out of here!" Yumi trembled. She clenched her teeth and cried desperately. Yumi could not wait to cut Donoghue thousands of times!

'I have been sullied by Donoghue again and again; how would I face anyone in the future?'

Donoghue was not angry at all when Yumi looked at him with resentment. "Mrs Darby, why are you so unhappy? Honestly, what is so good about Florian? He's like a stray dog, but you stayed loyal to him, nonetheless."

Then, Donoghue continued with a smile. "As the old saying goes—one day as husband and wife, and we can stay devoted to each other for life. Well, this is not our first time now. Why don't you stay in my palace from now onward and serve me well? I will give you all the wealth you could ever wish for the rest of your life." He chuckled.

“You—”

Yumi was embarrassed and angry when she heard Donoghue’s suggestion. She glowered at Donoghue, but she had no words for him.

Yumi wanted to kill Donoghue, but she would not be able to do it as he had a powerful aura and status as the Emperor.

Florian might not even be his match.

Donoghue stopped talking as he sorted his dragon robe. “My beautiful lady, do consider my suggestion. I will see you tonight—wait for me obediently.”

Then, Donoghue laughed and walked out of the bedchamber; he felt refreshed.

Yum was embarrassed and angry. There were no words to describe her despair.

She was afraid that she would never be able to leave the palace.

‘Why is my life so bitter?’

Squeak.

Suddenly, someone pushed the door open as a graceful figure walked into the room. It was a beautiful lady with a conflicted expression on her face.

That was Susan.

Susan was asleep when Donoghue and Yumi’s voices awakened her. She could not go back to sleep. So, when Donoghue was gone, she went in to take a look.

“Who let you in here?” Yumi shuddered. She thought it was Donoghue; she was embarrassed when she realized it was Susan. She grunted coldly, “Get out!”

Yumi bit her lips when she hissed those words. She was ashamed; she wished she could find a place to hide.

Yumie knew Susan must have heard it when Donoghue sullied her. Yumi blushed, and she felt humiliated.

1874

“Yumi.” Susan was also a little embarrassed when she saw the messy room. Then, she bit her lips and said softly, “Don’t get me wrong. I’m not here to ridicule you.”

Susan approached her slowly and continued to say, “As a woman, I can understand your pain. If I’m not wrong, you must want to kill Donoghue now, right?”

Yumi looked up coldly and asked, “What the hell are you trying to say?”

Susan smiled and said, “If you want to kill Donoghue, I can help you with that.”

Susan was trapped. She knew that she would never be able to escape on her own, so she was there to persuade Yumi.

‘What?’

Yumi was taken aback. Then, she laughed and mocked Susan. “Did you just offer to help me? You can’t even help yourself; why do you think you can help me? And why should I trust you?”

Susan was Darryl’s godmother. Yumi had framed Darryl several times, so she wondered why Susan would offer to help her.

No one in their right mind would believe that.

“Because, like you, I really want to kill him too.” Susan breathed a long sigh. Her beautiful face looked resentful. “Donoghue killed my husband. So I need to vent my hatred and kill him.”

Susan was in a rage when she brought up Zoran’s tragic death; she trembled in anger.

Yumixiu frowned, but she was still suspicious. “Even if you are serious about that, do you think the two of us—two weak women—will be able to do anything to Donoghue?”

Susan smiled, but she did not answer immediately. She raised her hand and removed a hairpin from her head.

Then, she handed the hairpin to Yumi and said, “This is called the Blood Feather. It looks like a hairpin, but it is a very powerful secret weapon from the Tucker Cult.”

Susan was right.

The hairpin was from the Tucker Cult, indeed. When Susan married Zoran, many cultivators attended their wedding to congratulate the couple. The Tucker Cult’s Cult Master brought that hairpin as his gift.

‘Tucker Cult?’

Yumi was stunned. She stared blankly at the hairpin; she was speechless and in shock.

Even though the Tucker Cult was not as influential as Shaolin and Wudang, they were well known for their secret weapons and traps. Yumi had heard of them.

“Alright!”

A few seconds later, Yumi stopped hesitating. She gave a firm nod as she looked at Susan. Then, she said, “Tell me what’s your plan.” Yumi was confident that Donoghue would die when they used the Tucker Cult’s secret weapon.

Susan felt very excited when Yumi agreed to her offer. She explained slowly, “If Donoghue comes back in the evening, you have to find a way to get rid of his guard. When you have a chance, press the button on the hairpin...”

As she talked, Susan gave Yumi a demonstration.

Yumi was smart—she was able to learn how to use the hairpin quickly. Then she thought of something and was worried. “Donoghue is the Emperor. If he dies, won’t we get beheaded?”

The assassination of the Emperor was a serious crime. Furthermore, they were to do that in a heavily guarded palace.

“You don’t have to worry about this.” Susan smiled and comforted her. “Westrington is different from the other continents. Someone strong would rise and be the new Emperor. A few days ago, Donoghue killed the former Westrington Emperor in front of the civil and military officials, but no one dared to stand up and rebuke his action.”

“So, after we killed Donoghue, I’m sure that someone in the court would grab the opportunity to be the new Emperor. No one would care how he died!

“Furthermore, after Donoghue’s death, the new Emperor would be grateful for our help. He would never have been able to ascend the throne had we not killed Donoghue. What do you think?”

Yumi nodded her head repeatedly. Susan’s words had dispelled the worries in her heart.

After Susan and Yumi arrived at a consensus, they returned to their rooms.

The day passed by very quickly.

When it got dark, Yumi went to the kitchen and cooked some dishes to go with the wine.

1875

“Haha!”

She heard a hearty laugh from outside her room as soon as the food was ready. Donoghue strutted through the door with a smile on his face. “My beautiful lady, here I am.”

Mmm?

As soon as he entered and saw the table full of wine and food, Donoghue smiled stiffly—he was stunned.

‘What’s going on? Why are there so many dishes and wine?’

“Your Majesty!”

Yumi forced a smile. She walked forward and graciously pulled a chair for Donoghue. “Your Majesty, I’ve prepared this meal especially for you. You have worked hard for the continent, so I want to cook a few dishes and have a few drinks with you.”

Yumi wore a timid look on her face. “I thought about what you said during the day, and I think that you are right. So, I want to stay here in the palace and serve you.”

Donoghue chuckled.

He was overjoyed when he heard that. He grabbed Yumi’s hand and dragged her into his arms. He smiled and said, “That’s great! I know that you’re smart, and you’ll not reject me.”

Donoghue continued to caress Yumi’s waist.

“Let me pour you some wine.” Yumi felt disgusted, but she did not struggle. She raised the wine bottle as she maintained a smile on her face.

Yumi looked gentle and sweet, but she was nervous.

She was also a proud woman. When had she pleased a man so servilely? She even had to do it for her enemy.

However, she had no choice. She had to succeed for the sake of her innocence and dignity. She could not make any mistakes.

Donoghue chuckled again.

Yumi continued to pour wine for the man. He was relaxed as he cozied up with Yumi and toasted her. “You’re so thoughtful. I’ll definitely have a few drinks with you tonight.”

Donoghue was pleased that the beautiful Yumi was proactive and considerate.

He did not realize that Yumi’s gentleness and charms were all for show. Her purpose was to make him drunk.

Susan, who was in the next room, bit her lips when she heard movements. She was on her toes, and she prayed that everything would go smoothly.

‘Yumi, you have to succeed. If you fail, the consequences would be disastrous.’

After a few rounds of wine and food...

Even though Donoghue had a high level of cultivation, he could not decline Yumi’s persuasion to drink. As a result, his face was flushed, and he was a little tipsy.

Yumi also drank with him all night long, so her delicate face was also blushed. She looked extremely charming.

“You’re a really good drinker,” Donoghue said with a smile. He kept his eyes on Yumi’s seductive body; he had become obsessed with her.

Donoghue was thrilled when he suddenly thought of Susan.

‘I almost forgot that there is another beautiful woman next door. Wouldn’t it be better for two beauties to drink with me?’

“Wait here, my beautiful lady. I will bring Mrs Carter from next door to join the fun,” Donoghue said. He was ready to go as he felt slightly sober.

‘Here comes my opportunity.’

When Donoghue turned his back toward Yumi, she trembled in excitement. She did not hesitate when she pulled the hairpin from her head and aimed it at Donoghue’s back where his heart was—she pressed the button.

1876

“Wow!”

Yumi pressed the button, and a sound broke through the air. A silver needle shot out from the hairpin. It was like a stream of cold light from the reflection of the candlelight; it zoomed straight toward Donoghue’s heart at lighting speed.

There was a faint streak of blue light on the needle, which was obviously the poison.

The incident happened too suddenly. Donoghue had no time to react, let alone a chance to dodge the attack.

Ping!

The silver needle hit Donoghue’s back, but it did not pierce through his flesh. It made a crisp sound and bounced off.

‘What?’

Yumi shuddered at the sight; her face immediately paled.

‘How could this be? My ambush was perfect. Why didn’t the needle pierce through him? Why did it bounce off?’

Donoghue turned around and glared at Yumi.

The next second, Donoghue saw the silver needle on the ground, and he finally understood what had happened. He sneered at her. “Oh, you b\*tch! So, you did all that just for show. You wanted to kill me?”

“I—” Yumi’s face was pale. She tensed, and she could not even say a word.

Donoghue said contemptuously, “Are you curious why I’m safe even when you did everything so perfectly?”

Then, Donoghue tore his dragon robe off and revealed a soft armor on the inside. The purple-gold soft armor looked noble and luxurious. It was extremely tough.

That was the Purply Gold Soft Armor; it was a treasure found in the Westrington Palace. The previous emperor kept it in his bedchamber. After Donoghue became the Emperor, he thought that the soft armor was excellent, so he decided to wear it on himself.

Donoghue thought it was something new and fun; he never expected the soft armor to do anything. Unexpectedly, it had saved his life.

Oh...

Yumi trembled; she was stupefied when she saw the Purply Gold Soft Armor on Donoghue.

‘No wonder he’s fine; he had armor on him. Why? Why is this scumbag so lucky?’

Donoghue sneered as he approached Yumi slowly.

“You! What are you doing?”

Yum trembled. Donoghue’s eyes looked so devilish—she would never forget it for a lifetime!

Slap!

Donoghue slapped Yumi fiercely. He had used all of his strength on the slap. Yumi grunted s body flew backward! She hit the wall before she slid back onto the ground!

Puff!

Yumi coughed out a mouthful of blood as she glared at Donoghue.  
“Scumbag! Today is your lucky day. Next time, I’ll kill you for sure.”

The plan had failed anyway; there was no need for her to keep pretending.

“Next time? Do you think you’ll get another chance?” Donoghue scoffed.  
There was a vicious twist on the corners of his lips when he stepped forward and continued to slap Yumi!

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The loud and crisp sound was frightening!

Donoghue finally stopped after a dozen slaps.

Donoghue smiled widely as he leaned forward and whispered into Yumi’s ears. “B\*tch, you may look weak, but you’re quite courageous. You even attempted to kill me. So, you like to play something exciting? I’ll let a few royal guards in here to have some fun with you. I’ll make sure you experience the fun of being a woman.”

Donoghue shouted, “Guards!”

Pitter-patter...

Several palace guards rushed into the room and said respectfully, “Your Majesty.”

Donoghue glanced at Yumi and said coldly, “Take her to my cultivation room. Make no mistake!”

“Yes!” The royal guards took Yumi away.

“No! Don’t do this!” Yumi was frightened. Her knees buckled like jelly. She continued to yell when the guards dragged her away. “Donoghue, you bastard! You will not have a peaceful death!”

Yumi almost blacked out when she thought that the guards would rape her. She immediately wanted to commit suicide.

However, Donoghue only said that to scare her. How could he let anyone else share his woman?

Knock... Knock... Knock...

As soon as Yumi was taken away, a figure appeared at the door. Her beautiful face looked nervous and worried.

It was Susan.

Susan went to Yumi’s room hurriedly when she heard that something was wrong. However, her face paled, and her knees buckled when she realized that Donoghue stood in the room with a gloomy face. He was not even hurt at all.

1877

Their plan had failed.

When Donoghue spotted Susan, his eyes flashed menacingly. He said coldly, “B\*tch, you two planned this together, right? How brave of you!”

Donoghue was cruel, and he was particularly cunning. He had figured it all out; he knew that Susan must be part of the assassination plan that night.

Yumi would not have the courage to do it alone.

“I—” Susan was anxious. Her red lips parted slightly, but she could not say anything.

Slap!

Donoghue was too lazy to talk. He walked forward and slapped Susan without any warning.

He had used all of his strength on that slap. Susan screamed and trembled before she fell onto the ground; she covered her face with her hand as she stared at Donoghue resentfully.

“B\*tch, I have no time for you. You’ve gotten bolder and even planned to assassinate me.” Donoghue was filled with anger as he scolded Susan. “You want to use Yumi’s hand to kill me so that you can run away. I can tell you now that you’d never escape my clutches—not in this lifetime. I shall remember all the things you did tonight, and I will take care of this matter after I officially ascend the throne.

Then, Donoghue shouted, “Guards! Put this b\*tch in prison!”

A few royal guards stepped forward quickly, tied Susan up and took her to prison.

Susan shook profusely; her eyes were full of despair.

'It's all over.'

She had finally convinced Yumi to plan an assassination with her, but they had failed miserably.

'Now, there's no hope for me to escape.'

Donoghue's face was pale. He breathed a sigh of relief after Susan was taken away.

After a few seconds, Donoghue had calmed down gradually. He called for a eunuch and ordered, "Summon Florian to the palace."

"Yes, Your Majesty." The eunuch hurriedly responded before he walked out quickly.

After a while, the eunuch returned, followed by a confused Florian.

"Your Majesty!"

After he entered the room, Florian knelt quickly. He tried to ingratiate himself with Donoghue and said, "It is my pleasure to meet Your Majesty. You've summoned me at such late hours, Your Majesty, what can I do for you?"

Florian muttered in his heart.

'It's so late now. Nothing's wrong, right?'

"Florian."

Donoghue sighed deeply; he pretended to be heartbroken. “I’m so sorry. Your wife, Yumi, well, she had an accident.”

‘What?’

Florian’s heart fluttered—the news was so unexpected. His mind went blank as he stared at Donoghue; he was utterly speechless.

‘My wife had an accident? Did I hear him wrongly?’

“Florian.” Donoghue held his hand on his forehead as if he blamed himself. He tried to cook up some nonsense. “Susan took advantage of Yumi’s divided attention and pushed her into a well.”

Donoghue looked at a well in the courtyard and said regretfully, “When I received the news, she was already—”

Puff!

After he heard that, Florian could not hold himself together anymore, he fell onto the ground with a loud thud.

A few seconds later, Florian finally reacted. He rushed toward the well and leaned over the opening, and cried loudly. “My dear wife! Please don’t die! This is not true, it is not—” His tears continued to stream down his cheeks.

Suddenly, Florian collapsed.

Even though he always lusted after other women and occasionally misbehaved, he had always loved Yumi dearly and that had not changed even after so many years. Yumi was not only beautiful, but she was also brilliant. She had helped him a lot, and she had been his perfect partner.

Florian had made many mistakes in the past, but Yumi had always forgiven him and helped him clean up the mess.

Just two day ago, while they were on their way to Westrington, Florian had thought about how it was his honor to have such a great wife. He vowed to love her and take care of her when he accrued successes.

He did not expect Yumi to be in an accident in less than two days after they had arrived at Westrington.

“My dear! You can’t die! You can’t die!” The heartbroken Florian was about to jump into the well.

‘My wife won’t die; she won’t!’

Donoghue rushed forward and grabbed Florian’s arm in the nick of time. “Florian, don’t be so impulsive. This well is connected to the river underground. If your wife is fine, she would have come back up a long time ago.”

Donoghue made a sympathetic look and patted Florian on his shoulder. “Florian, there is no way to get our dearly departed back with us. So, you need to get it together.”

Donoghue feigned a sad look, but he sneered at that man in his mind.

He already had a plan before he called for Florian.

He would lock Yumi in his cultivation room, and then he would make an excuse for her death. If he could fool Florian, and he would get to spend time with Yumi and enjoy her company.

1878

A smile crept up on Donoghue's lips. He had lied to Florian that Yumi was dead not because he was afraid of the man but because he had just become the Emperor and he needed talents at his service. There was no need to end up in a stalemate with Florian.

"My dear!" Florian trembled and wailed; his vision turned black, and he almost fainted.

"Susan, you b\*tch!" The next second, Florian suddenly recalled something. He clenched his fists, gritted his teeth and said, "If she killed my wife, then I must kill her. I'll kill her personally."

Florian's eyes were bloodshot when he said that. His whole body was filled with murderous intent.

He had no idea that Donoghue had utterly fooled him. Yumi was not dead; she was locked in a private room in the palace.

Ugh!

Donoghue sighed as he persuaded Florian. "I understand your feelings at this time, but Susan can't die now. I need her to lure Darryl here."

Donoghue's eyes flickered as he continued to say, "Darryl was probably the reason Susan harmed your wife. You and your wife have always stood against him. Susan is Darryl's godmother; it's natural for her to hate both of you. That's why she killed your wife so cruelly. Darryl is the culprit. Don't worry, when we catch Darryl, I will let you kill him and avenge your wife."

Florian gritted his teeth as the anger in him seethed.

'Your Majesty is right. This is all because of Darryl.'

Florian suppressed his anger and said with tears, "Your Majesty is right; I'll obey your arrangements."

Mmm!

Donoghue nodded in satisfaction before he said pretentiously, "Florian, I'm sorry I have not protected your wife well. Don't worry; I will definitely treat you better."

"Thank you for your grace, Your Majesty." Florian wiped the tears from his eyes and replied in gratitude.

Donoghue stopped talking. He waved his hand and beckoned Florian to leave.

He chuckled.

Donoghue's lips curled upward when he looked at Florian's back; his eyes were full of smiles.

'Both of them are from the Darby family, but this Florian is simply far too inferior to Darryl. Even a casual lie could deceive him. Florian, don't blame me. What can I do when your wife is so charming?'

...

Meanwhile, in the cave at the back of Mount Emei in the World Universe continent.

The potion in Eira's body took effect, and she hugged Ambrose tightly; she would not let him go.

"Eira, calm down. Calm down." Ambrose sweated profusely as he continued to talk to Eira. However, the young lady had lost her mind; she would not listen to him.

Ambrose wanted to break free from her hold, but his internal energy had not recovered. He felt dejected that he could not break free at all.

As Eira became more violent, Ambrose started to feel the eagerness in him. Who could hold out against such a charming lady who took the initiative to embrace him?

Furthermore, they had an affinity for each other; they quite liked each other.

It was just a matter of time until they started their relationship.

‘No way.’

Just as Ambrose wanted to give in, his internal moral compass woke him up.

Eira was drugged; she did not do that voluntarily. He would be an animal if he were to do anything with her.

‘No, I must not do this to her.’

1879

Ambrose gritted his teeth when he thought about what had happened. Then, he took out a dagger.

He did not hesitate at all. He gripped onto the dagger tightly and slashed his leg with it—blood immediately oozed from the wound.

Hiss!

Ambrose took in a sharp breath when he felt the pain; he was much more awake.

He had no way out. He was afraid that he would sink into Eira's enthusiasm, so he came up with that method to keep himself sober.

"Brother Ambrose!" Eira hugged Ambrose tightly; her eyes looked like she was in ecstasy.

Eira blew warm air toward Ambrose; his ears itched, and he felt uncomfortable.

"Eira, hang in there. It'll pass soon." Ambrose gritted his teeth; his gaze was unyielding. "I'm here with you. You are doing good..."

Then, Ambrose cut himself again.

More blood gushed from the wounds!

In the next few hours, Ambrose let Eira hold onto him while he insisted on his principles. He did not move, and he did not act impolitely.

However, because of Eira, Ambrose had to keep cutting himself whenever he was about to give in to temptation.

After some time, the potion's effect finally receded from Eira's body. She was exhausted, so she fell asleep quietly as she laid at the side.

Ambrose had lost count of how many cuts he had to make on himself—his body had too many fresh wounds. His clothes were completely soaked with blood and had turned red. He looked like he had bathed in blood.

Since he had shed so much blood, Ambrose's face was pale, and he was extremely weak.

Ambrose breathed a sigh of relief when he realized that Eira was sound asleep. Finally, he need not worry any more.

'It's finally over, and I can have a good rest too.'

Pitter-patter...

He heard footsteps from outside the stone cave. It sounded like many people were coming toward the cave. Ambrose's eyes flashed, and he immediately became alert.

At that moment, thousands of elites from the world of cultivators had gathered outside the cave. A graceful figure dressed in a white dress led that group. She looked like a fairy—it was Megan.

Those cultivators had enjoyed the Moon Gazing Banquet the previous night. Megan had told them not to leave after the banquet; she had arranged a place for them to rest in the Emei Sect.

Megan had a simple purpose.

Eira had taken a love potion, and she was locked up with Ambrose. The two of them would not be able to withstand the temptation, so it would be an ugly scene. Megan thought it was too dull to watch that alone—it would be much more interesting to have those cultivators with her.

Therefore, Megan was there so early in the morning with cultivators from various sects.

There was another person there—Aurora.

Several Emei Sect disciples guarded her closely. She wore a purple dress that could not conceal the temperament of the Ice Lady Goddess—she was so beautiful, and her delicate face was extremely decadent and anxious.

‘It has been a night. Eira and Ambrose—please don’t let anything happen...’

Aurora clenched her jade-life hand tightly; her palms had sweated profusely.

Megan had brought so many people to watch the scene unfold. Her purpose was obvious—she wanted to ruin Aurora and Darryl.

‘I am no longer Emei’s Sect Master. I don’t care about my reputation, but Eira is still so young. If she had lost her innocence, how would she live with it in the future? How would she face anyone else?’

1880

Aurora got even more anxious as she thought about the possibility; she continued to pray as they neared the cave.

‘Please, God, help Eira and Ambrose. Let there be no accident.’

Megan noticed Aurora’s expression.

“Aurora.” Megan walked toward her; she could not hide the mockery and sneer on her face. She said softly, “You don’t need to pray. You should know that no one would be able to withstand that love potion, right?”

“Just wait for a good show. I will definitely make your daughter famous in all nine continents!” Megan laughed.

One could see the strong resentful emotion in her eyes.

‘You robbed me of my Darryl and then gave birth to this bastard with him. You ought to know the consequences.’

“You—”

Aurora’s face was flushed; she trembled in anger. She wanted to refute Megan, but she was at a loss for words.

Megan was so vicious and treacherous; her heart was even more venomous than a snake or a scorpion. There were no words in the world that were apt enough to describe her wickedness.

Megan wasted no more time on any conversation; she ignored Aurora and walked straight to the stone cave entrance.

When she arrived at the stone cave, Megan was not in a hurry to open the door. She smiled cunningly and shouted at the entrance, “Are you awake, Your Highness? The sun is up.”

Megan chuckled.

Then, the corners of her lips morphed into a malicious grin. ‘Darryl, your son and daughter had lain together. Let’s see how you’d face the world when everyone in the nine continents hears about this.’

‘Megan?’

Ambrose frowned when he heard Megan’s voice. His expression became cold.

Then, Ambrose took a deep breath and responded coldly, “So what if the sun is out? Megan, what you did has violated my bottom line and principles. From now on, we are no longer associated with each other. You had better keep me here forever; otherwise, I’d destroy the Emei Sect!”

He had cut himself too many times the previous night, so Ambrose sounded weak. However, he was firm and determined.

He had treated Megan as a friend, but that was how she had returned the favor.

Megan was simply unforgivable.

Whoa!

Suddenly, there was an uproar outside the stone cave entrance.

‘This kid must be crazy. How dare he talk to the Alliance Master like this?’

‘Even if he is a prince, he is in the World Universe, and not his home, the New World.’

Megan shuddered. She furrowed her eyebrows slightly as her face turned somber.

‘Ambrose! I’m the Alliance Master; how can you speak so heartlessly and embarrass me like this?’

However, Megan was aware of Ambrose’s weak tone. She thought about it, and her beautiful face beamed again. Ambrose sounded so tired, so something must have happened with Eira the previous night.

As she thought about the possibilities, Megan smiled and said, “Oh, why are you so angry, my prince? I did that for your own good, no?”

Megan’s smile grew wider as she continued to say, “Your Highness, since you like that little bastard, I have arranged for you two to be in the same stone cave and created opportunities for you. I’ve done so much for you, Your Highness, yet you are not grateful to me, and you blamed me as well?”

Megan believed that Ambrose and Eira had lain together. She did not know that Ambrose sounded weak because he had lost a lot of blood.

At the same time, the crowd whispered to each other.

“Your Highness, from your voice, it seemed that you didn’t sleep all night.”

“I’m sure that is the case.” Some of them laughed.

Like Megan, some of the cultivators also believed that Ambrose and Eira had lain together. Otherwise, why did he sound so weak and tired?