

## Chapter 2497

Darryl patted the dust off his clothes, and he was ready to continue his journey.

Buzz!

Suddenly, a wave of a terrifying aura came from Darryl's back, and then a dangerous aura enveloped him. The surrounding air seemed to be stagnant!

Darryl was startled, and even more so when he looked around him.

A man in a black robe fully discharged his internal energy, and he was aiming a palm attack at Darryl's back, where his heart was, at an astonishing speed. The power was horrifying.

Darryl was shocked and angry when he saw his opponent's face.

'F\*ck! Zhang Jue?'

Darryl was taken aback by Zhang Jue's lightning-fast strike. He did not have time to avoid it, so he had to summon his inner strength and meet the palm assault with his palm!

Darryl did not expect to meet Zhang Jue there. What infuriated him even more, was that, despite having sworn devotion to Darryl, Zhang Jue had planned the surprise attack.

Darryl still had no idea that Zhang Jue had rebelled three years ago.

Bang!

The two palm attacks collided. Darryl felt an onslaught of energy rush at him as he reacted defensively in haste. He groaned and took a dozen steps backward. Blood swished around in his body, but he succeeded in

resisting the attack nonetheless.

'Oh, f\*ck!'

Zhang Jue's strength had increased dramatically in just three years. Darryl could barely parry the palm attack despite exerting all of his internal energy!

When Zhang Jue noticed the scarlet flush on Darryl's cheeks, he flung his head backward and laughed gleefully because he knew he had injured Darryl. "I really like you, Darryl."

At the same time, he was deeply shocked that Darryl managed to avoid his palm in the attack. Darryl deserved to be crowned the hero of the Nine Mainlands. Zhang Jue knew that Darryl was fine on the surface, but he was actually shaken on the inside.

"Darryl, I have been waiting for this moment for three years," Zhang Jue said

coldly as he gave Darryl an up and down.

Click!

After he made the statement, Zhang Jue produced a long blade with a cold gleam in his palm.

That was a Purple Category weapon that seemingly contained an extremely chilly aura. The moment Zhang Jue pulled it out of the sheath, the surrounding temperature dropped dramatically!

Darryl frowned; he was a little panicked.

'F\*ck! Zhang Jue's palm attack has caught me off guard, and my energy field has suffered some damage. Now that he's shown his weapon, I'm afraid I'll have a harder time resisting his attack.'

"Go to hell, Darryl."

Zhang Jue did not waste any time. He roared and thrust his sword into the sky; heaven and earth's spirits merged. Then Zhang Jue swung his sword around ferociously, releasing a flash of sword light that tore into the world and shot at Darryl.

"Yin Yang Sword!"

Darryl could feel that the surrounding air turned stagnant when Zhang Jue roared. He summoned his internal energy swiftly and placed the Heavenly Halberd horizontally in front of him before he could think about it!

Bang!

Darryl let out a muffled grunt as the sword light smashed against the Heavenly Halberd, sending him flying several dozens of meters away before collapsing heavily to

the ground with a loud thud.

Darryl had already suffered a great shock from resisting Zhang Jue's palm attack. He could not fight Zhang Jue's peerless sword technique when he was already injured.

Roar!

Darryl no longer hesitated. He released Rocky, and, with a roar, Rocky appeared in the sky. He immediately leaped onto Rocky's back.

At the same time, Darryl held the Heavenly Halberd tightly as fierce internal energy exploded from him; it forced Zhang Jue to retreat.

Whoosh!

Darryl took advantage of the moment and gained control of Rocky; they zoomed into the distance and disappeared into the

darkness in the blink of an eye.

## Chapter 2498

F\*ck!

Zhang Jue slammed his palm into the tree next to him, breaking it into two cuts, as he watched Darryl escape. His face was extremely ugly.

Zhang Jue founded Yellow Sky Trading anonymously three years ago. He could not determine if Darryl was alive or not. He knew that as long as Darryl was alive, he could not dominate the Nine Continents.

That day, he had finally learned that Darryl was not dead, and he had such a good assassination opportunity, but he failed miserably.

"Wherever you flee, even to the ends of the earth, I will find you and kill you," Zhang

Jue muttered coldly. He steered his internal energy and pursued Darryl directly in the direction he had run.

Meanwhile...

Darryl sat atop Rocky as the two sped through the mountains at breakneck speed.

Darryl landed in a forest after he was sure that Zhang Jue could no longer catch up to him.

There was a small deserted temple in the forest. Darryl decided to keep Rocky with him as he sat in the ruined temple to meditate and rest.

\*\*\*\*!

Zhang Jue was a menace. Darryl's heart veins were almost damaged as a result of the palm attack.

Half an hour passed by in a flash. Darryl had almost recovered from his injuries.

He decided to stop at the temple for the night because it was getting late.

Darryl found some hay and laid it on the floor. He was about to lay down on the makeshift bed; Darryl had become accustomed to the harsh environment after spending the last three years in the Valley of Death.

Pitter-patter...

However, as soon as he laid down, he heard footsteps from the outside; he could guess two people.

Darryl sat up hurriedly; he raised his head and looked outside. Soon, he saw two figures run into the yard miserably.

They were a middle-aged man and a girl.

The middle-aged man was well-dressed in branded suits and leather shoes, but his face was pale. There was a stab wound on his shoulder and several other stab wounds on his back. Blood continued to gush from the injuries.

The girl was around 18 to 19 years old. She wore a purple dress, and she had exquisite features. Her face bore a resemblance to the middle-aged man. She had a slim and firm figure—the type that would attract guys.

The middle-aged man was Jeffrey Weiss, a wealthy businessman on the Yellow Sea Continent. The girl was his daughter, Clara Weiss. Two days ago, Jeffrey bought an ancient artifact for a hefty price. As a result, he was hunted down by a mysterious organization.

Jeffrey leaned on Clara for support as they staggered into the temple; her beautiful face looked angry and panicked.

Darryl noticed that both of them were cultivators, but their strength was not significant; the middle-aged man was a Martial Saint, and the girl had only recently broken through to be a Martial Marquis.

What?

Both the father and daughter were stunned to see Darryl in the temple.

"Brother Beggar, please take my father away. I'll give you a million dollars from the Nine Continents!" Clara said quickly, her eyes full of expectation.

The Nine Continent currency was a currency issued a year ago. Earlier, even though the lands were joined in the Nine Continents and they could travel across all continents

conveniently, people still used their own currencies. The Nine Continents had become more united after they survived the battle with the Raksasa Tribe. The continents jointly launched the Nine Continents currency to develop each other better.

Darryl had sold two inner cores in Black Water Town for several million. He had received the Nine Continents currency for payment.

Clara turned to Jeffrey without waiting for Darryl's response and said, "You should go, Father. I will stand back and prevent those jerks from going after you."

"No!" Jeffrey shook his head firmly. "I'm already dying; you should keep going."

Clara shook her head and wept.

Darryl was taken aback by the scene. The girl was extremely devoted to her father.

Clara was anxious when she did not get a response from Darryl. "Brother Beggar, please, take my father away quickly."

Darryl sighed. He wanted to tell Clara that her father was dying, but he did not know how to say it. Darryl knew that Jeffrey's heart had been pierced through, and he was able to survive purely by relying on his resilient perseverance.

However, the body was made of flesh and blood. No matter how strong one's resolve, one would die when the time came.

Pitter-patter...

## Chapter 2499

Darryl thought about how he could comfort the distraught father and daughter when they heard a series of footsteps. In the blink of an eye, a dozen men rushed into the ruined temple. Each of them held a saber in their hands. The group of people exuded a terrifying aura, and they were unquestionably ruthless killers.

They were also rather powerful. Their strength was, at the very least, level three Martial Saint.

When they arrived and confronted Jeffrey and his daughter, the leader looked down at them with a menacing expression on his face.

"Still want to run? I doubt you'll be able to do so. Oh, well, it's about time you gave us

what we want. Otherwise, you will both be slaughtered and dismembered right here."

Then he laughed as he turned his salacious gaze on Clara.

"Your daughter is so gorgeous. We'll have to enjoy her before she is taken away."

Clara's delicate face blanched when she heard the statement. Her agitated body twitched. "Shameless jerk."

Jeffrey was upset as well; he yelled, "I bought these items with my money! Why should I give them to you?"

Jeffrey argued relentlessly, "And you people suddenly broke into my house to kill me. Even if I gave you these things, you would still kill me."

Oh, my goodness!

The leader made a long face after he heard Jeffrey. Then, he grinned and said, "In that case, you can report yourself to hell now."

Then, he led his followers and approached Jeffrey step by step.

Jeffrey was desperate. He said to Clara, "Go, quickly! I will hold them up, so you go quickly."

"No!" Clara shook her head in despair as tears streamed down her cheeks incessantly.

Darryl carefully rose to his feet and stepped in front of the father and daughter. He said to the group of assassins, "You lawless people are committing murder and robbery!"

What?

The assassins frowned at the sight of Darryl.

The next second, the leader said coldly,

"Where are you from, Beggar? If you don't want to die, get out of here quickly!"

'F\*ck! How dare a beggar dressed in animal hide be so nosy!

Jeffrey was grateful to Darryl. He said, "My friend, those people are not to be trifled with. Thank you for stepping in to help, but you should go quickly."

Jeffrey thought that the person in front of him was sloppy, and his strength was not impressive at all, so he did not want Darryl to get hurt.

Darryl laughed and motioned to Jeffrey not to be anxious.

He looked at the dozen assassins in front of

him and said, "Leave all your money here as compensation for the father and daughter. Then, each of you can break one of your arms before you get lost."

'What? '

'What did the beggar say?'

The assassins looked at each other. They could not believe their ears.

'How dare a beggar speak so arrogantly?

Who gave him the confidence?'

The leader grew angry and yelled, "Are you crazy? What an arrogant jerk! Come on, brothers, let's kill him."

The leader was the first to charge at Darryl, and the other assassins followed quickly.

Darryl sighed helplessly. 'Since you want to

die, then you can't blame me.'

Darryl steered his internal energy as he rushed forward.

"Be careful," Clara exclaimed.

She shuddered, and she was struck in a stupor.

She saw Darryl discharged a powerful aura, and it shrouded the assassins.

"Argh!"

Accompanied by loud screams, the assassins had no time to react before they fell to the ground!

Darryl shook his head indifferently. He did not need to use the Heavenly Halberd on those few incompetent assassins.

## Chapter 2500

Hiss!

Both Jeffrey and Clara gasped.

'Isn't he a beggar? Why is his strength so terrifying?'

Thud.

Jeffrey's legs weakened, and he fell to the ground; his face was pale, obviously unable to hold it any longer.

"Father!" Clara yelled bitterly and hurried forward to help her father.

At the same time, she did not forget to plead with Darryl. "Hero, please, save my father.

Please!"

Darryl walked forward and checked out Jeffrey's injuries and vitals. His expression

was glum. He shook his head and said, "I'm sorry, I can't do anything for him."

Darryl was right that Jeffrey's heart vein was pierced through, and he had lost too much blood. Even the gods, and even the Divine Farmer, were powerless to save Jeffrey.

Darryl remembered that only the heart of the Ocean could save the person when one's heart vein was destroyed. However, there was only one Heart of the Ocean in the world. Ten years ago, when Dax's heart vein was pierced, they had used that one and only Heart of the Ocean.

Clara slumped to the ground in despair.

Jeffrey forced a weak smile and said to Clara, "My dear daughter, don't be sad. I feel better now that I know that you're alright, and I'll be able to go in peace."

"Father, don't say that. I must find a way to save you."

Jeffrey waved his hand and smiled affectionately at Clara. "Don't be stubborn. I am aware of my injuries." As he was talking, he took a soft cloth bag and handed it to Darryl.

"Sir, you've saved my daughter's life, but I can't pay for your kindness. This is the treasure that those assassins wanted to snatch from me. I'll give it to you now."

Jeffrey's weak face was overwhelmed with feelings. "It is true that the wealthy and talented may be targeted by hateful sentiments. My dear daughter, you must stay low in the future and don't cause any trouble as I did."

After he said the last sentence, Jeffrey turned his head and took his last breath.

"Father..." Clara was heartbroken. She laid beside her father and sobbed uncontrollably; she nearly fainted from grief.

Darryl sighed. When he unwrapped the cloth bag, he was startled.

He noticed that there was a strange-looking stone inside the cloth bag. It was vibrant and emitted an aura. It was a Heaven Repairing Stone, and the shape and size were just fit to open the fifth floor of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda!

Darryl chuckled.

He was very excited when he discovered the stone. He did not expect to find the very last piece of Heaven's Repairing Stone in such a way. A few seconds later, Darryl frowned.

Jackie Yale had snatched the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda from him three years ago. When he returned from the Valley of Death, he was determined to reclaim the pagoda.

Darryl approached the assassins' bodies and examined them. He discovered nothing useful. Organized killers are highly good at concealing their identity.

Clara had also stopped crying.

Darryl walked toward her and helped her to bury Jeffrey.

After they buried Jeffrey, Clara bowed to the tombstone. After that, she turned to Darryl and said, "Thank you. This is my business card. If you have any needs in the future, please get in touch with me. I'll try my best

to help you."

Clara was grateful to Darryl, even when Darryl did not manage to save her father's life. Darryl had saved her, and she would remember that grace for life.

Darryl took the business card and looked at it—Weiss Cloud Group President.

Unexpectedly, the young girl was the Weiss Cloud Group's President.

Darryl put away his business card, and he was about to leave.

"Sir, may I know your name?" Clara asked.

Darryl stopped and pondered momentarily.

"Darren."

## Chapter 2501

Darryl reasoned that it would be best not to reveal his true identity with what he wore.

Darryl took long strides out the door. He had intended to spend one night at the temple, but the occurrence had troubled him, and his urge to sleep vanished, so he chose to continue his journey.

A few hours later, Darryl arrived at Cloudbrook City on the Yellow Sea Continent.

Darryl stood on the street as he observed the high-rise buildings in front of him emotionally. After three years, he finally saw a modernized city. He had the impression that time had passed in a blur.

Darryl was shocked to learn that the Yellow Sea Continent, which had once been a city in its early stages of technological development, had achieved significant progress in just three years. It had progressed so quickly that science and technology could be found everywhere.

"Where did that idiot come from?"

"F\*ck, there are people wearing animal skins these days?"

The passers-by pointed at Darryl as they laughed.

Darryl's outfit was eye-catching in the center of Cloudbrook City.

Darryl was unconcerned about the mocking remarks, but he did feel that his wardrobe was out of place, so he went to a shopping center and bought some clothes.

What?

Darryl discovered a problem after wandering around for a bit. He noticed that the streets and alleyways were covered in recruitment posters for a cultivation group. [Do you wish to become an elite? Join us and make your ideas a reality!]

At the bottom of the recruiting advertisement was a cultivation organization called Endless Sky Organisation, followed by the organization's logo, a yellow Dragon Flag.

Endless Sky?

Darryl frowned. 'Has a new force risen after only three years?'

"Come on; these are some pills offered by the sect. You won't lose money if you buy a package."

When Darryl arrived at the intersection ahead, he saw that a huge booth had been built. There were several people selling pills to passers-by. Those people were dressed in uniforms. The leader wielded considerable power and was revealed to be a level five Martial Saint.

Darryl was happy to see their logos. It was people from the Eternal Life Palace Sect.

He chuckled.

Darryl walked forward quickly. He did not expect to be able to meet Chester's men there and then. However, as members of the Eternal Life Palace Sect, they seemed to have violated the sect's rule; they were not supposed to sell pills to make money.

Darryl frowned when he went closer.

He saw many bottles on the stall, and they

were filled with all kinds of medicinal pills to heal and improve strength. It was dazzling to see so many of them, but most of them would not have any effect.

Even so, there were still many people around the stall. The business was booming.

Darryl had no notion that there had been no conflict or fighting between the community's elites in the previous three years. Along with the Nine Mainlands' gradual economic development, many sects considered different ways to increase revenues while cultivating themselves.

After all, when one's strength improved, one's life improved as well.

However, many sects had also stayed true to their principles, such as the Elysium Gate Sect, the Flower Mountain, the Eternal Life

Palace Sect, the Shaolin Sect, and so on.

Those Eternal Life Palace Sect disciples must have up a stall discreetly to make money in violation of Chester's rules.

The leader was the head of the Cloudbrook City branch—Edward Banks.

"Come on, everybody, come take a look."

Edwin held a bottle of healing pills to the people around him. "Look at this, everyone. This is known as the Spiritual Healing Pill, and it is healing holy medicine. Even a broken arm could be cured. Each of these pills only costs 10,000 bucks. Ah, it's cheaper..."

After they heard the explanation, many people paid to buy it.

In the blink of an eye, Edwin had sold

several bottles, and he was so excited.

Darryl could not stand it anymore. He walked forward and said coldly to Edwin, "Are you the Eternal Life Palace Sect's local Hall Master? Are not you concerned, as high-ranking personnel, that your Hall Master may discover that you are selling expired pills? Do you realize that you will be punished?"

## Chapter 2502

What?

Edwin's face drooped, his gaze fixed on Darryl.

The next second, Edwin asked coldly, "Who are you, Beggar? Where are you from? What nonsense! Who told you that these pills no longer work?"

Edwin's eyes continued to blink when he said that, but he sounded confident.

Darryl was right. Most of those medicinal pills were ineffective, but they were basically healing medicinal pills, so there were no side effects if someone took them.

Many cultivation sects had ventured into business and provided good benefits to their

disciples.

However, some cultivation sects, such as the Eternal Life Palace Sect and the Elysium Gate Sect, maintained their original intentions and insisted on the principle of cultivation and eliminating evils. Edwin was very dissatisfied with that decision.

Therefore, Edwin set up a business booth behind Chester's back and tried to make money with his disciples.

Suddenly, the other Eternal Life Palace Sect disciples around them also pointed toward Darryl and shouted.

"What the hell did he say?"

"Where did the hillbilly come from? How dare he inquire about the affairs of our Eternal Life Palace Sect?"

"Get out of here quickly! Don't blame us for

being impolite to you if you keep sticking around!"

The passers-by shook their heads when they saw the incident and none of them sympathized with Darryl. Darryl was dressed in animal skin, so they thought he was a beggar. They had no idea where Darryl was from. They assumed Darryl was playing with fire to get admission to the Eternal Life Palace Sect.

"Hey!"

Edwin stood up and pointed at Darryl. "I'm in a good mood today, so I'm not going to take what you said seriously," he said coldly. "Get lost. Don't blame me for being rude if you insist on talking nonsense!"

"Selling pills on your own has violated the rules of the Eternal Life Palace Sect, and worse still, you're selling ones that are no

longer effective. You're unashamed of your mistakes, ignored my advice, and bullied the weak. Is that how your Sect Master taught you?" Darryl did not leave. Instead, he refuted Edwin coldly.

Darryl would not be bothered too much if it were some other sect that did the lawless act. However, the Eternal Life Palace Sect was different; it was managed by his brother, Chester. Darryl's natural reaction was to put a halt to what was going on.

Darryl was not loud, but his arguments sounded righteous and resolute.

Edwin became angry instantly. He glared at Darryl and shouted angrily, "You're digging your own grave! Tie that jerk who does not know any better!"

A beggar who dared to challenge Edwin was simply fed up with life.

Pitter-patter...

Upon Edwin's command, several disciples walked forward quickly and surrounded Darryl.

Passers-by swiftly dispersed, fearing they would be affected by the conflict.

Darryl did not panic at all; he kept an eye on all the Eternal Life Palace Sect disciples around him. He even showed a faint smile.

The next second, Darryl said to Edwin, "You want to fight me? You will be sorry."

Darryl stretched his hand as he spoke. "Give me your cell phone." After three years in the Valley of Death, he no longer had his cellphone with him.

'What?'

Edwin was stunned, and then he burst out laughing. "Do you want to call someone for reinforcements? Oh, gosh, that is funny. You don't even have a cellphone, yet you want to get your people to fight against me? Who gives you the courage?"

There were fits of laughter around.

Darryl had a blank expression on his face. He kept his arm outstretched in the same position.

"Alright, I'll give it to you. I'm curious who you'll call."

Edwin repeated it mockingly before tossing the phone to Darryl.

Darryl took the cell phone and dialed Chester's number.