

Chapter 2559

"Good!"

Zhang Jue was very pleased, and he gestured with his arm. "Enough with the courtesy. By the way, Master Wilson, you must be exhausted. You are still injured. You should rest as soon as possible."

Chester grunted in response before he left the main hall with White Horse.

"Master!"

A disciple nearby asked a question cautiously right after they left. "Chester Wilson is also a heroic person. Based on his ambition, there's no way that he only managed to convince one person to surrender. Besides, why are you so polite to an Eternal Life Palace subordinate?"

Zhang Jue squinted slightly and smiled instead of replying to him.

After a few seconds, he said, "Go and check them out; see if Chester Wilson and White Horse have separated to rest. Get White Horse here alone without alerting Chester, but don't do anything to spook them if they're still together."

Zhang Jue had been very impressed when Chester sliced his arm off to show his sincerity.

However, he was not stupid, and he figured that it could be a ruse to deceive him.

He did not let down his guard either after Chester succeeded in convincing White Horse to surrender.

The disciple left the main hall hurriedly after responding to the instruction.

A few minutes passed; the disciple returned with White Horse, who looked conflicted.

"Mr. Zhang."

White Horse was indescribably anxious when he entered the main hall. "What orders do you have for me?"

Zhang Jue smiled lightly; he did not reply to him. Suddenly, he charged at White Horse and struck his chest with his arm as swift as lightning.

Smack!

White Horse could not react at all because of Zhang Jue's extreme speed. He was terrified, and he almost slumped to the ground when he was attacked right near his heart.

To White Horse's astonishment, he was utterly harmless without any pain even though he was attacked.

"Mr. Zhang, you—" He stared at Zhang Jue in a stupor and exclaimed with astonishment.

Zhang Jue smiled sinisterly and replied in an indifferent tone, "White Horse, you are also a renowned person in the world of cultivators. Have you ever heard of the Bone Eroding Palm?"

'Bone Eroding Palm?'

White Horse was confused, but he had a bad feeling about it based on the literal meaning of the name.

It must be something wicked since it had a deterring name.

"That technique doesn't hurt when it first hits you." Zhang Jue explained with a smile, "However, you would die a horrifying death if you don't get the cure in half an hour. Your heart veins would become punctured, and all your muscles and bones would break down."

Whoosh!

White Horse's face paled, and he almost slumped onto the floor as he asked in terror, "Mr. Zhang, I've been sincere. Why are you doing this to me?"

"Sincere?"

Zhang Jue stifled a cold laugh and continued to speak in an unhurried tone, "Tell me, were you sincere when you pledge your allegiance to me or did Chester Wilson force you? Tell me the truth or wait for your death in half an hour."

"I—" White Horse froze as he sweated profusely.

'F*ck, it's all Chester Wilson's fault. Why did he have to pick me? Great, Zhang Jue saw through everything already...'

White Horse went down to his knees with a plop and admitted fearfully. "Mr. Zhang, mercy! Chester Wilson forced me to do that. He was only pretending to submit to you."

He went on and disclosed Chester's plan in the next few minutes.

'F*ck.'

Zhang Jue's face darkened, and he took on an appalling expression when he found out. Indeed, things were as he had guessed—Chester was only pretending. He had to acknowledge that Chester had acted really well. He even sliced his arm off to gain his trust.

Zhang Jue had an impulse to instruct his men to get Chester and kill him on the spot that instant. However, he changed his mind when he figured that he should play along if Chester wanted to scheme against him.

Chapter 2560

Zhang Jue stared at White Horse coldly as he muttered to himself. "You have to pay close attention to every single move that Chester Wilson makes. Inform me of any plan he makes as soon as possible. Understand?"

"Understood, Sir." White Horse nodded like a chick bobbing its head as he agreed.

Who would not choose to live? He could not reject that.

"Master!"

A disciple walked up to them in a hurry with a panicked expression. "Master, Darryl Darby's personal maid and the stone chest are missing—"

'What?'

Zhang Jue stood up abruptly; his face turned livid with rage as he roared. "Did not I instruct you to be more cautious in guarding against them? Idiots, you're all idiots! Get others to search for them now!"

He had planned to let Jewel soak in the ice-cold river for a night so that it would be easier for him to produce the elixir. He did not expect that she would go missing with the chest.

"Yes, Master!" The disciple sweated profusely when he responded before he ran off hurriedly.

The altar sent their disciples to search for Jewel's tracks within a 50-kilometer radius.

Those from the Endless Sky Organization had no idea that Jewel had already left with Diaochan.

...

Meanwhile, at the Yach Manor in Yellow Dragon City, Mistloren.

Darryl sat on a chair in the yard with a calm expression even though he was extremely worried; it had been one day since Zhu Bajie left, but there was no news.

He was eager to leave, but his wounds were not fully recovered yet.

Cheyenne stood by his side quietly as a company. There was a hint of helplessness on her gorgeous face.

Darryl had been staying in Yach Manor's guest room for the past two days.

Cheyenne was extremely frustrated because she wanted to kick Darryl out of the house! However, her master said that she had to take good care of him, so she had to oblige and stay there to fulfill her duty as Zhu Bajie's apprentice.

Ring...

Her phone rang, and she became very anxious after she answered the call.

"What's wrong?" Darryl asked out of curiosity.

Cheyenne answered impatiently, "Something came up with the deal between my family and the Raksasa Tribe, and they want me to go resolve the issue..." She panicked because she was in an awkward position.

Her family needed her help, but her master's sworn brother required her care, too. What should she do?

'They struck a deal with the Raksasa Tribe?'

Darryl was stunned for a second before he stifled a chuckle when he noticed Cheyenne's expression. "Don't feel conflicted. Why don't I go with you?"

It was a torment to wait for Zhu Bajie's news. He would rather go out for some fresh air.

Cheyenne hesitated for a moment. "Uh... But you must keep quiet while you're there."

Darryl nodded with a smile.

Cheyenne and Darryl drove to the destination in Rock City after half an hour.

Rock City was in Mistloren at the intersection between the Yellow Sea Continent and the South Cloud World. It was about 100 kilometers south of the Chaotic Mountain Range, and it was the most significant commercial trading city in the Nine Mainland.

The Raksasa Tribe and the Nine Mainland had signed a peace treaty three years ago. They agreed that the Raksasa Tribe could reside in the area; they could settle their roots there and expand as

well. Their businesses had prospered without the war, and they finally built Rock City as a trading center.

It was a known fact that the Raksasa Tribe was savvy in animal skin production after they were banished for thousands of years in the Wild Deserted Secret Region. Their best specialty was soft leather armor, which was the most popular among cultivators in the Nine Mainland.

Therefore, various business families and groups in the Nine Mainland seek to collaborate with the Raksasa Tribe, including the Yach family.

'D*mn!'

Darryl was stunned the moment he saw the building that housed the largest trading company. He was impressed.

He noticed that the city was even larger than Donghai City. It was bustling with ongoing passengers and erected skyscrapers. Of course, the whole city was under the Raksasa Tribe's control because it was located within their jurisdiction. One could see Raksasa Tribe's soldiers on patrol everywhere.

They walked past the main hall to the trading area at the back; they saw a few large warehouses the size of a few basketball courts. Many businessmen from the Nine Mainland had gathered there, and they were trading with those from the Raksasa Tribe.

Chapter 2561

And over in one the corner, Yach family's shipment was detained while a few members of the family were negotiating with the Raksasa leader. "It's far too unfair for you to suddenly increase the commission rate to twenty percent."

"You people are bandits."

The Raksasa leader remained unwavering at their censuring and said, "This is the territory of the Raksasa Tribe. You need to follow our rules if you want to trade." The man who spoke was Jack, the mayor of the Rock City. He was one of the most trusted confidantes of the Raksasa Queen Natalie Celtic. He was in charge of overseeing the order and trades that went on in the entire city.

Cheyenne and Darryl made their way and upon hearing what had happened, she was rendered speechless with rage. Previously, for people from the Nine Continents to trade here in the Rock City, a commission rate of ten percent would be taken as part of the city's taxation. However, it seemed that the Rock City had changed the rate to twenty percent and the Yach family were the first target for this implementation.

"You people are unbelievable," said Cheyenne, trembling with fury as she looked directly at Jack.

Jack shrugged his shoulders carelessly and said with undeniable authority, "I believe that you are the Yach family's eldest daughter, so I will repeat myself again. If you want to do business here in Rock City, you'll have to follow our rules."

"Fine, then the trade is off." Cheyenne waved her arms in resignation. "We are just going to take our goods back with us, alright?"

Jack shook his head and said, "You are wrong. Your cargos are already loaded into our warehouse and have taken up our space. Even with the trade off the table, you are still required to pay a ten percent commission."

What? Frustrated, Cheyenne was visibly on the brink of tearing up, "What you are doing is no different from what bandits do." This shipment contained extremely valuable items and to submit a ten percent commission would mean tremendous loss to the Yach family.

Jack frowned at her remarks and said, "Miss Yach, we are only following protocols. If you continue to make a scene, your action will be seen as a disturbance to the Rock City's public order."

As soon as the words were spoken, over a dozen of Raksasa soldiers surrounded them in unison, causing the crowd that was originally focused on making their own trades, to back off hurriedly in fear of getting dragged into trouble. Three years might have passed since the war but it remained a common knowledge that the cultivators from the Raksasa Tribe were in general more powerful than the cultivators from the Nine Continents. On top of that, the Rock City was within the territory of Raksasa Tribe so it was only natural that no merchant from the Nine Continent would dare to cause any trouble here, even when they were taken advantage of.

It was precisely that moment that Darryl seemed to have had enough. He stood before Cheyenne protectively and spoke directly to Jack, "You are the mayor of the Rock City?"

"That's right," Jack responded calmly as he looked Darryl up and down with an arrogant expression. "It doesn't take a genius to figure out that this brat is the bodyguard of the Yach family's eldest daughter, how insignificant," he decided.

Darryl smiled gently and said in all seriousness, "Integrity is the most important thing when it comes to doing business, and it is expected of you, more so than the others, because you are the mayor. Yet here you are playing tricks. Aren't you afraid of stinking up the reputation for your tribe?"

"What are you saying?" Jack asked coolly, his expression darkening.

Darryl made a point to look around before continuing. "I am just saying that it's probably wiser to not get too carried away. Release the cargo that belongs to the Yach family and apologize to Miss Yach immediately, or you are going to come to regret it later."

Darryl, of course, was not bluffing at all. The Raksasa Queen, Natalie Celtic, was once his prisoner during the war and he would have said the same thing even if the queen herself was standing right before his eyes. Besides, the Raksasa Tribe was indeed out of line with their handling of this issue.

What? The crowd was taken by surprise at Darryl's speech and had immediately erupted into heated discussion.

"The nerves on that kid for daring to speak to Jack like that!"

"How reckless!"

"The audacity of this Nine Continent man..."

Jack scowled and shot Darryl a nasty glare. "And if I refuse, what are you going to do about it, kid?"

Chapter 2562

Darryl smiled gently with his eyes steady on Jack. "I've already given you my advice. It's up to you whether you want to listen to it or not. I do suggest that you think about it before doing anything rashly, though, otherwise you are going to regret it. It would be too late for you to get down on your knees and come begging for forgiveness then."

Woah!The crowd went wild at Darryl's speech. "Has he lost his mind?"

"This guy has a death wish!"

"You..." Cheyenne panicked and pulled at him. "Stop messing around, okay?" They had a deal before they came here. Darryl wasn't supposed to get in the middle of the affair and still there he was, trying to be the hero. They were within the territory of the Raksasa Tribe with countless formidable Raksasa soldiers around them. Enraging them would only get them into trouble. Darryl, on the other hand, didn't seem to be worried at all and gestured silently for her to calm herself down.

Provoked by Darryl's words, Jack gritted out, "Not bad, brat, not bad. I do like men with guts!" He then waved his hand to his side and a Raksasa man the size of a tank came forth. "This is one of the Raksasa warriors I keep by my side, his name is Batu," Jack stared into Darryl's eye viciously and continued, "I'm guessing that you are the bodyguard of Miss Yach , so I'm going to make you a deal. Defeat my man and I will let you walk away with Miss Yach 's cargos. Lose, and I will charge you double of the commission rate from the Yach family."

Simultaneously, the people around them that were previously enjoying the show scattered away in fear. Anyone with eyes could tell that Jack had lost his temper and severe consequences would surely follow. Batu was captain of the Rock City guards and his strength was not to be underestimated. Some of the people swore that they once saw him beating two black tigers to death with his bare hands and since then, he was known as a man of absolute power.

A duel? Darryl chuckled as he casted a glance over at Batu before saying, "He is no match to me." Darryl wasn't bluffing. Batu might be ranked a Level three Martial King, but to Darryl, defeating him would be as easy as shooting fish in a barrel. His internal energy had yet to recover but even so, he was confident that he could defeat his opponent within three moves.

What? Every single person that was in the VIP hall doubted their very own ears for a split second

at Darryl's words. Their eyes wide open in shock as they focused their attention on Darryl.

"What did he say? Did he just say that Batu is no match to him?"

"Interesting, I bet that Eastern boy is all talk."

"Batu could probably crush him with a finger and this brat is saying that Batu is no match for him...man, this is hilarious."

Batu could no longer contain his rage and struck abruptly, but instead of targeting Darryl, he landed a blow to the wooden table in front of him, crushing it into bits instantly. Indeed, Batu was attempting to prevail over his opponent from the very first encounter. His eyes were bloodshot as he strode over to Darryl and said, "Nine Continent kid, I officially challenge you to a duel. You wouldn't back off now, would you?" A duel was one of the oldest traditions of the Raksasa Tribe, and once challenged, the opponent would admit defeat if they refused to stand up against the challenger. Fury stirred like a hurricane within Batu, he was the City Guard Captain and now he was being looked down on by some kid from the Nine Continents, how could he possibly put up with this?

Darryl smiled and retorted calmly, "You seem confident, but you should know something: just like there are unlimited possibilities in the universe, there will always be someone better than you out there."

Batu paused for a moment before sneering at his words, "Cut the cr*p, kid. Are you going to accept the challenge or not?" The brat before him was as scrawny as an underfed monkey, he wouldn't even survive a punch from Batu by the looks of it.

Jack, on the other hand, seemed to have finally lost all patience. He frowned in disdain as he waved and said, "Batu, that's enough talking with that underdog." He would hate to waste any more of his time on a mere bodyguard.

"Yes, sir!" Not wasting another second, Batu dashed towards Darryl. His right fist swang out and approached with such power and speed that it bent the air around it. In a blink of an eye, the fist reached Darryl with pure brute force.

"Haha...That kid is going to turn into mush!"

"Batu should've done it sooner..."

Chapter 2563

"Yea, talking to arrogant Nine Continents men like this one here is just a waste of time!" The Raksasa soldiers couldn't conceal their excitement as none of them would believe that Darryl had the skill to dodge the punch, and were all thrilled waiting for Darryl's inevitable death. The merchants from the Nine Continents in the distance turned their head around and looked away while Cheyenne gasped and covered her eyes without realizing. In her mind, Darryl might have been the sworn brother of her master, but with such severe injury, how could he possibly withstand a punch that powerful?

Baam! Just as everyone else at the scene were caught in their own thoughts, the two figures that belonged to Darryl and Batu connected, sending out a wave of earth-shaking vibration.

"Ugh..." A muffled grunt was heard from Batu before he was sent flying into the distance until he hit the pile of stack over a hundred meters away, choking in his own blood. Batu paled and sweat started to form on his face at the tremendous pain. His right arm was already broken!

What? Jaws were dropped at the unexpected turn of event and every single person was frozen in shock. How...how was that possible? The kid really was this powerful? Instantly, their faces were filled with horror as all eyes gathered on Darryl, only to find that Darryl hadn't budge even the slightest from where he was standing.

"What?" Jack's eyes widened in disbelief. He looked over to Batu who was laying on the ground and turned to study Darryl with a frown. How...how did this happen? Batu was the strongest man he had working under him, who could easily kill a bull with one punch. Yet he had been defeated by this Eastern boy!

Cheyenne was shivering as she looked dazedly at Darryl, unable to utter a word. This man had yet to recover from his injury, who would have thought that he could still be so powerful?

"Well?" Darryl calmly turned his attention back to Jack. "I told you that your man is no match for me! Besides, sometimes it takes more than violence to solve problems." Darryl didn't bother to cast a look over to Batu.

F*ck! Jack looked as though he had been forced to endure great humiliation and his rage was roaring within him with each word Darryl had spoken.

"Did you really think you could get away without a scratch after beating my warrior?" Jack stared viciously at Darryl and said, "Even if you managed to leave, you are not going to get out of the Rock City alive." He was the mayor of the Rock City, never had he suffered such humiliation, in front of all these people, no less. How could he live with himself if he chose to back down and let Darryl go now?

Not needing any further command, the Raksasa soldiers around them instantly marched forward and surrounded Darryl. More and more soldiers were still pouring into the hall, each holding a spear made of unique material.

"Jack?" Just as the situation was about to escalate, a chilling yet somehow pleasant voice echoed throughout the hall. An alluring figure that entered with over a dozen guards behind her. It was none other than the Raksasa Queen Natalie Celtic and behind her were the Twelve Gods of the Raksasa Tribe. She was dressed in a leather long dress as white as the first snow that outlined her curves. Not only did she ooze confidence and untamed beauty, her presence as the queen was undeniably powerful. The crowd, especially the men, were instantly hypnotized by her beauty. Darryl, too, couldn't help but to stare as a smile slowly appeared on his lips. It had been years and Natalie seemed to have gotten more attractive as time went by.

Chapter 2564

It's over! Cheyenne trembled in fear at the scene and she felt herself drowning in panic. Now that the queen of the Raksasa Tribe was here, their situation could only worsen from this point onward. Though as her master's sworn brother might be, he couldn't possibly take on the entire Raksasa Tribe.

"Your Majesty." Jack finally recovered from the initial shock and forced a smile in Natalie's direction. "It's nothing, really. There's a kid causing trouble around here, I will have this handled right away." Jack casted a look of contempt over to Darryl as he spoke. Darryl was from the Nine Continent and even though the Raksasa Tribe and the Nine Continents were no longer at war and had been coexisting in peace for over three years now, the people of the Raksasa Tribe still harbour a certain prejudice against people from the Nine Continents due to their history of being banished for thousands of years. Jack was certain that as their queen, Natalie was no exception to this. After all, the queen's father and two older brothers had lost their lives one way or another at the hands of people from the Nine Continents. Most importantly, Jack had always taken pride in himself for being assigned as the mayor of Rock City. He knew that Natalie trusted him and wouldn't criticize him over a brat from the Nine Continents.

Natalie sighed a breath of relief after hearing what Jack had to say. Instead of responding right away, she scanned the crowd and her eyes eventually fell on Darryl. Immediately, Natalie jerked forward in shock at what she saw. She couldn't recognize Darryl at first glance but there was something about the man and his unique aura that felt familiar. In the midst of consternation, the first person that came to her mind was Darryl Darby! There was no man on earth other than Darryl Darby that possessed such an impressive aura. However...he had gone missing in the Wild Deserted Secret Region since the war three years ago.

Instantly, the people that were previously enticed by Natalie's beauty were puzzled by her expression. What was happening? What was going on with the queen? Just as the crowd was clueless in confusion, Natalie slowly walked towards Darryl and asked sincerely, "Pardon me, sir. Who are you?" Her eyes shone with excitement and anticipation, her expression was respectful as she spoke.

Huh? The entire hall instantly erupted into heated discussion at the baffling scene.

"What?"

"Did Queen Natalie just address that boy from the Nine Continents?"

"What is going on? I can't believe what I just heard."

While everyone else was perplexed, Jack was absolutely confused. Natalie had always been the supreme queen in his heart and someone as majestic as she was shouldn't even bother looking at Darryl. After all, that kid was supposed to be a mere bodyguard with no status or position. What he least expected was for Natalie to actually initiate a conversation with the man in such a gentle and respectful tone. Was this really their prideful queen that was standing before them? The sight before him was simply far too unthinkable for him to process. Jack took a deep breath as he tried to steady himself, thoughts were tangled up in his mind and it felt as though he was completely at loss.

Meanwhile, Cheyenne was stunned as well. She looked at Darryl while various thoughts crossed her head. Could it be that her master's sworn brother knew the Raksasa Queen? That's impossible. With a connection like the Raksasa queen, how could he possibly end up with such severe injury?

"Your Majesty!" Jack sobered, and with every last strand of strength he had, he managed to cautiously utter the question. "What are you..?"

Still, Natalie's eyes were fixated on Darryl as if she hadn't heard a word and waited patiently for an answer. That was when Darryl finally beamed and said to her, "It has been a while."