

## Chapter 2479

Instantly, Earle and his men turned to look at Darryl. Earle strode over to Darryl and scrutinised him up and down before asking, "You know where to find the Black Sand Pythons?"

'This brat does look like he's been here for a long time, with his makeshift clothing made from animal skin and the scars on his face,' Earle thought.

Darryl considered for a moment before smiling. "I do." Earle and his gang might seem too strong to challenge in others' eyes, and in truth they were hardly a threat to Darryl, but in order to not expose his true identity, he had to refrain from going against them.

"Good!" Earle's expression eased into a



smile before he said coolly, "take us there." He turned to point at Lillian. "Hottie, come along. Don't try to say no. I ain't the most patient man. Get on my bad side and I will have you all killed. This isn't a joke, don't try me."

Frightened by Earle's malicious aura, Lillian jumped in fear, not daring to reject the order.

"Right, everything's better with the company of a beautiful woman," said Darryl grinning smugly as he thought to himself, 'Ha! I had warned you about it before, if only you had listened. Now look where it got you.'

"Why you!" Lillian stared daggers at Darryl in frustration. 'Bast\*rd, he is obviously loving every moment of their suffering, in response to my earlier rejection of his request for higher commission. I should



have never asked his help to be our guide,' she thought. What she failed to realize, however, was that Darryl was behaving the way he did in order to keep them safe.

"Let's get going!" Earle finally decided he had reached the limit of his patience and ordered his subordinates to push Otis and the others away as he coerced Darryl and Lillian to move forward into the woods before him. Otis and the other members stood helplessly. Their expressions were in despair as they desperately wanted to go after them and rescue Lillian, but did not have the nerve to do so. On the other hand, Earle and his men forged ahead into the depths of the Valley of Death and headed towards an area called the *Mystical flower Ocean* under Darryl's instructions. Out of frustration, Lillian refused to look at Darryl along the way, her face made more alluring from her pouting. Darryl, of course, paid no



mind to it.

Upon arriving half an hour later, Lillian jerked forward in surprise and froze at the scenery that unfolded before her. There were flowers as far as the eyes could see, resembling an ocean that was formed with flowers. Thin mist shrouded the area where clusters of flowers decorated bushes that were scattered around the field, competing for the attention of the beholders as they came together to form an other-worldly picture. Lillian stared dazedly as she mumbled, "This is so beautiful."

Earle and the others beside her were utterly dumbfounded as well. They had thought that the entire Wild Deserted Secret Region was situated in a hellish environment; none of them would imagine that a place this heavenly would exist within the area. Darryl, on the other hand, stood next to them with a



mysterious smile. The Mystical flower Ocean before them might be beautiful in appearance, but was indeed the most dangerous place in the Valley of Death. As bewitching as the bizarre plants might look, they were extremely toxic. Most of them were capable of emitting a scent that could cause hallucination. The mist that hovered above the area was precisely the product of the toxic gas.

Darryl quietly fired up his internal energy to form an invisible barrier around him, and whispered to Lillian, "Come into my arms." Darryl had plotted to use the toxic mist against Earle and his men by bringing them here. The barrier should block away the toxic mist and protect Lillian from the influence of the mist.

Lillian's face flushed crimson with humiliation. She glared at Darryl and said,



"You shameless bast\*rd, get away from me!"

‘What a jerk! Not only is he greedy but he is lascivious too. How dare he try to lay his filthy hand on me,’ she thought, disgusted.



## Chapter 2480

Lillian did not bother to hide the disdain in her eyes as she spoke. She instinctively shifted to distance herself from Darryl, not helping but to feel more and more disgusted by the man before her. Unfortunately, she accidentally inhaled the mist as she was moving away.

"Crap!" Darryl cursed inwardly, fed up with her stubbornness. He had only meant to protect her from the mist by having her secured in his arms behind the barrier, but clearly she did not appreciate it.

"Brat!" Earle and the others snapped out of their dazed states from the magnificent scenery and shouted angrily at Darryl,

"Where are the Black Sand Pythons?"

"You wouldn't dare to play us, would



you?"

"It is obvious that there ain't no Black Sand Pythons nests around here." The men slowly surrounded Darryl as they spoke.

Keeping an eye on Lillian the entire time, Darryl forced a smile and pretended to be startled and explained, "Brothers, I swear I didn't lie to you. This place is the nest to the Black Sand Pythons. It's just that these creatures are cunning by nature and they are probably hiding under those bushes. You see that mist? Wherever it's thickest, that's where the Black Sand Pythons are hiding."

Earle and his men seemed to have accepted Darryl's explanation and without further ado, they drew their weapons and charged eagerly into the direction where the mist was thickest.



"I am going to hunt every last python here!"

"Boss, let's get some rest after we get those Black Sand Pythons' inner cores. We might as well have some fun with that chick..."

"Haha, you said it." Foul words poured out of their mouths as they entered the mist. Their eyes turned red almost instantly as they came into contact with and inhaled the mist. It didn't take long before the men started to swing their weapons at one another as though they were out of their mind.

"Black Sand Pythons, I see them! Haha, die!"

"Hm? You dare to take my inner cores? Prepare yourself..."



"The inner cores are mine..."

Under the powerful influence of the hallucination caused by the mist, Earle and his men were visibly more crazed and violent by the minute. None of them had a clue that they were not cutting down Black Sand Pythons, but their comrades.

Animalistic roars and tortured cries rose and fell as blood was spilled. Though slightly disturbed, Darryl remained expressionless at the sight. These scums got what they deserved, still it was somewhat tragic to actually witness the scene of them slaughtering one another.

"What..." Lillian shivered at the sight, petrified beyond words. 'What is happening? Don't they belong to the same group? Why are they fighting each other all of a sudden? They are not even holding back,' thought Lillian. She might have inhaled the mist as



well, but managed to maintain clear-headed with the comparatively mild intake.

Noticing her shocked expression, Darryl took a deep breath before explaining,

"There were never any Black Sand Pythons here in this area. I lured them here for the sole purpose of using that mist against them. That mist is toxic and can cause hallucination. The more you inhale, the crazier you will get, and eventually you will end up losing your mind completely."

Lillian turned to look at Darryl dazedly, not capable of uttering a word in response. The man that stood before was no different than any other ordinary man, yet how could he know so much? He couldn't possibly venture into such dangerous places considering his mediocre strength. But if that's the case, how did he come to know all of these?



## Chapter 2481

Overwhelmed with questions in her head, Lillian finally asked, "So do you have a cure for it?" She placed a hand on her forehead. She was starting to feel light-headed, and the more she inhaled, the weaker she felt.

"I—" Darryl was about to respond by saying that he did have the cure but could not finish his sentence before he was interrupted by a frantic Lillian leaping into his arms.

"Dad, I've missed you. I've missed you so badly," Lillian said in obvious distress, even though her eyes were dazed.

Darryl was startled by the sudden action but swiftly sobered and thought, 'Seriously? Here we go with the hallucination. If only Lillian were not so determined to stay away



from him, she would not have inhaled the mist and ended up like that. Though, from the looks of it, it seems like she has lost her father.'

Darryl was right. Lillian came from a wretched background. She was forced out of her homeland due to war thousands of years ago and had been drifting aimlessly with her father. She had lost her father to an incurable disease a year before that. Lillian had been devastated. She established the Blood Thorn Mercenary Team and tried to maintain the exterior of a strong, independent woman. She missed her father when she was by herself on countless lonely nights. Under the influence of the mist, Lillian began to hallucinate and somehow mistook Darryl for her father.

Darryl reached out to tap Lillian on the shoulder reassuringly before he said,



"There, there, my baby girl."

"Your father is right here with you; stop crying."

The perfume on Lillian attacked Darryl's senses as he consoled her. Darryl felt distracted by the curves of her body that fitted perfectly into his. Her fragile expression and delicate features were simply too alluring. Darryl kept Lillian in his arms for a while until she had finally calmed down. He reached down and plucked a plant next to his feet and placed it under Lillian's nose. That plant was the mist's natural enemy. Lillian jumped in response and sobered immediately. When Lillian realized Darryl was holding her in his arms, her face turned scarlet as she struggled away from Darryl's embrace.

"You! You shameless bastard, you are trying to harass me! I am going to kill you," Lillian



yelled as she stared daggers at Darryl. 'What a jerk; how dare he take advantage of me while I was in a hallucination? Death would have been too gentle for him,' she reasoned. Lillian moved as though she was about to attack, but she discovered that the mist had weakened her so much that she could not move at all.

'What a wench,' a puzzled Darryl thought to himself. 'Her power can hardly match up to her temper. I've just saved her life. Not only did she not thank me, she even wants to kill me.'

"Ms. Willis, how could you?" Darryl grinned as he looked at Lillian. "I was the man who saved you from danger. How could you return kindness with such hostility?"

"Pooh!" Lillian exclaimed in disgust; her face reddened. "Enough with your games, you rat." Lillian pointed to the blood-



drenched corpses of Earle and the others before she said, "Those people might be detestable, but they did not deserve to die. How could you be so heartless to lure them into such a miserable death? You are the definition of evil itself and a complete and total jerk."

"I—" Darryl was speechless at Lillian's disgust and anger. He did not know what he had done to deserve such treatment. He tried his best to suppress his anger and said patiently, "Fine, whatever you say. But you won't survive in this place without me leading the way." Darryl turned and began to move forward to lead the way and said, "Let's go!"

To his surprise, Lillian stood her ground and refused to move; her eyes were filled with reluctance and disdain. "I will not go with you, and I won't allow myself to accept



whatever help you try to offer. Get away from me, as far as you can, and leave me alone."

Darryl felt his patience wearing thin as he laughed in frustration. "Are you sure you don't want my help?"

Lillian snorted in response, clearly unwilling to spare another word.

Fine! Darryl nodded before he turned around and strolled off into the distance. "Don't regret it," he said.



## Chapter 2482

Irritated by Darryl's confidence, Lillian snorted in disbelief. 'Will I regret not having a pervert like you around?' Just as she thought to herself, she heard buzzing noises from behind her. Lillian turned around instinctively and was petrified with fear once she caught sight of what had caused the noises. A hive of bees emerged from the boundless ocean of flowers, each the size of a human fist. Their bodies shone in a cold light that sent chills down the spines of anyone who saw them. It was hard to imagine just how excruciating it would be if one were stung by one of those bees.

When Darryl heard her frightened shouts, he stopped and turned to look at Lillian with a mischievous grin.

When he saw the bees remained at their



distance and flew around without approaching, Lillian shouted hurriedly in fear, "Darren, help me."

Amused, Darryl laughed and teased, "Ms. Willis, didn't you say something along the lines of not allowing yourself to accept whatever help I offered and then ask me to leave you alone? And now you're pleading for my assistance, which is very troubling." Darryl remained relaxed and composed. The bees were poisonous and fierce, but Darryl had ingested the Red Eye King Scorpion's inner core, which not only granted him immunity against all poison but also gave him natural deterrence over any species of poisonous insects. Therefore, as long as Darryl was around, the bees would not dare to move, but once he was gone, Lillian would be finished.

"I—" Lillian bit her lips and murmured, "I



was wrong. Please help me." Every woman had a vulnerable side, and Lillian was no exception to that. As the leader of the Blood Thorn, she might be fearless when it came to gigantic beasts, but she was helpless with insects, so much so that she could feel the strength in her feet drained at the sight of those bees around her.

Darryl smiled and shook his head. "Not a chance; you're not sincere enough."

Lillian stomped her feet as her face turned red with rage.

"You! What on earth do you want, then?"

Darryl could not hold back his laughter at her helpless state. "It's not what I want; it's what you want. You were determined when you asked me to go away earlier, and now you want me to help you. Just how easy-



going do you think I am?"

Pushed further into despair by Darryl's words, Lillian bit her lips harder to the brink of tearing the skin as she tried to suppress her tears.

Darryl was determined to teach her a lesson for her previous stubbornness, but when he noticed she was on the verge of tears, he smiled and said, "Well, I can help you. But first, you need to call me your good brother."

"Why do you—" Lillian erupted when she heard what Darryl had to say. He is becoming more arrogant by the second. He took advantage of me not so long ago, and now he is trying to get me to call him a good brother. His shamelessness is outrageous. But if I refuse, what do I do with those bees? We are now right in the depths of the Valley of Death. He is the only person who can help



me. But I can't bring myself to call him that,' she thought.

Darryl sat down in one of the bushes leisurely with his arms crossed over his chest before refocusing his eyes on Lillian with a smile. "What's it going to be, Ms. Willis? It's not like you're going to hurt me by calling me a good brother. If you're not going to do it, I'm going to leave now."

"You...cretin!"

Lillian could not have been more enraged at that very moment. Darren Derby—that man was nothing but scum! She had no one else to blame but herself for ending up in such a pathetic situation due to her lack of power and experience. Then, she had come across scum like him and had to endure the humiliation he brought to her. The more she thought about it, the more furious Lillian got. If stares could kill, Darryl would have



been skinned alive by her piercing glare.

"How stubborn." Darryl sighed, shaking his head. "Very well, then.

"See you around."

He turned around to leave, and it was at that moment when he heard a desperate cry from behind him. "Wait!"



## Chapter 2483

As she bit her lips, Lillian panicked and said, "Fine, I'll say it, okay? Big Brother, Good Big Brother, Good Big Brother..." Her face flushed as red as a ripe apple when she said that.

"Good girl." Darryl laughed and snickered before he casually plucked a flower nearby and tossed it at the bees.

The bees were instantly driven away and flew off into the distance, accompanied by panicked buzzing noises.

The flower had no effect on the bees.

What truly scared them away was Darryl's very presence, but he had to create a decoy to keep his identity hidden.

Lillian was shocked at how casual Darryl



seemed to be. How many secrets were there for a man who knew the place like the back of his hand? Lillian was overwhelmed with questions, but a moment later, her attention was shifted back to what had happened earlier. Her delicate features turned crimson once again, both from embarrassment and anger. She was the Blood Thorn leader and a fearless woman in the eyes of others, so she did not imagine she would admit defeat to a man.

Just as she was deep in thoughts, her helmet and clothing had begun to crumble. Her clothes went faster than anything else and were mostly gone in the blink of an eye, revealing the smooth skin beneath them. Darryl had mentioned that the deeper they went into the Valley of Death, the more powerful the poisonous fog would be. Lillian had overstayed her welcome, and her clothes were finally beginning to give in.



"You! Don't look!" When she noticed Darryl's unblinking stare, Lillian chewed on her lips anxiously before she shouted, "Another look, and I will gouge your eyes out."

'Wow, still as fierce as ever, huh?' Darryl thought as he ignored her warning and stared even more attentively. One simply must admit that Lillian's curves were far too tempting for one to look away.

"Why, you!" Lillian's reddened further as she regretted not accepting his help earlier.

Darryl continued to stare with a grin on his face for almost half a minute before he said, "There's no one else here but us. Why are you so nervous? Besides, I'm just looking. It's not like I'm going to do something to



you."

"You! I wouldn't have ended up like this if you weren't here," Lillian stomped her feet in frustration.

'What a jerk, talking like this has nothing to do with him when I am in such a pathetic state,' she thought. Lillian appeared to have realized something when she refocused her gaze on Darryl and asked, "How are you doing?"

Lillian could see that the animal skin Darryl wore seemed to remain intact without caving under the influence of the poisonous fog. What she did not know, however, was that it had to do with Darryl's immunity to poison, combined with his powerful inner energy and possession of the White Lily Cold Flame. The poisonous fog could not harm him in any way.



"Oh!" Darryl smirked and explained, "The animal skin I am wearing is immune to the poisonous fog, or have you forgotten that all the beasts that reside in this area are naturally built to sustain in the fog? It's just common sense."

"You've got your animal skin, but then what about me? You—" Lillian bit her lips in a panic. The fog that surrounded her continued to corrode her body. Even with the protection of her inner energy, she was beginning to flinch in pain as she slowly began to lose her strength.

Darryl smiled as he saw her struggle and offered, "Why don't you come into my arms, and we will share the animal's skin together. You won't have to worry about walking around naked. Once we are out of the poisonous fog, I will make you some clothing from animal skin, as well." He



continued with resignation, "To be honest, I only meant to protect you when I asked you to come into my arms earlier. Who would have thought you would be so ungrateful?"

What? Lillian turned crimson at the idea of sharing the animal's skin with Darryl.

'Doesn't that mean our skin will touch? This Darren, he is obviously doing this on purpose despite looking sincere,' she thought.



## Chapter 2484

However, her internal energy was at its limit, trying to fend off the corrosive, poisonous fog. If she refused to do as Darryl suggested, she would die right there and then. The thought of dying and rotting away in the toxic fog sent chills down Lillian's spine and, though she struggled, she was left with no option but to accept her reality. She bit her lips reluctantly and walked into Darryl's embrace to share the animal's skin.

'What a wondrous scent,' Darryl thought as his senses were attacked by a sweet fragrance so overwhelming that he felt almost like he was drunk. His eyes wandered as he looked at Lillian from a close distance. He had to admit that Lillian's figure was truly close to perfection and, with their



bodies pushed up against one another, the atmosphere between them instantly turned dubious. Any Blood Thorn member would have been stunned if they had to bear witness to the moment when their prideful and fearless leader admitted defeat to Darryl. When she sensed Darryl's teasing glances, Lillian bit her lips hard to the brink of tearing the skin. She dared not move despite feeling extremely uneasy, in fear of exposure to the poisonous fog around them.

"Darren, don't you dare try anything once we reach somewhere safe. Otherwise, I'll never forgive you," she said.

"You are reading too much into it. I'm not even interested in you," Darryl responded.

"You—"



Lost in time, Darryl and Lillian were unsure as to how long it actually took, but eventually, they managed to make it out of the area covered by the poisonous fog.

Darryl retrieved a piece of animal skin from the enchanted beast's pouch and produced a makeshift jacket for Lillian.

"You—" Furious beyond words, Lillian glared at Darryl and said, "If you had the animal's skin on you the entire time, why did you have to wait until now to retrieve it?" She felt like he was toying with her again.

At that point, Darryl was dumbfounded by how evil she thought he was and said, "I could have taken the time to make you a jacket with animal skin just now, but would you have withstood the fog?"

Lillian's face reddened as she struggled to argue. "In any case, Darren Derby, I'm



warning you not to say anything about what happened earlier, or else!" she said as she glared at Darryl furiously.

Lillian was humiliated and depressed about the situation. She was not just any ordinary woman; she was the leader of the Blood Thorn Mercenary Team. Her conduct and reputation had always been as clear as ice and as pure as jade, and yet she was forced into such close proximity with a man for such a long period. If word got out about that, what would the other Blood Thorn Mercenary Team members think of her?

Darryl picked at his ears and pretended as though he could not hear a thing. "Sorry, Ms. Willis, but I didn't quite catch that. Did anything happen between us at all?" He asked as he grinned like a Cheshire Cat the entire time.



'What an interesting woman Lillian is,' he thought as he chuckled discreetly. 'The way she pouts is just adorable.'

"You—" Lillian bit her lower lip in frustration as she struggled to find the words. After all, Darryl was right. They might have been in close proximity, but he did not do anything to her.

"Leader!" An excited shout pierced through the air as they spoke, followed by a few people striding toward them. It was Otis and his friends. Threatened by Earle, they did not dare to go after him. Still, they were reluctant to leave without Lillian and decided to wait instead. They ran toward the two, but they froze once they were close enough to notice Lillian's situation.

What had happened? Lillian was dressed in an animal's skin like Darryl, and she was visibly weakened, yet her cheeks were



flushed.

On the other hand, Darryl remained composed throughout the entire time, while Lillian felt the heat creep up her face in awkwardness.

"F\*ck!" Finally, Otis snapped out of the initial shock and roared furiously at Darryl, "You scum, what have you done to our leader?" He tightened his grip on his sword and dashed toward Darryl.