

L. Wyatt 1171

Chapter 1171: Killing with a Single Finger

The loud boom emitted by the woman as she was killed immediately alarmed Wyatt Barnes. Without seeing him lift a finger, an invisible shield of light rose up, deflecting the blood that splattered towards him and Winnie Romero.

Following that, Wyatt slowly turned his gaze towards the instigator who was leisurely walking into the pavilion, his face gradually darkening.

"What a beautiful woman!"

The young man in brocade clothes, accompanied by an elderly man, entered and his eyes immediately landed on Winnie Romero, utterly ignoring Wyatt. Winnie's peerless beauty caught his breath and it became rapid.

When had he ever seen such a beauty?

"Miss, my name is 'Jackson Evans'. I am the son of the True Martial Sect Leader... May I ask for your esteemed name?"

The young man in brocade approached Winnie, his handsome face breaking into a warm and bright smile. However, in the depths of his gaze, there was only lewdness and desire.

He was yearning to possess this nearly perfect woman!

"Scram!"

As Jackson Evans politely greeted Winnie, her sole cold response was that one word.

For a moment, Jackson stood there like a petrified chicken.

Ever since Jackson had killed the woman outside the pavilion, the commotion had attracted quite a few onlookers.

Thus, the scene of Jackson Evans failing to strike up a conversation with Winnie, only to be rebuffed by her command to scram, was witnessed by a crowd.

"Son of the True Martial Sect Leader?"

Having learned of Jackson's identity, many didn't dare to say much. Nonetheless, their eyes were undeniably filled with mockery when they looked at him.

The True Martial Sect was a first-class power, on par with the City of Peace's Campbell Family, and the once-renowned Yin and Yang Sect.

"I... I said I am the son of the True Martial Sect Leader! The Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect!"

Sensing the mockingly sweeping glances around him, Jackson felt an unbearable humiliation. Suppressing the rage in his heart, he looked towards Winnie once more and repeated himself.

"Scram!"

Yet again, Winnie's reply to him was just that one word.

Scram!

Jackson's body shook, and his face gradually twisted into a ferocious expression. When had he ever been so disregarded in public?

Such disregard was no different from humiliation!

Whoosh!

The crowd of spectators also netted in surprise, mocking Jackson while simultaneously expressing astonishment at Winnie's reaction.

They had not expected this woman to be so bold, daring to treat the son of the True Martial Sect Leader in such a manner.

It was well known that out of the two sons of the True Martial Sect Leader, the younger one obtained later in life was by far the most cherished, almost regarded as his lifeblood.

"Bitch! You don't want the face given to you!"

Finally, Jackson could no longer restrain the fury within him and erupted. He took a step forward and reached out both hands to grab Winnie, "You're so proud? From today on, this Young Master will make you my slave woman!"

Jackson, the son of the True Martial Sect Leader, in his early thirties, had a cultivation level at the peak of the Void Realm.

However, in front of Winnie, he was no different than an ant.

Swoosh!

"Young Master!"

A fleeting sword cry, accompanied by a loud shout, was none other than Winnie dispatching Jackson with a casual sword strike as he aggressively approached her.

The one who had shouted was the elderly man behind Jackson, who couldn't have imagined that the seemingly harmless woman in red would kill his Young Master before he even had a chance to react.

The Young Master was dead.

How would he explain this to the Sect Leader?

A dead silence enveloped the surroundings.

Eyes fell on Jackson, lying in a pool of blood, somewhat dazed.

"Did she... kill the little son of the True Martial Sect Leader?"

"She's in big trouble! The True Martial Sect won't let her off!"

"I can't believe that she looks to be only in her early twenties, yet she has the strength to kill the young son of the True Martial Sect Leader... Although they didn't summon the power of heaven and earth to form a visible manifestation, I've heard of the cultivation level of this little son of the Sect Leader, which seems to be at the 'peak of the Void Realm'."

"Just one face-off, and she killed him... She must be a Martial Emperor warrior."

...

The surrounding spectators were abuzz, gazing in amazement at the woman with a peerless visage before them.

They say that women are the root of calamity.

Today, they had truly witnessed it.

Had the son of the True Martial Sect Leader not harbored wicked thoughts towards this woman, he wouldn't have met such an end.

However, they were unaware.

From the moment the son of the True Martial Sect Leader killed the woman outside the pavilion, the purple-clothed youth beside her had already sentenced him to death.

"You... dare to kill our Young Master! Do you know who he is?"

Seeing Jackson fall, the elder shook with anger, fixing his gaze intently on Winnie, as if he still hadn't recovered from the shock.

"Does it matter to me who he is?"

Winnie lifted her head and looked indifferently at the elder, her words nearly causing him to spit blood.

This woman had first killed his Young Master.

Then she said it didn't matter to her who her Young Master was?

"You're seeking death!"

The elder could no longer hold back, letting out a furious shout. The Origin Force on his body surged and instantly transformed into thunder and lightning swirling around his figure, making him appear almost like the 'Thunder God'.

Not only that, around the thunder and lightning, there were strands of green gale intertwining, and beyond the gales, flickers of solidified flame were also pulsating.

The elder's figure moved, breaking through the sky. As he passed, a chain of explosive sounds resounded, and invisible waves of air rolled out, turning into a wild gust that blew open in all directions.

Buzz!

Soon, a sword appeared out of thin air in the elder's hand. With a divine-like assistance, the sword came from the west, pointed directly at where Winnie Romero was.

The strength the elder displayed was not only superior to Jackson Evans but also far surpassed Winnie Romero!

However, facing the elder's assault like a tempestuous storm, Winnie's expression remained unchanged, without any intention of making a move.

"Has she gone mad?"

"It seems she's resigned herself to death."

...

Such a scene led many onlookers to secretly ponder in their hearts.

Just when everyone thought Winnie Romero would perish then and there, a scene beyond all their expectations occurred. It made each and every one of them widen their eyes and their pupils dilate fully.

Heavens!

What did they see?!

The purple-clad young man sitting beside the lady in red, who had been still all along, suddenly made his move as the elder's sword, imbued with the power of two ancient dragons and the strength of thousands of Horned Dragons, swept towards the lady in red. It was as if struck by lightning.

Swoosh!

With just a finger, he resisted the full force of the elder's sword strike.

Finger against sword, they were momentarily locked in a standstill.

With the clash as the center, rolling waves of energy spread out, again turning into gusts of wind that caused the robes of the onlookers to flutter.

Those with weaker cultivation even squinted their eyes against the wind.

Nevertheless, their gazes remained firmly on the purple-clad young man in the distance. His strength left them with an inexplicable sense of shock.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

...

And just at that moment, as the elder's face turned red and his body trembled ever so slightly, cracks began to appear around the place where his feet were on the ground.

The cracks spread relentlessly, like a massive spider web forming.

"Hmph!"

Compared to the elder's waning strength, Wyatt Barnes seemed calm and composed. However, he shortly let out a cold snort, and the finger pressing against the elder's sword tip trembled slightly.

An immense force poured from Wyatt's finger, effortlessly breaking into the elder's spirit sword and then into the elder's body.

Boom!

In an instant, the domineering force destroyed the elder's internal organs. The elder was invisibly obliterated, dropping to the ground with a lifeless gaze, completely silent.

Silence.

The entire place fell into a deathly stillness.

"The True Martial Sect?"

Wyatt Barnes swept a cold gaze over the two corpses in front of him, a hint of disdain appearing at the corner of his mouth.

The True Martial Sect, according to what Pearl Rowan had said, was indeed one of the sworn enemies of the former Yin and Yang Sect.

"Winnie, let's head over there."

Wyatt reached out and collected the Storage Rings, fragments of profound mysteries, and realm pieces from the two corpses. Then he took Winnie Romero to a pavilion without any people and sat down again.

Simultaneously, the gazes of the audience followed them.

"Who exactly is this purple-clad young man? Such formidable strength!"

"The elder from the True Martial Sect, judging by the celestial phenomena he initiated, must be at least a fifth or sixth level presence in the Martial Emperor Realm, yet he was still killed by a single finger!"

"He's too strong! I suspect he's a powerful 'monster.'"

"It's highly unlikely for a human martial artist to possess such profound power at this age."

...

A group of people whispered amongst themselves, their looks towards Wyatt Barnes filled with nothing but wariness.

Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero took their seats in another pavilion. The previous pavilion was soon attended to by staff from the Campbell Family auction house.

As they cleaned, the bodies of a few staff members also trembled slightly.

They were clearing away the corpses of the beloved youngest son of the True Martial Sect Leader!

Backstage at the Campbell Family auction house.

"Manager, those two have stirred up too much trouble... First, they killed Liam Campbell, and now they've killed the beloved youngest son of the True Martial Sect Leader and a True Martial Sect elder," said a Campbell Family descendant to Justin Campbell while reporting, a wry smile on his face.

"It seems that our Campbell Family auction house is destined for unrest today," Justin sighed.

"Manager, as you instructed, I've sent the bodies of the two from the True Martial Sect to their property in the City of Peace," someone reported soon after.

"Manager, it's about to start," another person reminded.

"Proceed as usual... There must be chaos outside, I'll go out and steady them," Justin said, then walked out from backstage and stepped onto the auction stage in the open air.

Standing on the auction stage, he could clearly see each pavilion in front of him and the guests sitting inside.

These guests were here to participate in the Campbell Family auction house's large-scale auction held every three months.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I announce... the large-scale auction held by the Campbell Family auction house every three months, now begins!"

Justin Campbell declared with a loud voice.

Chapter 1172: The City of Peace is Not Peaceful

As Justin Campbell announced the start of the auction, the attention of all the guests in the Campbell Family auction hall shifted from Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero onto the auction stage.

Soon, the first auction item was presented, drawing the gaze of everyone, including Wyatt Barnes.

With just a glance, Wyatt Barnes withdrew his attention.

The first auction item was a bottle of "Grade One Pill Medicine." Even through the pill bottle, his spirit was able to easily discern the details of the pill medicine.

Purity less than "seventy percent" for Grade One Pill Medicine.

In Wyatt Barnes's eyes, this was no different from trash.

However, what Wyatt Barnes saw as trash did not mean others viewed it the same way; in fact, to many people, it was a 'treasure' worth spending a great deal of Top-grade original stones to acquire.

"I bid twenty Top-grade original stones!"

"Thirty stones!"

"Fifty stones!"

...

The bottle of Grade One Pill Medicine, deemed trash by Wyatt Barnes, was ultimately bought for the high price of one hundred and twenty Top-grade original stones, causing Wyatt Barnes to sigh with astonishment.

Such trash, let alone one hundred and twenty Top-grade original stones, he wouldn't even take it if it cost a single lesser-quality original stone.

Pill Medicine and Spirit Weapons are different; the quality of a poor Spirit Weapon can be reforged, but not that of Pill Medicine.

The auction was in full swing.

However, within the Campbell residence in the City of Peace, there was no peace at all.

As a corpse was brought into the Campbell family estate, the entire Campbell family was shaken. All members of the Campbell family's upper echelons who were staying in the family estate and were not in seclusion gathered together.

In the main hall of the Campbell family, seated at the head was an old man dressed in a gold-trimmed green robe, who looked extremely vigorous, with an imposing presence that emanated naturally from his brows without anger.

This old man was Zac Campbell, the current patriarch of the Campbell family in the City of Peace!

Below him, a group of people gathered together. Among them were old and middle-aged men, all of whom were elders of the Campbell family.

Now, they were surrounding a corpse lying on the ground.

This corpse was not unfamiliar to them.

Liam Campbell, an elder of the Campbell Family, and the son of the Grand Elder.

"Who did this?" an elder of the Campbell family asked, his eyes wide with disbelief as he looked towards Zac Campbell, seated at the head.

He could hardly imagine who would be so daring.

To kill the only son of their Grand Elder!

For a moment, the other Campbell family elders also turned their gaze to Zac Campbell, equally curious.

Their Grand Elder was known as a powerful figure throughout the City of Peace and its surrounding areas.

In their eyes, daring to kill the son of their Grand Elder was akin to courting death.

"That's not clear for now," Zac Campbell responded, shaking his head to the curious looks from the other elders.

"Not clear?" Zac Campbell's response had the Campbell family elders completely dumbfounded.

"Patriarch, what do you mean by that... are you saying we don't even know who killed Liam Campbell?" one of the Campbell family elders furrowed his brows and inquired.

"If that's really the case... then the Grand Elder, wouldn't he be unable to find the murderer to avenge Liam?"

"If the Grand Elder comes out of seclusion, he certainly won't be able to accept this fact."

...

Before Zac Campbell could speak, the other Campbell family elders had already begun to discuss among themselves.

"The murderer is currently in our Campbell family's auction house," Zac Campbell said, silencing the room in an instant.

A moment later, a Campbell family elder was the first to regain his composure, his eyes flashed with a cold light, and said:

"Patriarch, the Grand Elder has dedicated his life to our Campbell family... now he is in secluded cultivation aiming for a breakthrough. His only son has been killed; we should capture the murderer and await the Grand Elder's decision after he emerges."

This suggestion from a Campbell family elder received the agreement of the other elders.

"If this matter were so simple... do you think I would have called you all here?" Zac Campbell swept a faint gaze over the group of Campbell family elders and asked.

For a time, the Campbell family elders fell silent.

"Patriarch, could there be some kind of difficulty?" a keen-minded elder soon inquired.

"Indeed," confirmed Zac Campbell with a nod before saying, "Liam was killed backstage at our Campbell family auction house... Liam died while Justin Campbell was also present."

Justin Campbell!

The manager of the Campbell family auction house!

Also, a powerful elder of the Campbell family.

Indeed, if someone was not strong, how could they take on the role of managing the 'Campbell Family Auction House,' an important institution for the Campbell family?

"Justin Campbell, an elder, was present? And the murderer still managed to kill Liam Campbell?"

Several Campbell family elders gasped and their pupils unconsciously shrank.

Justin Campbell, a Seventh-Order Martial Emperor; among the Campbell family, his strength was ranked in the top ten.

"According to what Justin says... the assailant made a move so quickly that even he didn't have time to react. The assailant's strength is not beneath his, and could even be stronger," Zac Campbell spoke gravely.

"Including our patriarch and the Grand Elder, plus the three Supreme Elders of our Campbell family, all are stronger than Elder Justin... shouldn't dealing with that person be easily done?" confidently stated several Campbell family elders.

"Of course, I'm aware of that," said Zac Campbell. "But the problem is, the identity of the person who killed Liam is likely not simple."

"Hmm?"

As soon as Zac Campbell spoke, he inevitably drew the attention of all the Campbell Family elders. "A guest of no simple status?"

"According to the family disciple who brought back Liam Campbell's corpse, the person who killed Liam was a guest who had come to our Campbell Family auction house to consign items..." Zac gradually revealed, pausing momentarily.

"Guest?"

"Since he was a guest, why would he kill Liam?"

"Could it be that Liam provoked him first?"

...

A chorus of Campbell Family elders asked curiously.

"Today, there were two guests who came to consign items at our Campbell Family auction house..."

Faced with the perplexity of the Campbell Family elders, Zac recounted everything he knew about the situation.

This included the fact that the guest who killed Liam had consigned a Grade One Spiritual Weapon that could amplify strength by 'ninety percent' and a Grade One Pill Medicine with a 'ninety percent' purity, all of which he detailed.

Of course, he did not omit the part where Liam had been overcome with greed and attempted to embezzle the guest's consigned items.

Whoosh!

As Zac finished speaking in one breath, the great hall of the Campbell Family erupted into an uproar.

The complexions of many Campbell Family elders turned sour, and even more were flushed with embarrassment, as if mortified by something.

"Disgraceful! This is truly disgraceful!"

"Liam has not only lost face for himself but has also dragged our Campbell Family's reputation through the mud! If the guest spreads word of this, who will dare to consign items at our Campbell Family auction house in the future?"

"Although I respect the Grand Elder, regarding this matter, I can say only that... Liam got what he deserved!"

"Yes! He got what he deserved!"

...

After understanding the full story, many Campbell Family elders shifted their blame squarely onto the deceased Liam, each filled with righteous indignation.

"Silence!"

At Zac's stern shout, calm was restored to the hall.

"This incident, even if Liam was at fault, he has already paid the price with his life... So, I hope no more is said about his wrongdoings," Zac declared, scanning his gaze around the hall.

Immediately, the Campbell Family elders fell silent.

"Family head, you just mentioned... that guest said that the Grade One Spiritual Weapon capable of amplifying power by 'ninety percent' was crafted by a Grade One Artifact Refiner from his Sect?"

One of the Campbell Family elders looked at Zac and asked.

"Correct."

Zac nodded, "This is what the family disciple sent by Justin Campbell reported... Furthermore, Justin suspects that the Return-Life Pill with 'ninety-one percent' purity also came from the hands of a Grade One alchemist in that person's Sect."

Whoosh!

At Zac's words, it was as though a stone had been thrown into a lake, causing ripples of changing expressions across all the faces of the Campbell Family elders.

"If that is indeed the case... then doesn't his Sect possess two extraordinarily talented Artifact Refiners and alchemists? Heavens! Just how powerful such a Sect must be."

Many Campbell Family elders murmured in awe.

"That is why, until we ascertain his background, not only should our Campbell Family avoid offending him, but even when the Grand Elder emerges, we cannot allow the Grand Elder to trouble him," Zac remarked towards the end, his expression wary.

The Campbell Family elders deeply agreed.

"Family head! Family head!"

Just then, an urgent voice came from outside, breathless and clearly belonging to someone who had just hurried back to the Campbell household.

"Hmm?"

Zac raised an eyebrow in response, "Come in."

In a moment, a Campbell Family disciple who appeared in a rush entered the hall, and upon seeing the gathering of Campbell Family elders, his demeanor inevitably became somewhat restrained.

"Have you come looking for me in such a hurry because something happened at the auction house?" Zac recognized the person as responsible for the Campbell Family auction house and asked.

Auction house?

At Zac's mention, all the Campbell Family elders turned their gaze to the newcomer, curiosity gleaming from their eyes, wondering why he had hastily returned to the family to seek the family head.

"Yes."

The returned Campbell Family disciple nodded frantically.

"Speak!"

Zac commanded.

"Family head, the guest who killed Elder Liam Campbell and the woman with him have killed the Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect and those with him at our Campbell Family auction house," the Campbell family disciple blurted out the news in one go. He had come back specifically to report this.

As soon as the Campbell Family disciple finished speaking, there was dead silence throughout the hall.

The Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect?

"Which Junior Sect Master? Is it the one in charge of the True Martial Sect's enterprises in our City of Peace, 'Jasper Evans'?" Zac, as the family head and one of the most powerful figures in the Campbell Family, was the first to react and asked.

Jasper Evans, the eldest son of the Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect.

Normally, he stayed in City of Peace, managing the True Martial Sect's enterprises there, and was himself a formidable individual, ranked not below the overseer of the Campbell auction house, Justin Campbell.

"No."

The Campbell Family disciple shook his head with a bitter smile, "It was Jackson Evans! The youngest son of the Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect."

"Justin Campbell has already had Jackson's body sent to the True Martial Sect's enterprises in City of Peace... By now, Jasper probably has already seen his brother's corpse," the disciple continued.

"Jackson Evans?"

Zac's eyes flashed as he murmured softly, "It seems, our City of Peace is destined to be anything but peaceful today."

Chapter 1173: Mystic Silver

The properties in the City of Peace were half owned by the Campbell Family.

The other half was controlled by a few other "first-class powers," among which the True Martial Sect was one.

Today, the properties of the True Martial Sect in the City of Peace were far from calm.

As two corpses were brought in, not only did the shop close its doors to apologize to its customers, but the atmosphere inside also became particularly oppressive.

"Who did this?!"

A brawny middle-aged man glared at the person bringing the bodies, his eyes flashing coldly as he asked in a deep voice.

"Junior Sect Master, I am from the Campbell Family Auction House... your younger brother and this Elder of the True Martial Sect were killed by two guests at our auction house."

The man eyed by the middle-aged individual was sweating profusely from his forehead and hurriedly spoke.

From his words, it was clear.

This brawny middle-aged man was none other than another Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect, Jasper Evans.

And he was also Jackson Evans's own older brother!

"You killed my brother, you killed a True Martial Sect Elder... I, Jasper Evans, want your life!"

Jasper's eyes flashed fiercely, and at the same time, a brutal aura emitted from his body, threatening to devour others.

"Brother, rest assured... I will twist off the head of the one who killed you and bring it back to mourn you."

Soon, Jasper turned to the young man lying on the ground, his eyes bloodshot as he said in a low tone, word by word.

The Campbell Family Auction House.

In just a short while, five items had been sold, but none of these items were of use to Wyatt Barnes.

In fact, three of those items were no different from trash in Wyatt's eyes.

"This is the sixth auction item from our Campbell Family Auction House today... It is an extremely rare material named 'Mystic Silver' according to ancient records."

On the auction stage, Justin Campbell was introducing the item in his hand, an irregular sphere as thick as an adult's fist, rough and incredibly ugly.

"Mystic Silver?!"

Just as Justin's words fell, Wyatt, who had been resting with closed eyes, suddenly jolted awake and opened his eyes.

His piercing gaze immediately shot from his eyes, focusing on what Justin held in his hand.

Finally, there was something that piqued his interest!

And to him, this object was extraordinary!

"What is Mystic Silver?"

"Hurry up and explain, otherwise even if we bid on it and take it home, we won't know what it's good for."

...

At this moment, many people asked Justin to introduce "Mystic Silver."

Justin smiled slightly and explained, "Mystic Silver is an extremely rare Inscription material... As for its specific use, it can connect to and command 'puppets' made of 'Inscription arrays' in combination with other things!"

"As everyone knows, although general Inscription masters can create 'puppets,' these puppets will not follow anyone's command, including the Inscription master who created them."

"Puppets lack spirit intelligence and only move according to the 'Inscription arrays' left inside them by the Inscription master."

Justin continued, "But if you have Mystic Silver, everything changes... Once a 'puppet' integrates Mystic Silver, along with corresponding Inscription arrays, it can be directly commanded and controlled by a person."

Hush!

The moment Justin finished speaking, the whole room was in an uproar.

"This material can control 'puppets'?"

Many people's eyes lit up.

"That's not right! If a puppet integrates with this Mystic Silver, we don't know if only the owner can control it, or if anyone can control it... If everyone can control it, it's useless."

Someone quickly voiced their concern.

"Exactly! If anyone can control it, then aren't we just making a wedding dress for someone else?"

Many people agreed.

Before long, similar topics spread throughout the entire Campbell Family Auction House, and even Justin on the auction stage heard them.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, there is no need for such concerns... Mystic Silver requires 'Inscription' and 'Inscription arrays' to control puppets, and as long as the Inscription master takes certain measures, only the person he designates will be able to command and control the puppets."

Facing the concerns of everyone present, Justin explained word by word.

Hearing Justin's words, many people's eyes brightened, "If that's the case, this Mystic Silver is indeed valuable... If it's not too expensive, it might be worthwhile to buy and play with."

There were no lack of 'Inscription masters' among the guests at the Campbell Family Auction House today, and they all looked at the 'Mystic Silver' in Justin's hand with gleaming eyes.

Were they not so uncertain about securing the Mystic Silver, they would have already rushed up to snatch it!

Mystic Silver, to an Inscription master, counted as a 'treasure.'

Although the puppets they created were not as powerful as they were, providing little help to them,

the thought of having a puppet that could follow them at any time and unconditionally obey their commands filled their hearts with a craving for "Mystic Silver."

Just like them, Wyatt Barnes was filled with this same desire.

"With this 'Mystic Silver,' the 'Inscription Array' I obtained in the Quaking Wind Hall can finally be put to use..."

The first thing that came to Wyatt's mind was the giant wooden man he encountered in the Quaking Wind Hall within the 'Martial Emperor's Treasure' left by the Quaking Wind Martial Emperor.

That giant wooden figure, with the stone platform inscribed with the peculiar 'Inscription Array' as its core, could combine the power of shattered wood scattered all over the ground into a formidable force.

Back then, coveting that kind of 'Inscription Array,' Wyatt took away the odd stone platform that had it engraved.

Later, Wyatt wanted to use this kind of 'Inscription Array' to combine the Origin Force of a group of people into a formidable force, to achieve victory with fewer numbers and overcome the strong with the weak!

Unfortunately, imagination is beautiful, but reality is cruel.

The mixed Origin Force bred within a human body could not be combined using this kind of 'Inscription Array.'

Only the pure Origin Force within the original stone could be combined through this kind of 'Inscription Array.'

In the past, Wyatt had also thought about creating a large number of 'puppets' and having them combine their forces through that kind of 'Inscription Array' to obtain a formidable power.

However, a puppet is, after all, a puppet. Even if he made it himself, he could not command or control it.

Because of this, he abandoned the idea.

"Perhaps, only by obtaining 'Mystic Silver' can that 'Inscription Array' be of any use."

This was a notion that had once occurred to Wyatt.

When he plundered the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor, he learned that by incorporating even the slightest bit of 'Mystic Silver' into a puppet's body, it could be commanded and controlled through the corresponding 'Inscription Array.'

The corresponding 'Inscription Array' is a very simple one, and almost every inscription master of any reputation on the Cloud Skies Continent can inscribe and arrange it.

However, although the 'Inscription Array' is simple, 'Mystic Silver' is extremely rare.

At the very least, the Reincarnated Martial Emperor had not come across 'Mystic Silver' in his two lifetimes.

"I never expected that something the Reincarnated Martial Emperor never encountered in his two lifetimes would be something I, Wyatt Barnes, stumbled upon... It seems that this trip to the City of Peace was indeed worthwhile."

Wyatt's eyes sparkled as he looked at the 'Mystic Silver' in Justin Campbell's hand. "This Mystic Silver, I am determined to have it!"

If one were to say that the average inscription master desires this Mystic Silver just to show off 'puppets,'

then Wyatt wants this Mystic Silver to create powerful puppets!

Ordinary puppets, even if activated by 'Top-grade Original Stones,' which are better than general stones, have limited power, at best comparable to an ordinary 'Transforming Void Realm warrior.'

However, through the 'Inscription Array' that Wyatt obtained from the Martial Emperor's Treasure left by the Quaking Wind Martial Emperor, the power of a group of puppets can be combined to form an even stronger force.

Even the Origin Force comparable to a 'Martial Emperor' can be displayed by puppets combined through that 'Inscription Array.'

"At that time, combined with the 'Fragments of Mysteries' I will put into the puppet bodies... the puppets will have strength comparable to Martial Emperors! Essentially, they will be artificially created Martial Emperors."

Thinking of this, Wyatt's mood surged with excitement.

Although, inserting 'Fragments of Mysteries' into a puppet body and then having the puppet execute the corresponding 'mysteries' is a challenge for over ninety-nine percent of inscription masters on the Cloud Skies Continent,

it is no difficulty for Wyatt, who has fused with the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor.

"Now, I have accumulated quite a few 'Fragments of Mysteries,' enough to create puppets with strength comparable to that of Martial Emperors! However, everything is predicated on first obtaining this 'Mystic Silver.'"

Wyatt's gaze was filled with longing, never straying far from the 'Mystic Silver' in Justin Campbell's hands.

Without Mystic Silver,

no matter how powerful the puppets he created, they would be useless, not obeying his commands, not under his control.

"Think about it, ladies and gentlemen... one day, when you step out with a 'puppet' that obeys your commands and is under your control, what kind of look will other people give you? Envy! They will surely look at you with eyes filled with envy!"

Holding the 'Mystic Silver,' Justin Campbell routinely spiced up the current auction item, singing its praises to the skies.

"This Mystic Silver, I am determined to have it!"

"Hmph, it will come down to who has more original stones."

"What I'm least short of is original stones... If you have the gall, then try competing with me."

...

As it turned out, Justin Campbell's embellishment was very effective, and soon enough, many people were arguing heatedly.

Although the clamor reaching his ears indicated that many people desired the 'Mystic Silver,'

Wyatt was not concerned.

Not to mention the large number of 'Top-grade Original Stones' he had obtained from the Kamari Gold-led bandit group before his visit to the Yin and Yang Sect,

when he became the Sect Leader of Heaven Fortin Sect and took over everything from the Yin and Yang Sect, he had accumulated hundreds of thousands of 'Top-grade Original Stones' in his possession.

Moreover, there were also many 'Supreme-grade Original Stones.'

Supreme-grade Original Stones, produced from the 'Top-grade Original Stone Vein' controlled by the former Yin and Yang Sect, now the Heaven Fortin Sect, were of course seldom found, but they were all collected.

The value of one 'Supreme-grade Original Stone' can be equivalent to one hundred top-grade original stones!

Chapter 1174: Seeking Revenge

With so many original stones in hand, Wyatt Barnes felt no pressure in bidding for the "Mystic Silver."

"Mystic Silver, starting bid of one hundred top-grade original stones!"

Quickly, Jerome Campbell, who was on the auction platform, began the auction for the "Mystic Silver" in his possession.

"One hundred top-grade original stones!"

As soon as Justin Campbell's voice fell, someone made a bid.

"Two hundred top-grade original stones!"

No sooner had the former's voice fallen than someone else followed up; the utility of "Mystic Silver" clearly attracted many people.

"Three hundred top-grade original stones!"

"Four hundred top-grade original stones!"

...

After that, the bids kept coming one after another.

Before long, the price of Mystic Silver was bid up to "one thousand top-grade original stones," and at this point, the number of bidders hadn't decreased, still just as many.

"One thousand one hundred top-grade original stones!"

"One thousand two hundred top-grade original stones!"

...

"Two thousand one hundred top-grade original stones!"

"Two thousand two hundred top-grade original stones!"

...

The auction hall was filled with successive bids, but each increase was only a mere one hundred top-grade original stones.

At first, it was all right, but as time went on, Wyatt Barnes began to feel somewhat frustrated.

"Ten thousand top-grade original stones!"

When someone bid "three thousand two hundred top-grade original stones," an impatient Wyatt Barnes blurted out his offer in one breath.

Wyatt's voice wasn't particularly loud, yet it overpowered the cacophony of the Campbell Family auction house.

Ten thousand top-grade original stones!

As soon as Wyatt bid, he attracted a lot of attention, and gazes from all directions converged on him.

"It's him!"

Before long, many people recognized Wyatt Barnes.

"The woman by his side just killed the True Martial Sect's Junior Sect Master... and the old man beside the Junior Sect Master died at his hands."

"Judging by the 'heaven and earth phenomenon' that the old man by the Junior Sect Master summoned when he made his move, he should have been a presence at the fifth or sixth level of the Martial Emperor Realm."

"Yet such an entity, with a full-force sword strike, was caught by him with a bare hand... His strength must be at least above the 'Seventh-Order of the Martial Emperor Realm'!"

...

Many people whispered among themselves, and the looks cast toward Wyatt Barnes were filled with apprehension.

For a while, no one continued to bid.

Perhaps they were intimidated by the 'high price' that Wyatt had quoted, or perhaps they were wary of Wyatt's formidable strength and dared not bid.

After Justin Campbell counted down three seconds, Wyatt Barnes successfully won the bid for the "Mystic Silver."

Taking out ten thousand top-grade original stones, Wyatt Barnes successfully exchanged them for the "Mystic Silver," with Justin Campbell, the 'steward' of the Campbell Family auction house, personally delivering the item to his hands.

"What a grand show of power!"

"If you had his strength, you could have the same grandeur."

...

Watching this scene, many sighed.

"Congratulations, sir."

After handing Mystic Silver over to Wyatt Barnes, Justin Campbell smiled and congratulated him, while curiously asking, "Sir, we have met before... but may I know your esteemed name?"

"You will know soon enough."

Wyatt Barnes lifted his head, looking towards the distant sky as if he had noticed something, casually speaking.

Hearing this, Justin Campbell left somewhat awkwardly, thinking that Wyatt did not wish to tell him his name.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Shortly after, several piercing swooshing sounds approached, coming from the direction Wyatt was watching.

"They're later than I expected."

Wyatt Barnes muttered quietly to himself.

Meanwhile, including Justin Campbell, everyone else was on high alert, looking apprehensively towards the source of the sounds.

In a moment, five figures appeared; a middle-aged man led the group, with the other four being old men well past their prime and one foot in the grave.

"Jasper Evans?!"

Upon seeing the leading middle-aged man, Justin Campbell's expression became slightly solemn, yet he seemed unsurprised by the newcomers' arrival.

"It's the Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect, 'Jasper Evans'!"

Soon, guests at the Campbell Family auction house recognized the man who led the group of five.

"The Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect? Wasn't he just killed?"

Many people were puzzled.

"The one who was killed just now was another Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect... The current Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect has two sons; the one killed was the younger son, this one is the elder."

"I see... However, the other Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect arrived quite swiftly."

"I heard that this Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect was in charge of all the sect's enterprises in the City of Peace... It's no surprise he could make it here so quickly."

"The red-dressed woman who killed his brother might have limited strength... However, the purple-dressed young man beside her is a Martial Emperor Realm Seventh-Order or higher powerhouse! His rushing here on his own without waiting for the True Origin Sect experts might be a bit reckless."

"Reckless? I think you might not be aware... This Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect is a monstrous Martial Dao genius himself. He broke through to the 'Seventh-Order Martial Emperor Realm' two years ago."

"So that's the case... It looks like we're in for a good show today."

...

The entire Campbell Family auction house became lively, with the guests no longer bidding but occasionally glancing up at the five figures in the sky or at a man and a woman in a pavilion not far away.

Today's protagonists were them.

"Jasper Evans? The Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect?"

From the discussions among the guests around the auction house, Wyatt Barnes also learned the identity of the newcomer. He couldn't help but mutter to himself, "If that Sect Leader of True Martial Sect learns that his two sons died at my hands... I wonder what his expression would be."

"Is it you who killed my brother, killed the elder of my True Martial Sect?"

It wasn't long before Jasper Evans, standing in the sky, swept his gaze over and immediately locked on Wyatt and Winnie Romero, asking in a deep voice.

However, neither paid any attention to him.

"Winnie, you stay here... leave him to me."

Wyatt casually greeted the companion beside him, and after receiving Winnie's response, he then stood up unhurriedly and walked out of the pavilion.

"What? You're going to abandon her and run away on your own?"

Seeing this, Jasper Evans couldn't help but sneer, "Even though she's the murderer who killed my brother, if it weren't for you killing our True Martial Sect elder, she would have been killed by our elder long ago!"

"Don't think you can escape."

Jasper Evans' gaze towards Wyatt was filled with cold ruthlessness.

"Escape?"

Hearing Jasper Evans' words, Wyatt, who had just walked out of the pavilion, couldn't help but be taken aback.

This Jasper Evans, he thought Wyatt was trying to flee?

Standing on the auction stage, Justin Campbell had a somewhat odd expression on his face. "This Jasper Evans, he's far underestimating him, isn't he?"

He knew all too well the strength of the purple-dressed young man, who was not inferior to him, perhaps even stronger.

However, he had no intention of reminding Jasper Evans.

"Are you the brother of that wastrel I just dealt with?"

Instead of leaving as Jasper Evans expected, Wyatt stepped out of the pavilion and rose into the air, facing Jasper Evans directly and calmly asked.

"Humph!"

Jasper Evans let out a cold snort, and the surrounding air seemed to grow several degrees colder, indicating how great his inner fury was.

"Do you really think... just you could make me flee in panic?"

Wyatt surveyed Jasper Evans up and down, smiled faintly with a calm and unflustered demeanor, as though Mount Tai were crumbling before him without causing his face to change color, speaking as though he didn't put Jasper Evans in his eyes at all.

"You're courting death!"

Hearing Wyatt's taunt, Jasper Evans' eyes grew even colder, and he exuded an intimidating chill.

He, Jasper Evans, the Sect Leader's son, beloved by the heavens.

From a young age, he had shown extremely monstrous talent and comprehension, and eventually soared to great heights. In his early forties, he had broken through to the 'Martial Emperor Realm,' becoming a Martial Emperor.

Now, more than a decade later, he was a Seventh-Order 'Martial Emperor Realm' existence, becoming one of the True Martial Sect's main pillars.

Today, he came for revenge for his most beloved younger brother, but being humiliated by his enemy, his rage became uncontrollable, desperate to explode without reservation.

Boom!

Simultaneously, Jasper Evans' Origin Force surged, instantly turning into milky white flames, drawing on the power of heaven and earth above his head in the void, which soon manifested into an extraordinary phenomenon.

An ancient Azure Dragon's phantom appeared, lifelike, and the huge body of the ancient Azure Dragon brought a visual shock to onlookers.

Soon, the milky white flames changed and merged with several other 'mysteries'.

As Jasper Evans raised his hand, a seven-foot-long spear appeared, trembling like a Flood Dragon emerging from its cave, spewing out sharp and fierce spear light.

For a moment, above his head in the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred once again, eventually converging into the power of three ancient Azure Dragons, along with the power of a thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

"Die!"

Suddenly, Jasper Evans roared, and with spear in hand, he charged towards Wyatt, like lightning, vanishing in a flash.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Where Jasper Evans passed, the sound of air exploding rippled, the rolling power shook the air currents, casting invisible shock waves that turned into gusts of wind, ravaging the entire Campbell Family auction house.

For a time, the auction house was swept by a fierce wind, with dust flying everywhere.

However, not one of the group of guests in the auction house left because of it, their gazes fixated on the purple figure above.

They knew, the real spectacle was about to unfold.

Martial Emperor Realm Seventh-Order Jasper Evans facing the Martial Emperor Realm Seventh-Order purple-dressed young man.

"Junior Sect Master!"

The swiftness of Jasper Evans' move was so sudden that the four elders following him couldn't react in time. By the time they did, they found that their Junior Sect Master had already made his move.

At this time, even though they felt uncertain, they had no choice but to grit their teeth and engage.

In terms of strength,

Each of them was not as powerful as 'Jasper Evans,' but they were, after all, elders of the True Martial Sect.

Could they just stand by and watch when the Junior Sect Master had already joined the fray?

Whoosh!

As Jasper Evans and four elders together charged at Wyatt, he disappeared into thin air, leaving their attacks like violent storms striking at nothing.

"So fast!"

For a moment, the group of guests in the Campbell Family auction house was abuzz with astonishment.

Chapter 1175: Nine Tribulations Imperial Sword Technique, Instant Kill!

Whoosh!

It was as if a gust of wind had passed, and the purple figure that had disappeared in the encirclement of Jasper Evans and four elders reappeared directly above their heads.

"There he is!"

"He's too fast! Even the Junior Sect Master of the True Martial Sect, a powerful being at 'Seventh-Order Martial Emperor Realm,' couldn't react in time."

"His cultivation level must be more than just 'Seventh-Order Martial Emperor Realm'!"

"I can't be sure about his cultivation level... but his ability to disappear right under Jasper Evans's nose suggests that Jasper can't keep up with his speed. His strength is greater than Jasper's!"

...

A group of guests in the Campbell Family Auction House fixed their eyes above the heads of Jasper Evans and the others, where a young man in purple stood—it was Wyatt Barnes.

When Jasper and the others realized and looked up to see the purple figure above them, their expressions changed drastically.

"How can he be so fast?!"

Jasper's face fell.

As someone at the Seventh-Order Martial Emperor Realm, he knew very well what such speed signified.

It meant that his opponent's strength was far superior to his!

Because speed is directly driven by force.

Thinking of how the other's speed made him nearly impossible to catch, he felt a sense of helplessness.

"Junior Sect Master, we're probably no match for him... let's go back and notify the Sect Leader before deciding on our next step."

"Yes, Junior Sect Master. As long as the green mountains last, there will be no lack of firewood! There's no need to risk our lives just for a moment of anger."

"Junior Sect Master, the Sect Leader will avenge the young Junior Sect Master."

...

At this moment, the four elders around Jasper Evans all tried to persuade him using their condensed sounds of Origin Force because they knew that if Jasper continued to act recklessly, it wouldn't just be Jasper who died.

They too would meet their ends!

As Martial Emperors, how hard-won each and every bit of their cultivation was, no one understood better than them.

That's why they valued their lives even more.

"Ah!!"

Hearing the condensed sounds of Origin Force from the four elders, Jasper's expression went through rapid changes, and he finally looked up and let out a loud yell, as if trying to vent something.

Following that, he coldly said, "Let's go!"

With that, he prepared to leave with the four elders.

"Did I say you could leave?"

However, a single sentence made the five of them, including Jasper, freeze in place, all of them wearing ugly expressions as they looked up to the source of the voice above them.

The voice came from Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt stood there, his purple robe billowing lightly in the wind, looking graceful and almost beautifully handsome, attracting the spring-like gazes of many women in the Campbell Family Auction House.

"What? You want to keep us here?"

Jasper looked at Wyatt and sneered coldly, "We are not as strong as you... but if you dare to touch us, you'll be making an enemy of the entire True Martial Sect! The True Martial Sect will never let you go."

"Young man, your strength is indeed not bad, but compared to the strong ones in our True Martial Sect, you still fall short... Old man advises you, don't mislead others and yourself."

Jasper's companion, another elder, also spoke with a few hints of arrogance in his brow.

"True Martial Sect? Misleading others and myself?"

Hearing the words of Jasper and the elder, Wyatt laughed, a brilliant, spine-chilling laugh that unsettled Jasper and the others.

"What is he laughing at?"

In an instant, Wyatt inevitably attracted the attention of everyone in the Campbell Family Auction House; Wyatt's laughter made them also feel their hairs stand on end.

"Do you think... he dares to kill Jasper and the others?"

"He probably wouldn't dare. The death of one Jackson Evans is probably enough to make the Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect furious! If Jasper also dies, the Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect, devoid of successors, would likely go completely mad."

"Not just that, Jasper, who's in his fifties and already at the 'Seventh-Order Martial Emperor Realm,' is said to have long been considered as the next inheritor of the Sect Leader of True Martial Sect. If Jasper dies, not only the Sect Leader but the entire upper echelon of the True Martial Sect would be enraged!"

"If he killed Jackson Evans, only the Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect would intervene... but if he kills Jasper, then the strongest ones in the True Martial Sect would likely be enraged and step forward together!"

"So, I think he probably doesn't dare kill Jasper... at most, he's just trying to scare Jasper."

"Yeah, I think so too."

...

Inside the Campbell Family Auction House, the discussions continued.

Most people thought that Wyatt intervening to stop Jasper and the others was just a show of power, not actually intending to kill them.

Only two people didn't think so.

One was naturally Winnie Romero.

The other was Justin Campbell.

Justin, although he had only interacted with Wyatt once, knew from that single encounter the fearlessness of the young man—an arrogance unafraid of anyone!

"True! You can easily touch us, but once you do, the consequences are not something you can bear."

Another elder behind Jasper spoke.

"Junior Sect Master is our True Martial Sect's next Sect Leader inheritor. If you dare touch him, you will be making an enemy of the entire True Martial Sect! By then, you will be hunted down by the entire True Martial Sect."

"Being hunted down by the True Martial Sect?"

Wyatt Barnes's smile remained unchanged as he murmured, "Sounds...somewhat interesting."

"In that case, to have the True Martial Sect chase after me... I can only sacrifice you!"

Almost as soon as Wyatt's words fell,

Wyatt raised his hand, and a three-foot-long Qingfeng sword, completely formed by multicolored power, appeared, hovering at his side.

Immediately after, as the airflow around his body vibrated, eight more Qingfeng swords, made entirely of multicolored power, appeared.

A total of nine three-foot-long Qingfeng swords hovered around his body.

"Not good!"

Jasper Evans and the other four's expressions changed upon hearing Wyatt's words.

Escape!

The next moment, that was the only thought left in their minds.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

Jasper Evans took the lead, trying to escape.

The other four old men fled in different directions as if their lives depended on it.

"Escape?"

Wyatt laughed, then his gaze turned cold, and he slowly uttered five words:

"Nine Tribulations Swordplay!"

As the word 'play' fell from Wyatt's mouth, the nine Qingfeng swords formed by multicolored power around his body vanished from most people's sight.

Of course, they had not really disappeared, but moved so fast that many could not react in time.

"So fast!"

Justin Campbell could vaguely catch a glimpse of the traces of Wyatt's nine swords striking simultaneously from the auction platform, their incredible speed causing him to break out in a cold sweat as well.

"His strength is indeed stronger than mine!"

That was Justin's first thought. "If I had made a move when he killed Liam Campbell... my fate would probably be the same as Liam's."

He had no doubt about this.

The young man in purple robes had the strength.

Today, anyone in the Campbell Family auction who was looking up witnessed a scene they would never forget.

As the nine Qingfeng swords, formed by multicolored power around the young man in purple robes, vanished into thin air, Jasper Evans and the others, just as they were about to flee, nearly simultaneously froze in midair.

Pfft! Pfft! Pfft!

...

Immediately after, five blooms of blood mist sprayed out from their bodies, bursting open like magnificent fireworks, extremely eye-catching.

The next moment, the bodies of Jasper Evans and the others plummeted, carried a distance by inertia, and then crashed harshly onto the ground, turning into several pools of flesh.

Wyatt stood above the void, calmly watching the scene before him.

As for the nine three-foot-long Qingfeng swords that had vanished around his body, they never returned, as if they had completely disappeared.

And the fluctuating power of heaven and earth above his head in the void, before it could gather into a celestial spectacle, dispersed again, as if it had never appeared.

Silence.

The entire Campbell Family auction was eerily quiet.

Now, even if a needle were dropped, one might be able to hear it distinctly.

Everyone's gaze, uniformly and involuntarily, fell upon the purple figure in the air, who now appeared immensely towering in their eyes.

"It seems... I underestimated him,"

Justin Campbell's mouth twitched harshly.

Just now, when the young man in purple robes dodged the attacks from Jasper Evans and the others, he could tell the young man was stronger than him, but he thought only slightly stronger, not by much.

Now, having witnessed the young man instantly slay Jasper Evans and the others in the blink of an eye, he truly understood the gap between them.

"Even if it were me... he could probably kill me instantly."

Justin's heart skipped a beat, recalling the incident behind the scenes at the auction, feeling a lingering fear.

Fortunately, he hadn't made a move at that time.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be standing here now.

"Was he the one who killed Liam Campbell?"

On a nondescript building outside the Campbell Family auction, two elderly figures stood, one of whom slowly spoke.

"His strength is at least at Level Eight of the Martial Emperor Realm, or even stronger... But one must admire his courage for daring to consecutively kill Levi Evans's two sons. I wonder what Levi Evans would do if he knew."

The other elder murmured and then said to the one beside him, "Second Elder, you move quickly... go to the True Martial Sect and inform Levi Evans about this."

Levi Evans, the current Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect.

He was also the father of Winnie Romero and Jasper Evans, who had been killed by Wyatt Barnes.

"Yes, Sect Leader."

The elder responded, then vanished into thin air.

"Fortunately, the Grand Elder has not yet left his retreat... Otherwise, with his temperament, he surely wouldn't be able to resist attacking this young man. Who exactly is this person?"

The remaining elder, who was the Campbell Family head, Zac Campbell, stared at the distant purple figure, his brow furrowed tightly together.

Chapter 1176: The Original 'Finale

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd,

Wyatt Barnes, who had killed Jasper Evans and four others, descended from the air and returned to the pavilion, positioning himself next to Winnie Romero as if nothing had happened.

It was as though he hadn't been the one behind the recent acts.

For a moment, everyone present felt a tingling sensation on their scalps.

"Who exactly is he? He actually killed Jasper Evans!"

"The Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect, Levi Evans, has lost two sons consecutively... Once he learns about this, he is bound to leave the True Martial Sect's territory in a fury and rush to the City of Peace."

"It's not just the Sect Leader of the True Martial Sect... Once the news of Jasper's death gets out, the strongest among the other elders in the True Martial Sect surely won't let this go easily!"

...

Many people whispered among themselves, secretly anxious for Wyatt Barnes.

However, seeing Wyatt now sitting in the pavilion with a calm expression on his face, the others were clearly 'more anxious than the emperor himself.'

"The auction, continue!"

Realizing that a conclusion had been reached, Justin Campbell regained his composure and spoke loudly.

As for the five corpses scattered around, they were taken care of by the staff of the Campbell Family auction house.

For a time, everyone's gaze shifted from Wyatt Barnes back to Justin Campbell, who was the host of this auction.

The auction continued.

However, during the bidding of the following items, many glanced occasionally at Wyatt Barnes, seemingly curious to know whether he was interested in the current auction item.

They feared that their own bidding might displease this mysteriously powerful figure, potentially bringing about deadly consequences.

In the Cloud Skies Continent, the powerful were respected, so they had to be cautious.

If Wyatt Barnes knew what they were thinking, he would certainly find it absurd.

He was there to participate in the auction, not to act like a bandit.

Besides,

did he look like a bandit?

When they saw that Wyatt Barnes was continuously resting with his eyes closed and showed no interest in the upcoming auction items, other guests finally relaxed and bid freely.

Time quietly passed.

One after another, auction items were purchased for high prices.

"Originally, this 'Grade One Spirit Sword' in my possession was supposed to be today's final highlight."

On the auction stage, Justin Campbell's voice reached all the guests, eliciting a round of disbelieving sneers.

"A Grade One Spirit Sword? The final highlight? Mr. Campbell, you must be joking."

As soon as Justin Campbell finished speaking, someone couldn't resist mocking him.

"Yes, Mr. Campbell. A mere Grade One Spiritual Artifact, how could it qualify as the highlight of your Campbell Family's auction held every three months... It's wise to auction it off earlier."

"Exactly."

"A Grade One Spiritual Artifact, though precious, isn't much of a deal in an auction of this scale."

...

Many spoke with a laugh.

"Humph!"

Of course, there were also those who disagreed with the previous statements, "Don't forget, there were also two Grade One Spiritual Artifacts auctioned earlier by Mr. Campbell."

"Do you think the Grade One Spirit Sword, previously considered the final highlight by the Campbell auction house, is just an ordinary Grade One Spiritual Artifact?"

The speakers were all well-considered.

So far, this auction had seen two Grade One Spiritual Artifacts, and now, the 'Grade One Spirit Sword' in Justin Campbell's hands was the third.

Justin Campbell mentioned that this Grade One Spirit Sword was initially meant to be the final highlight of today's auction, indicating that it must have extraordinary qualities.

"Mr. Campbell, is it so?"

Soon, many inquired.

"Indeed!"

Facing the multitude of gazes, Justin Campbell nodded and explained, "This Grade One Spirit Sword in my hand is the 'Top-grade' among Grade One Spiritual Artifacts! Now, you should understand why it qualifies as the once planned final highlight of today's auction, right?"

With those words, the entire venue fell silent, leaving only heavy breathing sounds.

A 'Top-grade' among Grade One Spiritual Artifacts.

They all knew what that meant.

Only a Grade One Spiritual Artifact whose amplification power reached 'eighty-nine percent' qualified as the 'Top-grade.'

Meaning, the auction item, the Grade One Spirit Sword in Mr. Campbell's hands, was one that could amplify 'eighty-nine percent' of power.

A Grade One Spiritual Artifact amplifying 'eighty-nine percent' power was almost no different from one amplifying 'eighty-eight percent' power.

At least, in the clashes of martial artists, the difference wasn't significant.

Such slight power discrepancy could entirely be compensated with combat experience and martial techniques.

Yet such a Grade One Spiritual Artifact was an exceptional treasure for 'Grade One Artifact Refiners,' who might study it to enhance their refining skills.

Thus, its value was extraordinary.

Of course, owning such a Grade One Spiritual Artifact was also a matter worth boasting about, for such artifacts were extremely rare on the Cloud Skies Continent.

As the saying goes, 'rarity brings value'—and this was exactly such a case.

"A 'Top-grade' Grade One Spiritual Artifact?"

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes also opened his eyes, surveying with great interest the "Grade One spirit knife" in Justin Campbell's hand.

As someone who had merged with the memories of a lifetime of a Martial Emperor, inheriting the Martial Emperor's artifact refining techniques and experience, Wyatt naturally knew how difficult it was to create a Grade One spiritual artifact that could enhance strength by "eighty-nine percent."

"I hadn't expected that in this day and age, someone could still craft such a Grade One spiritual artifact."

Wyatt mused.

While Wyatt's gaze was on the Grade One spirit knife in Justin Campbell's hand, the focus of the others in the VIP area had shifted from the spirit knife to Wyatt.

They all wanted to bid for that Grade One spirit knife.

But, the thought of the 'bane' Wyatt being present made them involuntarily shift their gaze to Wyatt, wanting to know whether Wyatt was also interested in the Grade One spirit knife.

"He's looking at the Grade One spirit knife too!"

"Could he be interested in it as well?"

"Isn't that obvious?"

"If he wants it, who would dare compete with him?"

"Aren't you wearing a mask? What are you afraid of?"

"Do you think, to someone of his caliber, it makes any difference whether or not I wear a mask? He could simply kill me after I win the bid on that spirit knife."

"That's true."

...

The people in the VIP area buzzed with discussions, and as time passed, those not wearing masks showed bitter expressions on their faces.

As for those wearing masks, their expressions were unseen, but they still shook their heads and sighed.

Their discussion reached Wyatt's ears verbatim, and it left Wyatt speechless, making him frown and say, "What are you all implying...do you view me as a bandit?"

"Even if I wasn't interested in this broken knife, and even if I were, I wouldn't use such despicable means to snatch it!"

"Besides! If I wanted to snatch it, there wouldn't even be an auction at Campbell's auction house here, I would just take everything."

Wyatt said.

Hearing Wyatt's words, everyone felt a bit awkward.

However, they could understand from Wyatt's words that he was not interested in the Grade One spirit knife and even referred to it as a 'broken knife.'

"You can all rest assured...this guest is not interested in the Grade One spirit knife I'm holding."

At that moment, Justin Campbell said.

He knew the reason all too well.

Among the final two auction items replacing the 'Grade One spirit knife,' there was one that was even more perfect than the spirit knife.

That artifact was consigned for auction by this youth in purple.

Naturally, the youth in purple would not be interested in the Grade One spirit knife.

Hearing Wyatt's words, and then Justin Campbell's words, everyone nodded their heads, no longer apprehensive, focusing fiercely like wolves on the Grade One spirit knife in Justin Campbell's hand.

"Now, let's start the bidding for this Grade One spirit knife in my hand that can enhance strength by 'eighty-nine percent'... The starting bid for this Grade One spirit knife is three thousand top-grade original stones!"

Three thousand top-grade original stones!

Hearing Justin Campbell's words, Wyatt couldn't help but click his tongue.

One should know, refining a 'Grade One spiritual artifact' with all materials combined only costs around a hundred top-grade original stones at most, for the materials alone of course.

"It seems the starting bid for the Grade One spirit sword I consigned will be higher than this."

Wyatt mused inwardly.

Just as Wyatt's thoughts were turning sharply, the 'Grade One spirit knife' in Justin Campbell's hand had already been bid up to ten thousand top-grade original stones.

And the price was still climbing.

"Thirty thousand top-grade original stones!"

"Forty thousand top-grade original stones!"

...

Now, those bidding were primarily the guests in the VIP area; the guests in the common areas had all backed down.

"These people can easily produce so many top-grade original stones."

Wyatt scanned the VIP area, his eyes glittering as he swept over each person, thinking that if he killed these people, wouldn't he obtain a great fortune?

However, Wyatt was just contemplating this.

Top-grade original stones, he didn't lack them at the moment.

With Heaven Fortin Sect under his control, the annual extraction of top-grade original stones from the 'top-grade original stone mines' he controlled ranged from hundreds of thousands to even millions.

If he chose to, he could deploy more disciples from the Heaven Fortin Sect to mine for more top-grade original stones.

In the end, the Grade One spirit knife that could enhance 'eighty-nine percent' was bought for a hundred and ten thousand top-grade original stones by an old man wearing a mask with white hair.

"Haha...thank you, everyone, for letting me have it."

The old man chuckled after winning the Grade One spirit knife, taking out a Storage Ring containing a hundred and ten thousand top-grade original stones to exchange for the spirit knife.

"Great knife!"

The old man was very pleased with the spirit sword.

"A hundred and ten thousand top-grade original stones for this broken knife?"

Wyatt hadn't expected a mere Grade One spirit knife that could enhance 'eighty-nine percent' strength to fetch such a high price.

"When the Grade One spirit sword I consigned comes up... couldn't it fetch an even higher price?"

Wyatt was looking forward to it.

Chapter 1177: 300,000 Top-grade Original Stones!

At the same time, a group of people in the Campbell Family auction house were discussing the final 'grand finale'.

"To replace the 'Top-grade' among Grade One spirit instruments... it seems that today's grand finale of the Campbell Family auction house is no ordinary item!"

"I'm very curious as to what it is that can be better than the Grade One spirit blade that was auctioned for the sky-high price of '110,000 Top-grade original stones'."

"It really is something to look forward to."

...

Everyone looked expectantly at Justin Campbell, and some couldn't help but say, "Manager Justin, hurry up and bring out the grand finale of your auction house for this auction."

"Exactly! Stop keeping us in suspense, we're all waiting."

Many people urged Justin Campbell.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please be patient... the grand finale will certainly be presented by our Campbell Family auction house, but I am personally still considering which auction item should be sold first,"

Justin Campbell said.

"Which auction item?"

Hearing Justin's words, many were stunned, and some quickly caught on, whispering, "Manager Justin, by what you're saying... does the Campbell Family auction house have more than one grand finale item today?"

More than one finale item!

For a moment, except for Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero, the hearts of those present trembled tremendously.

"That's right! Today's auction will end with a total of two items as the grand finale,"

Justin replied with a smile.

Two items!

Upon Justin's announcement, the venue, as expected, was filled with a chorus of sharp intakes of breath.

"Since it's the grand finale, it must be better than the Grade One spirit blade that could amplify 'eighty-nine percent' of strength... it seems that the Campbell Family auction house is going to bring out two impressive items today."

"Two items even better than the 'Top-grade' among Grade One spirit instruments... that's so exciting!"

"Just thinking about it gets me thrilled."

...

At this moment, many were so excited that their bodies were trembling.

"Alright... I have decided, the first of the two 'grand finale' items to be auctioned is a Grade One spirit instrument,"

Under the watchful eyes of the audience, Justin Campbell, standing on the auction stage, said.

Grade One spirit instrument!

As soon as Justin's voice fell, the room fell into dead silence.

"Another... another Grade One spirit instrument?"

"Manager Justin, you couldn't have made a mistake, could you?"

"That's right! The grand finale should surely be better than the previous 'Grade One spirit blade' that was auctioned, shouldn't it?"

...

Soon, many voiced their doubts.

In their view, the Grade One spirit blade that fetched the sky-high price of '110,000 Top-grade original stones' was already the 'Top-grade' among Grade One spirit instruments.

In Grade One spirit instruments, it was considered the supreme 'emperor'.

Now, hearing Justin claim that one of the two grand finale items intended to replace that Grade One spirit blade was also a Grade One spirit instrument, they naturally thought Justin had made a mistake.

Perhaps.

In their eyes, they had never considered the possibility of a Grade One spirit instrument surpassing that blade.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please remain calm... wait until I have finished introducing this 'Grade One spirit instrument' and if you have any questions, feel free to ask them,"

After calming the crowd, Justin raised his hand and produced a sword.

It was the 'Grade One spirit sword' consigned by Wyatt Barnes!

Instantly, the gaze of everyone in the Campbell Family auction house fell on the 'Grade One spirit sword' in Justin's hand, all with puzzled faces.

"I can't see what's different about this Grade One spirit sword."

Many people whispered among themselves.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this Grade One spirit sword in my hand can dominate over the earlier 'Grade One spirit blade' as one of today's two 'grand finales'..."

At this point, Justin paused, leaving the audience hanging, then finally continued, "Because it can amplify 'ninety percent' of strength!"

As he spoke those last words, Justin's tone grew heavier.

Ninety percent!

Justin's voice had barely faded when the hall plunged into deathly silence.

"Gulp!"

"Gulp!"

...

After a moment, one could hear the distinct sound of hard swallowing as well as many people gasping in shock.

"Amplifying 'ninety percent' of strength in a Grade One spirit instrument? Manager Justin, are you sure you're not joking?"

In the VIP area, a middle-aged man asked with a solemn expression.

"This guest, I believe you trust the reputation of our Campbell Family auction house, which is why you spent a great deal to secure a seat in the 'VIP area'... Do you think our Campbell Family auction house would deceive people?"

Justin still wore a smile in response to the doubt.

"Manager Justin, I didn't mean that... I just find it incredibly hard to believe,"

The middle-aged man said somewhat awkwardly.

"If you have any doubts, sir, you are welcome to come up and test it yourself,"

Justin stated.

The middle-aged man's eyes brightened upon hearing this and then turned to the much younger man beside him, "Junior Brother, you go try it."

The young man nodded and immediately left the pavilion to step onto the auction stage.

"The cultivation level of my Junior Brother here is at 'Transforming Void Realm Seventh-Order'... using only Origin Force, it is just comparable to the strength of a thousand ancient Horned Dragons! If the sword in Justin Campbell's hands truly can enhance 'ninety percent' of strength, then it would be an enhancement of nine hundred ancient Horned Dragon strength."

After the young man stepped onto the stage, the middle-aged man who was his 'Senior Brother' said.

At that moment, everyone's eyes sparkled with anticipation as they watched the young man.

Wyatt Barnes watched the excitement unfold from beginning to end with a calm demeanor.

He watched the young man test the 'Grade One spirit artifact' in Justin Campbell's hands, and above the void over the young man's head where a thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantoms appeared, another nine hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms emerged.

At the same time, the scene unsurprisingly erupted into an uproar.

The 'ninety percent' enhancement Grade One spirit artifact shocked everyone, driving them all into a frenzy!

However, Wyatt found this frenzy very pleasing as it meant these people would soon be clamoring to bid for his 'Grade One spirit sword'.

But his expression quickly darkened once more.

He noticed that many in the VIP area were looking at him again, as if to see whether he was interested in that 'Grade One spirit sword,' each with a hint of hesitation.

Hesitation?

He had to dispel this idea from their minds immediately!

What a joke!

The 'Grade One spirit sword' was his consignment at the Campbell Family Auction House; if it didn't fetch a good price, the biggest loss would be his, not anyone else's.

"What are you all looking at me for? I am not interested in these broken swords and knives."

Wyatt Barnes couldn't be bothered to clarify that he wouldn't forcibly seize the items won in the auction, instead he spoke with impatience.

Broken swords? Broken knives?

Hearing Wyatt's words, many twitched at the corners of their mouths, unsure whether what Wyatt said was true or false.

The 'eighty-nine percent' enhanced Grade One spirit knife was already considered the 'top of the top' among Grade One spirit artifacts and he dismissed it as a 'broken knife.'

Now, the Grade One spirit sword, which was even better and could enhance 'ninety percent' of strength, he also referred to as a 'broken sword.'

To everyone present, Wyatt's words seemed utterly beyond comprehension.

However, one thing was clear to the crowd.

This 'baleful star' had no interest in the Grade One spirit sword currently up for auction.

Suddenly, the breathing in the VIP area became rapid as many people readied themselves, just waiting for the 'Grade One spirit sword' to start bidding.

Quite unlike the lively bidding for the 'Grade One spirit knife' earlier, the auction for this 'Grade One spirit sword' was extraordinarily tranquil.

"The cream of the crop among Grade One spirit artifacts."

The Grade One spirit sword was exactly such an artifact.

"Why should I buy that broken knife? If I saved my original stones to buy that sword instead, how much better would that have been."

The old man who had bid on the previously auctioned 'Grade One spirit knife' had his face wrinkled in bitter smiles, completely losing the smugness he had before.

Because he had spent one hundred and ten thousand Top-grade original stones to acquire the Grade One spirit knife, he now didn't have enough original stones left to bid for the even more precious 'Grade One spirit sword.'

This filled him with regret.

"I won't say much about the value of this Grade One spirit sword; those who know, know... Now, I declare the bidding for the Grade One spirit sword starts at five thousand Top-grade original stones!"

Justin Campbell, standing on the auction stage, declared in a loud voice.

Five thousand Top-grade original stones!

The starting bid was two thousand Top-grade original stones more than the previous 'Grade One spirit knife.'

Wyatt was quite satisfied with this starting price, a faint smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

"Ten thousand Top-grade original stones!"

Very quickly, someone called out loudly.

"How stingy... Fifty thousand Top-grade original stones!"

Another bid followed.

"And you think you're not stingy? One hundred thousand Top-grade original stones!"

The third person bid directly with one hundred thousand Top-grade original stones.

"Hmph! That broken knife from just now went for one hundred and ten thousand Top-grade original stones... and you're bidding half a day's worth and still haven't surpassed that broken knife; it's really embarrassing. I bid one hundred and fifty thousand Top-grade original stones!"

Quickly, a fourth person spoke up in a booming voice.

Apart from the first bidder, the second, third, and fourth bidders were all from the VIP area.

"One hundred and fifty thousand Top-grade original stones!"

Wyatt Barnes was also startled; he hadn't expected the Grade One spirit artifact, which he had created casually, to fetch such an 'astronomical price.'

After all, the materials he used to craft this Grade One spirit sword were worth, at most, eighty to ninety Top-grade original stones.

"The weapon crafting techniques and experience left to me by the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation truly are a tremendous fortune... even with this craft alone, I would never lack original stones," mused Wyatt inwardly.

"Three hundred thousand Top-grade original stones!"

Wyatt had barely been paying attention to the surrounding bids, but this loud and clear voice suddenly caught his attention.

Not just because of the 'astronomical price.'

But also because of the person who announced it.

The one who announced this 'astronomical price' was none other than Justin Campbell, standing on the auction stage, clearly representing the Campbell Family in bidding for his 'Grade One spirit sword.'

"The Campbell Family really has deep pockets! They have just sold one for one hundred and ninety thousand Top-grade original stones, and now they are directly bidding three hundred thousand Top-grade original stones,"

many people exclaimed.

Unsurprisingly, the Grade One spirit sword was obtained by the Campbell Family.

It wasn't that the others yielded to the Campbell Family out of fear; rather, they either couldn't afford to bid higher or felt the 'Grade One spirit sword' wasn't worth the additional price.

Chapter 1178: A Lucrative Business

With the "Grade One Spirit Sword" auctioned off to Justin Campbell representing the Campbell Family for the sky-high price of three hundred thousand Top-grade Original Stones, the atmosphere in the Campbell Family auction venue also reached its apex.

"There's still the 'grand finale'!"

"The last auction item, since it has been arranged by steward Justin for the final auction, must also be extraordinary."

"Truly something to look forward to."

...

In the Campbell Family auction venue, all eyes fell on Justin, waiting for the last auction item to appear.

And Justin did not disappoint the crowd. After stowing away the Grade One Spirit Sword, he took out a pill bottle, one that looked no more ordinary than any other Pill Medicine bottle.

"Pill Medicine?"

Seeing the pill bottle, many felt disappointed.

Pill Medicine.

Even if it was a 'Grade One Pill Medicine,' in terms of value, it would not be as valuable as a Grade One spirit weapon.

Of course, that's just an ordinary 'Grade One Pill Medicine.'

"I believe that the Pill Medicine placed last for auction by steward Justin will definitely not be an ordinary one."

Some spoke thus, their faces filled with anticipation as they looked towards Justin.

Their words gained the agreement of many.

"Ladies and gentlemen, inside this Pill Medicine bottle in my hand, there is a pill... This pill is also the last auction item for our Campbell Family auction house today! It is also the final showstopper."

Justin stood on the auction stage, shaking the Pill Medicine bottle in his hand as he addressed the crowd.

A single pill?

Justin's words shocked many.

You could say a bottle of decently pure Pill Medicine being the final 'showstopper' is acceptable, but this mere single pill seemed a bit miserly.

This was the thought in the minds of most people.

However, they quickly changed their minds.

Simply because Justin introduced that pill, to be precise, the 'Grade One Return-Life Pill.'

"A 'Grade One Return-Life Pill' with '91%' purity? Then its potency... wouldn't it be several times, perhaps even more, than that of an ordinary Grade One Return-Life Pill?"

After a moment of dead silence, many exclaimed in shock.

"Steward Justin... I wonder if you could show us the Grade One Return-Life Pill, so this old man could have a look?"

In the VIP area, an elderly man wearing a mask stood up.

As everyone's gazes, including Justin's, fell upon him, he raised his hand and a wisp of purple flame with silver edges appeared, the signature of a 'Grade Two red flame.'

This indicated that the old man was a 'Grade Two alchemist.'

His request arose from his disbelief in the existence of a Grade One Pill Medicine with '91%' purity, and he wished to personally verify it.

Although the reputation of Campbell Family auction venue had always been very good, never having deceived anyone, a 'Grade One Pill Medicine' with '91%' purity was simply too exaggerated, making it hard for him to believe.

"Of course, you can."

Justin nodded, took out the Grade One Return-Life Pill from the bottle, and presented it in front of the masked old man who had ascended the auction stage like a gust of wind.

The masked old man looked at the Grade One Return-Life Pill.

After a moment, his exposed pair of eyes shifted from curiosity to surprise, and finally, they were filled with horror.

"It really is a '91%' pure Grade One Return-Life Pill!"

Soon, the masked old man's breathing became extremely rapid and he couldn't help exclaiming out loud, his voice filled with inexplicable astonishment.

Hearing the masked old man's confirmation, the Campbell Family auction venue was once again abuzz.

If the Grade One Spirit Sword that amplified '90%' of one's power was just for personal use, most would not be willing to pay an exaggerated price for it.

But this '91%' pure Grade One Return-Life Pill was enough to make them go all out to compete for it!

The Grade One Return-Life Pill, being a healing Pill Medicine, had a wide range of uses.

A '91%' pure Grade One Return-Life Pill, compared to an ordinary one, its potency was untold times stronger, and although it hadn't reached the stage of 'reviving the dead and regenerating bones,' it was not far off.

Such a Pill Medicine, at a critical moment, could be life-saving, how could it not excite them?

One's life is only one; once gone, it's gone.

For their own life, what harm would there be in spending all their fortunes?

Before anyone knew it, the Campbell Family auction venue fell silent, with only the sounds of heavy breathing remaining, making the atmosphere turn somewhat solemn.

At this moment, aside from Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero, everyone's gaze in the venue fell on the Grade One Return-Life Pill in Justin's hand without exception.

"Winnie, how much do you think the Grade One Return-Life Pill I consigned will sell for?"

Wyatt turned to Winnie beside him and asked with a smile.

"It won't be less than that sword just now,"

Winnie replied.

Wyatt let out a wry smile; wasn't that just stating the obvious?

Meanwhile, the bidding for the Grade One Return-Life Pill he had consigned also officially began.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the '91%' pure Grade One Return-Life Pill in my hand represents something extraordinary, I'm sure I don't need to explain its significance any further... With that, let the bidding begin! The starting bid is ten thousand Top-grade Original Stones."

Justin announced from the auction stage in a loud voice.

"One hundred thousand Top-grade Original Stones!"

As soon as Justin finished speaking, someone in the VIP area took the lead in bidding.

In an instant, people in the ordinary area shook their heads, knowing that they no longer had the opportunity to make a bid.

"Two hundred thousand Top-grade Original Stones!"

Very soon, a second person in the VIP area made their bid.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand top-grade original stones!"

The third bidder followed without any hesitation.

"It seems like we're about to break the price of that 'Grade One spirit sword'."

A smile emerged on Wyatt Barnes's face.

If it were said that the materials required to refine a Grade One spirit sword were only worth one hundred top-grade original stones.

Then.

The materials required to refine a cauldron of ten Grade One Return-Life Pills at most would be worth a few tens of top-grade original stones.

And now, a Pill Medicine that could be refined from materials costing only a few top-grade original stones could sell for the high price of hundreds of thousands of top-grade original stones—it was a huge profit indeed!

"Four hundred thousand top-grade original stones!"

A familiar voice came again, it was Justin Campbell from the Campbell Family bidding for Wyatt's consigned 'Grade One Return-Life Pill' on the auction stage, starting at four hundred thousand top-grade original stones.

"Four hundred and fifty thousand top-grade original stones!"

Someone immediately followed with another bid.

"Five hundred thousand!"

Justin Campbell bid again, finally suppressing the crowd and securing the final victory, auctioning off that 'Grade One Return-Life Pill' in his own hands.

"What a pity... The top-grade original stones I have on me are limited, otherwise, I would have been determined to get that Grade One Return-Life Pill!"

Inside the VIP area, many people shook their heads and sighed.

"Eight hundred thousand top-grade original stones!"

Wyatt laughed, a radiant smile.

In his view, these top-grade original stones came too easily.

Of course, he also knew that all of this was because the two items he presented were seen as once-in-a-lifetime by others.

As the saying goes, 'rarity is what makes something precious.' That's exactly it.

If he took out ten or twenty such 'Grade One spirit swords,' or even dozens or hundreds of such 'Grade One Return-Life Pills,' they would not be so valuable.

"Today's auction held by our Campbell Family auction house has come to a successful conclusion, thank you all for attending!"

On the auction stage, Jerome Campbell greeted everyone with a smile.

For a moment, many people left their seats, preparing to leave.

"Wait!"

Just then, a voice suddenly rang out, not very loud, yet like a clap of thunder, making everyone including Jerome Campbell involuntarily startle and look toward the direction of the voice.

"It's him!"

Seeing this person, a hint of wariness appeared in everyone's eyes.

The person they were looking at was none other than 'Wyatt Barnes'.

"Sir, do you have any other business?"

Facing Wyatt, Jerome Campbell did not dare to be negligent and asked with respect.

"Just now... The two items I consigned for auction in your Campbell Family auction house have sold for a total of eight hundred thousand top-grade original stones. Now, shouldn't you give me those eight hundred thousand top-grade original stones?"

Under the watchful eyes of everyone present, Wyatt spoke to Jerome Campbell.

Whoosh!

As Wyatt's words fell, they caused an uproar like a stone causing ripples in a pond, shocking all those present.

"That... That sword and that Grade One Return-Life Pill, were they consigned by him?"

"No wonder he called that sword a 'broken sword' and showed no interest in that Grade One Return-Life Pill... It turns out, both auction items were his own consignment."

...

For a moment, the people present suddenly realized why this 'menace' didn't bid with them for those two rare treasures that were sought after but hard to come by.

It turned out, those two treasures were the very ones he had consigned!

"Sir, according to the rules of our Campbell Family auction house, the auction proceeds are given to the consignor after the end of the auction."

Jerome Campbell was somewhat speechless about Wyatt openly admitting that the two auctioned items were his consignment.

Of course, despite feeling speechless, he still patiently explained, "Furthermore, I don't have that many top-grade original stones on me, I need to go back to our Campbell Family residence to fetch them."

"What if you go back to your Campbell Family residence and then default on the payment?"

Wyatt frowned and asked.

"Please rest assured, sir, our family never does anything that would destroy our reputation."

Jerome Campbell said with a wry smile.

"Then you'd better hurry back to that Campbell Family residence of yours to fetch the stones... I will wait here for you. Additionally, could everyone else please stay for a moment and witness this for me?"

Wyatt furrowed his brows, his gaze then turned to everyone present, "After I receive those eight hundred thousand top-grade original stones... I will tell everyone the origin of the 'Grade One spirit sword' and 'Grade One Return-Life Pill' that I put up for consignment."

Whoosh!

As Wyatt's words were spoken, they unexpectedly stirred up another sensation.

The most unforgettable thing for those present today was undoubtedly the Grade One spirit sword auctioned by the Campbell family that augmented 'ninety percent' of one's strength, and that 'ninety-one percent' pure Grade One Return-Life Pill.

Among them, many even felt that missing out on that sword and pill today would become a lifelong regret.

And now, the person who consigned that sword and pill said he would disclose their origins.

How could they not be shocked?

How could they not be thrilled?

"Manager Jerome Campbell, you should hurry back to the Campbell Family residence to get the top-grade original stones!"

For a while, many people urged Jerome Campbell.

Chapter 1179: Campbell Family Grand Elder

"Manager Justin Campbell, how about I lend you three hundred thousand top-grade original stones first? Just return them to me later. I can hardly wait to know the origin of that sword and pill," an old man in the VIP area said to Justin Campbell.

This old man had also bid on the 'Grade One Return-Life Pill' earlier, but due to limited finances, he was unable to win the auction.

"I have two hundred thousand top-grade original stones here too, which I can also lend to the Campbell Family first."

"The reputation of the Campbell Family, I still trust it... I can also lend three hundred thousand."

Following that, two more people spoke up.

Eight hundred thousand top-grade original stones, just like that, were gathered together.

Clearly, they were all eager to find out the origin of that sword and pill, perhaps they would also have the chance to obtain treasures like the 'Grade One spirit sword' and 'Grade One Return-Life Pill.'

Just as Justin Campbell was speechless, not knowing what to do,

A voice came from afar, growing closer and closer.

"Thank you all for your kindness... but, I think the Campbell Family does not need to borrow top-grade original stones from you."

Accompanying this voice was an imposing old man.

The old man walked on air, with every step perfectly blending with the entire world, a testament to his exceptional cultivation.

"Head Master!"

As soon as the old man appeared, Justin Campbell respectfully bowed to him.

Head Master?

Hearing Justin Campbell's words, everyone present was taken aback.

The one referred to as 'Head Master' by Justin Campbell seemed to be only one person.

Head Master Campbell of the City of Peace Campbell Family, Zac Campbell.

"Greetings, Head Master Campbell!"

"Greetings, Head Master Campbell!"

...

For a moment, people present greeted Zac Campbell, their voices filled with awe.

Zac Campbell, besides being the head of the Campbell Family, was also an extremely powerful figure, rumored to be at Level Eight of the Martial Emperor Realm, and his comprehension of the 'Ominous Secrets' was also exceptionally profound.

Even within the entire Campbell Family, he was one of the top figures!

Unlike the enthusiasm of others, Wyatt Barnes remained calm and tranquil when he looked at Zac Campbell.

As if the old man appearing in front of him wasn't the leader of a 'first-class power,' but an utterly common decrepit old man.

As Wyatt Barnes sized up Zac Campbell, Zac Campbell was also observing him.

"Sire, on behalf of the Campbell Family, I must apologize for the earlier incident with Liam Campbell," Zac Campbell said with a slight smile.

"If apologies were useful, what would be the point of martial practitioners cultivating?" Wyatt Barnes replied, surprising the crowd as Zac Campbell apologized to him, almost making them spit blood.

The venerable head of the 'first-class power' Campbell Family was apologizing to you, and you weren't appreciative?

"This..."

Wyatt Barnes's response left Zac Campbell at a loss for words, and it took a while before he could ask, "Then, sire, what do you suggest?"

"The two auction items I consigned at your Campbell Family's auction house sold for a total of eight hundred thousand top-grade original stones... So, if you make it up to one million top-grade original stones, I'll reluctantly accept your apology," Wyatt Barnes said.

Harsh!

As soon as Wyatt Barnes finished speaking and before Zac Campbell had a chance to react, the thought of 'harsh' already crossed the minds of most people present.

Although they did not know the specifics of the conflict between Wyatt Barnes and the Campbell Family members.

Now, with Wyatt Barnes's words demanding the Campbell Family to produce an additional two hundred thousand top-grade original stones as a formal apology, it seemed to them far too 'harsh.'

What surprised them was that when Head Master Campbell, Zac Campbell, snapped to his senses, he simply laughed heartily, casually taking out a Storage Ring and handing it to Wyatt Barnes.

"Here are one million top-grade original stones... Eight hundred thousand belong to you as the rightful earnings. As for the additional two hundred thousand, consider them as compensation."

Zac Campbell smiled at Wyatt Barnes, "Sire, now that you and our Campbell Family have cleared the air... may I inquire as to your identity and origins?"

"Let me verify it first."

Under Zac Campbell's astonished and awkward gaze, Wyatt Barnes took the Storage Ring Zac Campbell handed to him, recognized it as his own with a drop of blood, and then carefully inspected it.

"Correct, it's one million top-grade original stones."

After a while, Wyatt Barnes confirmed it and finally nodded in satisfaction.

Wyatt Barnes's actions involuntarily made the corners of the mouths of the people around him twitch.

Was this guy really worried that the Head Master of the Campbell Family would deceive him?

"Sire, now you should tell us the origin of that sword and pill you consigned," someone eagerly asked, as soon as Wyatt Barnes put away the Storage Ring given by Zac Campbell.

For a moment, everyone's gaze, except for Winnie Romero's, including Zac Campbell and Justin Campbell's, fell on Wyatt Barnes, clearly curious about the matter.

To others, it was about whether they would have the chance to obtain treasures like that sword and pill in the future.

For Zac Campbell and Justin Campbell, this was about the identity of the young man in purple.

"This naturally wouldn't... hmm?"

Just as Wyatt Barnes was about to say 'this naturally wouldn't be a problem,' it seemed he suddenly noticed something, interrupting himself and simultaneously looking towards the eastern sky.

"Who's there?!"

As Wyatt Barnes looked towards the eastern sky, Zac Campbell also noticed the commotion, his complexion darkening, his robe fluttering without any wind, rustling loudly.

Moments later, a figure dressed in a blue robe with silver trimmings appeared, a burly old man with a sinewy beard.

At this moment, the old man's face was dark as thunder, and his eyes, as large as gongs, seemed as if they could shoot fire.

Upon seeing the bearded old man, Zac Campbell was startled. "He... has he come out of seclusion?"

"Who killed my son 'Liam Campbell'?"

Before Zac could recover, the bearded elder had already arrived above the Campbell Family's auction house, and his voice boomed down like thunder, filled with extreme rage.

"Liam Campbell?"

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows, guessing the identity of the newcomer.

Previously at the auction house backstage, a Campbell family member wanted to privately seize his "Grade One spirit sword" and "Grade One Return-Life Pill," was first crippled by him, and then killed.

He still remembered.

At the time he killed Liam Campbell, Justin had mentioned that Liam was the only son of the Campbell Family's Grand Elder.

From this, the identity of the bearded old man was self-evident.

The Grand Elder of the Campbell Family!

"Grand Elder, why have you come?" Zac took to the air, looking at the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family with a frown.

"Head Master, today, even if I were no longer the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family, even if I had to leave the family, I would not let go of the person who killed my son 'Liam'!" the Grand Elder said in a deep and angry voice.

He had just come out of seclusion today and learned of the death of his son right after.

For a time, he felt his chest burning with uncontrollable rage.

Many of the elders had already explained to him the whole story, and even told him that the background of the one who killed his son 'Liam' was not simple.

However, seeing the body of his only son and enduring the pain of 'a white-haired person sending off a black-haired person', how could the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family swallow this grievance?

He rushed to the Campbell Family's auction house at the first opportunity.

"Grand Elder, why must you do this?" Zac couldn't help but smile bitterly when he saw the elder's resolve.

"Head Master, today, even if his background is extraordinary, I must kill him! After I kill him, I will announce my departure from the Campbell Family, so as not to implicate the family," said the Grand Elder in a low voice: "Anyhow, I must take revenge for my son!"

"Grand Elder, what if I must stop you?" Zac's expression became severe.

In his view.

Today, no matter whether that young man in purple was a match for their Grand Elder, once the Grand Elder made a move, the Campbell Family would suffer the loss.

If the young man in purple was not a match for their Grand Elder, and the Grand Elder killed him, it would be the same as hitting an iron wall, and he could only leave the Campbell Family to wander the world in exile.

Thus, the Campbell Family would lose a 'pillar' of strength.

If the young man in purple was stronger than their Grand Elder, and the Grand Elder died, the Campbell Family would still lose such a powerful member.

Therefore, all he wanted now was to stop their Campbell Family's Grand Elder.

"Head Master, you cannot stop me."

The Grand Elder of the Campbell Family glanced at Zac, saying lightly.

"Grand Elder, whether or not I can stop you, I will try... If possible, I don't want the Campbell Family to lose you," Zac inhaled deeply and said solemnly.

"In that case, I will not hold back!"

The Grand Elder's eyes chilled, in a swift movement like the wind, he shot towards Zac like lightning, so fast that most people present could not catch a glimpse of him.

In their eyes, the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family vanished into thin air.

Soon after, the Head Master of the Campbell Family, 'Zac Campbell,' also disappeared.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

....

A series of rolling explosions came from above, triggering vast waves of air that whipped up fierce winds raging in all directions.

Wild winds swept across the land, causing the robes of the group including Wyatt Barnes to flutter and rustle.

"Why are the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family and the Head Master fighting each other?" asked many onlookers, astonished at the sight of the figures occasionally appearing and crossing each other in the sky.

"It seems that someone killed the son of the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family... He has come looking for the person who killed his son. However, the one who killed his son seems to have an extraordinary background; even the Head Master of the Campbell Family is apprehensive."

"I heard as well... Judging by the Grand Elder's words, even if he kills the person who murdered his son, he plans to leave the Campbell Family afterward, clearly worried about implicating the family."

"I wonder who that person is."

....

Many people were discussing amongst themselves.

However, they were unaware that the 'person' they mentioned was standing right next to them.

"Martial Emperor Realm Level Nine? It seems the Head Master of the Campbell Family is likely to be defeated," Wyatt Barnes muttered to himself after watching for a while.

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, two figures appeared in the sky, one of them was blasted dozens of meters away.

The other stood proudly in place.

The Grand Elder of the Campbell Family!

"Grand Elder... you... you've broken through to 'Level Nine of the Martial Emperor Realm'?" Zac Campbell, the one who had been repelled, was now staring at their Grand Elder in astonishment.

Chapter 1180: Thousand Lights and Ten Thousand Swords Technique

"Family Head, I've said it before, you can't stop me."

After giving Zac Campbell a glance, the Grand Elder looked down at the crowd below and bellowed in a deep voice, "You cowardly lot, dare to do but not to own up?!"

"What a fiery temper, old man."

Under the astonished gaze of the crowd, Wyatt Barnes stepped into the air and in a moment, was standing right in front of the Grand Elder, fearlessly confronting him.

"Was it you... who killed my son?"

The Grand Elder asked in a somber voice.

"If your son is named 'Liam Campbell,' then I believe it was."

Wyatt Barnes responded indifferently.

"It was him!"

"He is the one who killed the Grand Elder's son of the Campbell Family?"

...

For a moment, the crowd at the Campbell Family's auction house also came to a realization.

They had never imagined.

The man who killed the Grand Elder's only son would turn out to be this young man in purple.

But then again, it made sense to them.

Of all the people there, probably only 'this one' had the courage to kill the son of the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family; no one else would dare such a feat.

"Good, very good... You dare kill my son, today I will make sure you have no grave to be buried in!"

When the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family spoke in anger, his robe fluttered without wind, making a whistling sound, and in coordination with his robust stature, he appeared like a wrathful King Kong.

"Old man, didn't you even ask why I killed your son?"

Wyatt Barnes calmly looked at the Grand Elder and asked.

"No matter the reason, my son is not someone for you to kill!"

The Grand Elder's voice was filled with an extreme chill of murderous intent, as if ready to devour someone.

"It seems you already know."

Wyatt Barnes looked deeply at the Grand Elder as if he had seen through him.

"So what if I know? Even if my son only wanted two items from you, let alone your life, you would have no right to kill him! For killing him, you will only have one fate: to suffer excruciating pain until death."

The Grand Elder said somberly.

"Even if he wanted my life, I shouldn't kill him?"

Wyatt Barnes first was taken aback, then he couldn't help but burst into laughter as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world, "As expected of the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family, truly domineering!"

As the laughter faded, cold light began to flicker in Wyatt Barnes' eyes, and his purple clothes fluttered without wind, akin to a cluster of purple flames burning fiercely.

Off in the distance, Zac Campbell watched the scene unfold in silence.

He knew that everything before him was already out of his control.

All he could do was to watch indifferently.

Whatever the outcome, the battle before them would now have nothing to do with their Campbell Family.

If the young man in purple were to die, their Grand Elder would abandon the Campbell Family and become a fugitive, evading the pursuit of the powerful people from the young man's Sect.

"A Sect that can produce such 'Grade One spirit swords' and 'Grade One Return-Life Pills'... Their strength is so formidable that destroying our Campbell Family probably wouldn't even be a difficult task."

Zac could guess as much.

If it weren't a powerful Sect, would a Grade One Artifact Refiner capable of forging a spirit weapon that amplifies strength by 'ninety percent' or a Grade One alchemist able to refine a Pill Medicine with a purity of 'ninety-one percent' join them?

On the other hand, if the young man in purple were to kill their Grand Elder.

For the Campbell Family, the outcome would be more or less the same.

Regardless of the outcome, their Campbell Family would lose the Grand Elder, who had just broken through to the 'ninth layer of the Martial Emperor Realm.'

"How does my dominance matter?"

The Grand Elder sneered, his words showing not the slightest regard for Wyatt Barnes, "Rest assured, I won't kill you right away... I will torture you slowly, first making you wish for death, then letting you slowly die."

"This way, I can relieve the hatred in my heart!"

Toward the end, the Grand Elder's tone had a hint of pleasure, as if Wyatt Barnes was already dying under his torture.

"Let's see if you have the capability to do that."

Wyatt Barnes' eyes narrowed slightly as he spoke with an air of indifference.

"You'll find out very soon!"

The Grand Elder of the Campbell Family let out a cold shout, his Origin Force surged violently like a sky-reaching milky white flame. Various 'mysteries' moved with him, and in an instant, he was like a cannonball shot toward Wyatt Barnes with overwhelming force.

Whoosh!

As the Grand Elder launched himself at Wyatt Barnes, a spirit sword appeared in his hand.

With a flick of his wrist, all his strength poured into the spirit sword, causing it to tremble violently and emit continuous crisp and piercing sword cries.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

At the same time, in front of the Grand Elder, countless sword lights, both substantial and insubstantial, shot out like rain, directly streaking toward Wyatt Barnes without mercy.

If he were to be hit, Wyatt Barnes would most certainly be pierced by thousands of swords and die!

The speed of the thousands of sword lights sweeping out was even faster than the Grand Elder's own speed.

"Thousand Lights Sword Technique!"

As the Family Head of the Campbell Family, Zac immediately recognized the sword technique employed by their Grand Elder, a high-level heaven-tier sword technique, which had been cultivated to the peak.

Only the perfected Thousand Lights Sword Technique, once executed, could transform into thousands of sword lights.

Dragon Across Nine Heavens!

Facing the torrential attack by the Campbell Family's Grand Elder, Wyatt Barnes didn't meet it head-on; instead, his figure shifted, and he seemed to transform into a Divine Dragon, dodging the Grand Elder's direct assault.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

However, as a perfected high-grade Heaven-level sword technique "Thousand Light Myriad Swords Art", it naturally wasn't so easily evaded. While Wyatt was using bodily martial arts to dodge, the myriad sword glows turned and chased after him.

Whoosh!

At this moment, the Grand Elder also caught up, and the energy of heaven and earth above his head in the void had now converged into a vision of heaven and earth.

Four ancient Divine Dragon phantoms, plus more than three thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantoms.

At level nine of the Martial Emperor Realm, with all his Origin Force released, his power was comparable to that of an ancient Divine Dragon in addition to the force of two thousand ancient Horned Dragons!

A Grade One spirit sword amplifying "eighty-seven percent", increasing the power of one ancient Divine Dragon, in addition to a few hundred ancient Horned Dragons' force!

There were also a few scattered 'Emperor Realm Mysteries' that, when combined, were comparable to the force of two ancient Divine Dragons, plus the force of one ancient Horned Dragon!

By this means, the Grand Elder, when exerting his full power, was comparable to the force of four ancient Divine Dragons, plus the power of more than three thousand ancient Horned Dragons!

"Not bad, he's quite fast."

Utilizing the high-grade Heaven-level bodily martial arts "Dragon Across Nine Heavens" and transforming into a lightning-fast dodging Divine Dragon, Wyatt quickly noticed the myriad of chasing sword glows behind him.

When he saw the vision of heaven and earth above the Grand Elder's head in the void, a scornful cold smile had unknowingly appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Huff!

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Wyatt suddenly stopped in place, allowing the myriad of sword glows transformed by the Grand Elder's sword technique to overwhelmingly envelop him.

"What's he doing?!"

"Maybe he thinks he can't escape, so he's chosen to accept death."

"No way! If he dies, where will we go to find out about the origins of that sword and Pill Medicine?"

...

In the Campbell Family's auction house, many people looked worryingly at Wyatt Barnes.

Of course, they weren't worried about Wyatt's safety, but rather that once he died, they would entirely lose any information about the origins of that sword and Pill Medicine previously auctioned off by the Campbell Family.

At this moment, even Winnie Romero, who had initially been sitting in the pavilion, had stepped out and looked up into the sky, her gaze falling on the stopped purple figure.

A slight concern was clearly visible between her brows.

"Hmm?"

Now, even the Campbell Family head, Zac Campbell, and the manager of the Campbell Family auction house, Justin Campbell, were frowning with puzzled expressions as they looked at Wyatt.

They didn't know what Wyatt was trying to do.

Stopping like that, with the myriad sword glows so close, mounting a desperate counterattack seemed near impossible.

Quickly, their pupils contracted.

The pupils of everyone else also contracted one after another.

Heavens!

What were they seeing?!

They saw a young man in purple standing there, with a sword appearing beside him.

As soon as the sword appeared, it vanished without a trace.

At the same time, everyone clearly saw a layer of light shield rising around the body of the purple-clad youth; they could faintly hear the sounds of swiftly passing sword cries.

Clearly, it was a light shield formed by a rapid combination of sword glows creating a "sword net".

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

Finally, the myriad sword glows arrived, like rain falling upon Wyatt, each one landing on the light shield that had risen around his body.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

With the myriad sword glows falling, a series of explosive sounds was emitted, triggering waves of air that turned into howling winds, but ultimately they couldn't break through the light shield surrounding Wyatt.

"How is this possible?!"

The Grand Elder of the Campbell Family was utterly dumbfounded, his face showing disbelief.

He had never expected this.

The murderer of his son, faced with him who had emerged from seclusion and reached level nine of the Martial Emperor Realm, becoming the Campbell Family's strongest member, could still easily block his attack.

"So strong!"

"He's using a defensive martial art, right?"

"Yes. And it's a defensive martial art that uses a spirit sword, which is extremely clever."

...

In the Campbell Family's auction house, many people were discussing animatedly, each looking at the purple-clad youth surrounded by the semi-transparent multicolored light shield with awe in their eyes.

Although they knew the purple-clad youth was strong, they had not expected him to be this strong.

Facing the full-force attack of a level nine Martial Emperor Realm powerhouse with the strength of four ancient Divine Dragons, plus the power of more than three thousand ancient Horned Dragons, he showed no fear and used a defensive martial art to withstand the opponent's full-strength blow.

Moreover, he completely stopped the opponent's attack.

Whoosh!

At this time, the energy of heaven and earth above Wyatt's head in the void also began to converge into a vision of heaven and earth.

Just as everyone looked on.

The light shield around Wyatt's body dissipated, leaving only the sword in his hand, and as for the heavenly vision, it had dispersed before it could fully take shape.

Seeing this, many people were instantly disappointed.

"You just said... you would slowly torture me to death?"

Wyatt looked calmly at the Grand Elder of the Campbell Family, who stood not far away with an incredulous expression, and asked indifferently.