

L. Wyatt 1051

Chapter 1051: Return to the Deserted Ancient City

Of course, the 'kill formation' that Wyatt Barnes inscribed with his current spiritual power and combined 'Inscriptions' had limited lethality, capable of only killing martial artists below the Seventh-Order of the Transforming Void Realm.

For martial artists above the Seventh-Order of the Transforming Void Realm, the 'kill formation' Wyatt Barnes laid out still couldn't kill them.

Not enough power!

The power of the Inscription formation was closely related to the mental strength of the Inscription master who inscribed and arranged it, and one couldn't go without the other.

"My mental strength is still too weak now... Only with great mental strength can I inscribe higher-grade 'Inscriptions,' and even arrange more advanced 'Inscription formations'!"

Wyatt Barnes sighed inwardly.

But he also knew there was nothing he could do about it.

"I can only wait until my mental strength improves before I upgrade the level of the 'Inscription formation' above."

Looking at the cryogenic coffin he was controlling to hover in the air, Wyatt Barnes muttered to himself.

"Fill Bear, let's go!"

Having just spoken to himself, Wyatt Barnes called out to Fill Bear, then with a lift of his hand, he directed the 'cryogenic coffin' towards the wall on the side of the side hall, the coffin streaking through the air like a crystal-clear bolt of lightning.

Boom!

Where the cryogenic coffin passed, air currents ripped through space, and a huge hole was pierced through the side wall of the side hall, with Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear following suit and flying out.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As Wyatt Barnes rapidly flew away, dragging along the cryogenic coffin and Fill Bear, the three of them instantly became three streaks of lightning, vanishing from the eyes of the two old lords of the Great Turdo Dynasty's Imperial Family.

Looking at the huge hole that had appeared in the wall, the mouths of the two old men twitched.

"Was this wall really specially reinforced?"

One of the old men asked with a stupefied face.

"It is said that even for a 'Cave Void Realm Ninth-Order martial artist,' it would take half an hour to break through these walls."

The other old man also spoke somewhat dully.

"No wonder then... he is a 'Transforming Void Realm Sixth-Order powerhouse,' who knows how much stronger he is than mere 'Cave Void Realm Ninth-Order martial artists.'"

In the end, the two old men came to terms with the reality before them, and their faces bore nothing but wry smiles.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The three streaks of lightning, having left the 'treasury' inside the Imperial Palace of the Great Turdo Dynasty, didn't depart the Imperial City but instead headed to the Graham Family's residence, where the Graham Clan resided.

"Brother Graham!"

Upon reaching the Graham Family residence, Wyatt Barnes's voice thundered across, making a pronouncement.

Instantly, the Graham Family residence buzzed with activity.

Soon, a figure shot over like lightning, arriving in front of Wyatt Barnes in the blink of an eye. He was a young man who appeared to be nearing middle age.

"Elder Brother Ling Tian, what's happened to Winnie?"

The man was Brian Graham, and upon his arrival, he immediately noticed the 'cryogenic coffin' floating beside Wyatt Barnes.

It couldn't be helped, the cryogenic coffin was too conspicuous.

Ordinary people, who would carry such a coffin around everywhere?

Quickly, Brian Graham saw the person lying inside the coffin; it was someone he knew all too well, and he couldn't help but turn pale for a moment.

"Winnie has encountered some issues and will be unconscious for a while."

Although Wyatt Barnes spoke casually, Brian Graham could still sense that this matter was not simple.

However, since Wyatt Barnes didn't elaborate, Brian Graham didn't ask further.

Through the 'cryogenic coffin,' he could see the Origin Force continuously emanating from Winnie Romero's body, forming a protective layer to resist the cold.

The constantly pulsating Origin Force was enough to show the vigorous vitality within Winnie Romero's body.

"Elder Brother Ling Tian, you've made the effort to come to the Capital City, to our Graham Family residence... why not stay and live here for a while?"

Brian Graham warmly invited, "It will also let Winnie have a good rest."

"Brother Graham, there's no need... I came to you mainly to ask if you and your wife plan to return to the Blade and Sword Sect? If you are going back, I can take you along the way, and then I'll continue with my own business."

When Wyatt Barnes explained his intentions, there was a hint of urgency in his voice, eager to take Winnie Romero to search for the 'Big Treasure' left by the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation.

As long as he obtained the 'Emperor Grade Life-Returning Pill' left by the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation, he might be able to help Winnie Romero repair her soul.

Of course, it was just 'might.'

According to the memories of the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation, repairing an injured soul required a large quantity of 'Emperor Grade Life-Returning Pills.'

Yet the 'Emperor Grade Life-Returning Pills' left by the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation were not plentiful, and it was uncertain whether there would be enough.

However, no matter what, Wyatt Barnes was determined to try.

Moreover, the 'Big Treasure' of the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation was the next destination he intended to visit.

"Elder Brother Ling Tian, Ann and I will not return to the Blade and Sword Sect for the time being... I plan to stay and take her to travel through every corner of the Great Turdo Dynasty, and then to the other nine dynasties."

When Brian Graham mentioned Ann King, a dotting smile spread across his face.

Wyatt Barnes nodded, "In that case, we will take our leave now."

With those words, not waiting for Brian Graham to respond, Wyatt Barnes, with Winnie Romero lying in the cryogenic coffin and accompanied by Fill Bear, shot off like three bolts of lightning, heading straight towards the Northern Desert.

On their way, all was calm.

Of course, this was mainly because Wyatt Barnes, with the cryogenic coffin and Fill Bear, flew so swiftly that they kicked up dust along the way, startling the bandits into keeping a wide berth.

They all realized that Wyatt Barnes was a tough nut to crack, not an easy target, and so they dared not approach to provoke trouble.

In this way, Wyatt Barnes once again entered the Northern Desert, and before long, arrived at the first city he had reached after coming to the outside territory, the Ancient City of the Great Desert.

It was also the domain of Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Originally, when he came to the Ancient City of the Great Desert, it was to partake in the 'Decennial Martial Meet' hosted by Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Whoosh!

A light sound echoed through the spacious tavern. Under the watchful eyes of everyone, a crystal-clear ice coffin flew in, hovering before a table near the window.

At the same time, two figures appeared at the table, a young man in purple sitting down, and a middle-aged man standing behind him.

"Is that an ice coffin?"

"Judging by the materials of the ice coffin, it seems to be cast from ten-thousand-year-old glacial ice!"

"To find such a large piece of ten-thousand-year-old glacial ice to cast the coffin, the identity of this young man in purple must be extraordinary."

...

The tavern's patrons were all abuzz, their eyes filled with wariness when they looked at Wyatt Barnes.

"Fill Bear, sit down and eat."

Wyatt Barnes called out to Fill Bear.

"Young Master, I'm not hungry."

Fill Bear stood obediently behind Wyatt Barnes, showing no intention of sitting down.

"Oh? You won't listen to me now?"

Wyatt Barnes said blandly.

Although Wyatt's tone was calm, it struck Fill Bear like thunder, startling him as he hurriedly took a seat on the other side of the table, without any hesitation.

Right after that, Fill Bear called over the tavern's server and ordered a table full of food and wine.

Once the table was full of dishes, Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear began to feast, and it didn't take long for the two of them to almost finish eating.

Just as they were preparing to pay and leave,

"Eh? An ice coffin cast from 'ten-thousand-year-old glacial ice'?"

Accompanied by a voice full of surprise, a figure quickly approached Wyatt Barnes, sizing up the ice coffin floating beside Wyatt.

As for Wyatt, he was directly ignored by the newcomer.

Wyatt Barnes's brow raised as he looked at the newcomer.

The newcomer was a middle-aged man with an air of nobility, clearly of no common birth.

But what attracted Wyatt's attention the most was the man's attire.

This attire was not unfamiliar to Wyatt.

A gray wolf's head emblazoned on the chest, with 'copper-colored' wolf's eyes.

A disciple of Grimm Wolf Fortress!

What was most surprising was that behind the middle-aged man followed two elders, both with a gray wolf's head badge on their chests, the eyes of the wolves 'silver'.

Both of these elders were clearly elders of the Grimm Wolf Fortress.

One disciple of Grimm Wolf Fortress being closely protected by two of its elders, Wyatt immediately realized that this disciple of Grimm Wolf Fortress was not simple, at the very least his background was not ordinary.

"Fill Bear, let's go!"

However, even after realizing the other's extraordinary background, Wyatt Barnes had no intention of staying, calling to Fill Bear before taking the lead in walking towards the tavern's exit.

The ice coffin followed him like a shadow.

"What a beautiful woman!"

At this moment, the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple spotted the woman lying within the ice coffin. The otherworldly beauty of the woman in red made him unconsciously reveal a lustful, greedy desire in his eyes.

He wished he could claim her for himself, to own as a forbidden delight.

Soon, the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple noticed that the ice coffin was being led away by Wyatt towards the tavern's exit.

"Stop right there!"

Immediately, the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple leapt forward, blocking Wyatt's path and said coldly, "Kid, if you know what's good for you, put my cousin down... Otherwise, this young master will make sure you leave here horizontally!"

With these words, the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple almost certainly confirmed the fact that Wyatt Barnes wanted to take away his cousin.

"Cousin?"

Hearing the words of the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple, Wyatt Barnes's mouth curled into a cold smile, instantly guessing the other's intentions.

But he didn't bother to respond, and instead, he spat out one word coldly, "Scram!"

"You're courting death, kid!"

No one had ever dared to rebuke the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple like this before. His face turned livid with rage, and after shouting in anger, his Origin Force surged out, as his realm of power shot towards Wyatt Barnes like a looming shadow.

"A mantis trying to stop a chariot!"

In the face of the disciple's thunderous attack, Wyatt Barnes's mouth curled into a disdainful cold smile. With a casual raise of his hand, he threw out a punch.

Whoosh!

A divine assist of a punch, before the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple could even touch Wyatt's clothing, struck hard like a hammer right in his lower abdomen.

Bang!

A loud noise erupted as the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple was sent flying backward, Origin Force unreservedly spilling out from his dantian, much like a balloon being punctured.

Boom!!

The disciple's body slammed heavily onto the ground, and it took him a while to realize what had happened.

When he discovered that his dantian had been destroyed by Wyatt Barnes's punch, his face instantly flushed red, and his eyes filled with extreme rage as he glared at Wyatt, "You dare destroy my dantian! How ruthless! How ruthless indeed!"

"Ruthless?"

A cold smile appeared on the corner of Wyatt Barnes's mouth, unfazed.

If it weren't for his wish to suppress the anger in his heart, this Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple would already be dead, not merely with a destroyed dantian.

Chapter 1052: Ahmir Rowan Pursues

Whoosh!

The ice coffin, under Wyatt Barnes's control, shattered the air and shot out, heading straight outside the tavern.

Just as Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear followed, two figures blocked their path, the same two elders who had been following the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple.

Two elders of Grimm Wolf Fortress.

"Kill him! Kill him!!"

At that moment, the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple hysterically yelled at the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders.

Back when Wyatt Barnes had destroyed the disciple's dantian, the faces of the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders had drastically changed, realizing that they were in trouble this time.

They thought they hadn't protected the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple adequately.

This disciple from the Grimm Wolf Fortress was no ordinary person!

Now, hearing the shout of the Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple, the two men's faces darkened.

Immediately after, a murderous intent burst forth in their eyes, they wasted no words, their Origin Force surged, and the "realm" shadowed them closely as they leapt into the air and flew toward Wyatt Barnes.

Boom! Boom!

Both Grimm Wolf Fortress elders, who had comprehended the 'Four-Fold Transforming Void Realm,' even without using spiritual weapons, could, on their own, trigger astounding 'heavenly phenomena.'

As the two gigantic palm strikes, fuelled by surging Origin Force like giant fans, descended over Wyatt Barnes.

Above their heads in the void, thousands of ancient Horned Dragon phantasms raced along with them towards Wyatt Barnes, their momentum overwhelming.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

As the two elders' palms descended over Wyatt Barnes, engulfing him, the air naturally burst into explosions, whipping up wild winds that ravaged the entire tavern.

"Offending the Grimm Wolf Fortress in the ancient desert city... this young man is doomed!"

"That Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple whose dantian was destroyed, to have two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders personally protecting him, clearly holds no ordinary status."

"He's probably in for it."

"With his age, there's no way he could retaliate against the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders!"

...

In the tavern, everyone's robes fluttered without exception in the strong wind, with many of the less cultivated individuals squinting their eyes.

At this moment, the majority of people looked at Wyatt Barnes with a hint of pity in their eyes.

However, the next moment, the pity in their eyes was completely gone, replaced by bursts of shock and disbelief.

Bang! Bang!

Following two loud blasts, like thunder, that resounded next to everyone's ears inside the tavern.

Immediately after, they watched in horror.

Facing the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders, each with the force of thousands of ancient Horned Dragons in their palms, the young man in purple confronted them unflinchingly, his palms shooting out like two swift bolts of lightning.

Then, before the Grimm Wolf Fortress elders' attacks even hit him, his palms had already landed first on the lower abdomen of the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders.

That is, the location of the dantian!

The next moment, the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders flew out like arrows released from a bow, then crashed to the ground with a loud thud, rolling in agony and drenched in cold sweat.

"My Origin Force! My Origin Force!!"

"You're so ruthless! You're so ruthless!!"

Immediately after, everyone could hear the almost hysterical, pitiful screams of the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders.

"He destroyed the dantians of the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders too?"

For a moment, everyone in the tavern was dumbstruck; snapping back to reality, they all felt a chill run down their spines.

Then, their gaze towards Wyatt Barnes changed completely.

This young man, who looked no more than twenty-five, had the strength to disable two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders in a single encounter, which left them deeply shocked from the bottom of their hearts.

After making his move, Wyatt Barnes did not look at the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders; with an indifferent face, he walked out of the tavern.

As he passed, the onlookers in the tavern instinctively stepped aside, clearing a path for him.

Fill Bear closely followed behind.

After leaving the tavern, Wyatt Barnes, while controlling the ice coffin, took Fill Bear and flew towards the outer area of the ancient desert city, disappearing into the horizon in the blink of an eye, as if he had never appeared.

Shortly after Wyatt Barnes had left.

Whoosh!

A figure suddenly appeared outside the tavern, then, like turning into a bolt of lightning, entered the tavern.

"What happened?"

The newcomer was an elder with an air of authority in his demeanor, who, upon seeing the three people from Grimm Wolf Fortress lying on the ground, his face immediately shifted dramatically.

"It's the Vice Fort Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress!"

At that moment, people inside the tavern saw a wolf head badge on the elder's chest, the wolf's eyes 'golden,' signifying his status.

In Grimm Wolf Fortress, apart from that elusive 'Castle Master,' only five Vice Fort Masters were entitled to wear such a wolf head badge.

"Lord Vice Fort Master!"

Right then, the two lying Grimm Wolf Fortress elders helped each other up in front of the elder, their heads hanging down in shame.

"Hmph!"

The elder snorted coldly, glared at the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders, then stepped forward to help the disciple, "Jin, are you alright?"

"Uncle! Avenge me, avenge me!!"

The Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple, upon seeing the elder, clung to him like a lifeline, his face filled with grief.

"It's Ahmir Rowan, the Vice Fort Master!"

At that moment, someone in the tavern recognized the elder.

"Ahmir Rowan, the Vice Fort Master? The one from Grimm Wolf Fortress whose status follows only that elusive 'Castle Master' as the foremost among the five great Vice Fort Masters?"

"That's him!"

"I had guessed that this Grimm Wolf Fortress disciple protected closely by two elders was no ordinary person, yet I never expected him to be the nephew of Vice Fort Master Ahmir Rowan."

"The young man just now was too audacious, to even dare destroy the dantian of Ahmir Rowan's nephew!"

...

Soon, everyone inside the tavern knew the identity of the old man as well as the identity of the disciple from Grimm Wolf Fortress whose dantian had been destroyed. They were all in shock.

"Geng'er, was your dantian destroyed?"

Hearing the whispers inside the tavern, Ahmir Rowan's expression changed drastically, and, in panic, he infused his Origin Force into the body of the man in front of him to test. He soon confirmed it.

"Who did this?!"

A chilling glint shone in Ahmir Rowan's eyes as his internal strength swirled out, causing a storm once again that swept through the tavern, blowing some of the less-skilled people down to the ground.

"I don't know."

The disciple from Grimm Wolf Fortress shook his head, then said darkly, "But he probably hasn't gone far."

Woosh!

Just as the words of the disciple from Grimm Wolf Fortress had fallen, Ahmir Rowan vanished from the sight of everyone in the tavern, including himself.

At the northern edge of the Ancient Desert City, Wyatt Barnes was speeding along with the ice coffin and Fill Bear.

Originally, he could have left behind Winnie Romero, asleep in the "ice coffin," and then, once he found the "Big Treasure" of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor, returned with the "Emperor Grade Resurrection Pill" to save her.

However, Wyatt didn't feel comfortable leaving the ice coffin behind.

In his view, only if the ice coffin was where he could see it would he feel at ease.

Winnie had already become like this because of him.

He didn't want her to suffer any more harm!

"Hm?"

Suddenly, sensing something, Wyatt's pupils slightly narrowed, and he abruptly came to a stop.

"Young Master, what's wrong?"

Fill Bear looked at Wyatt in confusion.

The next moment, without waiting for Wyatt to reply, Fill Bear found out the answer for himself.

Woosh!

A gust of wind blew in front of him, and a figure appeared out of thin air before his eyes—an old man.

"Very strong!"

Fill Bear's pupils constricted; the old man was able to appear in front of his eyes out of nowhere, indicating his strength was not weak.

But that was to be expected.

This area is outside the territory where anyone from above the Cave Void Realm could make moves that he couldn't track.

"Wyatt Barnes? It's you!"

The old man was Ahmir Rowan, who had rushed from the Ancient Desert City, the principal among the five Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress.

After leaving the tavern, he had asked the people outside the tavern and learned that the person who had destroyed his nephew's dantian had headed north, so he followed.

But, he had never imagined that the person who disabled his nephew's dantian would turn out to be "Wyatt Barnes!"

"Vice Fort Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress?"

Seeing the old man before him, Wyatt raised an eyebrow.

This Vice Fort Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress was the only one who hadn't pursued him previously, whom he had seen outside the entrance #2 of the Martial Emperor's Secret Treasury.

The chief among the five Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress, Ahmir Rowan!

"Wyatt Barnes, why did you destroy my nephew's dantian?"

Ahmir Rowan took a deep breath and asked sternly.

If it had been someone else who had disabled his nephew's dantian, he would have struck them down like thunder already.

But now, the person in front of him happened to be "Wyatt Barnes," a being he had to be wary of.

"Your nephew?"

Wyatt was initially startled, then he realized, "Are you talking about that disciple from Grimm Wolf Fortress?"

Now, Wyatt came to an understanding.

He had thought, what merit or capability does a mere disciple from Grimm Wolf Fortress have to be personally protected by two elders from Grimm Wolf Fortress?

At the time, he had realized that the man's background was not simple.

It turned out he was right.

The disciple from Grimm Wolf Fortress was the nephew of the old man before him, the Vice Fort Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress, Ahmir Rowan.

"Since he is your nephew, you must understand him well... In your opinion, who initiated the conflict between him and me?" Wyatt asked lightly.

Upon hearing this, Ahmir Rowan instantly paused.

He knew his nephew well; ever since coming to Grimm Wolf Fortress twenty years ago, he hadn't been a quiet one.

"Regardless, you have far greater strength than he, and he couldn't possibly be a threat to you and your people... Wasn't it a bit excessive to destroy his dantian?" Ahmir Rowan asked gravely.

"Excessive?"

Wyatt's eyes narrowed, a brief flash of cold light passing by, as he asked sternly, word by word, "If someone spoke rudely and insulted your woman... tell me, what would you do?"

Ahmir Rowan's expression shifted slightly, his attention then drawn to the 'ice coffin' hovering beside Wyatt, and the figure inside the coffin caught his eye.

A woman in red with a transcendent beauty.

Winnie Romero!

A disciple from Blade and Sword Sect.

Although he wasn't the host of the "Deca-Dynasties Martial Meeting" organized by Grimm Wolf Fortress, he had heard of "Winnie Romero" afterwards and had seen her outside entrance #2 of the Martial Emperor's Secret Treasury.

He also knew that the relationship between Winnie Romero and Wyatt Barnes was special.

"Didn't 'Toby Fenning Elder' from North Nether Sect come to find you?"

Suddenly, Ahmir Rowan unexpectedly changed the topic, blurting out this question.

Chapter 1053: The Most Urgent Task

Of course, "without reason" is only relative to Wyatt Barnes,

From Ahmir Rowan's perspective, his question was also a well-considered one.

All this was based on the premise that he wanted to kill Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes had the mysterious Miss Julia supporting him; unless he could kill Wyatt without leaving any traces, he wouldn't dare lay a finger on him.

Unless he no longer wished to live.

And today, he had undoubtedly encountered an opportunity to kill Wyatt Barnes without leaving any traces.

Perhaps many people in the tavern knew about the conflict between his nephew and Wyatt Barnes today, but no one knew the person clashing with his nephew was Wyatt Barnes.

Even he had only realized after catching up that the person who had crippled his nephew's abilities was Wyatt Barnes!

So, if there were no "accidents," even if he killed Wyatt Barnes right now, no one would know.

It was precisely because he was worried about "accidents" that he asked such an abrupt question.

Just because, some time ago, a Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect, Toby Fenning, had come to their Grimm Wolf Fortress and asked the five Vice Fort Masters, including him, about the background of Wyatt Barnes.

During this process, he could feel the cold murderous intent emanating from Toby Fenning's eyes.

It was a murderous intent that wished to smash Wyatt Barnes into pieces and scatter his ashes to the wind.

"Could it be... back at the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Trove,' Wyatt Barnes not only killed disciples from the Emerging Cloud Sect, but he also killed disciples from the North Nether Sect?"

"Now, has someone from the North Nether Sect come to seek revenge on him?"

This was his first thought at the time, and the more he thought about it, the more certain he became.

Originally, in his view, once a Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect personally took action, as long as Wyatt Barnes was indeed in the Great Turdo Dynasty and the Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect found him, Wyatt Barnes was almost surely doomed.

Yet now, Wyatt Barnes had survived against all odds.

So, he wanted to confirm one thing.

Whether Wyatt Barnes had ever encountered the Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect, Toby Fenning.

If he had encountered him, there must be a hidden protector behind Wyatt Barnes; otherwise, how could he have survived the attack of a Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect?

If not, it could only mean that Wyatt Barnes was lucky.

And he, too, would kill Wyatt Barnes without leaving any traces, avenging his nephew.

This was something he had to be extremely careful and cautious about.

Because with one careless move, he could very well fall into the Abyss

"I hope it's the latter."

Thinking this, Ahmir Rowan watched Wyatt Barnes intently, waiting for his response.

"The Martial Emperor, Toby Fenning, from the North Nether Sect didn't come looking for you?"

Upon hearing Ahmir Rowan's question, Wyatt Barnes's pupils contracted, and his expression darkened slightly, "The two people from the North Nether Sect, did they learn the specific location of my 'hometown' from your Grimm Wolf Fortress?"

The two people from the North Nether Sect!

Two people!

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, Ahmir Rowan was completely certain.

Wyatt Barnes must have encountered that Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect because when the Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect descended upon their Grimm Wolf Fortress, he was accompanied by another person.

If Wyatt Barnes had not encountered two people from the North Nether Sect, how could he know that there were two of them?

However, the chill in Wyatt Barnes's tone toward the end made Ahmir Rowan's heart skip a beat. He quickly tried to remedy the situation, "They had previously learned of your 'background' from the Blade and Sword Sect, but they came to our Grimm Wolf Fortress just to further confirm it."

In his words, Ahmir Rowan used the Blade and Sword Sect as a shield.

He truly feared that in a fit of anger, Wyatt Barnes would cause the powerful protector hidden in the shadows, who didn't fear the North Nether Sect's Martial Emperor, to take action. If things reached that point, he was bound to die!

"Hmph!"

Wyatt Barnes snorted coldly, and after giving Ahmir Rowan a deep look, he then soared away towards the north.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The ice coffin containing Winnie Romero, along with Fill Bear, were both drawn by him one by one.

Watching the three swift trails of light disappear into the north, a cold-sweating Ahmir Rowan breathed a sigh of relief, his face filled with lingering fear, "Thank goodness the hidden protector didn't take action again."

After muttering to himself, Ahmir Rowan's figure moved, and he disappeared from the spot, heading back towards the ancient city in the Northern Desert.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

And Wyatt Barnes, who was flying full speed to the north, only gradually slowed down half an hour later.

Regarding the recent encounter, although he wasn't afraid, he still felt somewhat fearful.

The reason he wasn't afraid was that he was well aware.

Ahmir Rowan, as the chief amongst the five Vice Fort Masters of the Grimm Wolf Fortress, possessed strength far beyond what he could currently match.

But if he risked using the Demon Sealing Monument, killing the other would be easy!

To protect Winnie, he didn't mind using the Demon Sealing Monument again, even if it meant his emotions becoming even less controllable, possibly turning him completely into a 'demon.'

"Winnie, for me, you were willing to sacrifice your life... I, Wyatt Barnes, even if it means becoming a 'demon' for her, what does it matter?!"

This was Wyatt Barnes's thought.

She willingly died for me, I'm willing to become a demon for her, without regret or resentment!

Of course, if he could avoid using the Demon Sealing Monument, he naturally would not want to use it.

Thus, escaping without using the Demon Sealing Monument, whenever he thought about what had just happened, he couldn't help but feel fearful.

North Nether Sect, Toby Fenning... in an indirect way, you indeed saved me once.

Wyatt Barnes muttered to himself.

One could imagine.

If Toby Fenning knew, from the underworld, of Wyatt Barnes's recent ordeal and realized he had inadvertently saved Wyatt Barnes, he would definitely be furious enough to cough up blood incessantly.

"Young Master, where are we heading now?"

Along the way, Fill Bear finally couldn't contain his curiosity and turned to ask Wyatt Barnes.

"The place we're going to isn't accessible for now... Our urgent priority is to find a detailed map of the Cloud Skies Continent first,"

Wyatt Barnes said.

The most inclusive map of the Cloud Skies Continent that he had encountered so far only covered the Northern Desert and its surrounding areas.

This little spot, in the grand scheme of the Cloud Skies Continent, was just an insignificant corner.

From such a map, Wyatt Barnes couldn't possibly pinpoint the location where the Martial Emperor had hidden the 'Big Treasure.'

Therefore, what he needed to do now was to find a more complete map.

Only then could he identify the exact location of the 'Big Treasure' left by the Martial Emperor and retrieve it.

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, Fill Bear nodded in semi-understanding.

"The Northern Desert... If we can't find what we're looking for there, then we'll have to keep heading north,"

Wyatt Barnes added.

Currently, he did not know which corner of the Cloud Skies Continent he was in.

But he could sense that the central region of the Cloud Skies Continent should be north of the Northern Desert, although he was unsure whether it was specifically 'northeast' or 'northwest.'

Wyatt Barnes, with Fill Bear and dragging the 'ice coffin,' headed north.

Along the way, whenever they encountered a city, Wyatt Barnes would patiently stop, enter the city, and see if he could find a general map of the entire Cloud Skies Continent.

Meanwhile, Ahmir Rowan, the chief among the five Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress, had also returned to the ancient desert city, back to that tavern.

Without a word, he took his nephew and two elders of Grimm Wolf Fortress and left the tavern to return to their stronghold in Grimm Wolf Fortress.

"Uncle, how did it go? Did you finish him off?"

Looking expectantly, Larry Rowan asked Ahmir Rowan.

Ahmir Rowan sighed.

Seeing this, Larry Rowan's expression changed, and he hurriedly said, "Uncle, could it be that you didn't catch up to him? It seems he must have changed directions and escaped... That's really despicable!"

By the end of his statement, Larry Rowan verbally abused Wyatt Barnes as 'despicable.'

"I did catch up to him,"

Ahmir Rowan stated.

"You caught up to him?"

This time, not just Larry Rowan, but the other two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders also looked at Ahmir Rowan with puzzled faces, wondering why Ahmir Rowan had sighed earlier.

Had Ahmir Rowan killed the young man in purple, or had he not?

"Yes, I caught up,"

Ahmir Rowan nodded and then, under the expectant gazes of Larry Rowan and the other two elders, shook his head, "However, I didn't kill him."

As soon as Ahmir Rowan said this, Larry Rowan's face changed, showing displeasure.

The other two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders furrowed their brows, sensing that something was amiss.

As far as they knew, their Vice Fort Master from Grimm Wolf Fortress wasn't one to show mercy!

Moreover, even his own nephew's core had been destroyed this time.

He had caught the murderer, yet he hadn't killed the murderer?

This was utterly baffling to them.

"Why?!"

Looking at Ahmir Rowan with frustration, Larry Rowan exclaimed, "Uncle, why didn't you kill him? Why?!"

If it had been anyone else speaking to him like this, Ahmir Rowan, as the chief among the five Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress, would have lost patience and killed the person long ago.

However, the person in question happened to be his only relative in this world, his sister's son.

"Larry, it's not that your uncle didn't want to kill him; your uncle couldn't kill him nor dared to kill him!"

Ahmir Rowan sighed again and then shared his reservations, during which he also revealed Wyatt Barnes's identity.

"What?! He is Wyatt Barnes?!"

The faces of the two Grimm Wolf Fortress elders drastically changed.

Wyatt Barnes, they were not unfamiliar with this name at all.

In the past, during the 'Decadal Martial Meet' hosted by their Grimm Wolf Fortress, the person who topped the list was 'Wyatt Barnes.'

However, Wyatt Barnes had not stayed in their Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Originally, the name 'Wyatt Barnes' had gradually been forgotten by them.

Yet, a recent piece of news had stunned them for quite some time.

The most talented twenty young members of the current generation in Grimm Wolf Fortress had all been killed by Wyatt Barnes!

Initially, they believed it was just a rumor.

But as time passed, they had not seen those twenty most formidable young members anymore; it was as if they had vanished into thin air.

By then, they had to start doubting the accuracy of that so-called 'rumor.'

Chapter 1054: Weak Water River

"Uncle, he's Wyatt Barnes; isn't this the perfect chance to kill him? Back then, he made a name for himself at the 'Decade Martial Meet' hosted by Grimm Wolf Fortress, but he then switched allegiance to the 'Blade and Sword Sect,' which is really unforgivable!"

Larry Rowan had never imagined that the person who crippled his cultivation would turn out to be the very Wyatt Barnes. For a moment, he couldn't help but gnash his teeth in anger.

Wyatt Barnes was no stranger to him.

"Of course I want to kill him! However, you know only part of the story and not the whole... The specifics are too complicated to explain in a few words. In short, treat today's incident as if it never happened."

Ahmir Rowan was also very frustrated, but he had no choice but to be wary of the 'powerful figure' that lurked in the shadows near Wyatt Barnes. It was precisely because of this figure that he had not made a move against Wyatt.

According to his judgment.

If that powerful figure could contend with a Martial Emperor from the North Nether Sect, then he must also be a Martial Emperor.

He, let alone the entire Grimm Wolf Fortress, even if combined, would not be enough to even fill the gap between someone's teeth.

Having said this, he did not wait for Larry Rowan or the other two Grimm Wolf Fortress Elders to respond. Ahmir Rowan leaped into the air and left, vanishing in the blink of an eye as if he had never been there.

"Sigh."

At this moment, the two Grimm Wolf Fortress Elders shared a glance before heaving simultaneous sighs and following suit to leave.

If the Vice Fort Master was unable to seek vengeance for them, they themselves had even less chance of doing so.

For a while, only Larry Rowan was left behind.

"Pretend that this never happened?"

The words Ahmir Rowan said before he left echoed in Larry Rowan's head, his face dark and unsightly, "Impossible! Even if it means going back to that man's family and cashing in on the 'promise' he owes me... I won't let Wyatt Barnes get away with it!"

"I, Larry Rowan, am willing to stop at nothing... to ensure that Wyatt Barnes has nowhere to bury his body!"

As he muttered to himself, an intimidating cold light burst forth from Larry Rowan's eyes, as if it could devour someone.

All of this, naturally, was unknown to Wyatt Barnes.

Traveling northwards, Wyatt Barnes quickly arrived at the northern region above the Northern Desert.

This area was also dominated solely by the North Nether Sect.

Not long after, Wyatt Barnes reached the northernmost city of the Northern Desert and continued his search for a map of the Cloud Skies Continent.

"Manager, this map covers too small an area... Do you have any maps that cover a larger area?"

In a bookstore in the city, Wyatt Barnes asked the bookstore manager.

"Guest, this is the largest map sold in my store," the bookstore manager said with a wry smile.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt Barnes felt disappointed. He immediately turned around and walked out, preparing to rendezvous with Fill Bear who was waiting outside the city, and continue northward.

"Guest!"

Just as Wyatt Barnes stepped over the threshold of the bookstore, he heard a voice from behind him calling out, stopping him in his tracks.

"Hmm?"

Wyatt Barnes paused and looked back at the source of the voice—the bookstore manager who was calling him—making him curious enough to ask, "Manager, is there something else?"

"Guest, I heard someone say that Second Elder Byrd recently obtained a map covering the 'Weak Water River'... You might want to seek him out," the bookstore manager suggested.

Weak Water River?

Wyatt Barnes's eyes lit up.

He was not unfamiliar with the Weak Water River.

It was a river that divided the Cloud Skies Continent into 'Outer Land' and 'Inner Land,' the latter also being referred to as the 'central region' of the Cloud Skies Continent.

That place swarmed with strong warriors; 'Transforming Void Realm' martial artists were a dime a dozen, and 'Cave Void Realm' martial artists were as common as stray dogs.

There, even 'Second-Rate Powers' amounted to nothing, let alone 'Third-Rate Powers.'

Third-Rate Powers were like cannon-fodder in that place, not worth mentioning!

"In my memory... The Martial Emperor of Reincarnation supposedly left the 'Big Treasure' in the Inner Land, by the side of the Weak Water River. If I can find out the exact layout of the Weak Water River and my current location, it won't be difficult to find the 'Big Treasure' left by the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation."

It had to be said, Wyatt Barnes was tempted.

"Manager, is the Byrd Family from this city?"

Wyatt Barnes inquired.

"Yes," the bookstore manager nodded, "however, as the city's leading 'Inscription Master,' Second Elder Byrd is quite eccentric... It probably won't be easy to get a map from him."

Inscription Master?

A sardonic smile crossed Wyatt Barnes's lips.

After leaving the bookstore, following the directions given by the bookstore manager, Wyatt Barnes easily made his way to the grand entrance of the Byrd Family estate.

The Byrd Family could be considered a leading big family in this city.

It was said that the family had a Ninth-Order 'Transforming Void Realm' warrior holding the fort, second in power only to the various 'Third-Rate Powers' in the Northern Desert.

"I'm here to see Ridge Byrd," Wyatt Barnes stated unabashedly when stopped by a Byrd Family disciple at the estate's entrance, wearing a light smile as he declared his purpose.

Ridge Byrd was the Byrd Family's Second Elder.

"You're here to see our Second Elder? Who are you? Our Second Elder doesn't usually meet with visitors," one of the Byrd Family disciples eyed Wyatt Barnes warily.

"Isn't that what you say to outsiders? I'm different... I am an old friend of your Second Elder."

Prepared for this interaction, Wyatt Barnes said with a grin.

An old friend?

The moment Wyatt Barnes uttered those words, the Byrd Family disciples looked him over thoroughly, their expressions changing, "How insolent! How could a young man like you possibly be a friend of our Second Elder."

"Get lost quickly! To think you came to deceive the Byrd Family with your lies and ruses, truly ignorant of what's good for you!"

"If you don't leave now, I'll make sure you won't leave at all!"

...

Several Byrd family disciples were on high alert as if facing a formidable enemy, watchful of Wyatt Barnes.

"What, you don't believe that I am a friend of your Second Elder?"

Wyatt Barnes narrowed his eyes and then, with a raise of his hand, took out more than a dozen mid-grade original stones and began inscribing 'Inscriptions' on them with an incredibly graceful movement.

"He... he's inscribing 'Inscriptions'?"

The Byrd family disciples were instantly shocked.

However, before their astonishment faded, they saw the violet-clad youth sweep his sleeve, shooting those dozen or so mid-grade original stones toward them.

"This is bad!"

Suddenly, their faces changed dramatically.

As they saw the dozen or so original stones falling at their feet, they only felt a flash before their eyes, as if they were transported to another space where they could see nothing at all.

They didn't know how much time had passed.

When they saw another flash before their eyes, they found themselves back at the gate of the Byrd Family estate.

"What happened?"

The few looked at each other, still unable to comprehend what had just occurred.

"Not good! The violet-clad youth is gone."

"Could he have broken in?"

"No, we must quickly report to the family head."

Three of the Byrd family disciples were as if facing a huge threat.

"There's no need to go."

Yet the last Byrd family disciple shook his head, stopping the three, "That person should indeed be a friend of the 'Second Elder'."

"Huh?"

The previous three looked at him, full of confusion, "How do you know?"

"You should know that I too study the art of 'Inscription' regularly... Though my mastery in 'Inscription Art' is mediocre, I trust in my own eyes."

The latter spoke with an exceedingly solemn expression, "Just now, that young man was indeed inscribing 'Inscriptions' on dozens of original stones in a short time, then set up an 'illusionary formation' beneath our feet."

"While we were confused by the 'illusionary formation', he entered the Byrd Family estate."

"However, an 'illusionary formation' comprised of just a dozen or so original stones lacks staying power, and soon collapses on its own... which is why we were able to come out of the 'illusionary formation'."

The latter's words had a logical flow.

"What?! In front of us, he inscribed 'Inscriptions' on a dozen or so original stones and set up an 'illusionary formation' that could affect us? How long did he take?"

All at once, the previous three were greatly astonished.

When it came to the way of 'Inscription', they were outsiders, indeed.

But as the saying goes:

Even if you haven't eaten pork, you've seen a pig run!

"Even the Second Elder would have difficulty in such a short period of time to inscribe and set up an 'inscription formation' that could affect us!"

One of the Byrd family disciples swallowed hard.

"The young man's mastery in the way of 'Inscription' seems deeper than that of the Second Elder! Such a 'master of Inscription', should indeed be a friend of the Second Elder."

Soon, the several Byrd family disciples no longer doubted the identity of the violet-clad youth.

Although, they were still somewhat astonished.

How could there be such a young 'master of Inscription'?

"Perhaps he is a 'demon'."

Upon further thought, they were relieved.

Wyatt Barnes employed more than a dozen mid-grade original stones to inscribe and create an 'illusionary formation' which confounded the several Byrd family disciples at the entrance of the Byrd Family estate before he entered.

Along the way, Wyatt Barnes gathered from maids and servants he encountered where the Second Elder of the Byrd Family was.

These maids and servants, though they found Wyatt to be a stranger, saw him walking within the Byrd Family estate as if it were deserted, and assumed he was a guest of the Byrd Family for the moment.

Wyatt followed the way until he reached the residence of the Second Elder of the Byrd Family, a mansion within a mansion, with its doors wide open, and an unkempt old man with a Wine Gourd leaning against the door.

As Wyatt approached, the unkempt old man set down his Wine Gourd, his eyes shining with a sharp light, fixing Wyatt Barnes in their gaze.

"Transforming Void Realm Seventh-Order?"

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows, his spiritual sense immediately detecting the old man's cultivation level.

Wyatt had no ill feelings towards the unkempt old man with the Wine Gourd.

He still remembered.

The first time he met Brian Graham in 'Big Treasure City', Brian was just as unkempt and also carried a Wine Gourd.

The unkempt old man gave Wyatt a sense of familiarity.

"Who are you, and for what purpose have you come here?"

Seeing Wyatt quickly approaching the mansion he was guarding, the unkempt old man spoke, his voice calm but laced with a deadly intent.

"I'm here to find Ridge Byrd," Wyatt Barnes stated plainly.

Ridge Byrd!

Hearing Wyatt's words, the unkempt old man's face darkened as he exclaimed sharply, "The name of my master is not for some callow youth like you to utter! Boy, we do not welcome you here!"

Chapter 1055: Not Engaging in Unprofitable Deals

"You don't welcome me?"

Wyatt Barnes grinned and continued to approach the disheveled old man standing in the doorway of that manor house, unfazed.

With each step he took, his purple robe would ripple, like clusters of purple flames swelling fiercely, emanating a series of intimidating auras.

Seeing that Wyatt ignored his words, the disheveled old man's face darkened, he picked up his Wine Gourd and took a swig without swallowing, just holding it in his mouth.

Suddenly.

"Go back!"

A voice imbued with Origin Force pierced Wyatt's eardrums in an instant, causing his spirit to shake.

As Wyatt's spirit was shaken, the disheveled old man made his move.

Whoosh!

He spouted out the mouthful of wine he had just taken, which shot out from his mouth like an arrow, fast as the wind.

The wine, which transformed into an arrow, ignited into raging, soaring flames mid-flight, streaking towards Wyatt like a rocket, with ferocity that seemed to vow not to stop until he was dead.

Above the void, the power of heaven and earth roiled, and phantoms condensed, as eighteen hundred ancient Horned Dragon illusions appeared out of nowhere, clawing and biting at Wyatt.

Transforming Void Realm Seventh-Order.

Seventh-order high-level Fire Realm.

The former, comparable to the strength of one thousand ancient Horned Dragons!

The latter, comparable to the strength of eight hundred ancient Horned Dragons!

Of course, even when unleashing the strength of one thousand ancient Horned Dragons, the disheveled old man still held back.

After all, as a warrior of the Transforming Void Realm Seventh-Order, it would be unlikely for him to have comprehended only one 'realm'.

However, in his view, the power he was now deploying was more than enough to effortlessly deal with that ignorant young fool.

Yet, very quickly, the disheveled old man realized he was wrong.

Shamefully wrong.

"How is this possible?!"

The disheveled old man, who had expected to see Wyatt pierced by that flame-wrapped arrow, stared blankly at the scene before him, his soul seemingly lost in disbelief.

Even as he muttered to himself, his tone was filled with incredulity.

In the distance, his attack was instantly shattered.

The eighteen hundred ancient Horned Dragon illusions dissipated with it.

A moment before.

Facing the wine-turned-arrow shot by the disheveled old man, Wyatt seemed not to notice it at all, resolutely continuing his approach towards the old man.

Just as the flame-wrapped arrow was inches away, ready to pierce through his chest, he finally took action.

Whoosh!

With a lightning-quick raise of his hand, he pointed a finger, confronting the arrow powered by the force of eighteen hundred ancient Horned Dragons, and the concentrated power shot from his fingertip, effortlessly destroying the wine-formed arrow.

Boom!

With a loud noise, Wyatt's finger dissolved the disheveled old man's attack.

From start to finish, Wyatt acted so quickly that not even the power of heaven and earth could react in time, let alone conjure up a celestial phenomenon.

Wyatt moved so fast that even the disheveled old man couldn't see clearly what happened.

It was precisely for this reason that the disheveled old man found it so unbelievable.

"Who exactly are you?!"

The disheveled old man straightened up abruptly, taking a step forward with a serious face, and asked Wyatt, "What do you want with my master?"

"A nameless person, I wish to borrow something for perusal," Wyatt Barnes said indifferently.

No sooner had he spoken than he trembled slightly and transformed into a whirlwind, vanishing before the disheveled old man's eyes like lightning, causing the old man's expression to shift dramatically.

While his expression changed, he hastily followed into the mansion behind him.

In the spacious manor, the front yard was lush with flowers and plants, and there was a pavilion in the center, where a gray-clad old man stood, his eyebrows tightly knitted as if pondering something.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, as if sensing something, the gray-clad old man frowned and looked outside the pavilion.

There, an additional figure appeared, a figure in purple.

Facing the purple-robed young man before him, the gray-clad old man was surprised.

The other's speed was so fast that he only reacted when the person was already near, a clear indication of the depth and mystery of his strength.

Moreover, the fact that someone could break into his mansion undoubtedly meant he had surpassed the challenge of his old brother, who had followed him for many years.

That old brother of his was not much weaker than him.

"Are you a 'demon'?" asked the gray-clad old man.

"Do you think I look like a 'demon'?"

The purple-robed young man, who was Wyatt Barnes, heard the gray-clad old man's question, looked at him with an odd expression, and retorted.

The gray-clothed old man, upon hearing this, couldn't help but be taken aback, then he focused his gaze and asked with some surprise, "Could it be that sir is not a 'demonic creature'?"

The young man in purple before him appeared to be around twenty-five years of age, and if he was not a 'demonic creature' but a human martial artist, then his real age would definitely not exceed thirty.

Having lived for the better part of his life, he still had this much discernment.

However, to possess such strength at under thirty was something he couldn't help but find somewhat inconceivable.

Keep in mind that even the top youth of their generation from the second-rate power 'North Nether Sect' to the north of the Northern Desert, 'Qadir Adams', at thirty-seven years old, also did not possess such strength.

This was the reason he had assumed the other party was a 'demonic creature'.

The strength showcased by the other party, when matched with his young appearance, made one suspect that he was not human, but rather a 'demonic creature'.

"Whether or not I'm a 'demonic creature' is not important... I'm here to see you this time mainly because I want to borrow something in your possession for perusal."

Wyatt Barnes didn't directly answer the question from the gray-clothed old man, who was the Second Elder 'Ridge Byrd' of the Byrd Family; instead, he got straight to the point and stated his purpose.

"Master!"

At this moment, the scruffy old man also arrived, blocking in front of Ridge Byrd as if willing to act as a 'shield' for him.

"May I inquire what it is you wish to borrow from me?"

Ridge Byrd asked, squinting his eyes, his expression calm, not showing any signs of panic.

"I heard you recently acquired a map encompassing 'Weak Water River'... I am here for that map, to peruse it briefly, for no more than twenty breaths' time, after which I will return it to you."

Wyatt Barnes was straightforward in his words.

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, both the scruffy old man and Ridge Byrd couldn't help but be startled.

They hadn't expected that Wyatt Barnes had come merely to look at a 'map'.

"So, you've come for that 'map'."

After a pause, Ridge Byrd was the first to regain his composure, shaking his head with a smile, "This matter is but a trivial one for me, not worth mentioning... However, since sir wishes to borrow the map from me, no matter the significance, it should still count as owing me a favor."

"I wonder... if I let you peruse the map, how do you plan to repay this favor?"

Ridge Byrd looked at Wyatt Barnes with interest, asked tauntingly.

Of course, although he said this, in his heart, he didn't think this way; he just wanted to see how this seemingly too young to be credible powerhouse would respond to him.

To him, lending out a map from his possession for someone to peruse for twenty breaths was a trivial task, nothing much at all.

However, since the other party had barged into his residence, he couldn't miss an opportunity to trouble the visitor a little.

"A favor?"

Upon hearing Ridge Byrd's words, Wyatt Barnes was not overly surprised, speaking indifferently as if he had been prepared, "I've heard you are quite adept in the art of 'Inscription' ... How about this, you lend me the 'map' to peruse for twenty breaths, and in return, I'll solve a puzzle for you regarding the art of inscription."

Wyatt Barnes spoke casually, as if the matter was light as a cloud and gentle as a breeze.

However, when Ridge Byrd heard it, he couldn't help but be startled.

"Hmph! You, qualified to discuss the art of inscription in the presence of my master? My master's expertise in the art of inscription is such that across the Northern Desert, only the two 'Masters of Inscription' from the North Nether Sect and Impermanence Sect are worthy to be discussed alongside him."

"For you to mention the art of inscription in front of my master is simply a case of a lousy craftsman blaming his tools, utterly laughable!"

Before Ridge Byrd could speak up, the scruffy old man had already scornfully retorted.

"Across the Northern Desert, only two 'inscriptionists' are comparable to him?"

Hearing the scruffy old man's words, Wyatt Barnes gave a disdainful laugh, "Frog at the bottom of a well!"

Frog at the bottom of a well!

Wyatt Barnes's comment enraged the scruffy old man, his complexion turning red, his Origin Force that had merged with the 'realm of fire' churned wildly, yet he hesitated to make a move.

He didn't dare to act.

He had witnessed the strength of Wyatt Barnes, who could defeat him with ease.

He estimated that within their Byrd Family, perhaps only the Grand Elder, who had stepped into the 'Transforming Void Realm Seventh-Order' and comprehended the 'Seventh-Order Transforming Void realm', could deal with him.

"It seems sir is quite confident in your expertise on the art of inscription... If that's so, then I am indeed keen on learning from you."

Ridge Byrd was convinced by the sheer force of the purple-clad young man before him.

Yet now, the young man in purple was calling into question his accomplishment in the art of inscription, which was somewhat embarrassing for him.

He had devoted his life to delving into the art of inscription and believed his achievements were quite remarkable.

At least, he had yet to meet anyone who could surpass him in the art of inscription.

Because of this, he was very confident in his inscription skills.

But today, someone was challenging his expertise in the art of inscription, and he was unable to remain seated any longer.

"Learn from me?"

Upon hearing Ridge Byrd's words, Wyatt Barnes merely shook his head.

"What? After talking big just now, you're afraid now that my master has asked you for advice?"

The scruffy old man seized the opportunity to mock Wyatt Barnes.

Now, even Ridge Byrd, when looking at Wyatt Barnes, had several more traces of disdain in his brow, obviously sharing the scruffy old man's sentiment.

"When did I ever say I was afraid?"

Wyatt Barnes looked expressionlessly at the scruffy old man, then turned to Ridge Byrd and spoke calmly, "I will peruse the map in your hands for twenty breaths' time, and as a reciprocal gift, I can answer one question you have in the art of inscription."

"As for advising you... that is impossible! I, for one, never conduct a losing 'trade'."

Wyatt Barnes finished speaking in one breath.

'Trade', he emphasized heavily.

Chapter 1056: The Master

Wyatt Barnes spoke very clearly.

"I can answer one question regarding Inscription for you, but I cannot provide further guidance."

"I do not engage in loss-making deals!"

At this moment, Ridge Byrd realized what Wyatt Barnes had meant by shaking his head earlier, it was not that he dared not, but he felt that advising him would be a loss.

"Big words are easy to say!"

The scruffy old man scoffed, thinking Wyatt Barnes was merely bragging.

However, Wyatt Barnes ignored him, looking directly at Ridge Byrd, and said indifferently, "Alright, you may now ask me about a problem you've encountered in the realm of Inscription, and I will solve it for you."

Seeing the confidence on Wyatt Barnes's face, Ridge Byrd couldn't help feeling somewhat shaken for a moment.

Could this young man truly be a profound master of Inscription?

Had he misjudged?

Thinking of a problem he had just encountered in Inscription, a problem that had perplexed him for many years, his eyes lit up, and he directly asked, "Do you know about the 'Shield Array'?"

The Shield Array!

Wyatt Barnes arched his eyebrows and slowly opened his mouth, "The Shield Array is a defensive type of Inscription formation. Spiritual power above the Transforming Void Realm can inscribe and arrange it... There's nothing difficult about this Inscription formation."

For Wyatt Barnes, who had memories from two lifetimes of the Martial Emperor merged, the Shield Array indeed posed no difficulty.

Even when he had arranged the defensive Inscription formation for Winnie Romero's sleeping ice coffin, he disdained to use the 'Shield Array', opting for another superior type of defensive Inscription formation instead.

"Nothing difficult?"

As Wyatt Barnes objectively described the Shield Array, Ridge Byrd knew that Wyatt Barnes's mastery in Inscription was not shallow.

When he heard what Wyatt Barnes said next, the corners of his mouth twitched involuntarily.

For the current him, it was precisely the 'Shield Array' that had him stumped.

More accurately, it was one of the many Inscription formations constituting the Shield Array that had him puzzled.

"What? The foremost Inscription master of the Northern Desert can't even arrange the Shield Array?"

Wyatt Barnes stared deeply at Ridge Byrd, his question laced with irony.

"I... I am having some trouble mastering one of the Inscription formations within it."

Ridge Byrd gave an embarrassed smile.

"Is it the 'Earth Array'?"

Wyatt Barnes asked again.

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, the scruffy old man was alright, showing no change in expression, but Ridge Byrd's complexion changed, and he asked somewhat in shock, "How... how did you know?!"

At this moment, he faintly realized that the young man in purple might truly possess out of the ordinary mastery in the realm of Inscription.

"Hmph!"

Wyatt Barnes snorted, "The Earth Array, I assume it's not difficult for you to inscribe... However, to perfectly integrate it into the 'Shield Array' requires skill."

"If you can't control it well... it's almost impossible for the Earth Array to perfectly integrate into the 'Shield Array'! The Earth Array is the core of the Shield Array, and if you can't solve this problem, you simply cannot arrange the Shield Array."

Wyatt Barnes finished in one breath.

"Please, Master, enlighten me!"

Even before Wyatt Barnes had finished speaking, Ridge Byrd's expression had changed, filled with reverence, his eyes intently fixed on Wyatt Barnes, waiting for his guidance.

This moment, he was utterly convinced.

He knew that the young man who appeared frighteningly young was truly skilled, and not just putting on an act of mystery.

"How is that possible?!"

The man standing aside, the scruffy old man, narrowed his eyes in shock, looking at the young man in purple with some disbelief.

He had never imagined.

That this young man, who was far superior to him in strength, was so profoundly skilled in the realm of Inscription that he could even impress his master.

"I will only say this once, remember it well! To perfectly integrate the 'Earth Array' into the 'Shield Array' is not that difficult. As long as you use your spiritual power..."

Wyatt Barnes laid out the solution step by step, telling Ridge Byrd what to do.

As to whether Ridge Byrd could understand, that was beyond his control.

After the explanation, Ridge Byrd fell into contemplation.

"The map!"

But Wyatt Barnes had no intention of waiting for him, interrupting his thoughts directly.

Ridge Byrd was startled, his expression darkening as he hated being disturbed while thinking.

However, when he regained his senses and saw the person who had awakened him, the gloominess on his face vanished, replaced by reverence.

"Master, here is the map."

He then hurriedly pulled out the map he had obtained recently and handed it to Wyatt Barnes.

After handing over the map to Wyatt Barnes, he again furrowed his brows, falling into deep thought again.

His mind was continuously recalling the words Wyatt Barnes had said to him just moments before.

Whirrr!

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes unfolded the map. Initially pleased, his expression darkened slightly and his eyebrows knitted together as he looked at the map more closely.

"Weak Water River, just a corner? How can this be read?"

Wyatt Barnes frustratingly realized that although the map confirmed his location and the location of 'Weak Water River',

it showed only a corner of Weak Water River, making it difficult to see the whole picture.

Because of this, he was still unable to confirm the location where the Martial Emperor had hidden the 'Big Treasure' during his second reincarnation.

A moment later, about ten breaths' time passed.

"Give it back to him."

Wyatt Barnes carelessly tossed the map to the disheveled old man beside him as if he were throwing away garbage.

He had to admit he was very disappointed.

Unlike Wyatt, who discarded the map as if it were trash, the disheveled old man caught it as though it were a treasure, handling it with extreme care.

As he steadied the map in his hands, he heard a fleeting whistling of the wind by his ear. Immediately afterward, he realized that the young man in purple had completely disappeared.

He came in a hurry, and he left in a hurry.

"He must be a 'demon', right?"

The disheveled old man thought to himself.

In his view, the young man in purple appeared to be only about twenty-five years old, but his strength already surpassed his own.

That was acceptable.

The other's expertise in the 'Inscription' was so profound that it shocked him to the core, surpassing even his own master.

As the saying goes, everyone has their own specialty.

On the Cloud Skies Continent, due to differences in focus, people were divided into four types.

The first type was those focused on the 'Martial Dao', dedicating their lives to improving their cultivation, understanding 'realms' and 'mysteries,' and striving to possess formidable power before they die.

These were the most common.

The second type were the 'Artifact Refiners', who concentrated on refining tools their entire lives and worked towards crafting higher-grade spiritual tools.

The third type was the 'alchemist', similar to the Artifact Refiner.

The fourth type was the 'Inscription master', focused on the 'Inscription'.

If that young man in purple were human, having such formidable power would already be considered 'defying the heavens'.

Moreover, his profound mastery in the 'Inscription' was astonishing.

In his view,

It was simply impossible for a human martial artist to achieve such great accomplishments in both fields at such a young age.

Therefore, he could almost confirm,

That young man in purple was a 'demon', not 'human'.

After all,

Demons, when they first break through to the 'Transforming Void Realm' and transform into a 'demon', can choose to take on any form,

Even a hundred-year-old demon could transform into a seemingly innocent child if it wished.

Time quietly passed.

Two hours later, Ridge Byrd finally snapped out of his contemplation, muttering to himself, "So that's it, so that's it..."

"Thank you so..."

Just as Ridge Byrd started to thank the young man in purple who had resolved his problem, he realized that the other party had already vanished.

"Where is that master?"

Immediately, Ridge Byrd anxiously asked the disheveled old man.

"Master, that master... left two hours ago."

The disheveled old man replied truthfully.

"Why didn't you stop him?"

Ridge Byrd urgently said, "That master's expertise in the 'Inscription' is rarely seen in my lifetime... If he could stay with the Byrd Family for a while, my proficiency in the 'Inscription' would surely advance further."

"Which direction did the master go?"

Then, Ridge Byrd looked at the disheveled old man with an anxious face and asked.

"I... don't know."

The disheveled old man hadn't expected his master to be so agitated, and for a moment, he was at a loss, only managing a bitter smile.

"Ah."

Ridge Byrd stood still, his face turning from pale to flushed, and finally, he sighed deeply, "I have single-handedly ruined my own chance! If I hadn't mentioned 'personal favors' to the master from the start, he wouldn't have been so petty with me."

"I really shot myself in the foot!"

Toward the end, Ridge Byrd looked helpless.

"Master, that master's expertise in the 'Inscription', is it truly that strong?"

The disheveled old man couldn't help but ask.

He wasn't an 'Inscription master' and was unfamiliar with the 'Inscription', so he couldn't gauge how profound the young man in purple was in the 'Inscription'.

"I am not even one ten-thousandth as skilled as he is, what do you think?"

Ridge Byrd looked towards the disheveled old man and said.

"What?!"

Hearing Ridge Byrd's words, the disheveled old man's pupils constricted.

Although he knew that his master held a high evaluation of the young man in purple, he hadn't expected it to be that high.

His master, admitting that his expertise in the 'Inscription' was not even one ten-thousandth of that of the young man in purple?

"Go and look, see if you can find the master's whereabouts... If you can find him, make sure to respectfully invite him back! If you can't find him, then it's just that I have no fate with the master."

Ridge Byrd instructed the disheveled old man, sighing deeply towards the end.

"Yes."

The disheveled old man did not dare to delay and hurried away.

"With that master's guidance... this time, I am fully confident in inscribing and setting up the 'Shield Array'!"

After the disheveled old man had left, Ridge Byrd's eyes brightened, his face full of confidence.

Chapter 1057: Gregory Returns

Wyatt Barnes left the Byrd Family and then left the city to meet up with Fill Bear.

Fill Bear was situated by him in a secluded cave in the wild mountains outside the city, along with Winnie Romero's sleeping "ice coffin," which he had placed inside too.

To ensure their safety, he had specially set up a "killing formation" outside the cave.

"Young Master."

Fill Bear's eyes lit up as soon as he saw Wyatt Barnes return.

"Let's go."

Wyatt Barnes nodded. With a wave of his hand, an invisible force surged, pulling Fill Bear and the "ice coffin" out of the cave, leaving the mountains, and continuing their journey northward.

"According to that map, I'm heading in the right direction... 'Weak Water River' is over there."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself as he looked ahead.

The map he had seen at the Byrd Family's wasn't what he wanted, but it also marked the entire area from there to Weak Water River, giving him a clear understanding of the surrounding regions.

Leaving the territory of the Northern Desert, continuing northward, he would have to pass through five areas similar to the 'Northern Desert' before he could reach the Weak Water River.

On the way, Wyatt Barnes took out the strange stone platform that he had acquired from the 'Martial Emperor's secret cache' in the past.

The strange stone platform was what he obtained on the second floor of the Gale Hall.

The reason he took it was that it contained a miraculous 'Inscription Array' capable of combining the power within many original stones and then releasing it again.

Thus amplifying the power to an extremely terrifying degree.

"What if the Origin Force within a group of people could be pooled through this 'Inscription Array' into one person... How terrifyingly strong would that person become?"

This was also the reason Wyatt Barnes had taken the stone platform.

He wanted to study the 'Inscription Array' in it to see if he could realize his wish to unite a group of Transforming Void Realm Ninth Layer warriors to annihilate a 'Martial Emperor' level powerhouse.

As someone who had merged memories from two lives as a Reincarnated Martial Emperor, he was on certain levels as if the Reincarnated Martial Emperor was still alive, which is why he had a profound understanding of the 'Art of Inscription'.

Therefore, studying the 'Inscription Array' inside the stone platform wasn't very difficult for him.

"This Inscription Array can easily unite the power contained within the original stones... but it doesn't work with the Origin Force in humans or Demon Beasts."

After a few days of research, Wyatt Barnes confirmed this point and was immediately quite disappointed.

"Moreover, even with original stones, they need to be completely pooled together to combine their contained power for a powerful attack!"

At the same time, Wyatt Barnes discovered this too.

At this moment, he also realized.

His idea of uniting the power of several warriors through this 'Inscription Array' was very immature.

"As for the original stones... there is simply no way to pool their power into a human warrior. Human warriors, being creatures of flesh and blood, cannot withstand the process of the 'Inscription Array' combining power."

"One misstep, and they could be killed in the process of that 'Inscription Array' combining power!"

Thinking this, Wyatt Barnes felt somewhat shaken.

"So, unless I can create 'puppets' myself, allowing the puppets to combine the power contained in the original stones through the 'Inscription Array' and display the greatest power... otherwise, this 'Inscription Array' is almost useless to me."

This idea, once it arose in Wyatt Barnes's mind, it became hard to dismiss.

Create puppets!

Wyatt Barnes's eyes brightened, "I roughly understand the 'Inscription Array' within the stone platform now... As long as I have enough materials, I can engrave and arrange it on my own."

"Besides, I can totally create puppets through another 'Inscription Array' and then, through this sort of 'Inscription Array,' bestow them with extraordinary powers!"

"However, the power contained within mid-grade original stones is ultimately limited, no matter how many there are, the increase in the puppets' power will be extremely slow and limited... What I need to do now is to acquire a large number of 'Top-grade element stones,' only then can I significantly boost the puppets' power."

Wyatt Barnes's mind cleared as he formed a new goal.

This goal mainly revolved around acquiring a large number of 'Top-grade element stones'; this was the prerequisite.

Using the power within 'Top-grade element stones' as a base, he could combine the power of a large number of 'Top-grade element stones' through the 'Inscription Array' within the strange stone platform, and then use puppets to display it.

"By that time... as long as there are enough 'Top-grade element stones,' the puppets could display an even greater force!"

Wyatt Barnes thought silently.

Creating puppets posed no difficulty for him.

He just needed to prepare some materials and arrange the Inscription Array.

All of this was recorded in the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor.

"However, 'Top-grade original stones' are too scarce... Even in the Storage Rings of those three old men, there were not many Top-grade original stones, totaling just over three hundred."

With this thought, Wyatt Barnes sighed.

The three old men he referred to were naturally the three Martial Emperors from the three second-tier forces in the Northern Desert territory, the same Martial Emperors who had perished in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

Besides Daniel Tucker's Storage Ring, which he had taken a while back, the 'Storage Rings' of Crystal Buckingham and Toby Fenning later ended up in his hands through Darren Lee's help.

Yet even all the 'Top-grade element stones' held by these three Martial Emperors combined amounted to no more than three hundred plus.

Wyatt Barnes still remembered.

Back in the days when he was in the Great Turdo Dynasty's Crimson Heaven Kingdom, he worked hard for gold and silver riches.

Later, standing on the 'stage' of the Great Turdo Dynasty, gold and silver riches became useless to him.

Now, his desire for 'Top-grade original stones' was just like his craving for gold and silver wealth back in the days of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

"I now need a large amount of Top-grade original stones, as well as some materials... Hmm, it's also time to find a place to settle down temporarily. With my current strength, trying to get past that 'Weak Water River' to enter the 'central area' of the Cloud Skies Continent is quite risky."

"Besides, both Fill Bear's and my strength need to be improved... Now, it's time for my 'Grade One Artifact Refiner' and 'Grade One alchemist' identities to come into play,"

Wyatt Barnes murmured to himself, making plans in his mind.

"However, even if I'm looking for a place to settle down, I should look for the strongest power near the 'Weak Water River'... Only a powerful force can provide everything I want!"

With this thought, Wyatt Barnes no longer hesitated. Taking Fill Bear and the 'ice coffin' with him, he continued to fly forward at increased speed, heading straight north.

The speed he was now exhibiting was much faster than before.

It didn't take long for Wyatt Barnes to leave the Northern Desert.

When he left the Northern Desert, a figure swiftly swept out of the vast ancient city in the southern area of the Northern Desert. This figure moved faster than Wyatt Barnes.

As this figure flew, he was dragging someone along.

"Larry, are you really sure about going back?"

The old man looked at the middle-aged man beside him and asked gravely.

"Uncle, my dantian is now destroyed, my cultivation is gone. Staying in Grimm Wolf Fortress no longer has any meaning... I want to go back, back to my mother's side," the middle-aged man said with a solemn face.

"Since you have made up your mind, uncle will not force you,"

The old man was Ahmir Rowan, the leading Vice Fort Master of the five in Grimm Wolf Fortress.

The middle-aged man he was escorting north was his nephew, Larry Rowan, who took his mother's surname, sharing the surname with Ahmir Rowan.

"Wyatt Barnes, it's all because of you... You destroyed my cultivation, and now whether I return or not, I'm equally disgraced. Once I get back, I will definitely pay any price to have you torn to shreds and your bones ground to dust!" Larry Rowan's inner fury roared.

Synchronously, his mind conjured up an image of a purple figure he loathed intensely, making his face contort with hatred as he clenched his teeth even more.

Not long after Ahmir Rowan and Larry Rowan left the Grimm Wolf Fortress and the vast ancient city,

Whoosh!

With the sound of a wind whistling through the air, a figure like a green lightning bolt shot into the vast ancient city, arriving above the Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Being high in the sky, it did not attract the attention of other people in the Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Only four figures shot up immediately, reaching the sky above the Grimm Wolf Fortress in an instant.

At present, in the sky above Grimm Wolf Fortress stood a Demon Wolf with green fur all over its body. In the middle of its brow was a crescent-shaped mark.

This crescent-shaped mark was 'green' in color.

"Castle Master."

The four people now appearing in the sky above Grimm Wolf Fortress were the other four Vice Fort Masters aside from Ahmir Rowan. They bowed respectfully to the Demon Wolf with green fur.

This scene, if witnessed by outsiders, would surely cause shock and disbelief.

The Castle Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress was not a human, but a 'Demon Wolf'?

"Hmm."

The Demon Wolf nodded slightly, then shook its body, directly transforming into an old man clad in green clothes.

The Castle Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress, Gregory.

At this moment, there was still a trace of lingering fear on Gregory's face.

"Thankfully, the Elder Ancestor arrived in time... Otherwise, I would definitely have been toyed to death by those two young ladies," he thought, recalling the two ladies he had been waiting on. Gregory shivered involuntarily at the memory of the 'painful' experiences he had recently endured and dared not continue recalling that period.

If possible, he only wished that Chapter of his life could forever vanish from his mind.

"Where's Ahmir Rowan?"

Gregory looked at the four people in front of him, his brows furrowed as he asked in a deep voice.

"Castle Master, my master took his nephew home," Thiago Relief, the last of the five Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress, promptly responded, noticing that Gregory's mood seemed somewhat unstable.

Gregory nodded lightly, then asked further, "How was your loot from the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure'? Did you get any 'mystery fragments' that I can use?"

At these words, a flash of eager light appeared in Gregory's eyes, filled with anticipation.

Chapter 1058: The Land of Northumberland

Hearing Gregory's words and seeing the longing that filled his eyes, Thiago Relief and the other three Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress lowered their heads slightly, the corners of their mouths twitching.

"Hmm?"

Noticing the bitterness that appeared on their faces, Gregory's expression darkened, "What? Don't you have the 'Mystic Fragment' that I can use?"

"Castle Master."

At the prompting of Yael Zafar and the other two, Thiago Relief stiffened and faced Gregory with a wry smile, "We didn't get anything in the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasury', let alone a 'Mystic Fragment'."

"Not only that, but all twenty of the youthful powerhouses that Grimm Wolf Fortress sent into the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasury' met their end inside!"

Thiago Relief said all this in one breath and then anxiously looked at Gregory.

Gregory stood there, seemingly calm but with a hidden murderous intent.

Especially his eyes, which now were exceedingly sharp, filled with a coldness that seemed ready to devour someone.

"How could this be?"

Gregory asked in a deep voice.

"Castle Master, they all fell at the hands of the same person."

Thiago Relief gave a wry smile.

At the same time, the image of a figure in purple surfaced in Thiago Relief's mind.

The owner of the purple silhouette had been seen by them during the 'Decennial Martial Gathering' that Grimm Wolf Fortress initially held.

That person even went on to overpower the top ten royal youngsters, securing the honor of 'Champion of the Decennial Martial Gathering'.

Almost at the instant Thiago Relief's words ended, a tremendously powerful aura burst forth from Gregory, causing the clouds nearby to stir.

"Who?!"

Gregory's voice was icy cold, laced with deadly danger.

"Wyatt Barnes."

Thiago Relief sighed.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Upon hearing Thiago Relief's words, the 'frost' that had covered Gregory's face vanished, replaced by shock, "The one who took first place in the 'Decennial Martial Gathering' held by our Grimm Wolf Fortress?"

"The same 'Wyatt' that little miss talked about as 'Brother Wyatt'?"

Toward the end, the image of a young girl in yellow formed in Gregory's mind, and he couldn't help but shudder involuntarily.

"Yes."

Thiago Relief hastily nodded.

"You didn't do anything to that Wyatt Barnes, did you?"

In that moment, Gregory's gaze turned piercing, sweeping over Thiago Relief and the other three Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress as he asked in a deep voice.

"No."

The four of them shook their heads frantically.

"Good... remember, when facing Wyatt Barnes, do not harbor any illusions of luck. The methods of the person behind that little miss are beyond your imagination!"

By the end of Gregory's words, his face was incredibly solemn.

And his words, reaching the ears of Thiago Relief and the others, caused them to glance at each other, each seeing the fear in the other's eyes.

"After the 'Decennial Martial Gathering' ended, should we tell the Castle Master about our pursuit of Wyatt Barnes?"

The four of them communicated privately with their Origin Force.

"I think we'd better not... Considering how much the Castle Master dreads Miss Julia, if he knew, we certainly would not fare well."

"Right, we cannot say."

...

Quickly, the four of them reached a consensus.

And 'Gregory', the Castle Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress, was kept in the dark.

In the high skies north of the Northern Desert, three figures swiftly swept across the sky.

Leading were two girls, followed by an old woman in green clothes.

The old woman's face was expressionless, but her movements didn't stir the clouds like the two girls did.

Where she passed, it was as if even the airflows weren't affected by her presence.

"Ruby, let me stay here a bit longer... I haven't found Brother Wyatt yet,"

the girl in yellow turned her head to look at the old woman in green, her eyes playful and pitiful as she spoke.

"Miss, please don't make this difficult for me... You ran away from home with Miss Iris this time, and the master is very unhappy. He insisted that I bring you back home without delay,"

the old woman in green looked at the girl in yellow with affectionate eyes, and her voice bore a hint of helplessness.

The girl in yellow was 'Karina Hanson'.

Hearing the old woman's words, Karina Hanson immediately became disheartened, drooping her little head, "Dad is so bothersome, he even minds if I take a little breather outside... Hmph! When I get back, I'm not going to speak to him for a month! No, two months."

Karina Hanson's muttering reached the ears of the girl next to her and the old woman in green, prompting them to exchange a knowing, wry smile.

"Ruby, have Little Gold, Little Black, and Little White come out from that place yet?"

Soon after, Karina Hanson seemed to recall something, lifting her head and shedding the previous gloom, her playful eyes turning to the old woman in green.

On her pretty face was a mixture of eagerness.

"Not yet."

The old woman in green shook her head.

"Will they be able to come out safely?"

Karina Hanson asked, somewhat worried.

"Those two small pythons should be fine... Their bloodline previously had reached the level of 'Variant Sacred Beast Descendants'. In that place, it is possible for them to transform into 'Variant Sacred Beasts' as well."

The old woman in green explained.

"And what about Little Gold?"

Karina Hanson's delicate face slightly changed color as she asked anxiously, "It won't be in any trouble, will it? If something really happens to it, how am I supposed to explain to Wyatt?"

"Hard to say. That little golden mouse is a 'Heavenly Pupilled Golden Mouse,' a descendant of Sacred Beasts... Its bloodline is quite fixed, and transforming into a 'Sacred Beast' is much more difficult than for the two little pythons."

The old woman in green shook her head as she spoke, not sounding very certain.

"And if it can't transform, what then?"

Karina Hanson asked.

"A dead end!"

As a 'demon' who had once entered that place, the old woman in green knew it very well.

A dead end!

Those four simple words shocked Karina Hanson, her complexion drastically changing.

"Little Gold, you must not have any trouble."

After a while, Karina Hanson took a deep breath and murmured to herself.

"Miss, we should set off now."

The old woman in green spoke calmly, and as soon as her words fell, without any visible movement from her, she and the two young girls disappeared into thin air.

As if they had never been there in the first place.

In an extremely distant place from the 'Northern Desert,' there was a luxurious and magnificent palace floating on an 'island in the sky.'

Currently, two figures were standing above the palace.

The two figures leaned against each other, a man and a woman.

The man was dressed in green, a young man standing there, poised and graceful.

The contours of his face appeared incomparably perfect, as if they had been meticulously carved countless times.

A pair of sword-like eyebrows stood proudly, invoking authority without anger.

Below the sword brows, his seemingly calm eyes stared into the distance, with strands of green energy pulsating within.

His eyes suddenly sharpened, as if they could see through everything.

The woman by his side, clad in green, had a stunning beauty that seemed to overshadow all around her.

Standing together, they appeared as a match made in heaven.

"Brother Lanni, you should have brought Wyatt over as well... Leaving him alone over there, I'm not at ease."

The woman spoke softly as gentle as orchids.

"Natalie, you've finally brought this up... but I have my reasons for leaving Wyatt there. If you really want what's best for him, you should let go a little."

The man said.

"Brother Lanni, I know you left Wyatt there to toughen him up... But couldn't he just as well undertake his trials here? Moreover, here, Wyatt would be under our watchful eyes, which gives me peace of mind."

The woman continued.

"Natalie, I understand what you're saying... but if I were to bring Wyatt over from there, it would do him more harm than good."

"As for the reason, I don't quite know how to explain it... When you see Wyatt again in the future, you'll naturally understand."

The man explained.

"But what if something happens to Wyatt while he's on his own over there?"

The woman asked, full of concern.

"Don't worry... I've left him three 'Taoist Talismans' that can save his life three times."

The man reassured her.

"And what if he uses up those 'Taoist Talismans'?"

"Then he'll have to rely on himself."

"Can't someone be sent to protect him? Even secret protection would do."

"Those three 'Taoist Talismans' are already the limit of my interference in his life... The rest of his path, he must walk on his own! My son, Lanni Barnes, is not one of the commonplace flock."

"And if some misfortune happens to him?"

"We must have faith in him."

...

Having left the Northern Desert and traveled northward for several months, Wyatt Barnes finally reached his destination.

The region neighboring 'Weak Water River.'

This area was also known as 'Northumberland.'

"Northumberland... Northumberland... Back then, when Winnie, Uncle Romero, and I set off towards 'Ancient Desert City,' Uncle Romero saved a pair of siblings. They seemed to be from Northumberland."

Hovering in the air, Wyatt Barnes looked towards the ice coffin floating beside him, or more precisely, at the red-clad woman lying inside it, and spoke to himself.

"The Gagnon family from Northumberland? I wonder whether the Gagnon family is among the noteworthy powers in this 'Northumberland.'

Wyatt Barnes was curious.

It was his first time in Northumberland.

The reason he knew about 'Northumberland' was due to a map he had consulted at the Byrd Family; it had 'Northumberland' marked on it.

To the north of Northumberland was the 'Weak Water River.'

"Although 'Northumberland' is marked on the map, there's no detailed introduction to it... To learn about Northumberland, I'll have to discover it for myself," Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

Taking Fill Bear and the ice coffin in which Winnie Romero lay, Wyatt Barnes began to search the surroundings, hoping to find a city within 'Northumberland.'

After half a day, he finally discovered one.

This city was a small town on the southern edge of Northumberland.

The town was small, but there was no shortage of people coming and going.

"Fill Bear, let's enter the town."

After giving Fill Bear a heads-up, Wyatt Barnes flew down with him and the 'ice coffin.'

Chapter 1059: Yez Family, Gagnon Family

Whoosh!

After Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear entered the city, the 'ice coffin' that followed them like a shadow quickly attracted the attention of many passers-by.

The ice coffin was really too conspicuous.

Even so, there were few who gave the 'ice coffin' more than a glance, for in this world where the powerful are respected, caution is paramount in everything one does.

A single misstep could mean irreversible doom!

Soon after, Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear entered a restaurant and chose a spot by the window to sit down.

Boom!

Under Wyatt's control, the 'ice coffin' landed steadily on the neighboring dining table.

Instantly, all the eyes of the patrons in the restaurant were cast in their direction.

"What a beautiful woman!"

Some sharp-eyed individuals quickly made out the red-dressed woman lying within the ice coffin; even through the ice, her extraordinary beauty could not be hidden.

"She seems full of life, so why is she lying in an ice coffin?"

Many were puzzled by this.

"Perhaps she has contracted some mysterious and complex illness,"

someone speculated.

No matter what, the appearance of the 'ice coffin' unsurprisingly became a spectacle in the restaurant, drawing all patrons' eyes.

Such a sight was not often seen.

However, bringing the 'ice coffin' and occupying an extra table was undeniably a 'domineering' behavior on Wyatt's part.

"Guest, about this..."

Very soon, the restaurant manager sent a waiter over to Wyatt, and began to speak slowly.

"When I settle the bill, I will pay for two tables' worth of food,"

Wyatt interrupted the waiter before he could finish, naturally guessing that the waiter was about to comment on him taking up another table, affecting their business.

Suddenly, neither the waiter nor the manager had anything further to say.

After ordering some dishes and drinks and sending the waiter off to prepare them, Wyatt leaned against the window, squinting at the passing crowd outside the restaurant, his face the picture of tranquility.

Only at this moment did his heart begin to settle down a bit.

When traveling outside, he would often encounter rampant bandits, which made it difficult for him to let his guard down.

Now, he could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"Young Master, what are our next steps?"

Fill Bear looked at Wyatt, curious to ask.

He was unaware of Wyatt's plan.

"When the waiter comes with the food, ask him which power is the strongest in 'Northumberland'... Once confirmed, we will pay that power a visit!"

Wyatt instructed.

As he spoke, his gaze again fell on the ice coffin on the table next to him, or to be more precise, on the red-dressed woman within the ice coffin.

The extraordinary beauty of the woman in red completely captured his gaze, making it difficult for him to look away even slightly.

At this moment, his eyes were filled with tender affection, seemingly able to melt all hardships.

"Winnie, I will certainly awaken you as soon as possible... wait for me,"

Wyatt silently said in his heart.

"Yes,"

Fill Bear replied. Although he did not know what their Young Master intended to do by visiting the most powerful force in 'Northumberland,' he did not question further, trusting that Wyatt had a plan.

All he had to do was follow the Young Master and take care of various matters for him.

The dishes and drinks were swiftly served.

"Waiter, I'd like to inquire... which power is the strongest in 'Northumberland'?"

Following Wyatt's instruction, Fill Bear asked the waiter.

"Is this the guest's first time in our 'Northumberland'?"

The waiter asked with a gleam in his eyes.

"Indeed,"

Fill Bear nodded.

"Guest, in Northumberland, the most powerful forces are two major families... The first is the 'Yez Family'; the second is the 'Gagnon Family',"

The waiter answered with a smile, addressing Fill Bear's query.

"Two major families? Yez Family? Gagnon Family?"

Before Fill Bear could fully process the information, a startled Wyatt who was sitting beside him suddenly raised his eyebrows and thought, "Could it be such a coincidence?"

Wyatt remembered that when he left the Great Mini Dynasty with Winnie Romero and Taoi Romero, heading for the 'ancient city in the desert,' the brother and sister Taoi saved seemed to be from the 'Northumberland Gagnon Family.'

Was the 'Northumberland Gagnon Family' one of the strongest two forces in Northumberland?

"Merely two families can be the strongest forces in Northumberland... truly surprising,"

Wyatt's eyes flashed, showing his astonishment.

Of course, he understood that if mere families were the most powerful forces in Northumberland, they must have considerable abilities.

"Families?"

Upon hearing the waiter's words, even Fill Bear was taken aback.

One must know that a family, compared to a sect, is hardly just a little inferior.

A family, no matter what, revolves around the "direct descendants" and is passed down by bloodline.

No matter how outstanding the collateral relatives and members with different surnames are, it's difficult for them to rise to prominence. At most, they might end up as elders or sacrificial officers.

The position of "Clan Chief" is fundamentally out of reach for collateral relatives and members with different surnames.

Therefore, for a family to truly become powerful is very difficult.

However, a sect is not limited to bloodline inheritance. If you are capable, you can rise through the ranks and even become the "leader of a sect".

As a result, the enthusiasm of sect disciples is greatly increased.

Especially in the "outside territory" where strong forces abound, the gap between families and sects is undeniably more pronounced.

Yet, in the land of the Northern Desert, two great families are held in the highest regard?

Inconceivable!

Both Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear found this surprising.

"Our two guests, hearing that the two most powerful forces in 'Northumberland' are families, do you find it strange?"

The waiter, seeing the expressions of surprise on Wyatt Barnes's and Fill Bear's faces, seemed to have guessed their thoughts and couldn't help but ask.

Neither Wyatt nor Fill Bear denied it and nodded in unison.

"Our two guests may not be aware... The 'Yez Family' and the 'Gagnon Family' in Northumberland are unlike ordinary families. It is said that these two families have traditions that span over ten thousand years!"

As the waiter spoke, his face took on a serious expression.

Ten thousand years!

It has to be said, the waiter's words shocked both Wyatt and Fill Bear.

A family with a tradition spanning ten thousand years?

How profound must their foundations be?

They found it hard to imagine.

"Those two families, being able to carry on for ten thousand years... there must be reasons for that, right?"

Wyatt Barnes asked the waiter, looking at him.

He always felt that both the Yez Family and the Gagnon Family of Northumberland must be extraordinary.

"The guest is insightful."

The waiter smiled and said, "The reason these two families could carry on for ten thousand years is indeed because... each of them is either an 'Artifact Refiner family' or an 'alchemist family'!"

Artifact Refiner family?

Alchemist family?

The waiter's words brought even more confusion to Wyatt, "What does that mean?"

"It means... within those families, over fifty percent of the members in one of them are 'Artifact Refiners'; and over fifty percent in the other family are 'alchemists'."

The waiter continued to clear up Wyatt's doubts.

"Over fifty percent of one family's members are 'Artifact Refiners'?"

"And over fifty percent of the other family's members are 'alchemists'?"

No sooner had the waiter finished than both Wyatt and Fill Bear were thunderstruck, stiff as posts.

On the Cloud Skies Continent, who doesn't know that to become an 'Artifact Refiner' or an 'alchemist', one needs extremely high talent in artifact refining and medicine concocting?

If their talents aren't sufficient, it's even impossible to become a 'Grade Nine Artifact Refiner' or 'Grade Nine alchemist'.

And now, someone was telling them.

There was a family where over fifty percent of the people were 'Artifact Refiners'.

And another family where over fifty percent of the people were 'alchemists'.

"Yes."

The waiter nodded, unsurprised by Wyatt's and Fill Bear's astonishment.

He had seen too many people show similar expressions.

Those people, without exception, were either first-comers to 'Northumberland' or first-timers learning of Northumberland's most potent two powers.

"It is said that ten thousand years ago, the Yez Family and the Gagnon Family almost established their footings in 'Northumberland' during the same era... The Elder Ancestor of the Yez family was a 'Grade One Artifact Refiner'. The Elder Ancestor of the Gagnon family was a 'Grade One alchemist'."

"Ever since the establishment of both the 'Yez Family' and the 'Gagnon Family', they have specialized in their respective arts of artifact refining and medicine concocting... Throughout the generations until today, both families have become the well-known 'Artifact Refiner family' and 'alchemist family' of Northumberland."

The waiter continued.

Grade One Artifact Refiner!

Grade One alchemist!

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but be stunned.

He never expected, outside the central area of the outside territory, there would be 'Grade One Artifact Refiners' and 'Grade One alchemists', and that such families would carry on their legacy.

"In the long history of the two major families, there have also been more than a dozen 'Grade One Artifact Refiners' and 'Grade One alchemists'... All of these Grade One Artifact Refiners and alchemists have been to the inland areas across the Weak Water River."

"They have all become Sacrificial Officers and Honorary Ministers for 'first-rate powers', refining spirit weapons and Pill Medicines... It is precisely because of this that they have formed many good connections. This is also the main reason why both the Yez and Gagnon families have been able to stay grounded for ten thousand years."

"These 'first-rate powers', while accepting Grade One Artifact Refiners and Grade One alchemists from the Yez and Gagnon families as Sacrificial Officers and Honorary Ministers, would also make open promises to them: as long as their power exists for a day, they will not allow the Yez or Gagnon families to face annihilation!"

"Therefore, over the ten thousand years, although numerous powers have had designs on the Yez and Gagnon families, they dare not truly exterminate them, allowing both families to grow to this day and become the behemoths of 'Northumberland'!"

The waiter patiently explained the history of the Yez and Gagnon families to Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear, as well as their reasons for standing unyielding for ten thousand years.

"Even now... the 'first-rate powers' of the inland might be able to destroy the Yez and Gagnon families, but they dare not do so! Because if they dare, they would face joint attacks from no fewer than three 'first-rate powers' and could even be annihilated."

"The network of connections of the Yez and Gagnon families is terrifying... it's the wealth left by their forebears."

By the end of his explanation, the waiter was filled with reverent admiration.

Chapter 1060: Alchemist Competition

The words of the waiter rang in Wyatt Barnes' ears like a loud peal of thunder, causing him to momentarily lose his composure.

He had never imagined it.

The Yez and Gagnon families in the 'Northumberland' had such big origins, such deep foundations, and such extensive networks.

No wonder they could become one of the most powerful forces in 'Northumberland'!

"The Yez and Gagnon families have been inherited for tens of thousands of years... Even those 'first-rate forces' on the other side of Weak Water River that have been inherited for tens of thousands of years are few and far between."

A thought crossed Wyatt's mind as he pondered secretly.

Of course, from the waiter's words, he also learned why the Yez and Gagnon families had been able to survive for tens of thousands of years.

It all boiled down to the networks established in the 'inland' by the ancestors of the Grade One Artifact Refiners and Grade One alchemists of the Yez and Gagnon families.

That network had such a strong deterrent power that it enabled the two families to survive for tens of thousands of years without trouble.

The inland refers to the central region of the Cloud Skies Continent.

There are quite a few 'first-rate forces' there.

First-rate forces are extremely powerful, far beyond any second-rate forces.

Even if a 'first-rate force' wanted to obliterate a 'second-rate force,' it would only need to deploy its strongest Martial Emperors to easily sweep through the latter.

The latter stands no chance against a first-rate force.

Those first-rate forces that manage to last three or four thousand years are already extremely rare.

At the very least, in the eras of the reincarnating Martial Emperors, there had never been a 'first-rate force' that lasted over five thousand years.

"However, both the Yez family and the Gagnon family produced more than ten Grade One Artifact Refiners and Grade One alchemists over ten thousand years... These Grade One refiners and alchemists were, more or less, associated with some 'first-rate forces' that existed through the millennia."

"Because of this, when one 'first-rate force' perished, naturally a second 'first-rate force' would follow up and protect the unbroken lineage of the Yez and Gagnon families."

This was something that Wyatt could easily think of.

This was also the main reason the Yez and Gagnon families had been able to last for ten thousand years.

"Artifact Refiner families, alchemist families... indeed, two miraculous families!"

Wyatt silently exclaimed.

At the same time, he recalled the siblings that Taoi Romero had saved that day, "It seems that they must be from the 'Northumberland Gagnon family' ... and it looks like they hold quite high positions within the Gagnon family of Northumberland!"

Wyatt remembered.

Initially, the cloaked man who wanted to kill the siblings had called the elder brother 'Second Young Master' and the younger sister 'Seventh Miss'.

"Waiter, which of the two families, the Yez or the Gagnon, is closer to here?"

Wyatt looked towards the waiter and asked.

His purpose this time was the strongest force in Northumberland.

Since the Yez and Gagnon families were both considered the strongest forces in Northumberland, he inevitably had to choose one.

In his view.

Whether it was the Yez or the Gagnon family, there wasn't much difference to him.

Therefore, he leaned towards the family that was closer to his current location.

Put simply, he was just lazy, reluctant to travel too far.

After all, there was no difference between the two families; either would do.

"Comparing the two, the Gagnon family is indeed closer... The Gagnon family is located outside the city in the northeast direction, not far from here, only ten thousand miles away."

Although not knowing what the young guest needed this information for, the waiter still replied truthfully.

Whether it's the Northumberland Yez family or the Northumberland Gagnon family.

The locations of their residences are not unfamiliar to the people in 'Northumberland'.

"Hmm."

Wyatt nodded and then reached out for an intermediate original stone, handing it to the waiter, "This is your reward for introducing the Yez and Gagnon families."

"Thank you, sir."

Seeing the intermediate original stone in his hand, the waiter's face lit up with a smile; he had spent so much effort talking just hoping for a 'tip' from a pleased customer.

"Gentlemen, if there are no other questions, I will take my leave and not disturb your meal further."

After notifying Wyatt and Fill Bear, the waiter withdrew.

After the waiter left, Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear began to sweep through the dishes on the table, and within just a quarter of an hour, the table was left with nothing but empty cups, empty dishes, and empty bowls.

"Let's go!"

After paying the bill, Wyatt called to Fill Bear, took the 'Ice Coffin,' and left the tavern.

Once outside the city, Wyatt continued with Fill Bear in the northeast direction.

"Northumberland Gagnon family!"

Wyatt's destination was the Gagnon family of Northumberland, the closest to his current location.

It was also one of the strongest forces in 'Northumberland'.

The Northumberland Gagnon family, also known as the 'alchemist family'!

Wyatt's only purpose in going to the Northumberland Gagnon family was to reveal his identity as a 'Grade One alchemist,' become a Sacrificial Officer and Honorary Minister of the Northumberland Gagnon family, thereby obtaining a large amount of cultivation resources from the Northumberland Gagnon family to help himself and Fill Bear improve their cultivation and 'realm.'

Currently, although his strength was not bad,

But if placed on the other side of the "Weak Water River", namely the central region of the Cloud Skies Continent, it still counted for nothing.

Using the "Weak Water River" as a dividing line, inside and out were two different worlds.

Outside the Weak Water River, no "first-class powers" existed.

But inside the Weak Water River, not only did "first-class powers" exist, but there were also top-tier powers present, such as two ancient clans, and the forces controlled by the "Martial Emperor".

There, was a paradise for the strong!

At the same time, it was also Hell for the weak.

"The 'Big Treasure' left by the Martial Emperor during his second incarnation, is in the inland!"

It is for this reason that Wyatt Barnes had to go inland.

Moreover, even if the Martial Emperor had not left the 'Big Treasure,' he had to go inland, because it was a necessary route for him if he wanted to reach the pinnacle of the Cloud Skies Continent.

To travel a distance of thousands of miles, using an airplane on Earth, where Wyatt lived in his previous life, it would have taken six or seven hours of continuous flight.

But for the current Wyatt, it would only take one hour to arrive.

In less than an hour, Wyatt had already seen in the distance on the plains, a vast cluster of buildings that stood erect, resembling demon beasts lying in wait.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, as if he had noticed something, Wyatt abruptly halted and looked around.

"Is that the Northumberland Gagnon Family? Why are there so many people?"

Fill Bear glanced left, then right, and said in surprise.

Wyatt saw it too.

Now, in the vast cluster of buildings ahead, from all directions, people were swiftly approaching and then descending towards the west side of the buildings without exception.

"If I can rank within the top thirty in the 'Alchemist Competition' held by the Northumberland Gagnon Family, I could become an internal family member related by marriage, and then I'll never worry about lacking materials for alchemy."

A crisp voice timely reached Wyatt's ears.

"Hehe... I want to become an internal family member related by marriage to the Northumberland Gagnon Family through this 'Alchemist Competition,' but it's not just for those materials,"

soon followed another voice, "There are many high-grade alchemists within the Northumberland Gagnon Family; there are even several 'Grade One Alchemists'... If I could learn from them, my achievements in alchemy could improve leaps and bounds in one day!"

"However, the tests by the Northumberland Gagnon Family are really stringent... The minimum entry level is 'Grade Six Alchemist'! Those below Grade Six don't even qualify to participate."

Towards the end, the owner of this voice somewhat complained.

At this moment, the two men discussing this flew past near Wyatt.

Two middle-aged men.

As they passed by Wyatt, their gazes couldn't help but linger on the 'ice coffin' floating next to him.

The ice coffin was truly too eye-catching.

"Alchemist Competition?"

Now, Wyatt also roughly gathered some information; the Northumberland Gagnon Family, seemed to be holding some 'Alchemist Competition'.

As long as one was among the top thirty in the 'Alchemist Competition,' they could enter the Northumberland Gagnon Family and become a member of the family related by marriage.

The Northumberland Gagnon Family, was an alchemist family, where over half the family members were alchemists, among which were numerous high-grade alchemists.

For low-grade alchemists, that place was practically a paradise!

Once inside, one could interact with many alchemists, thus enhancing one's mastery in the art of alchemy.

Should there be a chance to receive guidance from a high-grade alchemist, rapid improvement was outright certain.

"It seems that these people are all here for the 'Alchemist Competition' held by the Northumberland Gagnon Family... Aside from some participants, there must be quite a few who are here to watch the excitement,"

Watching the people coming from all directions, Wyatt mused internally.

"Eh... It looks like there's a woman lying inside."

Suddenly, a voice of surprise came from behind Wyatt.

Following that, Wyatt saw three middle-aged men pass by his side shoulder to shoulder.

The voice just now belonged to one of them.

However, after the three middle-aged men passed by Wyatt's side, they didn't leave but instead started to circle around the ice coffin and scrutinize it.

"Such a beautiful woman!"

"If I could have such a beautiful woman, even if it meant shortening my life by ten years, I'd be willing!"

"How is she lying inside the ice coffin?"

...

The three middle-aged men pointed and discussed the ice coffin, blatantly ignoring Wyatt Barnes and Fill Bear standing nearby.

"Scram!"

Just as Fill Bear's expression changed and he was about to reprimand the three men, a cold voice suddenly erupted, sounding like thunder in the ears of the three middle-aged men.

Startled, the three men trembled and, recovering their composure, they turned toward the source of the voice.

"Kid, you're courting death!"

Quickly, the three men's gazes locked onto Wyatt and they yelled in unison.

Boom!

Wyatt ignored the three angry men glaring at him, took a step forward, and a monumental force began brewing within him, then rolled out.