

Chapter 739

"I'll go with you, Mister." Jewel took Darryl's arm with a firm expression.

"Silly girl..." That gesture immediately touched Darryl.

When he saw the scene in front of him, Marcus gritted his teeth and said, "Alright! Take them both away since they're not afraid of death!"

A few of his people tied Jewel up as well. Then they took them both to a dance hall.

A salient word was printed on the wall of the dance hall—Wealth.

The Wealth Dance Hall was the largest dance hall in the city. Many reporters gathered at the door; they were in the middle of an interview with an alluring and beautiful lady.

That beautiful lady was Cheryl Marks—the lady Darryl peeked at when she was changing her clothes. Many rich men sought after her!

Darryl noticed that the cameras in the reporters' hands were all old-fashion models. It came with a heavy tripod, and white smoke fumed out of it after

they took one photo.

Click, click...

With the cameras' constant clicking sound, those reporters were excited and eager as they interviewed Cheryl.

"Miss Marks, when will you wed Mr Lloyd?"

"There are news reports that you will be participating in charity events. Can you tell us more about that?"

"Miss Marks..."

Cheryl was in a burgundy cheongsam; she looked incredibly sexy and feminine.

She answered everyone's questions patiently with a smile on her face.

Suddenly, she saw her fiancé with Darryl from a distance. Cheryl immediately waved at him. "

Everyone, that's all for today's interview. I'm a little tired."

The reporters were a little disappointed when they heard that, but they did not protest and soon left the scene.

Cheryl was not only the most sought-after lady in the continent, but she was also Marcus' fiancée.

Marcus was the Lloyd family's eldest young master!

He was not one to be trifled with in the Hai City! Therefore, the reporters did not dare to be presumptuous with Cheryl.

After the reporters left, Marcus went to Cheryl. He smiled and said, "My darling wife, I caught the person who peeped at you."

Marcus was fearless of everyone, except for Cheryl. He liked Cheryl so much that he tried his best to appease her.

Cheryl glared at him and said coldly, "How many times have I told you? Don't call me your wife. We are not married yet."

"It is just a matter of time..." Marcus scratched his head.

"You are not allowed to call me that before we're married," Cheryl said irritably and then pointed at Darryl. "Come! Bring him to me."

After that, Cheryl walked into the Wealth Dance Hall.

The Wealth Dance Hall was the most famous entertainment venue in Hai City. Those who could go there were extremely wealthy! All the affluent people in Hai City loved to hang out at the Wealth Dance Hall because the venue was a symbol of their status.

Cheryl was the most popular socialite there.

Several people dressed in black escorted Darryl to the dance hall's second floor.

There was a conference room on that floor, and they pushed him into it forcefully.

There were only three people in the conference room—Marcus, Cheryl and Darryl.

Cheryl sat in a chair; she was expressionless. She looked at Darryl coldly. She wore a tight-fitting cheongsam which showed her perfect curve. She had a beautiful face and wore light makeup; she looked incredibly charming.

"Bastard! Kneel and apologize to my fiancée."
Marcus commanded as he walked up to Darryl.

Darryl smiled and said, "This is just a misunderstanding. I can apologize, but I'm sorry, I can't kneel to anyone."

Men were not supposed to kneel so easily, anyway.

He had knelt when Dax Sanders was stabbed 36 times, and he had to beg Circe for the Heart of the Ocean!

However, he would never kneel for the sake of an apology—that was his principle.

Clang!

As soon as Darryl said that, Marcus walked up to him and quickly fired a shot. He had sealed Darryl's acupoint.

Darryl did not have time to respond, and his body stiffened.

"Damn it! Who do you think you are? Do you think there's room for bargaining? Absurd!" Marcus said coldly as he raised his foot and kicked Darryl's leg.

Thump!

Darryl was shocked and enraged. The fire in him brewed.

He had not expected Marcus would seal his acupoint so suddenly to force him to kneel!

Even though he was often misunderstood in the World Universe Continent, he still had dignity. He had never expected to fall so low after he had arrived at the Great East Continent!

When he perceived the change in Darryl's expression, Marcus sneered and kicked at Darryl again. "Bastard! Are you seriously not going to give in? Apologize to my fiancée now! Or I will kill you!"

Marcus was not scared of Darryl; he would do as he had said. He had the background for it!

Darryl opened his mouth, but he hesitated. Cheryl

stood up suddenly.

Slap!

Slap!

The next second, Cheryl slapped Darryl's face without any warning at all.

"I'm too disgusted with him. There's no need for him to apologize at all." Cheryl glanced at Darryl contemptuously.

She was a famous and a well sought-after celebrity; she could not believe that a sneaky man had peeped at her.

Even if he were to kneel and apologize, it would not drown her anger.

Marcus got up to calm Cheryl. "My dear, don't be so angry. If you're still upset about this, we can just throw him into the river to feed the fish."

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Marcus glared at Darryl. "This brat wears such weird clothes. He must be from the film industry, perhaps one of those who played the small random roles. There is no need to be so distressed about such an unimportant person. My heart would ache for you if anything were to happen."

"Cheryl, something bad has happened!"

Someone yelled as they pushed the door ajar and walked in with a panic expression. "Cheryl, I just got the news that Mister Zayn had been killed."

What?

Cheryl was shaken when she heard that; she looked at the man and asked, "Mister Joseph Zayn is dead?"

"Yes..."

Cheryl was anxious. She said nervously, "What should I do? It doesn't matter that he is dead, but he promised to write a new song for me. Now that he is dead, who will write my new song?"

The Great East Continent had four sects—the Sword Sect, the Jade Sect, the Elixir Sect and the Artemis Sect.

Joseph Zayn was the Artemis Sect's disciple.

Even though the Artemis Sect was a cultivation sect, their disciples were exceptionally talented. Some of their disciples could write poems, and some could compose songs and lyrics, while some could play a myriad of musical instruments.

Joseph was one of the Artemis Sect's most outstanding disciples.

Cheryl met Joseph by chance two years ago, and she managed to get him to write songs for her. He was exceptionally talented, so the songs he wrote for Cheryl were all hits.

Cheryl was anxious to learn that Joseph was dead. She was supposed to sing a new song in Wealth Dance Hall, and Joseph was supposed to deliver her new song that day. What should she do since her songwriter was dead?

She had sent out invitations to the media to introduce her new song the next day. It was due to be released the next day, and everyone in the city was aware of it! What should she do if they could not release it as planned?

Cheryl was flustered.

"My dear, don't worry. Don't worry, let me figure it out for you..." Marcus comforted Cheryl. He was

also anxious about it.

Those who could compose and write songs were not readily available. Where could he possibly find another songwriter in such a short time?

"Perhaps I can help you?" A faint voice said; it was Darryl.

Darryl looked at Cheryl and said, "I can write songs. Maybe I can help you?"

What?

He could write songs?

Marcus was taken aback for a moment, and then he kicked Darryl again.

"Bastard! Who do you think you are? Do you even know music? Trouble us again, and I will kill you right away."

Cheryl glared at Darryl and said coldly, "Stop your pretences. Are you trying to use that as an excuse to escape? I wanted to spare your worthless life, but now, I won't pity you."

She believed that Darryl had merely spouted nonsense.

Darryl cleared his throat before he started to hum. "Sweet honey, you smile so sweetly. It seems that flowers are blooming in the spring breeze..."

What?

Marcus was stunned to hear the catchy melody. He stared at Darryl blankly.

Cheryl was even more inexplicably excited. She was a seasoned celebrity, and she could identify a good song as she heard it. She knew how good the music was!

She was delighted!

She did not expect that the lowly bastard could compose songs!

Cheryl said to Darryl excitedly, "Can you write down the entire score for me?"

As she said that, Cheryl brought paper and pen to Darryl; her eyes were filled with expectation.

Darryl smiled as he nodded and said, "Well, you'll have to release my acupoints first."

Darryl glanced at Marcus and said, "Also, he can't be around here."

Marcus yelled, "Why?"

"I don't like having unnecessary people around when I compose songs," Darryl commented.

Marcus was furious. The brat had crossed the line.

"Marcus, release his acupoints and go away,"

Cheryl ordered.

Marcus was very reluctant, but he had to contain his anger and release Darryl.

"Brat, you had better not play tricks on me," Marcus said coldly before he turned around and went downstairs.

Darryl and Cheryl were the only ones left on the second floor.

Darryl walked toward Cheryl and sat on the chair like an important person.

Cheryl became a little anxious and urged Darryl after she noticed that he had not started to write anything on the paper. "Hey, you! Get to writing now!"

"Why are you so anxious?"

Darryl looked at Cheryl with a smile and said, "You have to promise me one condition if you want me to write this song."

How dared he bargain with her?

The expression on Cheryl's face changed; she was very annoyed, but she managed to say, "What is the condition?"

She had to release a new song the next day and time had run out. She would agree with his condition if it

were not something preposterous.

The smile on Darryl's face grew thicker, and he spelled it out clearly, "Kneel and call me master."

They made Darryl kneel even though he explained that it was merely a misunderstanding.

How could he possibly feel any better if he did not make her repay that?

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Did he demand her to kneel and address him as her master?

Cheryl's expression changed drastically as she glared at Darryl. "Don't be too presumptuous..."

Darryl shrugged. "Very well, I won't force you. You can call your fiancé to tie me up again. Even if I have a song, I won't give it to you."

Cheryl bit her lips as she stared at Darryl; she gritted her teeth with hatred. She was unwilling to address Darryl as her master!

However, the song he sang earlier sounded very nice.

If she could sing the song on the stage the next day, she would definitely be even more popular.

"I'll give you three seconds." Darryl said with a smile, "If you don't address me as your master in three seconds, you won't get another chance to do so."

"Three."

"Two"

Cheryl bit her lip tightly; it almost bled.

"One."

Cheryl suddenly panicked and stomped her feet anxiously. "I promised you."

Pfft...

Cheryl's slender legs bent as she knelt in front of Darryl. She pressed her lips and said softly, "I am delighted to greet you, Master."

Cheryl bowed toward Darryl as if he was her master, but she did it very reluctantly. She felt humiliated.

However, she had no choice. If she did not have a new song for the next day, her image would drop drastically.

Darryl looked at Cheryl with a smile; he felt delighted. "Very well, get up, my good disciple."

As he spoke, Darryl stared at Cheryl. She had an alluring figure.

"Write that song, now!" Cheryl urged anxiously.

Darryl laughed as he picked up the paper and pen and wrote the entire song on it. After that, he handed it to Cheryl.

Cheryl was over the moon. She hummed it as soon as she got hold of the paper.

"Sweet honey, you smile so sweetly. It seems like

flowers are blooming in the spring breeze..."

Nice!

It sounded amazing!

Cheryl was happy; she did not expect the bastard could write such a good song. No, he was not a bastard; he was her master.

"How's it going, my dear? Did the brat write a song yet?" Marcus called out as he walked toward them.

Cheryl praised Darryl happily. "Master has written such a beautiful song. I don't have to worry about it when I go on stage tomorrow."

What?

Did she say 'master'?

Marcus was stunned; his mind became a little confused.

After a few seconds, Marcus could no longer hold it in. "My dear, did you call this brat master?"

Cheryl nodded and said sincerely, "Master is a very talented person. It seems like we have misunderstood him."

Even the Artemis Sect people might not be able to write such great lyrics.

Suddenly, Marcus felt a little unhappy. The brat was

obviously just a low life. How could he possibly be so talented? Maybe he plagiarized and claimed the song as his new creation. Marcus thought it was uncomfortable for his fiancée to call the brat master. It sounded really awkward...

Darryl sighed and said, "My dear disciple, you should also let my young friend go."

"Yes, let her go. Let her go." Cheryl said repeatedly.

Moments later, they brought Jewel up to the room.

Jewel was thrilled when she saw Darryl; she ran toward him and took hold of his arm.

"Mister, you're alright! What a relief!" Jewel's eyes were red. She had been locked in a dark room, and she was afraid and worried about Darryl.

Darryl smiled as he comforted Jewel. "It's just a misunderstanding; it's okay now."

He could feel that Jewel was genuinely worried about him.

Cheryl walked toward them in her high heels. She looked at Darryl and asked, "Master, are you also from the Artemis Sect?"

In the East Great Continent, all the talented people were with the Artemis Sect. 'Master must be part of the Artemis Sec since he could write such a good

song.'

Jewel was stunned.

Did she hear that correctly?

Did Cheryl call Darryl master?

Even though Jewel was not an important person, she had wandered for all of her young life, so she was very knowledgeable. She knew that the beautiful lady was a big star with countless fans. She was also very aloof! How did such a character turn out to be Darryl's disciple?

It was incredible...

Jewel stared at Darryl as she thought about it. She had begun to admire the man even more.

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Darryl waved his hand and smiled as he said, "I am not from the Artemis Sect. I have lived in the mountains for a long time and only recently came out of it."

'Oh, is that so?'

Cherryl said respectfully, "In this case, I shall get them to clean a room for you, Master. You can stay in the Wealth Dance Hall temporarily."

She had to perform on stage the next day, so she needed to quickly practice the new song.

"Very well."

Since it was already outside, Darryl agreed to that.

As per Cherryl's arrangement, Darryl and Jewel were placed in a luxurious room on the second floor.

As soon as he arrived in the room, Jewel quickly went to Darryl and asked, "Mister, why did Miss Marks call you master?"

Jewel was perplexed.

Darryl smiled slightly. "I taught her a song. Of course, she will have to address me as her master."

"Mister, do you know how to write songs?" Jewel asked in a low voice.

Darryl smiled as he patted her hair; he did not say another word.

Before they went to bed, Jewel got Darryl some water to wash his feet. She took care of him in every possible way.

Darryl was very emotional. He recalled when he was a lived-in son-in-law at the Lyndon family and how he used to help Lily wash her feet. He had never imagined that one day he would be served the same way.

Jewel was very good at taking care of people, and she was cute and lovable.

After she helped Darryl wash his feet, Jewel was already tired, and she fell asleep quickly.

Darryl was not sleepy. He thought about how to get out of there. He could not sleep, so he silently sat there in meditation and cultivation.

It was late at night, and it was quiet.

Squeak...

Just as Darryl was about to enter the cultivation state, someone pushed the door open stealthily.

The next second, a figure walked in with a long

saber in his hand; the saber flickered a cold ray of light.

Darryl opened his eyes immediately and was startled when he saw the person who went into his room.

It was Marcus.

'F*ck! Did this brat sneak into the room to assassinate me?'

Darryl did not move. He waited quietly for Marcus to approach him.

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Meanwhile, at the World Universe Continent.

At the Emei Sect's general altar...

The Emei Sect Master, Aurora, sat on the phoenix chair in the main hall. Her charming figure was visible, but there was a hint of chill on her face.

A few people stood quietly beside her—they were the Emei Sect's elders.

Under Aurora's majestic and domineering aura, the atmosphere in the entire hall seemed depressing.

Aurora glanced around and asked, "Is there no news about Junior Sister Serendipity yet?"

Three days ago, the Emei disciples stationed in

Donghai City heard that Abbess Mother Serendipity and Darryl were in a fight. Then both of them disappeared into thin air bizarrely.

When she heard the news, Aurora was not too concerned about it. However, there was still no news from Abbess Mother Serendipity the next day, so Aurora issued an order to send some of their disciples to search the entire community.

Three days had passed since then, and there was still no news about Abbess Mother Serendipity.

Abbess Mother Maureen tried to explain the complicated situation. "Senior Sister Sect Master, we have sent our people to every sect. There is still no news about Senior Sister Serendipity."

Abbess Mother Maureen was one the Emei Sect's elders; she was only half a year younger than Abbess Mother Serendipity. She was gentle and humble. Her reputation was not as high as Abbess Mother Serendipity, but she was popular as well.

Abbess Mother Maureen continued to say, "According to our investigation, Darryl had also disappeared, and he is still not found yet."

What?

How could that be?

Aurora frowned at the news and fell into deep

thoughts.

Abbess Mother Serendipity was Aurora's junior sister, and she cherished her the most. Even though Abbess Mother Serendipity was not particularly strong, she was capable in her own right.

When Aurora was in secluded cultivation, she had handed the Emei Sect's responsibility to Serendipity. For several months, Serendipity had managed the Emei Sect in an orderly manner.

Aurora would not allow any harm to come to Abbess Mother Serendipity.

"Sect Master..."

A disciple suddenly walked in and reported with a flustered expression, "Report! The Eternal Life Palace Sect, Chester Wilson, has led tens of thousands of his disciples here and gathered at the gate. He threatened to avenge his wife!"

What?

The expressions of several elders in the hall immediately turned somber.

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Aurora slammed her hand on the table when she heard that tens of thousands Eternal Life Palace Sect disciples were there. It was a simple tap on the table, but the table shattered into pieces!

Then, Aurora stood up proudly with a cold expression on her face. "Let's go out and take a look."

Aurora walked out of the hall proudly. A few elders, including Abbess Mother Maureen, hurried to keep up with Aurora.

Outside the gate, tens of thousands of Eternal Life Palace Sect disciples could be seen from a distance. They all stood neatly in line. There were so many of them!

An elegant figure dressed in white stood on a rock nearby. He held a fan, and he looked handsome and aloof.

It was Chester Wilson.

His cold gaze formed a sharp contrast with his calm and composed self.

When Aurora appeared, Chester said coldly, "Sect

Master Aurora, I am here for one purpose only, and that is for your disciple, Megan. Hand her to me". 2

Chester remembered the scene when his wife died, and his heart ached.

At that time, they were at war with the New World army, so Chester had to swallow his anger and did not attack Megan for the sake of the situation.

The New World army had then retreated, and they would not attack the World Universe in a short time.

How could Chester continue to live with his deep hatred? He sent his people to search for Megan in Donghai City for two days, but they found nothing, so he led his disciples to the Emei Sect's gate instead!

The Emei disciples had ugly expressions on their faces; they were embarrassed and angry!

The Eternal Life Palace Sect Master was very arrogant—he had led his disciples to ask for Megan.

Megan was like a big sister to the younger disciples; she was respectable. If they were to hand her over to the Eternal Life Palace Sect, how would the Emei Sect face the community in the future? 1

Aurora emanated a cold aura like she was full of frost. She looked at Chester coldly. "Sect Master Wilson, where do you think you are? Do you think

you can just come here and take my people as you please?"

As soon as she finished her sentence, an intense pressure burst out of Aurora's body!

When the enemy attacked them, the Eternal Life Palace Sect fought alongside the other main sects to resist the New World army's attack. Everyone had grown to like the Eternal Life Palace Sect.

However, Aurora's good impression for the Eternal Life Palace Sect disappeared when Chester brought tens of thousands of disciples to the Emei Sect's gate.

The Emei Sect was known to be majestic and inviolable!

Chester looked at Aurora; his eyes were red. He gritted his teeth and said, "I have always been upright in whatever I do! Your disciple, Megan, killed my wife. She has to die for what she did! I will not talk nonsense with you, just hand her to me!"

"Hand her over..."

"Hand her over!"

Eternal Life Palace Sect's disciples stood behind Chester, and they chanted in unison; their voices were loud.

Wow!

The Emei Sect disciples changed their expressions as they drew their swords!

Aurora smiled coldly. "Sect Master Wilson, I will not give her to you. Since we've stood together against the New World army, I shall let you off this time. You should return to Eternal Life Island."

Chester clenched his fists tightly and took a step forward. "Aurora, Megan has to pay for what she did today. You'll have to hand her to me, no matter what."

Chester was very emotional when he recalled his beloved wife's tragic death. His fist clenched tightly; he was heartbroken!

Aurora lost her patience; her face was icy. "Chester, I will repeat it, just one last time. I will not give her to you. Get out of here."

Megan was not in Mount Emei, but Aurora would not hand her to Chester even if she were there.

Chester laughed.

His eyes were red. "Very well, Aurora. I do not want to cause any trouble since we fought against the New World army together, but if you do not hand her to me, then don't blame me for being rude."

A powerful breath of aura gushed out from Chester!

He made a move and sent a palm attack at Aurora!

Since he practiced the Grafting Method, his strength soared and he had reached Level One Martial Saint!

His strength and power were astonishing.

Then again, it was nothing to Aurora.

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"Do you want to fight against me? I think you are still incapable of doing that yet," Aurora said coldly as she raised her hand to greet Chester's palm attack.

Boom!

When two palms collided, a strong wave of power burst out!

Even though Chester's strength had advanced by leaps and bounds, it was still a far cry compared to Aurora's.

Her palm attack sent him flying backward! After he landed on the ground, he vomited a mouthful of blood!

"Sect Master!"

"Sect Master, we will help you."

The Eternal Life Palace Sect's disciples were furious when they saw what happened, and they drew their swords!

Aurora, on the other hand, stood proud like a fairy. She emanated a condescending aura. She kept a straight face as she stared at the Eternal Life Palace

Sect's disciples before her.

"Sect Master Wilson, if you insist on finding fault with me today, you won't be able to enjoy the slightest advantage," Aurora warned him coldly.

Many of Emei Sect disciples had suffered severe injuries in the New World Army's attack, but most of them had already recovered. Aurora could still summon 50,000 to 60,000 of them quite easily.

Chester laughed miserably; he was about to go crazy. He bellowed in a hoarse voice, "Aurora, I really didn't want to fight you today. I will give you three days, and if you don't hand Megan over to me, then one of our sects will be destroyed for sure!"

The corners of Chester's mouth dripped with blood, but he was not about to give up!

Chester stopped talking; he waved his hand and turned around. His disciples followed closely behind him!

Aurora did not say anything; she had been proud all her life. How could she hand an Emei Sect disciple to another sect? She was prepared for a fight if Chester insisted on it.

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Meanwhile...

At the Wealth Dance Hall, in the Great East Continent.

Marcus held a long saber tightly in his hand as he slowly approached his target. He saw Darryl sitting there with his eyes closed, so Marcus thought he had fallen asleep. The corner of Marcus' mouth curved into a cold, menacing smile.

He must kill Darryl that night!

How dared the brat accepted his fiancée as his disciple? Cheryl had praised Darryl all day; she said that he was very talented and could write such a beautiful song.

Which man could possibly stand it when their fiancée praised another man? Hence, Marcus took advantage of the darkness and sneaked into the man's room; he wanted to kill him.

Marcus looked at Darryl coldly as he mumbled to himself. "How could a lowlife like you be my fiancée's master? You even peeped at my fiancée while she changed. You must die."

Marcus raised the long saber in his hand and slashed it down at Darryl.

Swash...

The long saber went down, and it was about to split

Darryl in half.

Clang!

Darryl's body moved in the nick of time, and the saber landed on Darryl's chest. It made a metal-like noise! Marcus bounced two meters backward!

What?

Marcus was dumbfounded; he saw that the saber had landed on Darryl's body, but the man was unscathed.

How could that be possible?

'Is that brat an immortal?'

"Tsk, tsk, tsk...You are my disciple's fiancé, so logically speaking, you should also call me master. Once a teacher, always a teacher. How could you kill your teacher?" Darryl stood there as he smiled at Marcus.

He wore the Celestial Silkworm Armor, so the saber could not harm him.

As he spoke, Darryl stretched his body and walked toward Marcus. However, the man sent a palm attack toward Marcus with no warning at all!

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As Darryl's palm drew closer, Marcus was in shock, but he hurriedly stretched out his palms to resist the attack.

Boom!

The two palms collided in mid-air. Marcus's expression changed drastically as his body was sent backward!

There was a yelp, and then Marcus spouted a mouthful of blood; his face flushed! Then he slid down onto the ground.

Marcus was extremely frightened as he looked at Darryl blankly. He was utterly speechless!

Darryl smiled as he walked and looked at Marcus coldly. "I may have seen your fiancée while she was changing, but I have apologized to her and made her a song. Your fiancée has also decided to call me her master, and yet you decided to come and kill me. Now tell me, do you think you should die?"

Darryl's eyes flashed with killing intent!

As he looked into Darryl's eyes, Marcus's body trembled; he was stupefied.

Then, he got up and knelt in front of Darryl. He pleaded, "Brother... Big Brother... No, Master! Master, please spare me. I dare not do it again. I thought it was unfair that you got away so easily. I really dare not—"

Marcus was scared witless; he was afraid that Darryl would kill him!

The corners of Darryl's mouth curled upward as he said with a cold voice, "Yesterday, you brought more than a thousand people and stopped me on the street, but I didn't resist you. It doesn't mean that I'm afraid of you. If I really want to do it, you and you people would have died by now."

The intense internal energy surged madly in Darryl's body!

Marcus's heart trembled. Even though he was a Level Three Martial Saint, he was suffocated by Darryl's breath of aura!

"Master, I was wrong! I was wrong..." Marcus pleaded repeatedly and kowtowed to Darryl. He believed what the man had said. He could sense the terrifying aura from Darryl's body.

Darryl took a deep breath and nodded. "Okay, I'll trust you this time, but the next time, I won't let you off so easily."

Darryl waved his hand. "Very well, you may leave now."

Darryl had wanted to kill Marcus.

However, it was better not to cause trouble in a new place. The most important thing was to find a way to leave the continent quickly. Cheryl, Marcus's fiancée, had a vast network of contacts; there must be a way for Darryl to leave.

Marcus felt as if he had been given a pardon; he nodded in gratitude. "Thank you, Master. Thank you for your mercy..." Then he left the room dejectedly.

Darryl shook his head and exhaled. He closed the door and continued to meditate.

The next afternoon...

The Wealth Dance Hall's first-floor lobby was lively; everyone was excited to be there.

It was the day for Cheryl's new song. People from all walks of life were at the event—not only the VIPs, but there were also people from the four major sects.

Besides that, Hai City's reporters were also there gathered. They took pictures and recorded their beautiful moments with Cheryl.

Darryl, as Cheryl's master, was given the VIP seat.

Those in the VIP seats were no ordinary people.

Darryl realized that most of the guests were rich—they wore silk gowns that were similar to the Tang dynasty styles. Some were also in old fashioned western suits. They all appeared wealthy.

Darryl's gaze fell on an old man not far away as he looked around.

The old man carried a feather fan and silk scarf; he looked knowledgeable and elegant. He was not weak; he was probably a Level Four Martial Saint. There were many people around him, and they tried their best to please him.

However, the old man was a proud man.

"Mister, the old man is called Simon Crescent, and he is an elder from the Artemis Sect. Even though he is not particularly strong, he is proficient in all kinds of skills such as the piano, chess, calligraphy and painting. He has a high status in the Artemis Sect," Jewel whispered.

Darryl nodded silently.

All the guests had arrived, and Cheryl walked out from backstage with a smile on her face.

Wow! 4