

Only a fool would not notice the Gigantic Monsters' strength; no legendary monsters could not begin to compare to them. Ordinary soldiers would not even be able to get close to that beast, and at that point, the difference in power was so undeniable that it could hardly be called a battle.

In the blink of an eye, the Union Army took some enormous casualties; how long did they have until no one was left? Many of those sects were defeated, and even more orders had fallen apart.

Casualties continued to rise as it painted the ground red. One after the other, warriors fell and drowned in their own pool of blood. It was too much for them to handle, so some decided to retreat.

"We are leaving," Jackie summoned the Illusion Sound Sect and Sun Set Sect disciples from the mob. Then, she said to Jasmine, "Quickly! We need to go now; there's not much time."

Jasmine hesitated for a moment and said, "The others are still fighting, if we leave now—" She was also intimidated by the overpowering strength that the Raksasa Tribe had demonstrated, but some part of her still wished to stay and fight for the sake of her homeland.

Jackie shook her head. "No, we don't stand a chance here. If we stay, we'll die. Right now, we need to reserve our strength so that we can deal with the Raksasa Tribe after." As she spoke, Jackie was practically glowing with confidence.

Ever since she took the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda from Darryl, she had spent her time trying to figure out its secret, but she did not manage to learn anything.

She was confident that she had what it took to unravel its secret so that she could become the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda's new master. As long as she had the pagoda, she would have countless ancient warriors at her command. Maybe she could fend off the Raksasa Army then.

“Alright!” When Jasmine saw the determination in Jackie’s eyes, she decided not to say another word against her decision. Instead, she turned to order the disciples from the Sun Set Sect and the Illusion Sound Sect to retreat.

“You people—” Yvette was beyond frustrated; she did not expect that most of their soldiers would feel intimidated by the Raksasa Tribe and chose to run that early into battle. Chester felt just as helpless. He continued to shout for everyone to work together, but it was no use. Those who stayed were too disheartened to continue with the initial fierceness, and they mainly remained passive. As a result, not only the Union Army, but even the North Moana Army crumbled under the Gigantic Monsters’ attack.

“Everyone!” Zhang Jue hovered in mid-air and urged. “Heed my orders, Union Army, divide yourselves into two troops, one to circle back from the left and the other to engage with the enemy on the right. Then, North Moana Army, remain in your formation and slowly retreat from the middle. Hurry!”

As soon as the orders were given, the North Moana Army followed swiftly. On the other hand, Chester, Quincy, Andy, Parker, and a few others cast a look at one another before they promptly turned to instruct their men to follow Zhang Jue’s order. If it had happened the previous day, none of them would have listened to Zhang Jue.

However, the Raksasa Army’s full-scale onslaught was before them, and Darryl was nowhere to be found. If they allowed the chaos within their own troops to fester, then the Union Army would be completely wiped out in a matter of hours. Without any backup, the North Moana Army would fall as well, and that would leave the Nine Mainland at the Raksasa Army’s mercy.

It was an urgent situation, so Chester and the rest chose to obey Zhang Jue’s arrangement. Soon enough, the Union Army and North Moana Army coordinated with one another; they formed a massive formation under Zhang Jue’s command and managed to hold against the Raksasa Army temporarily. Even so, they still could not stop the Gigantic Monsters.

The massive formation might hold back against the Raksasa Army, but they were still vulnerable against the Gigantic Monsters that were the size of a hill. A few

Gigantic Monsters threw their arms across the field, and hundreds of soldiers were sent flying.

Some were caught, and before they knew what had happened, they were stuffed into the Gigantic Monster's mouth. It did not take long before gaps appeared in the defensive formation. Warriors from the Union Army and the North Moana Army could feel their blood run cold at the sight. What was that monster?

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Even though the Union Army and the North Moana Army worked as one, they could not turn the situation around; casualties continued to rise! After only two hours of intense battle, more than a hundred thousand warriors had fallen, but the Raksasa Army had only lost about ten thousand soldiers.

Hundreds of thousands of warriors survived the initial attack, and they still tried their best to defend against their enemy.

Everyone was overwhelmed with despair and helplessness, but they knew that they were at the point of no return. They had put their lives on the line. They knew that defeat meant only one thing—the end of Nine Mainland.

Meanwhile, at the Raksasa Army's side.

Two slim figures stood behind the Raksasa King's chariot; a few dozens of Raksasa soldiers guarded them. Even though the Raksasa King was displeased that Alaric treated those two women as his teachers, he did not stop it. So, even though no one regarded them as high-status individuals, the Raksasa soldiers dared not mistreat them.

"What do we do?" Shentel trembled in despair as she witnessed that atrocity. One by one, warriors from the Nine Mainland fell; they died in the puddle of their own blood. Those were her fellow comrades!

Debra could only frown in frustration but somehow managed to anchor herself. She replied softly, "The battle has begun, but there's nothing we can do to stop it now. The only way out is to wait until it is over and continue to have the Honourable Son convince the Raksasa King for mercy."

Shentel sighed quietly at that comment and retreated into wordless silence.

Yang Jian's face darkened as he watched his armies pushed back further by the enemy. Countless soldiers met their demise as they choked on their own blood.

“Commander, do you know what kind of beasts are those?” Yang Jian was enraged as he observed the Gigantic Monsters with intense focus, so he directed that question toward Zhang Jue. His advisor scowled thoughtfully before he said, “Their forms resemble apes but are far too powerful and enormous to be just that. I believe that they might be the Gigantic Monster mentioned in ancient studies.”

“Gigantic Monster?” Yang Jian’s stare turned cold. Then, he said ruthlessly, “I shall destroy them!”

Yang Jian raised his Tri-point Double-edged Saber steadily, and a wave of intimidating aura exploded. The clouds were instantly pulled toward him, and storms started to gather. He was the one and only Grandmaster Erlang whose rage could move the earth.

Yang Jian’s form blurred as he leaped into the air swiftly with a tight grip on the Tri-point Double-edged Saber. At that moment, the internal energy in Yang Jian erupted, and its sheer force ripped through the sky.

“Zeus Slash!”

Yang Jian locked his eyes onto the closest Gigantic Monster, and from a hundred meters away, he lifted his arm with an angered roar. Immense energy exploded from the Tri-point Double-edged Saber as it sent a sword-shaped shadow toward the Gigantic Monster.

The shadow itself was over a hundred meters in length—the perfect representation of Yang Jian’s will with destructive power beyond one’s imagination.

The Zeus Slash was Yang Jian’s signature attack; he used it once when he was after Zhu Bajie at the North Moana Empire. The temperature dropped as soon as the shadow appeared. Both sides of the actions felt as if they were frozen in place. Many of the Raksasa soldiers gaped at Yang Jian; they were unable to react.

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How powerful! Who could that be? Chester, Quincy, Andy, and the others were stunned too. It was as expected of Grandmaster Erlang! The sheer power alone was incomparable to anything in all of the continents. There might be some hope for them since he had joined the battle. The troops from the North Moana Army were elevated.

“The Zeus Slash! His Majesty has finally attacked!”

“His Majesty is going to turn the tide around!”

“Those gigantic animals are no match to His Majesty—”

The shadow descended right before their fearful eyes.

Boom!

Like a meteor, the air tore apart wherever the shadow touched. It was as if the world had split apart as it landed on the Gigantic Monster forcefully.

Instantaneously, a rumble vibrated through the field as the ashes rose. The hundred-meter-tall Gigantic Monster cried and staggered backward. A wound tore through the beast’s left shoulder, all the way down to its right hip as blood splattered like a storm.

The aftershock brought by the strike opened a ravine about a thousand meters in length and a hundred meters in width. Many of the Raksasa soldiers were scattered there in pieces; none of the corpses were whole.

The blood of those who saw the scene went cold; their mind had short-circuited. Soldiers from the Raksasa Army gaped in Yang Jian’s direction; the man looked like the God of War. Those stout-hearted soldiers were immediately disheartened. The North Moana Army and the Union Army shouted and screamed their praises.

Chester, Quincy, Yvette, and the others looked at Yang Jian as the man hovered in mid-air; their will to fight was rekindled once again. It was as expected of the renowned Grandmaster Erlang; it only took him one strike to take down a Gigantic Monster.

As long as he continued to attack them, those troubling giants will soon be eradicated. Yang Jian might have been a hypocrite; he always said one thing but did the opposite. However, in the moments that mattered, he was still worthy of respect.

Meanwhile, the Raksasa King, seated comfortably in his chariot as he observed the battle, stood abruptly. His eyes locked onto Yang Jian. “Who is that? The one who managed to kill a Gigantic Monster in one strike?”

The Raksasa Tribe had been trapped in the Wild Deserted Secret Region for thousands of years, and so, they knew very little about the Nine Mainland. The Raksasa King might not have known the man who stood against him, but he could sense that he would be one of the greatest obstacles on his way to conquer the Nine Mainland.

Amastan and the other generals cast confused glances at one another and remained silent. If the Raksasa King did not know about that person, they would be clueless about him.

“Father!” Alaric strode toward the Raksasa King and explained respectfully, “That is Yang Jian, the man they honored as the Grandmaster Erlang. He is now the king of the North Moana Continent.” Alaric turned to look at Yang Jian, who hovered in mid-air, intently, and continued to say, “Legend has it that Yang Jian has cultivated for thousands of years. We cannot underestimate his powers, and we must be cautious.”

Alaric had learned a lot about the Nine Mainland from Debra and Shentel for the past few days. They had introduced him to many of their legendary heroes, and Yang Jian was one of them. Alaric had recognized him the moment he caught sight of the man. Golden armor, Tri-point Double-edged Saber in hand, with a black hound by his side—it had to be Yang Jian! It must be him!

Grandmaster Erlang? The Raksasa King's face darkened as he ordered, "Bring me my weapon."

The soldiers dared not delay; they immediately carried an enormous weapon—it was three meters in length, and the entire body was milky white. It was a gigantic broadsword made of bone.

The broadsword was forged from the spine of an ancient beast that the Raksasa King hunted down years ago in the Wild Deserted Secret Region. The fierce beast had lived over a thousand years; a sword made with its spine was as indestructible as the Godly weapons.

The Raksasa King sprung into the air with the bone broadsword in his hand. Then, he spoke to Yang Jian, "Are you Yang Jian? You will pay for killing my Gigantic Monster!"

As he spoke, the black-mist energy that covered the Raksasa King turned his form into a looming image that seemed out of that world. The Raksasa Tribe cultivated in ways that were fundamentally different from the Nine Mainland. However, a strong warrior's intimidating aura that could make anyone wanting to fling themselves to the ground remained the same.

"Oh?" As he sensed his opponent's powerful presence, Yang Jian's face sank with anticipation. He tightened his grip on the Tri-point Double-edged Saber and challenged the other man casually. "And you are...?"

The Raksasa King sneered; his eyes never left Yang Jian. "I am the Raksasa King. Consider it an honor to die by my sword."

Yang Jian laughed without care; his face was as cold as stone. "Die? We don't know who will die yet."

"Prepare to die!" The Raksasa King decided not to waste another second in casual conversation. Instead, he roared as he dashed toward Yang Jian with his

bone sword—he looked like a reaper that came straight out of hell. The Raksasa King had arrived in front of Yang Jian in the blink of an eye. Yang Jian had no time to think; he blocked the attack with his Tri-point Double-edged Saber.

Clang!

Deafening noises exploded as the bone sword and the Tri-point Double-edged Saber clashed. The Raksasa King and Yang Jian were sent several meters backward.

“Not bad!” The Raksasa King steadied himself as he looked at Yang Jian with a nod of approval. “I heard that your name is well-known by all in the Nine Mainland. It looked like you’ve had cultivation for thousands of years; you did not disappoint me. But you are still not my match.”

Once again, the Raksasa King closed in on Yang Jian. He reeked of malice as turbulence jerked in his track. When the Raksasa King approached him for the second time, Yang Jian replied with a scowl, “You are not nearly as good as you claim to be; I will have your head!”

After his close encounter with the Raksasa King, Yang Jian sensed that the Raksasa Tribe had a unique cultivation method. However, he did not care much about that; he was not Grandmaster Erlang for nothing.

Yang Jian held his Tri-point Double-edged Saber tightly and started the heated duel with the Raksasa King. Both of them blurred into two shadows that flew to the top of the battlefield. They moved swiftly across, past and against one another. Thunderstorms gathered as the fight intensified—it was a splendid sight that one could not describe with words. Every person on the battlefield was rendered speechless; a battle like that was rare, even throughout history. Many were dazed with awe!

Meanwhile, in a cave located kilometers away from the Chaotic Mountain Range.

Darryl sat in the stone room, and as he cultivated, he felt the strength within him grew. He continued to climb higher as he reached the Master General, the Martial Marquis, and finally, the Martial Saint level.

One had to admit that the Ghost Valley Sage's Heart Sutra of Eight Wilds contained such a depth that it could unfold into countless possibilities. As Darryl cultivated, he did not only regain his internal energy, but he managed to restore his levels swiftly too.

It only took one day for him to recover from having no internal energy at all to the Martial Saint level. If he were to continue with that progress, he could restore his power to level five Martial Emperor, and he would be able to proceed with his advancement to the Heaven Ascension level.

However, Darryl found it hard to focus because he had sensed a vibration from the Chaotic Mountain Range just moments ago. As he grew stronger, he could feel the overwhelming sounds of war.

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‘Oh no, I have to speed up.’

Darryl thought about it as he hurriedly sat down cross-legged to continue with the cultivation.

...

Meanwhile, somewhere in the middle of the vast Ruins Sea.

Ambrose led the Blood Shark Pirates on a thousand sailboats as Heather guided them through the maelstrom safely. After several hours of sailing, the fleet finally arrived at Coral Island.

Coral Island was located in the center of the Ruins Sea. It was also the secret location of the Sea Mackie Clan, who had guarded the Ruins Sea for generations.

Everyone, no matter Ambrose, Eira, or the Blood Shark Pirates, who landed on Coral Island were in awe when they saw the spectacular island scenery; they sang praises for the magnificent Creator.

The huge Coral Island was not made up of land but pieces of conjoined corals. Those corals ranged from half a meter to tens of meters high. There was a variety of species, and one was unique in its colors. They gleamed in beautiful shades under the sun.

The Sea Mackie Clan lived in a huge shell built on top of a colony of corals. From a distance, the structure looked like it was straight out from a fairy tale.

“It’s so beautiful here.” Eira was fascinated as she exclaimed her reverence.

Ambrose was also astounded; he said to Heather, “I did not expect such a beautiful place to exist amid the Ruins Sea. That is simply a paradise.”

Heather burst out in a peal of laughter. Then, she said to Ambrose, “This is where we have lived for generations. Is it special? Is your home on the mainland very different from here?”

Heather had grown up on the island; she had never been to the mainland, so she thought all humans lived similarly.

Ambrose smiled faintly and said, “Of course, it’s very different. There are palaces on the mainland and majestic buildings. I will take you there one day.”

Mmm!

Heather nodded and then said softly, “You two should come with me to see my father. However, your subordinates will have to wait here. The Sea Mackie Clan don’t usually allow outsiders into our residence.”

Ambrose’s mission was to capture Donoghue as soon as possible, but since he failed to do that and ended in the Sea Mackie Clan’s residence, he had decided to recuperate at Coral Island. At the same time, he would love to visit Heather’s father, the Head of Sea Mackie Clan.

Heather gladly agreed, but she did not forget the rules of the Sea Mackie Clan.

Ambrose agreed to that; he respected the rule.

“Heather.” Eira asked out of curiosity, “Have no other humans been here for the last thousands of years?”

Heather smiled. “You’ll have to pass through the maelstrom to get here. Even the experienced pirates have failed to pass the obstacle, so very few have managed to make it here. I would say that you two are the first to receive an invitation in thousands of years.”

Suddenly, Heather thought of something and clapped her hands. “Oh, right! A few days ago, my father rescued a few people from the world of cultivators. I

heard that they came from the World Universe continent. Maybe you'll know them.”

‘From the World Universe continent?’

Ambrose and Eira exchanged surprised looks.

Ambrose’s eyes flashed as he was reminded of something; he hurriedly asked Heather, “What do those people look like?”

The Tucker Cult and several other sects had snatched fishing boats from the civilians by the Donghai City seaside and went to the sea to escape the war. Were they the people that Heather mentioned?

However, there were tens of thousands of people from the many sects. It was impossible to have only a few left.

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When she noticed the siblings' serious expressions, Heather tilted her head and pondered before she responded, "Those people are not young. One of them claims to be the Tucker Cult Master, who is someone very famous in the World Universe continent—"

'Watson Tucker? So, it's them!'

Ambrose's eyes lit up as he sneered before Heather could finish talking. "These bastards came to the Ruins Sea. What a coincidence! I will not spare them if I see them."

When Yang Jian led the North Moana Army and invaded the World Universe continent, Watson's Tucker Cult and some other sects decided to flee and not defend their homeland in the war. After they reached Donghai City, they seized the civilians' fishing boats—an absolutely horrible act!

Ambrose and Eira saw them; they tried their best to stop Watson and the others from running away with the stolen boats, but they were not successful. Ambrose vowed that if he saw them again, he would teach those scum a lesson. He did not expect an opportunity would come so soon—Watson and the others had appeared in the Sea Mackie Clan's territory.

Ambrose was furious, but he was also a little curious.

He wondered how Watson and the other sects that amounted to tens of thousands of people would only have a few men left. Where were the rest?

Just as Ambrose thought about that, Heather led the way toward the largest residence on Coral Island.

Similar to the other buildings, the residence was also made of shells. Dozens of giant shells that were several meters high were stacked to form a unique and magnificent structure. It seemed simple, but it looked luxurious and elegant.

Ambrose and Eira quickly trailed after Heather.

Along the way, they saw many people from the Sea Mackie Clan. All of them were handsome men and beautiful women, and they all greeted Heather respectfully. At the same time, they threw curious glances at Ambrose and Eira.

“Heather, you are back?”

When they approached the intended residence, a person with an ancient voice emerged slowly; a dozen people accompanied him. He had a white beard and a ruddy complexion, and he wore a robe made of fish scales and sea beasts’ skins. He also had a majestic aura.

It was Heather’s father, Hacken, the Head of the Sea Mackie Clan!

Hacken looked at Heather lovingly; his love and care for her were displayed through his eyes. Heather had ventured outside a day ago, and she had not come home. Hacken was very anxious, and he sent many people to search for Heather, but there was no clue.

Just as Hacken convened the clan to discuss the search methods, his daughter was home safe and sound. Hacken was overjoyed.

“Father!” Heather yelled as she ran into Hacken’s arms.

“Where have you been?” Hacken asked softly as he stroked her daughter’s hair.

Heather smiled and said, “A bad guy chased after me, and I kept swimming to get away from him. I was almost at the border of the Ruins Sea when I met my savior; he killed the bad guy and saved me.”

Heather still felt a little scared as she narrated the incident.

‘Savior?’

Hacken was stunned to hear that. Then, he looked at Ambrose and Eira. “Are they your savior?”

Hacken looked at Ambrose and Eira as he spoke, and he noticed that the siblings were quite young. Ambrose was handsome, while Eira was youthful and charming.

Heather nodded and signaled to Ambrose and Eira. “This is my father, the Head of the Sea Mackie Clan.”

Ambrose and Eira were about to approach the Hacken when...

“Wait!”

A person walked forward as he shouted to stop them. He wore a satin robe, and he had a dark complexion. He looked cunning too. It was Watson.

Watson eyed Hacken with frustration.

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Watson was indescribably shocked.

He thought he would never meet Ambrose again after their conflict at the Donghai City seaside. However, they had run into each other unexpectedly at the Sea Mackie Clan's abode.

Watson noticed that Ambrose's internal energy had utterly recovered, and he was no longer weak. Besides that, Ambrose's strength seemed to have improved too.

Watson was even more shocked when he saw the thousands of sailboats out on the sea just next to Coral Island.

Ambrose met Watson's gaze; his expression was gloomy.

'So, this scum really is here.'

"Clan Head!"

Finally, Watson snapped back his senses. Then, he said to Hacken, "The princess might have been deceived. These siblings are very dangerous people. Their father is Darryl, a well-known demon on all nine continents. They have done all sorts of evil deeds. How could they possibly have saved the princess? There must be something strange about this."

Watson looked sincere and serious when he said that to Hacken; his eyes shone slyly.

Half a month ago, Watson and some people from several other sects had snatched the civilians' sailboats. They had planned to settle down at the Island of Peach Blossom, but they were perplexed to see the island in ruins when they arrived there. Island of Peach Blossom was the first territory to be wiped out by

the New World Army when they first invaded the World Universe continent before they shifted their target to Donghai City.

Watson and everyone else had to continue sailing to seek their next destination.

During that period, many of the Sect Masters wanted to give up and return to the continent, but Watson insisted on their journey. Watson had read the Bottomless Valley Sea Map, and he remembered the content vividly even though the map was lost.

Watson knew that there was an ancient secret in the Bottomless Valley Sea Map. If he could find the secret, then he could revive Tucker Cult's eminence and rise to fame as the supreme figure across nine continents.

Watson led everyone to the Ruins Sea with nothing but his memory, and as a result, the maelstrom hit them hard.

In the end, only Watson and a few men survived the ordeal before the Sea Mackie Clan finally rescued them.

When he arrived at the Sea Mackie Clan abode, Watson was pleasantly surprised to learn that the Coral Island was the location of the ancient secret, so he decided to stay and find out about it.

However, he did not expect the siblings to turn up so suddenly.

Watson knew that Ambrose would never let him go. Instead of passively waiting for his fate, Watson decided to act first by tricking the Head of Sea Mackie Clan to eliminate Ambrose.

Ambrose was furious to hear that. He pointed at Watson and cursed, "You despicable and shameless bastard! How could you lie? You should go to hell!"

Eira, next to Ambrose, also trembled in a rage. She shrieked, "Watson, do you have a conscience? The World Universe is in grave danger of being occupied by our enemies, yet you fled and slandered us?"

Eira was infuriated. Watson was a despicable man. How could he make up stories and slandered Darryl and called him the demon of nine continents?

Heather said anxiously to Watson, "Don't talk nonsense! They are good people."

Heather tugged Hacken's sleeve and defended Eira and Ambrose anxiously. "Father, Ambrose, and his sister are good people. Don't listen to this person."

Heather threw Watson a watchful glance. She could see through Watson's sneaky attitude. She knew that Watson was a menace, and she would not let him slander her benefactors.

Hacken stood there quietly as he stared at the siblings. He was expressionless and speechless as he did that.

Watson was eloquent, so he managed to win Hacken's trust in just a few days. Therefore, Hacken believed in Watson, but he hesitated when he saw his daughter defending the siblings.

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Watson was agitated.

“Head Clan!” Watson thought of something, and he pointed to the group of pirates nearby and explained eagerly, “These siblings must be pirates. If they are good people, how could they hang out with pirates?”

“Princess is still young, and she is kind-hearted, which explains why she is easily deceived. Head Clan, you can’t fall into their trap.”

Hacken looked in the direction where Watson was pointing.

Hacken’s face changed as anger crept into his eyes when he saw the Blood Shark Pirates.

Hacken thought it was fortunate that Watson had sharp eyes. Otherwise, he would have believed his daughter’s words and led the enemies into his abode.

Hacken fixed his eyes on Ambrose and ordered coldly, “Take them down!”

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Several powerful Sea Mackie Clan elites charge toward the siblings.

Phew!

Ambrose exhaled a long breath; he was not at all flustered.

His understanding of the cultivation realm had improved during his time at sea, and his internal strength had improved too! Ambrose smiled faintly at the approaching Sea Mackie Clan elites and said, “You guys are not my match.”

“What an arrogant kid!”

“You have got a death wish!”

“Quit boasting! Hurry up and surrender.”

Several powerful Sea Mackie Clan elites were extremely annoyed at Ambrose; they pulled out their weapons and aimed at Ambrose’s heart!

Ambrose shook his head. “I’ll entertain you since you want a fight.” He knew that those elites were all Martial Emperors, but he was not intimidated because he had the Tyrant Hammer.

Buzz!

Ambrose summoned his Tyrant Hammer, and in an instant, majestic internal energy dispersed from his body!

Several of the powerful Sea Mackie Clan felt the brute force crashing down on them! They were shocked when they lost their balance in the air.

“I’ll help you!” Watson drew his long sword and joined in the fight without any hesitation.

His plan would be disrupted if he failed to capture the siblings. Furthermore, Watson was not willing to give up then. He had spent the last few days investigating, and he was about to uncover the truth about the mystery.

Watson joined the battle, and his action boosted the Sea Mackie Clan’s morale. They besieged Ambrose, and a fierce battle broke out.

“You’re shameless! How can you take advantage of our misfortune!” Eira yelled.

She tapped her toes on the coral and used it to propel herself into the air and right into the battlefield.

Figures from the two sides shuffled between each side in the air amidst the heated battle; it was hard to keep up with the fast changes.

Many people from the Sea Mackie Clan had gathered to watch in great astonishment.

“Father!”

The flustered Heather pleaded with Hacken. “Get them to stop fighting.”

However, Hacken had his eyes fixed on the fierce battle in mid-air quietly; he ignored Heather’s demand.

“Brother.”

Eira held her long sword tightly and shouted at Ambrose, “I’ll deal with these Sea Mackie Clan, you go on and catch Watson!”

Eira brandished her long sword and mustered her internal energy as she faced a few Sea Mackie Clan elites.

Mmm!

Ambrose nodded before he turned and went straight for Watson.

Ambrose was not as decisive in the past, but he believed in his sister’s strength to handle those Sea Mackie Clan elites.

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“Heaven Breaking Sword!” Those words escaped through Eira’s parted red lips coldly.

Buzz!

A powerful upsurge of force immediately condensed between heaven and earth. Then, a dazzling sword shadow emerged and went straight toward the Sea Mackie Clan elites.

The Heaven Breaking Sword was a sword technique in the Immortal Pure Scripture. It was much more powerful and in a higher realm than the Turning Ground Sword that Eira used to cast.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Sea Mackie Clan elites were caught off guard, and those sword shadows instantly enshrouded them. They felt the power in their body was obstructed, and at the same time, their body shook before they fell off the great height.

Eira did not go in for the kill. She withheld the power of the sword technique because she was unwilling to hurt those people from the Sea Mackie Clan. Heather was too cute. How could Eira kill her people?

Gasp!

Many people from the Sea Mackie Clan gasped when they saw what had happened.

‘So powerful. This girl is around 17 or 18 years old, right? How is she so powerful?’

Hacken frowned sulkily. His men were outstanding elites among the younger generation of the Sea Mackie Clan, but they were no match to a young girl.

Heather, on the other hand, was delighted. She thought that her benefactor's sister was amazing; she vowed to practice and cultivate harder in the future and be less playful.

Meanwhile, Ambrose locked his target onto Watson, and he said, "Watson, you are such an unfaithful, despicable and shameless person. How would you like to die?"

Buzz!

Ambrose discharged a powerful breath of aura that froze the air!

Then, he raised his right hand and struck Watson with a punch!

Ambrose had not used the Tyrant Hammer yet. He thought that Watson did not deserve to be struck by that formidable weapon.

Ambrose moved quickly, and he was in front of Watson in the blink of an eye.

Gasp!

The speed...

Watson was startled when he saw Ambrose's lightning speed. He had no time to dodge, so he lifted a palm and got ready to greet Ambrose's attack! Watson was vigilant; he used his full internal energy to resist the attack!

Bang!

Ambrose's fist slammed into Watson's palm, and Watson felt a torrent of power that rushed at him. He groaned and took a dozen steps backward. The blood in his body rippled, and he struggled to breathe.

Watson thought that Ambrose's strength was simply too terrifying. Nevertheless, Watson could barely parry his attack. He was surprised that someone under 20

years old could possess such strength. 'Wouldn't he be even more terrifying in the future?'

Watson was extremely frightened.

Ambrose hovered quietly in mid-air, and he wore a sullen look. He was a little surprised to discover that Watson was not weak. However, the man had chosen to escape from the war in the World Universe continent.

Ambrose waved the Tyrant Hammer in his hand!

As soon as the Tyrant Hammer made its appearance, the surrounding air distorted violently!

Many people from the Sea Mackie Clan were shocked. They were extremely worried for Watson.

'This young man repelled Watson with just one punch, and then he retrieved his weapon. I fear that Watson is in danger.'

Gulp!

Fighting spirit permeated from Ambrose's body, and cold sweat beaded on Watson's forehead. The man gulped quickly to stay alert!

Oh, no!

Ambrose was about to use the Tyrant Hammer; Watson was afraid that he could not stop the attack.

"Watson, the fact that you can take a punch from me proves that you are not weak. You would have been very capable on the battlefield, but you chose to flee. You're simply a shame for the cultivators," Ambrose said coldly.

Ambrose waved his arm, and then, a frightening noise came from the Tyrant Hammer. Afterward, a powerful gush of energy shrouded Watson.

Watson did not have time to think about it. He quickly mobilized all the energy stored in his energy field to deploy a protective shield in front of him.

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Bang!

A terrifying force blasted on the protective shield, and it shattered instantly. Watson let out a muffled groan before his body flew about 100 meters backward. The momentum broke a dozen corals before he landed heavily on a shell.

Watson had consumed a lot of internal energy when he resisted Ambrose's attack earlier. He was exhausted, and thus, he could not resist the Tyrant Hammer's attack.

After all, Ambrose's Tyrant Hammer was also a rare Grand Weapon.

"Watson!" Ambrose stared down at Watson as murderous intent laced his tone. "Do you have any last words? Hurry up and say it!"

As he spoke, Ambrose gripped the Tyrant Hammer tightly in his hand and approached Watson slowly.

His brute strength and aura permeated and filled the air and sea.

Gulp!

Watson was petrified. He swallowed his saliva discreetly as he regretted his act!

"Hang on!"

Watson yelled when he saw Ambrose drew nearer to him. "Your Highness, Hero Darby, I am wrong. I have failed as a human, and I am unfaithful. Please, forgive me. Please forgive me..."

Watson never thought that he would ever kneel before Ambrose and begged for his mercy, but he had no choice. Ambrose was too powerful. If Watson refused to admit defeat, then he would lose his life.

Ambrose chuckled. He did not stop; he continued to approach Watson.

‘We can leave this scum alive. It is better to get rid of him.’

“Hero Darby, Young Master Darby—” Watson panicked; he continued to kowtow to plead for his life. “For the sake of my service for your father, please spare my life.”

Hacken, who had been quiet and cold, said, “Young Man, since Watson has admitted his mistake, why don’t you give him a chance?”

Hacken threw Watson a cold glance, devoid of the politeness he showed earlier.

As the Head of the Sea Mackie Clan, Hacken could see that Watson had fabricated his story. Hacken was furious when he realized that he had been fooled. However, he had to step in as two outsiders were fighting on his territory.

Heather said, “Brother Ambrose, even if this person is despicable, but perhaps you can spare him? The Sea Mackie Clan follows our ancestor’s rule where we can’t kill in our territory.”

Ambrose stopped in his tracks; he hesitated after he heard Heather’s words.

‘Watson is too despicable. Should I forgive him?’

“Brother!”

Eira walked up to Ambrose slowly. She glanced at Watson and said softly, “Heather has made her intentions clear. Let’s let him live for the time being.”

Then, Eira thought of something. She said, “The situation on the mainland must be very tense now. We need extra hands. Let’s get him to pay for his sins when we’re back on the mainland.”

Ambrose looked at Watson coldly. “You hear that? I’m sparing your life today because of Heather. From now on, you’ll have to follow my orders. I’ll show no mercy if you go against my will.”

“Yes...” Watson was dripping with cold sweat; he nodded repeatedly. “I will contribute to the mainland, and I will never run away again.”

Ambrose ignored Watson. He put his Tyrant Hammer away and walked toward Eira.

Ambrose cracked a faint smile and said to Hacken, “Pleased to meet you, Head Clan.”

Hacken nodded and smiled embarrassingly. “Both of you are young heroes, indeed. Thank you for saving my little girl. I’m sorry for being offensive just now.”

Ambrose smiled. “No worries, Head Clan.”

Afterward, Hacken invited the siblings to a banquet. Watson followed servilely, devoid of his pride as a sect master.

Hacken learned about what had happened after about half an hour; he was outraged. “Damn it, so Donoghue was the one who was pursuing and attacking Heather! I will send my people to work with you to pursue him.”

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Ambrose nodded. "Thank you. I'm relieved to hear your assurance, Head Clan."

The Sea Mackie Clan had lived on Coral Island for thousands of years, and they were very familiar with the surrounding environment. With their help, Donoghue would be captured in no time.

As they talked, Ambrose glanced at Watson, who was standing next to him. He asked, "Watson, why are you here? Do you have any purpose?"

What?

Watson flushed; he hesitated before he replied cautiously, "Young Master Darby, do you remember the ancient sea map that I lost? The map had a secret. I have seen it, and that's how I found this place." Ambrose was Darryl's son, so Watson would call Ambrose Young Master.

'Secret.'

Ambrose was stunned. He exchanged looks with Eira before he retrieved the Bottomless Valley Sea Map quickly.

The siblings were shocked when they saw that the mark on it was pointing at Coral Island.

"This—"

Hacken stood up and looked at the ancient sea map closely. He could not hide his excitement and shock as he trembled. "This is the relic left behind by our ancestors. It went missing for nearly a thousand years. I didn't expect to see it again!"

'What?'

Ambrose, Eira, and Watson were shocked to learn that.

‘So, this sea map is a relic from the Sea Mackie Clan’s ancestors?’

...

Meanwhile, in a deep mountain cave.

Buzz!

Darryl sat cross-legged as violent powers surrounded his body. The air in the entire stone chamber was utterly distorted.

He had been there for two days and two nights.

He had managed to recover his internal energy to his previous state of a level five Martial Emperor, and he was about to break through the Heaven Ascension level.

Darryl was nervous because he was stuck at a bottleneck.

Crack!

The power had built up in the stone chamber, and it was growing stronger. The stone walls and platforms around Darryl suddenly cracked. He opened his eyes and was taken aback. He drew up a protective shield to protect the Ghost Valley Sage’s body.

The Ghost Valley Sage had passed away, but his body did not decay. On the contrary, he remained in a sitting posture as if he had fallen asleep; he looked very much alive.

Darryl had high respect for the Ghost Valley Sage, so he did not want to see his body destroyed.

Finally, everything was calm and normal again. Darryl breathed a sigh of relief, but he was stunned when he tilted his head to check his surroundings.

He noticed a well under the stone platform, but it had no water. It looked like a well, indeed. Darryl saw a simple and quaint stone chest at the bottom of the well. It had carvings of words and patterns on it.

‘Oh, wow! There is something down there?’

Darryl was amazed, and before he could think further, he retrieved the stone chest.

The patterns on the chest looked old-fashioned, and the words on it were simple and plain. Darryl recognized the words at once, and he read them out loud, “The Raksasa Tribe is cruel and menacing. Therefore, in the name of Emperor Xuan Yuan, I called for all tribes to attack the Raksasa Tribe and exiled them into the wilderness...”

‘What?’

‘Emperor Xuan Yuan? Emperor Xuan Yuan had left this stone chest behind?’

Emperor Xuan Yuan, also known as the Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan, was the leader of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors in ancient times.

Darryl felt that his mind went blank; he was extremely shocked.

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Darryl was shocked. He took a deep breath, and he continued to read. “The tribes suffered heavy losses in the battle, and I had to summon the Divine Dragon... Finally, we succeeded...”

The more Darryl read about it, the more shocked he was.

It turned out that things did not go well when the Yellow Emperor exiled the Raksasa Tribe into the wilderness. The Raksasa Tribe was very powerful, and they put on a strong resistance, resulting in heavy casualties among both sides.

In the end, the Yellow Emperor had to summon his enchanted beast—the Divine Dragon before he finally defeated the Raksasa Tribe, but the dragon was also injured and eventually died.

The Yellow Emperor was heartbroken. Before its death, the Divine Dragon left behind two treasures from the dragon’s bloodline. Nothing more was mentioned about the two treasures.

After he read the words carved on the stone chest, Darryl knew that those two treasures were related to the bloodline of the Divine Dragon. The Yellow Emperor ordered for two stone boxes to be made to keep the treasures separated. One of the boxes was left in the cave near the Chaotic Mountain Range, where Darryl was. It was placed there to guard the mountain range.

As for the other treasure, the Yellow Emperor handed it to a tribe and sent them off to the vast sea to set the treasure on the seabed to seal it there. That way, it was possible to maintain the treasure’s aura.

The words on the stone chest ended with, and Darryl read it, “As long as you find the two treasures, you can unlock the strongest power inherited from the Divine Dragon’s bloodline. You’d be able to ward off the Raksasa Tribe if they were to return to the nine continents and harm the people.”

Darryl felt that his brain buzzed after he digested the information. He was excited.

It was as expected from the Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan, who was a great strategist. He knew that the Raksasa Tribe would return to the Chaotic Mountain Range one day and cause havoc there, so he deliberately left something behind!

‘The bloodline of the Divine Dragon... Is it really a dragon?’ Dragons did exist thousands of years ago, but they had disappeared from the nine continents. Was it because of the fierce battle with the Raksasa Tribe that the dragons went extinct?

Darryl’s hands trembled as he thought of all the possibilities. He opened the stone chest.

Gasp!

The moment he opened it, Darryl was stunned to see the contents inside it. He drew in a sharp breath of cold air.

There was a crystal clear bead in the stone chest, and the bead was the size of a fist. It gleamed in a colorful luster. Darryl could sense the mystical aura of heaven and earth in it.

The mystical aura was thicker and more potent than what Darryl had felt—it was so pure...

Roar!

The moment he held the bead in his hand, Darryl heard the sound of a dragon’s roar from the core of the bead.

‘Was that a dragon’s roar?’

Darryl froze in place as he stared at the bead in his hand. He did not know if he was excited or shocked. Then, he suddenly realized something.

The bead was a dragon ball. It contained the essence of the Divine Dragon. Obviously, it was the essence of the Divine Dragon that had belonged to the Yellow Emperor.

Darryl laughed.

Why would he fear the Raksasa Tribe when he had that?

Darryl was excited and elated. Then, he was reminded of the other treasure. He had found one of the two treasures, but where was the other one?

The words on the stone chest were very clear. Another treasure had been taken to the sea. Darryl wondered how he could look for it in the vast ocean.

Darryl muttered to himself. Then, he decided to stop thinking about it and put the dragon ball away. He sat cross-legged once again and resumed his cultivation.

His priority was to break through to the Heaven Ascension level as soon as possible and then resist the attack from the Raksasa Tribe. As for the second treasure, he would find a solution later!

Buzz!

Soon, Darryl entered the cultivation state, and a wave of brute strength spread out again. It was terrifying.

...

Meanwhile, at the foot of the Chaotic Mountain Range.

The Union Army and the North Moana Army still tried to resist the enemies' invasion desperately. The fight grew fiercer and fiercer.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The fierce battle between Yang Jian and the Raksasa King continued in mid-air. They had been fighting for several hours. However, the Raksasa King had failed

to suppress Yang Jian. Similarly, Yang Jian was also unable to defeat the Raksasa King.

The Raksasa King was the most talented leader in the history of the Raksasa Tribe. He was incredibly gifted in cultivation. He had almost reached the Godly Realm level.

However, Grandmaster Erlang Yang—Yang Jian—was also a remarkable cultivator. Since he became the North Moana Emperor, he had taken many treasures from Hou Yi's Underground Treasure Chamber, and his strength amplified. He was not one to be underestimated.

Both of them did their best to protect their dominance over their territories.

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