

Chapter 1401

Eldest Dragon he glued his eyes on Darryl and asked fearfully, "What did you give us?"

The other dragons looked uneasy.

'He can't have given us something harmless!'

Darryl mocked them scornfully. "Oh, aren't you afraid of nothing? Why? Are you finally panicking?"

Darryl sounded even more compassionless as he continued to say, "I've given you the Heaven Cult Elixir. Have you heard of it?"

"Heaven Cult Elixir?" The Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes exchanged dark looks with each other. They had some trepidation of

what was about to happen.

The Heaven Cult Elixir was what the Grandmaster Heaven Cult had used to control his followers. Darryl was the only one in the world who could still make it.

The Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes had never heard of it, and they panicked because they were clueless.

"You will fester and die within a year if you do not find the cure."

Darryl had a mischievous look when he saw their reactions. "If you don't believe me, try cranking up your internal energy and course it into your Heaven Aura acupoint; you will feel numb and sore. Am I right?"

The Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes furtively mustered their internal energy and tried to do what Darryl had said.

The next second, all eight of them gasped!

'He was right!' Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes were even more flustered. Eldest Dragon glared at Darryl as he asked fiercely, "What do you want?"

He knew that Darryl would have killed them if he wanted to do that; he would not have wasted his time with trivial effort.

Darryl sneered and said, "It's very simple. From now on, all of you will join the Elysium Gate and pledge your loyalty to me—forever. Otherwise, you'll just have to die when the elixir takes effect."

Then, Darryl sat down and poured some wine for himself to drink leisurely.

The man had thought about that plan when they caught him.

Not only could he rescue Celine and Queenie, but he would also conquer those Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes. They were still very young, yet they had all reached the Martial Emperor level.

It was a pity to kill them as they were very talented. Darryl thought it would be great if he could use them to his advantage. That was why he pretended to mingle with them.

There was an uproar from the Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes!

Especially their leader, Eldest Dragon; his face flushed as he was furious.

Since the establishment of their group, the Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes had cruised around the world of cultivators with ease; they had never bothered to surrender to any power or authority.

However, in that circumstance, it was impossible not to agree to it! Otherwise, they would fester and die within the year!

After he weighed the consequences, Eldest Dragon gritted his teeth and nodded. "Very well, I promise you!"

Simultaneously, Second Dragon and the rest also nodded, one after another, as they expressed their submission.

Like Eldest Dragon, Second Dragon was not one to admit defeat. However, there was no reason for them to keep their ground. When they thought about how they would die without the antidote, all of them shuddered in fear.

Darryl was delighted that they were so obedient; he wanted to laugh.

He felt good because he had not wasted his

time around them in vain; he had managed to bag eight powerful followers at once.

Darryl released their acupoints joyously, and then he waved his hand. "Let's go. Come with me to the World Universe!"

Darryl took the lead; he strode toward the World Universe's direction.

The Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes obediently followed him in despair. They no longer acted proud and arrogant.

It was dawn before they knew it.

After they traveled for half a day, Darryl and his eight new disciples arrived in a small town.

Darryl furrowed his brows as they journeyed through the town. He noticed something in common with all the places they had been through—many cultivators were headed to

the New World continent.

After they settled down for a pit stop at a tavern, Darryl asked quizzically, "It's so strange; what's happening in the New World? Why are there so many people heading there?"

Darryl would not have cared about it, but Yvette still waited for him in the New World Palace!

The Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes looked at each other curiously! Second Dragon stood up and said servilely, "Sect Master, I'll go and find out!"

Darryl nodded.

Second Dragon went off quickly.

"Sect Master!"

After a while, Second Dragon returned excitedly and smiled at Darryl. "The

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cultivators are gathered here because the New World is hosting a martial arts marriage tournament to find a Prince Consort for Princess Yvette. These people are heading there to participate in the tournament. I heard that Princess Yvette is gorgeous. Sect Master, you are so charming and suave. Why don't you join in the fun?"

Even though he had surrendered to Darryl, Second Dragon had not changed his unbridled lustful longing. Beautiful women enraptured him.

The other three dragons also responded fervently.

A gorgeous princess wanted to hold a martial arts marriage tournament to find her Prince Consort? Who would not be keen on that?!

Chapter 1402

'A martial arts tournament to find a Prince Consort?'

Darryl was taken aback; he sprang to his feet and brooded over the bad news!

'Isn't that supposed to take place in two months? It's only half a month, and it has started already?'

'No way! I have to head to New World quickly and pick up Yvette!'

Darryl urged his followers in haste. "Come on; we're going to the New World Royal City!"

"Sect Master!"

Eldest Dragon teased Darryl for his over nervousness. "Relax! There is no need to be

so anxious even if you want to participate in the tournament."

'Sect Master is candidly showing his true self when he hears about the beautiful princess. He can't even sit still!' At the same time, Second Dragon shot Darryl a mischievous glance. They all thought that Darryl wanted to participate in the martial arts marriage tournament to be the Prince Consort.

"Who told you that I want to participate in the tournament to be the Prince Consort? Princess Yvette is my woman," Darryl replied curtly as he hurriedly walked out of the tavern.

Darryl had to take Yvette out of the palace before the martial arts marriage tournament. Otherwise, it would be too late.

What?

'Princess Yvette is Sect Master's woman?'

'Wow! He is Elysium Gate's Sect Master, indeed!'

For a moment, the Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes exchanged looks — they were in awe. Then, they hurriedly went after Darryl.

After they rushed for several hours, Darryl and the Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes finally arrived at the New World Royal City.

As soon as Darryl entered the city gate, he gasped at the scene before his eyes.

The streets bustled with cultivators; the already prosperous Royal City was even more lively. Not only that, the taverns and

inns on both sides of the road teemed with people; most of them were the community's elites!

The martial arts marriage tournament had not only attracted participants from various sects in the New World, but young and handsome men from sects in the other continents had also made their way there to try their luck.

News had spread across the nine continents that Yvette was a gorgeous woman. It was no surprise that the men would want to look at her and win her heart!

Hence, Yvette's martial arts marriage tournament was a well sought after event. It was even more lively than when they discovered Lu Bu's ancient tomb! It was a rare scene for the ordinary people and the elites in the cultivator's world. Many would not have a chance to experience it in their

lifetime!

F*ck!

'Why are there so many people here?'

Darryl took a deep breath to calm his nerves.

The Four Dragons and Four Phoenixes were also stunned by the scene; they began to discuss it.

"Are all these people here for the martial arts marriage tournament?"

"It looks like many of them are elites from the cultivator's world across the continents."

"Well, it is true that Princess Yvette is a charming woman."

Darryl became even more anxious after he heard their comments. He said, "Explore the

place and then find a place to stay. I'll be back soon."

Then, Darryl strode toward the palace.

It was five days until the tournament day, and he must take Yvette away before that.

Soon, Darryl arrived at the heavily guarded palace entrance. The palace had increased its security as Yvette's martial arts marriage tournament was about to begin.

After all, the New World Royals dared not take it lightly after so many cultivators flocked in their continent.

It was hard for Darryl to break through the heavy security.

He hid in the dark quietly as he waited for an opportunity to sneak into the palace!

Time slipped by slowly before it finally got dark; the guards were about to change their shifts.

Darryl took advantage of the situation and slipped into the palace quietly.

Chapter 1403

Darryl had once dashed into the New World Palace and wreaked havoc, but he had broken in without paying attention to its layout design. So, he was confused and disoriented when he got into the palace again.

The New World Palace was not only enormous, but it also had a dense layout of buildings!

Darryl was lost.

Darryl did not only have to find his way around so many buildings, but he also had to avoid the guards. When would he be able to locate Yvette's palace?

He regretted that he did not ask Yvette the name of her bedchamber when they parted

ways.

Just as Darryl felt depressed, a eunuch led two palace maids through the corridor next to where he stood. They approached very quickly.

Darryl noticed that the palace maids held a tray with a few delicate dishes on it.

He hid at the side hurriedly.

"Quick!" The eunuch, who led the way, urged, "Hurry and send it over! Princess Yvette can't wait any longer."

Princess Yvette...

'Is he referring to Yvette?'

Darryl was thrilled when he heard that; he hurriedly trailed behind them. At the same time, he felt pity for Yvette.

'Is she drinking because of the upcoming

martial arts marriage tournament? Is she drowning her sorrows in alcohol?'

'Don't worry, Yvette! You're coming with me soon.'

Soon, they arrived at a bedchamber entrance; the eunuch and the palace maids entered it.

Darryl did not go in with them; instead, he slipped into the room quietly after the eunuch and the palace maids had left.

Darryl gasped when he saw what was inside; he was astonished.

It was a luxurious and elegant room; two slender figures sat on the soft couch and chatted with each other.

It was Yvette and Sloan.

Both of them were in short nightgowns.

Their graceful curves were visible under the short gowns.

Even though the two women wore similar gowns, they looked reasonably different. Sloan looked her usual icy and rational self; it was like she had wanted to keep people at arm's length.

On the other hand, Yvette leaned against the couch. She seemed to have drunk a fair bit. Her beautiful face was flushed, and misery sprawled between her eyebrows.

No matter what kind of clothes Yvette wore, they would not have been able to conceal her figure. Her predicament even amplified her already charming and sexy look.

Darryl finally recovered from his daze after staring at Yvette for more than ten seconds; his eyes landed on Sloan's body.

'Why is this woman here? Well, Sloan's

figure is really different from Yvette's.'

Darryl still had no idea that the New World Emperor was furious because Yvette had left the palace on her own. The Emperor ordered Sloan to look after Yvette so that she would not do that again.

Sloan even had to sleep with Yvette so that she would have no chance to escape her room.

"Who's that?"

Just as Darryl pondered about that, Sloan cried out loud as her eyes turned toward Darryl.

As the New World's first Warrior Goddess, Sloan was not only powerful, but she was also very vigilant. She had felt his presence when Darryl first stepped into the bedchamber.

Yvette also looked in the same direction. She was both surprised and happy!

"Darryl!" Tears welled in Yvette's eyes!

When she had sneaked out of the palace, her father had sent Sloan to stay by her side, and he also brought the martial arts marriage tournament forward. As the tournament day drew nearer, Yvette could not eat or sleep well. She looked forward to the day that Darryl would come for her.

She was really depressed that day, so she asked Sloan to drink with her; she wanted to get drunk to drown her sorrows. At the same time, she thought about Darryl; his appearance was a pleasant surprise!

Chapter 1404

'Is he really Darryl?'

Yvette had drunk a lot of wine, and she was tipsy. She rubbed her tired eyes for fear that she might have mistaken.

'It's him!'

'It's really Darryl!'

Yvette's voice broke as she ran toward him quickly. "Darryl, you are here! You are finally here!"

Yvette burst into tears when she said that!

Darryl also had mixed feelings when he saw Yvett's excitement. He was heartbroken when he realized that she had lost weight in just half a month after they last saw each

other. Darryl opened his arms and pulled Yvette into an embrace.

"Princess!"

Sloan frowned and dashed forward to stand between them. She glared at Darryl. "How dare you! His Majesty has ordered us to arrest you, yet you dared to break into the palace! Are you here to surrender?"

Sloan flipped her hand, and a Tang Sword appeared in her hand as intense internal energy gushed from her body!

Darryl did not fluster; instead, he grinned wolfishly at Sloan. "Well, what do you want to do?"

Darryl gave Sloan the up and down when he said that.

He had to take a good look since it was rare to see Sloan in such a short dress.

Darryl's ogling made Sloan uncomfortable, and she blushed deep red. She bit her lips and said coldly, "You'd better surrender yourself. Otherwise, don't blame me for being harsh."

Darryl chuckled as a smug look spread across his face. "Oh? Do you think you can beat me?"

"You—" Sloan's face flushed when she heard Darryl; she was speechless.

"Sister Sloan!"

Yvette snapped back to her senses and decided to diffuse the tense situation. She tugged Sloan's sleeves hurriedly and begged her. "Please don't fight with Darryl, okay? Please let us talk?"

Yvette had to let go of her princess' prestige when she pleaded earnestly. She had always respected Sloan. After all, the woman had

made many sacrifices for the New World Royals.

Yvette would definitely not be so polite if it were someone else.

Sloan sighed and nodded. "Very well, but you can only talk to him here. Darryl is not to take you anywhere!"

Sloan was unwilling to make further concessions; she only allowed Darryl and Yvette to meet and talk.

"Hmm..."

Yvette looked bitter. She had wanted to leave the palace with Darryl. Her life was utterly meaningless if that did not happen.

Before Yvette could say anything, Darryl smiled and took a step forward. He looked at Sloan in the eyes and said, "I'm afraid you won't be able to stop me if I wanted to take

her away."

"Really?"

Sloan was agitated; her delicate face looked dour. "Well, try me then."

Sloan had actuated her internal energy discreetly as she waited for an opportunity to strike.

The atmosphere had grown distinctively gloomy, and the air seemed to be filled with the smell of gunpowder.

"Darryl! Sister Sloan!"

Yvette stomped her feet fretfully. "Don't do this, alright? Can you two not fight today? For my sake?"

Yvette bit her lips as she looked at Sloan.

"Sister Sloan, I promise you that I will not go with him today!"

One was her beloved Warrior Goddess, and the other was her dear man. The last thing she wanted to see was the two of them in a fight.

"Yvette!"

Darryl became nervous. "Why did you promise her that?"

He had spent so much effort to get into the palace! How could he not leave with Yvette?

Most importantly, he could not watch Yvette trapped for life in a cage.

Yvette was touched that Darryl had genuinely cared for her. She blinked furtively at him. "Don't panic. We still have a chance."

Yvette knew that Sloan was not Darryl's match in a duel. However, Sloan was not the

only fighter in the palace. She feared that Darryl might not be able to take her with him should a battle were to break out.

Therefore, Yvette could only try to think of a plan, and more importantly, she had to gain Sloan's trust.

Darryl stopped talking after he perceived Yvette's hint.

"Great!"

Sloan also nodded. She looked at Darryl and said, "I will give you half an hour. Say anything you want to the Princess and then leave as soon as possible."

Then, Sloan withdrew the Tang Sword and took a seat nearby.

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F*ck!

'This woman thinks she can negotiate terms with me?'

Darryl mumbled a complaint in his heart then he gave Sloan a dry smile. "Tell me honestly—do you like me? Is that why you don't want me to leave with the Princess? If that's what you think, I don't mind having one more woman by my side!"

Darryl understood what Yvette wanted to say from the way she looked at him. He knew that he should not be too hard on Sloan.

However, Darryl only had to tease Sloan to vent the anger that almost suffocated him.

"You—"

Sloan trembled and let out a dismissal yelp.

"Don't be so vain. Who told you that I like you?"

"Darryl—"

At the same time, the blushing Yvette held Darryl's arm and mumbled, "Just hold your tongue."

She knew that Darryl had said that deliberately to Sloan, but it was too debaucherous.

Darryl wanted to laugh. He felt so relieved when he saw how Sloan was embarrassed and angry, and yet she had to hold those emotions to herself.

Darryl ignored Sloan; he took Yvette in his arms and asked, "How are you doing for the past half a month?"

Darryl paid attention to Sloan's reaction when he said that.

'You want to stay here for fear that I will take Yvette away; I'll see if you can stand our public display of affection!'

"I—"

Yvette felt embarrassed when Darryl held her so tightly in his arms, especially when they had no privacy. She wanted to break free, yet she was reluctant to. She lowered her head and asked softly, "What do you think? I've been looking forward to the day you come for me, and you're finally here today."

She said it like it was a complaint, but there was a sweet smile on her face.

Yvette never wanted to be so close to Darryl in front of Sloan, but she could not care less about other people's opinions after so many

days of lovesickness.

She was sure what her heart wanted, so she decided not to be reticent. She hugged Darryl tightly.

'Oh gosh, these two people...'

Sloan blushed at the sight of the affectionate scene before her eyes.

'It's fine if Darryl is like that, but Princess, can't you be a little reserved?'

Sloan was so embarrassed that she wanted to turn around and leave the bedchamber so badly.

However, she knew she could not go. Had she left, she would create a chance for Darryl to take the Princess away.

Sloan gritted her teeth and acted like she did not see that.

Darryl laughed discreetly again.

It seemed like Sloan was quite tolerant of their intimate gestures.

The changes in Sloan's expression also amused Darryl.

Then, he brushed Yvette's bangs and then sat on the soft bed. He smiled and said, "Well, since I can't take you away today, why don't you have a few drinks with me?"

He intentionally said that out loud so that Sloan could hear it.

Mmm!

Yvette was brilliant; she knew what Darryl meant and sat down happily; she did not want to expose their plans.

She could probably leave with Darryl if Sloan

were not there.

"Darryl!"

Sloan could not take it anymore. Her eyebrows furrowed as she yelled, "This is the Princess' bedroom! Aren't you too presumptuous to sit on her bed? Do you think you have the right to do that?"

They had many rules in the palace. The Emperor's bed was called the Dragon Bed, and the Princess' one was called the Phoenix Bed. No one else could sit on the bed so casually.

However...

Darryl ignored Sloan. He took a sip of the wine and smiled at Yvette. "The wine in the palace is too good. I'm not sure if I'll ever have the chance to drink it again in the future."

"If you like it, then have a few more glasses." Yvette smiled. She picked up the bottle and filled Darryl's glass. Then, she did the same for hers.

Darryl feigned a pitiful look as he said, "What can I do even if I drank all the wine in the palace? The martial arts marriage tournament will begin in three days. When that happens, you won't be mine anymore."

"Look at you. You're acting so flippantly again." Yvette glared at him and then held her wine glass. "Even if the martial arts marriage tournament starts now, you will always be my man. I know that the couples in the World Universe have cross-cupped wine with each other. Let's try it."

"Very well..."

Darryl smiled and picked up his wine glass.

The two looked at one another affectionately as they cross-linked their glass-holding arm with each other.

Sloan, who was next to them, felt uncomfortable with their display of affection. She turned to the other side as she refused to look at their actions.

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After she drank the wine, Yvette picked up a peanut with her chopsticks and fed it to Darryl. "This snack is great; I'll feed you."

"You are so kind to me. I'll pour you more wine, then!" Darryl said with a wide grin.

Yvette blushed. "Let me do it. As your woman, I should be the one to serve you..."

The two whispered to each other; they forgot that Sloan was next to them.

Of course, they did it on purpose; they wanted to show her.

Yvette and Darryl were knowledgeable. They had a tacit understanding and worked

together seamlessly to carry out their plan. They behaved affectionately like a married couple—they wanted to annoy Sloan so that she would leave them alone.

"You two—"

Sloan stomped her feet angrily when she realized that Darryl and Yvette had utterly ignored her presence.

They cuddled, poured wine, and fed each other. Sloan could not bear to look at them as the distasteful scene hurt her.

"Darryl!"

Finally, Sloan could not take it anymore. She stood up abruptly and shouted at Darryl.

"Time's up. As the Elysium Gate Sect Master, you're a person with status. You should keep your words and go quickly before somebody comes."

"C'mon, Sloan!" Darryl replied with a smile. "Are you sending me away when I've only had two glasses of wine? Why don't you sit down, and the three of us can have a drink together."

Darryl wrapped his arm around Yvette's slender waist and continued to say, "Neither of us would mind you joining us. Right, Yvette?"

Darryl chuckled.

'You finally can't stand it anymore. Get out quickly and give us a little space.'

"Right!" Yvette also smiled and nodded. She said, "Sister Sloan, come over and have a drink with us."

Yvette smiled when she said that, but she had butterflies in her tummy.

'Sister Sloan, get out and give us some

personal space, please. If you don't go, I can't leave the palace with him.'

"I—"

Sloan bit her lips. She was embarrassed; she refused their offer awkwardly. "I won't drink—"

Damn it! Darryl smiled slyly and leaned backward slowly. "Oh, I've drunk too much! This bed is so soft; I really want to sleep here."

Darryl patted the space beside him and said, "Yvette, come and lie down next to me!"

Yvette understood what he meant. She laid down next to Darryl and smiled. "Okay, let me massage your back!"

Yvette stretched her hand out to massage Darryl's shoulders and back; she looked very

virtuous and gentle.

Sloan's face and neck suddenly flushed a deeper shade of red; she felt too embarrassed.

'What? How did these two get more out of hand? Will they do more? Will there be even more action later?'

Sloan got anxious; she could no longer sit still. She did not expect that Yvette would behave so wildly.

It was too embarrassing!

'Should I stay and watch?'

Sloan bit her lips and was about to leave.

"His Majesty has arrived!"

Suddenly, a eunuch shouted from outside the room. Immediately afterward, a series of

footsteps echoed from outside the
bedchamber.

What?

Chapter 1407

'The New World Emperor is here?'

Darryl and Yvette, who had laid down so comfortably, were taken aback. They quickly sprang to their feet.

F*ck!

'So many of the elites are coming?'

Darryl sensed that there were five Martial Emperors from the footsteps that he heard. It seemed like they were at least at level three, and it turned out that the strongest of those five people was a level five Martial Emperor!

Darryl was a little nervous after he sensed their powerful aura. Was Sloan not the only powerful cultivator in the New World after the Country Secretary's death? How did they

have so many elites so suddenly?

Darryl did not know that the New World Emperor had been scared since the last time he kicked up a storm in the palace. The Emperor had recruited many new elites to avoid the same situation again. Those elite cultivators had started to guard the Emperor 24 hours a day.

"Darryl!" Yvette was anxious. "Quick! Hide under the bed."

Sister Sloan adored Yvette, so she had allowed her a chance to hang out with Darryl, but her father was different. The Emperor would definitely kill Darryl on the spot if he were to see the man!

"Okay!"

Darryl nodded and was about to get under the bed, but his heart sank when his gaze

landed on Sloan.

F*ck...

'If Sloan exposed my whereabouts to the Emperor, would I be able to escape?'

"Sister Sloan!"

Yvette pleaded to Sloan. "You must not say anything about Darryl when Father Emperor comes, okay? Please, I beg you!"

Yvette was smart; she knew the reason for Darryl's hesitation.

Sloan's eyes flickered; she smiled when she noticed how flustered Yvette had looked.

"Why should I help him? He broke into the palace, so he is unforgivable!"

Sloan smiled devilishly when she said that.

'Serves you right, Darryl, for teasing me.

This is your retribution!'

F*ck!

Darryl was uneasy when Sloan responded with a sneer.

Yvette became even more perturbed. She walked toward the other woman, tugged her sleeves and said coquettishly, "Sister Sloan, I beg you, please. Don't tell Father Emperor that Darryl is hiding under my bed..."

Sloan could not bring herself to refuse Yvette, so her tone eased a little. "I can agree to that, but he has to beg me for it."

Sloan shot Darryl an arrogant smile.

Yvette was overjoyed and hurriedly said, "Darryl, hurry and beg Sister Sloan!"

F*ck it!

Darryl looked helplessly at Sloan. "How do you want me to beg?"

He gritted his teeth when he asked that.

'Alright, Sloan. If this is how you want to do it, I'll return the favor when I get the chance.'

Sloan pondered about that before she replied with a smile. "Simple. Just beg me and call me Sister Sloan."

She had never had the upper hand every time she dealt with Darryl. She had to avenge herself.

'Sister Sloan? How could you even think of that!'

Darryl's face turned grim. He stood there as the internal energy in his body surged. He would not mind a fight if things did not go his way.

"Darryl, please, just beg Sister Sloan..."

Yvette sweated profusely as she tugged at the corner of Darryl's clothes. "A great man

can endure any pain and setbacks. Please, just beg Sister Sloan..."

"No way." Darryl forced a reply through gritted teeth.

"Darryl!" Yvette stomped her feet anxiously.

"Please, Darryl... Would you just beg Sloan... Hubby, I beg you... Could you just beg Sister Sloan, please?"

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Darryl clenched his fists and sighed when he saw Yvette's agitation. He looked at Sloan.

"Sister Sloan, I beg you."

Darryl felt disgusted when he had to call her Sister Sloan.

Sloan smiled and nodded in satisfaction.

"Go then; get under the bed!"

Darryl took a deep breath and got under the bed under Sloan's smug gaze.

As soon as Darryl got under the bed, the New World Emperor walked into the room accompanied by four people.

Those four people seemed to be around 34 years old. They wore the imperial guard's uniform, and they exuded a strong aura. It was just like what Darryl had sensed—those

four people were powerful Martial Emperors, and the most powerful of them had a level five strength.

Those four men served the New World Emperor, and they even had a title—Golden Dragon Guards!

The last time Darryl wreaked havoc in the New World Palace and killed the Country Secretary in a matter of seconds, the New World Emperor had been very embarrassed. So he began to recruit elite cultivators from the nine continents.

Many cultivators had applied for the positions, and the best four applicants were recruited. Those four Martial Emperor elites' formidable aura filled every corner of the room; even the air seemed frozen.

Darryl held his breath as he hid under the bed; he was afraid to make even the slightest

sound.

Darryl was not afraid of the Golden Dragon Guards. He was worried about the few hundred thousand guards in the palace. How could he beat all of them single-handedly?

"Your Majesty." Sloan smiled as she nodded to the New World Emperor in greeting.

At the same time, Yvette stepped forward and said, "Father Emperor!"

"Mmm!"

The New World Emperor nodded and motioned to them to relax.

"Father Emperor, why are you here so late? Is something the matter?" Yvette asked curiously; she was rather nervous.

'He must not discover Darryl.'

The New World Emperor glanced around the room; then, he looked at Yvette and smiled. "Your martial arts marriage tournament is in a few days. I'm here to check up on you."

Darryl was nervous under the bed. He recalled the scene at Elysian Island ten years ago where he had hidden under the bed when he met the Cult Mistress in secret. He did not expect that he would be forced to do the same thing again ten years later, especially when he was already a learned martial arts cultivator.

Darryl sighed. Suddenly, he noticed something from the corner of his eyes, and he almost fainted. He saw Yvette and Sloan's legs from a different angle while he was under the bed. Both women were in short nightgowns, so Darryl was a little dazzled by the sight. He wanted to shift around to

sneak a better look. However, he dared not move as he was afraid that the Emperor would discover him. He felt inexplicably uncomfortable, but he could only force himself to calm down.

The Emperor glanced at the wine and snacks next to him. He said, "Yvette, it's already so late, and yet you're drinking instead of sleeping. Do you blame me for your martial arts marriage tournament?"

Yvette was the Emperor's beloved daughter. Hence, the Emperor knew her personality very well. She must be missing Darryl; that was why she drank so late at night.

"I—"

Yvette looked uneasy. She bit her lips, hung her head low and replied, "I don't blame you, Father Emperor. I just hate my life."

Her tone was flat, but it was obviously a complaint.

"Did you say that you hate your life?" The New World Emperor shook his head disapprovingly as his anger brewed. "Isn't that the same as blaming me? Well, I can tell you that nothing is going to happen between you and Darryl for the rest of your life."

Darryl had created chaos in the palace and killed the Country Secretary. How could the Emperor allow his precious daughter to be in a relationship with such a madman?

Yvette was annoyed to hear that from the Emperor, but she did not say anything.

The Emperor gave Sloan a sideways glance.

"Sloan, is there anything wrong with the Princess for the past two days? Especially Darryl—did he sneak into the palace?"

Darryl was a bold man. The Emperor

suspected that he might sneak into the palace when he learned about Yvette's martial arts marriage tournament.

Both Yvette and Darryl, who was under the bed, held their breath.

Would Sloan tell the truth?

She had promised that she would not leak their secret; she should keep her promise.

Darryl felt his heartbeat quickened.