

## L. Wyatt 1201

Chapter 1201: The Mysteries of the Emperor Realm Sword!

"Ha ha ha ha... Wyatt Barnes, if you dare to kill me, you won't survive either!"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes's somewhat unpleasant expression, Spring Sun laughed heartily, his eyes filled with disdain, as if he was certain that Wyatt Barnes wouldn't dare to kill him.

But, did Wyatt Barnes really not dare to kill him?

He soon got his answer.

"Idiot!"

As Wyatt Barnes faintly uttered these two words again, he lifted his hand, and the Emperor Grade spirit sword suddenly quivered, sweeping towards Spring Sun with unstoppable force.

Nine Dragons Flash!

While the smile had not yet completely faded from Spring Sun's face, the colorful sword light emanated from the Emperor Grade spirit sword, in Wyatt Barnes's hand, instantly transformed into nine colorful Divine Dragons.

The eyes of the nine Divine Dragons flickered once, and eighteen ultimate flashes swept out, piercing through all of Spring Sun's vital spots before he could react.

In an instant, Spring Sun was killed by Wyatt Barnes during their first exchange.

A disciple of the Martial Emperor, just like that, was dead.

At the time of his death, Spring Sun still wore the smug smile of believing Wyatt Barnes wouldn't dare to kill him, and that became his last smile in this life.

Silence.

The scene went completely quiet.

Although Wyatt Barnes had previously displayed strength far superior to that of Spring Sun, most of the people present did not believe that Wyatt Barnes would dare to kill Spring Sun.

After all, Spring Sun was, in any case, a "disciple of the Martial Emperor."

However, the outcome was beyond everyone's expectations.

Wyatt Barnes, without any hesitation, killed Spring Sun, the disciple of the Martial Emperor from the Lost Stone Forest.

"All elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect, listen to my command!"

At this moment, Pearl Rowan and Three Graham looked at each other, seeming to reach a tacit agreement, and they glanced around at a group of Heaven Fortin Sect elders and disciples, shouting in unison.

Immediately, all the Heaven Fortin Sect elders and disciples turned to look at them.

"Each of you must now pledge with the 'Nine-nine Thunder Tribulation' to keep today's events secret... Anyone who refuses to pledge will be killed on the spot!"

Three Graham slowly spoke, his tone cold and laced with murderous intent.

For a moment, many of the elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect's complexions changed dramatically, and their bodies involuntarily shivered, but they soon regained their composure.

They naturally guessed the intentions of the two Vice Sect Leaders.

They were worried that the news of the Sect Leader killing a disciple of the Martial Emperor would leak out and bring disaster upon the Heaven Fortin Sect.

Wyatt Barnes glanced at Three Graham and Pearl Rowan, then sighed.

Because the 'communication jade slip' thrown by Spring Sun was too swift, neither Three Graham nor Pearl Rowan—both Seventh-Order Emperor Realm beings—had noticed it; otherwise, they might not have been so keen on having a group of Heaven Fortin Sect elders and disciples take vows.

"That jade slip thrown by Spring Sun couldn't possibly summon the Martial Emperor... The most likely scenario is that it would summon a personal disciple of the Martial Emperor!"

Thinking of this, Wyatt Barnes felt enormous pressure.

Personal disciples of the Martial Emperor were beyond comparison with normal disciples.

Each personal disciple of the Martial Emperor was either a prodigious martial artist, considered a genius throughout the entire Cloud Skies Continent, or a top-tier Emperor Realm powerhouse with one foot in the 'Emperor Realm.'

"Although I have now grasped the 'First Layer Emperor Realm Sword Mystique' and can unleash a power comparable to the strength of six ancient grey dragons, supplemented by the strength of two thousand ancient Horned Dragons..."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself, "But compared to those personal disciples of the Martial Emperor, I hold no advantage."

According to the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, Wyatt Barnes well knew the terror of the Martial Emperor's personal disciples.

The Reincarnation Martial Emperor, having lived through two lifetimes, had also taken in several powerful personal disciples, any of whom were stronger than him now.

Some could even unleash a power greater than that of seven ancient grey dragons!

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes felt a strong sense of crisis, pressing down on him so much that he could barely breathe.

"Tomorrow, I depart to retrieve the 'Big Treasure' left by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor... Among those Emperor Grade Pill Medicines he left, many can help Emperor Realm powerhouses enhance their cultivation."

"Combined with the overbearing medicinal strength of the 'Nirvana Pill' accumulated in my body, my cultivation should be able to rapidly advance further."

At this very moment, Wyatt Barnes made up his mind.

He would leave tomorrow for the place where the Reincarnation Martial Emperor stored the Big Treasure, to retrieve the treasure left behind by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor.

This time departing, Wyatt Barnes planned to go alone, not even taking Winnie Romero, Kamari Gold, nor Fill Bear with him, because he needed to return as quickly as possible.

Who knew whether the personal disciple of the Martial Emperor, who received the 'communication jade slip' sent out by Spring Sun, would actually come.

He had to be prepared to face the impending 'storm.'

That night, Wyatt Barnes sat cross-legged on the bed, and suddenly, a jade box appeared in his hands.

This jade box looked extremely delicate—it was exactly the one left for him by Lanni Barnes, Wyatt Barnes's sort-of adoptive father.

At that time, Lanni Barnes had left him three powerful talismans and this exquisite jade box.

Now, the three talismans had long been used up, leaving only this exquisite jade box.

"I wonder if I can open it now."

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flashed as he used both hands trying to force open the jade box he held.

Whoosh!

At the same moment, above Wyatt Barnes's head in the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred.

However, Wyatt soon realized that even if he fetched his Emperor Grade spirit sword, exerting his full strength with a power comparable to that of six ancient Divine Dragons and 2,000 ancient Horned Dragons, he still couldn't open the jade box in his hands.

"What on earth is my cheap old dad playing at?"

Wyatt couldn't help but give a wry smile.

His current strength, among the group of powerhouses at the peak of the Martial Emperor Realm, was at least middle-ranked, yet he couldn't even open a small box now.

At this moment, in Wyatt's eyes, the exquisite jade box became ever more mysterious.

"Inside this exquisite jade box, there is likely not only a clue about my cheap old dad's whereabouts but perhaps other items too! Maybe something even more precious than the three talismans, or perhaps a huge stack of talismans?"

Wyatt Barnes murmured to himself, and as he did so, his eyes shone like bright stars, as if he saw himself flinging a stack of talismans, instantly annihilating a group of peak Martial Emperor powerhouses.

Of course, as it stood, all of this was just a dream for Wyatt.

Because as for what exactly was inside the exquisite jade box, Wyatt had no idea; he could only guess wildly.

Since he couldn't open the exquisite jade box, Wyatt stopped struggling with it and instead put it back into his Storage Ring. Then, he focused intently and began to cultivate.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Divine Dragon Transformation!

While cultivating, Wyatt didn't forget to comprehend the "fusion mysteries" or the "Sword Dao mysteries."

Currently, the strength Wyatt displayed stemmed from the power of five ancient Divine Dragons, all derived from his comprehension of the "fusion mysteries" and "Sword Dao mysteries."

The Second Layer of fusion mysteries was comparable to the strength of three ancient Divine Dragons.

The First-level Emperor Realm Sword Dao mysteries were comparable to the strength of two ancient Divine Dragons.

Together, that equaled the strength of five ancient Divine Dragons!

Yet even with that and wielding an Emperor Grade spirit sword at full power, he only managed a power on par with six ancient Divine Dragons, adding the strength of 2,000 ancient Horned Dragons.

This was only because his cultivation level, compared to the two types of mysteries he had comprehended, was still too weak.

A Fourth-Order Martial Emperor cultivation could normally be considered high, but it appeared so feeble and pale in front of the mysteries Wyatt had grasped and comprehended.

If anyone knew the constitution of Wyatt's strength, they would be incredibly shocked.

Possessing mysteries comprehended by Martial Emperor powerhouses, yet only at the Fourth Order of Martial Emperor Realm—the disparity between the two was like heaven and earth, hard to imagine they existed within the same person.

Yet, such phenomena certainly did occur with Wyatt Barnes.

"That Sword Saint, Breezy Wind, truly is a divine being... Just with the two parts from the Sword Dao insights embedded in my mind from his left behind 'Sword' character, I transformed the Sword Dao mysteries into 'Emperor Realm Mysteries'!"

"If I could fully comprehend all the Sword Dao insights accumulated in my mind, wouldn't I be able to comprehend the 'Nine-layered Emperor Realm Sword Dao Mysteries'?"

Thinking this, Wyatt's heart quivered even more, feeling the profound depth of the fellow self-proclaimed 'Sword Saint' who left behind that 'Sword' character.

"The Sword Dao insights I have stored in my mind are merely the tip of the iceberg of those contained within that 'Sword' character... If I could fully comprehend that 'Sword' character, I can't imagine to what level I could enhance the 'Sword Dao Mysteries'."

"One thing is certain, by that time, the 'Sword Dao Mysteries' will be far beyond the 'Nine-layered Emperor Realm Sword Dao Mysteries'!"

This, Wyatt had no doubt.

Unknowingly, Wyatt's mind calmed down again, quietly cultivating the Ninth Variation of Nine Dragons War Sovereign, 'Divine Dragon Transformation', quietly comprehending the two types of mysteries.

His cultivation level was increasing at a speed unimaginable to ordinary people...

Of course, in Wyatt's view, the increase in cultivation level was still too slow!

The next morning, Wyatt left Heaven Fortin Sect without alerting anyone, heading towards the location stored in the memories of the Martial Emperor Reincarnation for the 'Big Treasure'.

Of course, he didn't leave without saying goodbye; he had informed Winnie Romero the day before about his departure and also transferred the control of the puppet 'Hammer' to Winnie Romero.

During his absence from Heaven Fortin Sect, the puppet 'Hammer' would guard it.

With Hammer's strength, guarding a lower-tier first-rate power was overly simple, unless they encountered another Martial Emperor-level powerhouse like Spring Sun; otherwise, there would be no pressure.

Thus, Wyatt left with peace of mind.

Swoosh!

Wyatt traveled at a tremendous speed, driven by the full force of his strength and even aided by an Emperor Grade spirit sword. The distance he had estimated to take a month to travel, he managed in just over twenty days.

Of course, all this was due to the recent significant breakthrough in his 'Sword Dao Mysteries', otherwise, his speed couldn't have been as fast as it was now.

Chapter 1202: Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit

To the west of the inland, the Lost Stone Forest.

In front of a stone cottage, a black silhouette suddenly appeared out of thin air—it was a tall young man dressed in black, standing there as if he merged with heaven and earth.

Suddenly, the young man in black raised his hand, catching a streak of quick-moving radiance.

As he slowly opened his hand, a deeply colored jade token appeared inside—it was a "messaging jade token."

As the young man in black channeled a thread of Origin Force into the messaging jade token, an anxious and familiar voice clearly reached his ears:



"Senior Brother Campbell, if I haven't returned, then the Sect Leader of the Heaven Fortin Sect, 'Wyatt Barnes,' has killed me! If I die, I hope you would avenge me, considering the effort I have put into serving you over the years."

The voice cut off abruptly.

This young man in black was none other than 'Isaac Campbell,' a Martial Emperor's personal disciple from the Lost Stone Forest, under the tutelage of 'Kingston Stone, the Martial Emperor,' and was his most cherished disciple.

His strength was one of the best among the few personal disciples under Kingston Stone.

"Wyatt Barnes."

Isaac Campbell murmured emotionlessly, gripping the messaging jade token tightly in his hand and crushing it to dust.

Whish!

A gust of wind blew by, making Isaac's black clothes flutter noisily, and the powdered remains of the messaging jade token scattered with the breeze, disappearing into the air in an instant.

Isaac's expression remained calm from start to finish, as if the life or death of Spring Sun was of no concern to him at all.

However, in the depths of his eyes, a hint of cold light was flickering.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the inland, Wyatt Barnes, following the memories of the former Martial Emperor, had finally arrived near his destination.

His destination was the place where the former Martial Emperor left the 'Big Treasure' in his second life.

"According to the former Martial Emperor's memory... the Storage Ring containing the 'Big Treasure' he left behind is inside that stretch of mountains."

Wyatt's gaze quickly shifted to the distance.

There, he saw a stretch of rolling mountains, lush green, indicating a thriving environment for the growth of flora.

"After ten thousand years, there are bound to be some changes to this mountain range... Finding the spot where the former Martial Emperor hid the Storage Ring is likely going to be quite challenging,"

Wyatt mused to himself.

For this, he had already made adequate mental preparations.

Swoosh!

In a moment, Wyatt turned into a streak of lightning, dashing towards the rolling mountains, and he quickly reached the sky above them.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Just as Wyatt arrived above the mountains, he suddenly heard a series of loud booms coming from deep within.

These booms shook the nearby mountains, causing the earth to tremble.

All at once, countless birds took flight from the area of the noise, and the verdant jungles were swaying as if they were going through a storm.

"Is someone fighting?"

Wyatt's eyebrows raised, and he drew closer out of curiosity. The closer he got, the louder the sounds became, deafening to the ear.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Having approached a bit closer, Wyatt felt gusts of tremendous wind blowing against him, his purple clothes rippling, causing him to squint his eyes instinctively.

"It seems like two 'Seventh-Order Emperor Realm' experts are fighting."

While continuing towards the source of the sounds, Wyatt silently gauged.

Soon, within a spacious valley, Wyatt saw two figures engaged in combat—an over two-meters-tall burly man was fighting with a white-haired, elderly man.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

The burly man wielded a pair of Meteor Hammers, and as he moved, they shot out like bombs towards the old man, striking without mercy.

Where the Meteor Hammers passed, the airflow was compressed, causing a series of explosive thunderous rumbles.

Raging winds were born from this, spreading out in all directions.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

...

In contrast, the elderly man held a walking stick, facing the pair of Meteor Hammers coming from the burly man without any fear, blocking them time and again.

Whether it was the burly man's Meteor Hammers or the elderly man's walking stick, both were Grade One spiritual weapons.

As the two clashed, along with their evenly matched strengths, they appeared to be in a standoff, with no clear winner.

"Old man, I discovered the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit' first... Isn't it a bit overstepping for you to interfere like this?"

The burly man roared as he swung out his Meteor Hammers, his voice deep and heavy.

"Big fellow, since you haven't managed to pluck it yet, it naturally isn't yours! A celestial resource like the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit' belongs to the one who is capable of obtaining it."

The old man's walking stick swept out like lightning, continually blocking the Meteor Hammers and declared unyieldingly.

"Well said, 'to the capable goes the spoil'... In that case, today I shall take care of you, this shameless old man, first, and then collect the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit'!"

The burly man shouted furiously, his muscles bulging, and his whole body seemed to expand.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

At the same time, a pair of Meteor Hammers flew out from his hands, suddenly stirring up, transforming into a sky full of hammer shadows, plummeting down towards the elder, like a meteor shower had begun to fall.

"You'll have to see if you have the ability!"

The elder sneered disdainfully, his gray robe billowing out as a result. The staff in his hand glowed intensely, dancing and generating a breeze, as if forming a defensive barrier in front of him and above his head.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

The hammer shadows raining down like a meteor shower mercilessly struck the defensive barrier formed by the staff in the elder's hand, causing him to retreat step by step.

The strength of the two men was nearly equal, but now that the burly man had taken the initiative, he had gained the upper hand for the moment.

However, the elder was no easy opponent and managed to quickly turn the situation around.

As the two fought, the continuous sounds of explosions were incessant. The rolling air waves turned into gusts of wind, uprooting all the flowers, grass, and trees around them.

Centered around the two of them, a vast area quickly became barren.

The two men, engaged in fierce combat, didn't notice that as the surrounding vegetation was uprooted, a figure appeared high above them.

The owner of this silhouette was none other than Wyatt Barnes, who had been attracted by the commotion of their battle.

"The Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit?"

Wyatt Barnes listened to the exchange between the two men, and his eyes lit up, his breathing becoming slightly rapid.

He had seen records of the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit in the memories of the reincarnated Martial Emperor.

The Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit was an extremely precious spiritual fruit, known as the 'King of Spiritual Fruits' on the Cloud Skies Continent.

In the Cloud Skies Continent, it was difficult for martial artists above the Martial Emperor Realm to enhance their abilities by consuming spiritual fruits, precisely because the strongest medicinal effects of spiritual fruits only worked on those in the Transforming Void Realm.

Martial Emperors benefitted little from consuming those fruits.

Of course, this was only the case if they consumed the fruits directly.

If a Grade One alchemist refined various unique spiritual fruits into Grade One Pill Medicine, it could help martial artists above the Martial Emperor Realm enhance their abilities to a certain extent.

However, even though they could be enhanced, the progression was nowhere near as exaggerated as for martial artists below the Martial Emperor Realm who consumed spiritual fruits.

Yet, the medicinal power of the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit, being the King of Spiritual Fruits, was far superior to ordinary spiritual fruits. Even martial artists of the Martial Emperor Realm could gain a substantial improvement by consuming it.

"One Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit, combined with some precious medicinal herbs, can be refined into a cauldron of Profound Emperor Pills... If I personally refine them, ten pills can be produced from one cauldron."

"The medicinal power of three Profound Emperor Pills is comparable to that of one Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit."

For this reason, even if Wyatt Barnes were to obtain the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit, he wouldn't consume it directly.

He would combine it with other medicinal herbs to refine Profound Emperor Pills.

"Since they are fighting over it here... it must be nearby."

With this thought, Wyatt Barnes began searching around for the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit, but despite his search, he found nothing.

Bang!!

Just then, a loud noise came, like a thunderclap that shook the heavens.

Wyatt Barnes instinctively looked towards the source of the sound.

He saw the elder, who had been at a disadvantage under the assault of the burly man's Meteor Hammers, suddenly mount a strong counterattack. His staff struck the burly man, blasting him away.

Boom!

The burly man's body harshly hit the mountainside and fell down, silent.

Dead.

"Let him lead me to it."

Watching the elder collect the burly man's Storage Ring and fragments of his secret techniques, Wyatt Barnes's gaze fell on him, locking onto the elder.

He believed that next, the elder would likely go to find the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit.

His task was to follow the elder closely.

"Huh?"

When he saw the elder's next move, Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

The elder rose into the air, heading to the other side of the mountain range.

"It seems that the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit is not here... I wasted time searching on this side earlier."

Wyatt Barnes silently shook his head and immediately followed the elder.

Wyatt Barnes moved with extreme lightness, keeping a considerable distance, so the elder never noticed him; he burst into another valley on the other side of the mountain range.

This canyon was extremely narrow and very damp.

Yet, in this cramped canyon, under a cluster of trees hidden from the sunlight, stood a proud plant.

Atop this plant hung a purple-red spiritual fruit.

"The Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit is mine."

The elder's eyes sparkled, and he reached out to harvest the spiritual fruit, to claim it as his own.

However, just as he was about to pick the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit, he felt a strange gust of wind at his side, causing his complexion to change drastically.

In the next moment, he discovered that the Ten Thousand Year Vermilion Fruit before his eyes had vanished.

Chapter 1203: Big Treasure

"It truly is the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit'!"

Gazing at the spirit fruit in his hand, which was so red it was nearly purple, Wyatt Barnes's eyes gleamed with excitement.



Although the burly man and the old man had mentioned this 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit' during their confrontation earlier, Wyatt had not seen it with his own eyes, so he could not be sure whether the two had identified it correctly.

But now, looking at the spirit fruit before him, he was completely certain.

The fruit in front of him was indeed the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit.'

Because it was the spitting image of the Millennium Vermilion Fruit from the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor.

According to the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor, Wyatt knew:

In his first life, the Reincarnated Martial Emperor had also obtained a Millennium Vermilion Fruit, almost identical to the one he now held.

Therefore, he was now absolutely certain that the spirit fruit in his hand was the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit.'

Wyatt's voice clearly reached the ears of the old man who was turned away, causing the old man's expression to change once more as he sharply cried out, "Who's there?"

As he shouted, the old man rapidly turned around, retreating swiftly as if fearing an attack from behind.

After a moment, he managed to get a clear view of the person who had been standing behind him: a purple-robed young man about twenty-five years old, with handsome features, starry eyes, and an elegant demeanor.

"Who are you?"

The old man asked sternly, looking at the purple-robed youth before him.

Naturally, the one being stared down by the old man was none other than 'Wyatt'

Wyatt, too, came back to his senses and cast a nonchalant glance at the old man, "Who I am doesn't matter... What's important is that I have taken this 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit.'"

As Wyatt spoke, his tone carried an air of no argument.

"This was found by me!" the old man stated emphatically.

Although he didn't know exactly how strong the purple-robed youth before him was, judging by the latter's previously demonstrated speed, he could infer that the youth's cultivation was extraordinary.

If not necessary, he had no desire to provoke the young man.

However, the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit' held a special significance to him; if he consumed it, he might be able to break through from the 'Level Eight Martial Emperor Realm' to the 'Level Nine Martial Emperor Realm.'

Therefore, unless absolutely necessary, he was not willing to give up on the Millennium Vermilion Fruit.

"You found it?"

Upon hearing the old man's words, Wyatt was momentarily startled, and then he couldn't help but burst out laughing heartily, "If I remember correctly, wasn't it that big fellow who found the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit' first?"

"Did you not say 'the capable one shall possess it' before you killed him?"

By the end of his statement, Wyatt gave the old man a piercing look, "If you have an objection, I don't mind if you challenge me... As long as you can defeat me, I will return this Millennium Vermilion Fruit to you. How about that?"

The capable one shall possess it?

Hearing Wyatt's words, the old man's expression grew even more somber, feeling like he had just shoot himself in the foot.

At this point, he finally realized that the young man's appearance was no mere coincidence.

Perhaps, as early as when the old man was fighting with the burly man, the young man had been lurking in the shadows; otherwise, how could he have possibly known what the old man had said at that time.

And Wyatt's final words further intensified the old man's apprehension.

Since the young man dared to speak in such a manner, it showed his confidence in his own strength.

For a moment, the old man considered retreating.

But the nascent thought to retreat was quickly suppressed by the 'greed' that surged from deep within him, "No! I cannot give up on the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit' just like this."

The presence of the Millennium Vermilion Fruit made the old man unwilling to leave.

Swoosh!

Not just that, as he muttered to himself, his eyes crazed with madness, he raised his hand and an Emperor Grade spiritual weapon cane appeared, charging straight at Wyatt.

His attack was full-on, relentless, as if he intended to kill Wyatt with a single blow.

However, as quick as he charged, his retreat was just as rapid.

Just as the old man wielded the Emperor Grade spiritual weapon cane and charged at Wyatt with all his might,

Wyatt not only did not dodge, he stepped forward and, before the cane could touch him, struck out with a palm that was seemingly guided by divine aid, hitting the old man squarely in the chest with a resounding 'boom.'

Immediately after, the old man shot back like an arrow loosed from its bowstring, crashing harshly against the mountain wall and vomiting several mouthfuls of blood.

It was because Wyatt had pulled his punches.

Otherwise, with Wyatt's strength, killing him would have been a matter of moments.

A mere 'Level Eight Martial Emperor' was beneath Wyatt's notice.

Once the old man caught his breath, his first action was to take out a healing Pill Medicine and swallow it. After recovering somewhat, he looked toward Wyatt, who stood not far away, his face etched with fear.

The next moment, without another word, he took off running.

When he realized Wyatt was not pursuing him, he couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

As he left, the old man's back was drenched in cold sweat; never before in his life had he felt so close to death.

He never wanted to experience that nearly suffocating sensation ever again in his life.

As for the 'Millennium Vermilion Fruit', by now he had tossed it out of his mind, no longer daring to covet it.

Thus, the Millennium Vermilion Fruit became another item in Wyatt's possession.

"Once I return, I'll have Pearl Rowan gather the other ingredients... As soon as all the materials are gathered, along with this Millennium Vermilion Fruit, I'll be able to concoct a cauldron of 'Profound Emperor Pill.'"

With this thought, Wyatt couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement.

Within moments, he regained his composure and, like discovering a treasure, stored the "Ten Millennium Vermilion Fruit" in the Storage Ring.

"It seems my luck isn't bad... I haven't found the 'Big Treasure' left by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor yet, but I've got a 'Ten Millennium Vermilion Fruit.'"

Muttering to himself for a while, a smile gradually formed on the corners of Wyatt Barnes's mouth.

"Now, it's time to search for the 'Big Treasure' left by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor."

Following that, Wyatt began to search throughout the mountain range according to the memories from ten thousand years ago of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor, aiming to find the Storage Ring that the emperor had left behind.

During his second life, the emperor had prepared a variety of rare and exotic treasures for his third life, all of which he placed in that masterless Storage Ring.

Now, Wyatt intended to acquire that Storage Ring because possessing it was equivalent to owning the 'Big Treasure' left by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor.

"Where exactly is it?"

After searching for a day and a night, Wyatt still hadn't found anything.

After ten thousand years, the mountain range had changed to some extent.

Therefore, finding the Storage Ring left by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor was no easy task for Wyatt, and it would take some time.

Finally, after three days and three nights, Wyatt successfully found the Storage Ring, deeply buried beneath the earth. Had it not been for Wyatt's keen spiritual sense, he might never have discovered it.

Drip!

Wyatt pricked his finger, let a drop of blood fall, and dropped it onto the just unearthed and ancient Storage Ring, initiating the blood recognition of the master.

At that moment, Wyatt also gained control of the Storage Ring.

With a mere thought, he saw everything inside the Storage Ring.

This Storage Ring had a frighteningly large space, "Worthy of being an Emperor Grade spiritual tool crafted by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor... so spacious."

The space inside the Storage Ring in Wyatt's hand was so vast that it could rival a spacious mansion.

His attention, however, was quickly drawn away by other contents.

Inside the vast space of the Storage Ring was a mountainous pile of all sorts of rare and exotic treasures that dazzled Wyatt to the point where he couldn't recover for a while.

These were the 'Big Treasure' left by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor—henceforth belonging only to him.

Hiss!

After taking a deep breath, Wyatt calmed his excited heart and began to inventory the various rare and exotic treasures inside the Storage Ring, completely engrossed in them.

Even though he had been mentally prepared, the sight of so many treasures still caused Wyatt's heartbeat to accelerate continuously.

Time flew by.

In the blink of an eye, a month had passed.

Heaven Fortin Sect, Wyatt Peak.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind blew, and a figure appeared above the summit of Wyatt Peak—a black silhouette.

It was a tall young man dressed in black, with a handsome face and an inherently imposing demeanor. As he stood there, it seemed as if he merged with the heavens and the earth.

Clearly, he was no ordinary individual.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Suddenly, the black-clad young man's lips moved slightly, he spoke directly, his voice not loud but infused with Origin Force, spreading to every corner of Wyatt Peak.

"Who is calling for the Sect Leader?"

"The voice seems to come from the peak."

...

At once, the entire Heaven Fortin Sect was stirred, and many elders and disciples of the sect rose into the air, heading toward the peak.

Pearl Rowan and Three Graham, as Vice Sect Leaders of the Heaven Fortin Sect, quickly appeared as well.

Winnie Romero, Kamari Gold, and Fill Bear also made their appearances one by one.

"Fill Bear, who do you think it could be?" Kamari Gold asked with a voice condensed by Origin Force.

"How should I know?" Fill Bear replied irritably, giving Kamari Gold a sidelong glance before muttering, "The Young Master hasn't returned yet, and someone is already seeking him out... It's unclear whether they're friend or foe."

Before long, almost all of the elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect who weren't in secluded cultivation or away on long journeys had gathered atop Wyatt Peak.

After arriving at the peak, the group looked at the distant figure in black clothes, pointing and discussing among themselves.

"Was it him who was calling the Sect Leader's name just now?"

"It seems like it."

...

Many disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect sized up the black-clad young man.

"Who are you? What business do you have with our Sect Leader?" Pearl Rowan asked the black-clad young man sternly.

Unfortunately, the black-clad young man did not respond to Pearl Rowan, instead looking around at the gathered group of Heaven Fortin Sect elders and disciples, and loudly asked, "Did Wyatt Barnes kill 'Spring Sun,' the disciple of the Lost Stone Forest Martial Emperor?"

The question from the black-clad youth came abruptly, and those present couldn't respond momentarily. Once a few began to comprehend, their expressions shifted.

Although no one admitted it, the faces of many elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect undoubtedly confirmed it by default.

"Very well, very well."



In an instant, the expression of the black-clad young man remained unchanged, but his tone of repetition was clearly tinged with a hint of coldness.

Chapter 1204: He's My Man

"Which one is Wyatt Barnes?"

The young man in black scanned the crowd before him, his tone incredibly calm.

At this moment, the faces of everyone from the Heaven Fortin Sect turned unpleasant.

From the black-clothed youth's inquiry, it was clear he had come for that Martial Emperor disciple 'Spring Sun', and moreover, for revenge.

"It's that Martial Emperor disciple 'Spring Sun' who was killed by our Sect Leader... If this person is also a Martial Emperor disciple like Spring Sun, he probably wouldn't dare to barge into our Heaven Fortin Sect alone."

"If he dares to come alone, he must be fully confident in his own strength, surely above that of Spring Sun."

...

Many elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect chattered amongst themselves.

Suddenly, an elder of the Heaven Fortin Sect spoke up, his words plunging the scene into dead silence.

"Stronger than Spring Sun, and he's here on Spring Sun's behalf... Could this person be a 'personal disciple of the Martial Emperor'?"

A personal disciple of the Martial Emperor!

The strongest existence under the Martial Emperor's command.

An existence that often sees the Martial Emperor and receives guidance.

Such beings were an unattainable presence for everyone present, to be looked up to with humility.

"You are quite clever to have guessed my identity."

The young man in black looked at the elder from the Heaven Fortin Sect and said indifferently, "Correct, I am a personal disciple of the Martial Emperor, a student of the 'Kingston Stone Martial Emperor' of the Lost Stone Forest... As for Spring Sun, he was just a lackey Martial Emperor disciple by my side."

Boom!

The black-clothed youth's words struck the crowd like thunder, causing most of them to change color in fear and shock.

Although they had guessed moments earlier that this youth might indeed be a personal disciple of the Martial Emperor.

However, his personal admission brought a different kind of feeling.

After all, a guess might not necessarily be true.

But now...

"Martial... a personal disciple of the Martial Emperor? Is he... really a personal disciple of the Martial Emperor?"

"There seems to be no mistake... According to him, even Spring Sun was a mere errand runner for him. It is unexpected, though, that he would come to our Heaven Fortin Sect for the sake of a lackey."

"As the saying goes, 'Even when hitting a dog, you must look at its owner'... He must feel that his dignity has been challenged."

...

A group of elders and disciples from the Heaven Fortin Sect changed color and once again looked around with fear and only wariness remaining in their eyes.

"Wyatt Barnes, I give you three breaths time... If you don't come out, I will exterminate the Heaven Fortin Sect entirely!"

The young man in black spoke with the same calm tone, but to those listening, it felt like a mountain pressing down on them, overwhelming and suffocating.

"Our Sect Leader has been temporarily away from the Sect for nearly two months now and has not returned."

Three Graham spoke with an ugly expression.

He never imagined that the young man before him would be a 'personal disciple of the Martial Emperor', such a being could annihilate their entire Heaven Fortin Sect with his own power.

Even if their Sect Leader were present, he didn't doubt that the other party could wipe out the Heaven Fortin Sect.

A personal disciple of the Martial Emperor usually stood at the pinnacle of the Martial Emperor Realm, not comparable to an ordinary Martial Emperor.

Their Sect Leader might be strong, but might not necessarily be this person's match.

"Indeed."

At this moment, Pearl Rowan also spoke up, echoing Three Graham's statement, seemingly fearful that the personal disciple of the Martial Emperor before them would not believe it.

Wariness filled Pearl Rowan's eyes as well.

"Left?"

The young man in black's eyes narrowed imperceptibly, then opened again with a fleeting sharp gleam.

He then surveyed the surroundings and said in a deep voice, "In that case, I'll give you two options... Either send someone who can speak on Wyatt Barnes's behalf to die in his place; or, I'll annihilate the Heaven Fortin Sect and all of you die together."

For him, this trip was just about getting some personal satisfaction.

As for whether it was Wyatt Barnes himself or someone Wyatt cared about who died, he did not care.

He wasn't particularly concerned about Spring Sun's life or death; but after all, Spring Sun had been serving him for many years, and since the dog's master must be acknowledged, he had to make a statement.

Whoosh!

As soon as the young man in black made his statement, it was like a stone causing ripples in a pond, making everyone, including Three Graham and Pearl Rowan, change their faces.

However, no one stepped forward.

Even Three Graham and Pearl Rowan, the two Vice Sect Leaders, had no intention of stepping out now.

What a joke!

To step out was to walk the path to certain death.

They were supposed to die for their Sect Leader and thereby save the lives of everyone in the Heaven Fortin Sect, but how could the lives of others possibly compare to one's own?

"What should we do? What should we do?"

A good number of elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect panicked.

"Who is willing to go out and sacrifice themselves for the Sect Leader? A single person's sacrifice to save the whole Sect! We'll remember them."

"Nonsense! Why don't you go out, and we'll remember you?"

"I... I..."

...

A group of elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect looked at each other with ugly expressions, but in the end, none were willing to step forward.

"It seems you all cherish your lives very much."

The youth in black looked at the scene before him, his face showing a mocking smile.

"If that's the case, I'll send all of you off together..."

Following that, the youth in black raised his hand, and a terrifying aura began to emerge from his body, seeming as if it could destroy heaven and earth, causing many of the Wyatt Heaven Sect disciples with lower cultivation to change color, despair written over their faces.

Is this the power of a disciple personally instructed by the Martial Emperor?

"You said as long as someone comes forward, you would let them go?"

Just then, a calm voice containing a chill of a woman's voice came from afar, interrupting the words of the youth in black.

Immediately afterward, a figure clad in flaming red appeared, like a sprite of fire, materializing before the eyes of everyone present, standing there, confronting the youth in black.

"Miss Winnie, let me take Young Master's place."

At the same moment, two figures approached from a distance; one of them, a middle-aged man, was looking earnestly at the red-clad woman who had just made her appearance.

"His sect is my sect."

The red-clad woman who had just appeared was none other than 'Winnie Romero.' After her arrival, she fixed a cold and indifferent gaze upon the youth in black.

Hearing what Fill Bear, who had just arrived, said, she responded in a detached tone, as though what she was doing was nothing but natural.

"What a beautiful woman!"

When Winnie Romero appeared, the gaze of the youth in black was completely captivated by her.

He had seen many beautiful women in his life, but the majority were alluring without substance. Like this red-clad woman with unparalleled beauty and extraordinary presence, it was his first time encountering such a woman.

For the first time in his life, his heart, originally devoted solely to the cultivation of martial arts, trembled.

He, had been moved.

"Miss Winnie."

Hearing Winnie's words, Fill Bear's complexion changed drastically. If anything were to happen to Miss Winnie, how would he explain it to the Young Master?

"You kill me, let the others go."

Taking a deep breath, Fill Bear transformed into a flash of lightning, swiftly positioning himself in front of Winnie Romero and shielding her behind him.

Whoosh!

Fill Bear had just stood firm when a whistling sound was heard; a figure appeared beside Fill Bear, joining him in protecting Winnie Romero behind them.

It was 'Kamari Gold.'

"Kamari Gold, you..."

Seeing Kamari Gold willing to protect Winnie Romero with his life, just like himself, Fill Bear was momentarily stunned.

In his view,

He, having followed the Young Master for many years, felt it only natural to lay down his life for the Young Master.

But Kamari Gold was different; he had been with their Young Master for a very short time.

"What? Surprised?"

Kamari Gold smiled faintly, a look of respect flashing in his eyes, "From the moment the master helped our tribe avenge our grudge, I have given my life to the master."

"For my master, although I, Kamari Gold, die without regret! It's only a pity that, after this, I can't stay by the master's side."

Kamari Gold sighed towards the end.

Whether it was Winnie Romero, or Kamari Gold and Fill Bear, they had now resolutely stood before the youth in black, protecting all the Heaven Fortin Sect elders and disciples.

For a while, many people blushed with shame, feeling utterly disgraced.

"I, Three Graham, am willing to give my life in place of the Sect Leader."

Soon, after his complexion underwent a series of changes, Three Graham leaped forward and stood beside Fill Bear and Kamari Gold, directing his gaze at the youth in black.

In his eyes,

Ever since he arrived at the Heaven Fortin Sect, he had been highly valued by the Sect Leader and had received many benefits from him.

If he did not step forward now, he would be unworthy of being a man.

Although he did not stand forward before, deep inside he certainly felt extremely guilty.

Whoosh!

Another whooshing sound came, and it was Pearl Rowan who also stepped forward.

Momentarily, Three Graham and Pearl Rowan, the two Vice Sect Leaders of the Heaven Fortin Sect, earned the respect of all the elders and disciples present.

With their actions, they proved themselves worthy of the title of 'Vice Sect Leader.'

"Hmph! Your worthless lives aren't enough to replace Wyatt Barnes's death."



Just then, to everyone's surprise, the youth in black raised his hand, and a vast gust of wind swept out, instantly sweeping the four people standing before Winnie Romero to one side.

Four Martial Emperor strongmen, among them two beyond the Seventh-Order of the Emperor Realm, had no chance to react before they were swept away, completely powerless to resist.

In the presence of the youth in black, they were like ants, vulnerable and easily crushed.

For a moment, the four of them underwent a drastic change in complexion.

"You, are you willing to die in place of Heaven Fortin Sect Leader 'Wyatt Barnes'?"

After sweeping the four 'obstructions' aside, the youth in black's scorching gaze turned towards Winnie Romero, asking directly.

Winnie Romero did not respond to the youth in black.

Her pair of resolute eyes was undoubtedly the best answer.

"To have such an outstanding beauty die in Wyatt Barnes's stead... Honestly, even I'm somewhat envious of him," the youth in black continued in a relaxed manner, not angered at all.

Towards the end, a trace of envy appeared in his eyes, and then he asked, "I'm very curious, what exactly is your relationship with him, that you're willing to die for him?"

"He is my man."

This time, Winnie Romero spoke, and as she did, her originally resolute and cold eyes lit up with life, and even the frost on her face seemed to melt away.

Chapter 1205: Ten Years

To Winnie Romero, who had lost her memory, Wyatt Barnes was her everything.

He had always been by her side, giving her warmth, giving her everything. It was only with Wyatt that she had a sense of 'home.'

And she happily enjoyed all of it.

Now, the Heaven Fortin Sect was in trouble and needed someone who could speak for it, someone who could stand in for Wyatt Barnes.

She stepped forward.

Not for the Heaven Fortin Sect, but solely for Wyatt Barnes, the man she saw as the support of her life.

To die for that man, she would have no regrets!

"Your man?"

But upon receiving Winnie Romero's response, the expression of the young man in black darkened, as if displeased.

He had never expected that this beauty before him was already spoken for.

Whoosh!

Without knowing when, the red garments on Winnie Romero's body became turbulent, like flames igniting. Simultaneously, a vast sea of flames indeed rose from her body, quickly transforming into a sword-shaped flame.

In her hands appeared a five-foot-long red soft sword. As she infused her strength into it, the sword began to tremble slightly, emitting a series of clear, ringing sword cries.

Above the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred, gathering into a remarkable vision.

Even though she realized she was no match for the young man in black before her, Winnie Romero had no intention of sitting idle. That was not her style.

Even though she knew she was outmatched, she was determined to fight!

"I hope you can do as you say."

Winnie Romero looked at the young man in black, her eyes devoid of any emotion. She lightly parted her cherry lips and spoke nearly word by word.

"With that little strength, you are far from being able to contend with me."

The young man in black glanced at the vision in the void above Winnie Romero's head, shook his head, and said. Such a level of power posed no threat to him.

"However, that's not important... because I've changed my mind."

A rare smile crept onto the young man in black's lips, a sinister smile that made one shudder at the sight.

"Hm?"

Upon hearing this, Winnie Romero's brows slightly furrowed.

The rest also turned their gaze upon the young man in black, all wondering what he intended to do next.

Could it be that he had regrets?

Or did he plan to annihilate the entire Heaven Fortin Sect?

For a moment, many faces changed color, showing signs of fear and alarm.

"I can spare you, I can also spare the Heaven Fortin Sect, and even Wyatt Barnes."

The young man in black stared intently at Winnie Romero, his gaze causing her face to darken, sensing something bad was about to happen.

"Conditions."

Winnie Romero spoke sparingly.

"You, become my woman!"

The young man in black's gaze did not waver as he spoke fervently.

Whoosh!

As soon as the young man in black spoke these words, the entire place was abuzz.

This disciple of the Martial Emperor was actually trying to steal the woman of their Sect Leader?

It was well known that the woman in red, 'Winnie Romero,' was recognized as the wife of the Sect Leader of the Heaven Fortin Sect, a fact that not even Winnie herself had ever denied.

"In your dreams!"

Two angry shouts erupted almost simultaneously, as Kamari Gold and Fill Bear, upon hearing the young man in black's words, glared fiercely at him.

Was this guy really trying to steal their master, the Young Master's woman?

"Shut up!"

The young man in black's face darkened, and as he raised his hand, a vast power swept out, blasting Kamari Gold and Fill Bear away, leaving only eye-catching trails of blood in their wake, like blood-red fireworks blooming across the sky.

"I'll give you another chance. If you dare to speak out of turn again, I'll take your lives!"

The young man in black said coldly.

This time, he merely taught Kamari Gold and Fill Bear a lesson, severely injuring them without taking their lives.

"What do you say?"

When the young man in black looked again toward Winnie Romero, the coldness on his face vanished, replaced by a smile.

"Impossible."

At that moment, Winnie Romero's eyes sharpened, and the frost on her face seemed to thicken, giving off waves of coldness that rejected others from thousands of miles away.

"What? You want to see all the members of the Heaven Fortin Sect die?"

The young man in black laughed, his brilliant smile laced with the threat behind his words.

As soon as he spoke, the majority of the Heaven Fortin Sect's elders and disciples changed color. They thought they could escape disaster, but the situation turned on them, plunging their hearts from heaven straight into Hell.

At the same time, many of the elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect looked toward Winnie Romero, all wanting to know how she would respond.

"As you wish."

Confronted with the young man in black's threat, Winnie Romero seemed unbothered, responding indifferently.

The young man in black was taken aback, having never expected Winnie Romero to respond like that. He couldn't help but ask, "Aren't you supposed to protect the Heaven Fortin Sect for your man? Are you reneging now?"

Winnie Romero did not respond to the young man in black, but her fearless gaze indirectly answered him.

Her meaning was simple.

Death, she did not fear.

But to be his possession, impossible.

She would rather die than be unfaithful to the man she adored, Wyatt Barnes.

"Okay, okay..."

The young man in black took a deep breath, and his consecutive utterances of 'okay' caused many of the Heaven Fortin Sect elders and disciples present to hang on with bated breath.

"In my entire life, this is the first time I've met a woman like you that has made me feel this way," said the black-clad youth, also known as Isaac Campbell, a disciple personally taught by the Martial Emperor from the Lost Stone Forest, his gaze at Winnie Romero growing increasingly bright and fervent. "Therefore, regarding today's matter, I am willing to take a step back."

"I can choose not to kill Wyatt Barnes, or any other person from the Heaven Fortin Sect... However, you must return with me to the 'Lost Stone Forest!'"

Isaac Campbell's eyes sparkled as he spoke directly, "Ten years. You only need to stay in the Lost Stone Forest for ten years... During these ten years, I will pursue you, and before I win your heart, I will not lay a finger on you."

"After ten years, if you still reject me, I will grant you your freedom."

As he spoke, his face was full of confidence, confident in his own ability to win over the woman before him in a decade.

Who was he?

A direct disciple of the Martial Emperor!

The foremost among the disciples under the Martial Emperor Kingston Stone.

Given ten years, if he could not win over a woman, he might as well hit his head against a wall in embarrassment.

Ten years!

With Isaac Campbell's words, the scene once again descended into utter silence.

"Miss Winnie, don't agree to him."

Having taken the Pill Medicine to heal, Kamari Gold and Fill Bear, whose strength had somewhat recovered, used their combined Origin Force to resonate with a voice that pleaded with Winnie Romero.

Ten years.

For a martial artist, it might not seem like a long time.

But for a young couple in love, it was too long, long enough for one person to forget another, not completely but enough to fade from memory.

"Yes, Miss Winnie, you must think this over," added Three Graham and Pearl Rowan.

Although they too wished to survive, the idea of being saved by a young, beautiful woman sacrificing a decade of her life was more than they could bear; they would rather die.

"This is my ultimatum... If you are unwilling, I will kill all of the Heaven Fortin Sect members! And then I will wait here for a while, until Wyatt Barnes returns, and I will kill him."

Isaac Campbell's voice carried a chill as he looked at Winnie Romero, who had not responded for a while. His patience was running thin.

"Swear an oath," finally replied Winnie Romero, her autumnal eyes sparkling as she gave Isaac Campbell a cursory glance.

"What? You doubt the word of a disciple personally taught by the Martial Emperor?" Even though Isaac Campbell's words seemed dismissive, his heart swelled with joy because this indicated that the red-clad woman in front of him had considered accepting his condition, even following him.

Accordingly, Isaac Campbell readily swore an oath bound by the 'Nine-Nine Thunder Tribulation.'

Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

In a moment, nine claps of thunder resounded, affirming the oath made by Isaac Campbell.

"Lead the way!"

Seeing that Isaac Campbell had made the oath, Winnie Romero spoke in a cool tone.

At first, Isaac Campbell was slow to comprehend, but once he did, he promptly began to lead the way, taking Winnie toward the northwest.



Their destination:

The Lost Stone Forest!

Isaac Campbell, with Winnie Romero in tow, left the Heaven Fortin Sect. As for Spring Sun's 'vengeance,' he had completely forgotten about it.

To him, the life or death of Spring Sun meant nothing.

His concern was the heart-stirring beauty before him.

For the next ten years, he planned to use every means possible to win over the heart of this peerless beauty and make her truly his woman.

However, in Winnie Romero's eyes, all this was but a temporary measure.

She believed that her Brother Barnes would not need ten years to advance his power, after which he would come rescue her from the Lost Stone Forest.

To her, this was merely a time for cultivation in the 'Lost Stone Forest.'

She wasn't worried about Isaac Campbell forcing himself on her because she had a way to control her power and self-destruct before he succeeded.

She would rather die than betray her Brother Barnes, the man she regarded as her 'future husband.'

It was with all these preparations in mind that she had decided to go with Isaac Campbell.

Her choices now were twofold.

One, to wait for Brother Barnes to rescue her, or after ten years, hope that Isaac Campbell would keep his promise and let her leave.

The other option was death.

Nevertheless, she harbored no regrets.

"For ten years of my youth, I exchange your lifetime of peace."

In her mind quickly flashed the image of a figure clad in purple, as a rare smile graced her lips, warm and tender.

Isaac Campbell left with Winnie Romero, leaving behind a group of silent elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect, along with the two Vice Sect Leaders, Kamari Gold, and Fill Bear.

Their expressions were now grim.

Even among the elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect.

Although they were relieved to have survived, the thought that their survival came at the cost of their Sect Leader's beloved offering up ten years of her youth filled them with guilt.

"When the Young Master returns and learns of this matter, I'm afraid he won't be able to accept it," said Kamari Gold with a dark expression and heavy heart.

"If Young Master returns, he will surely head straight to the 'Lost Stone Forest'!" Fill Bear knew Wyatt Barnes better than anyone else present.

Yet Wyatt Barnes remained unaware of this all as he hastened back on the road home.

Chapter 1206: Furious Wyatt Barnes

"This time, it truly was a bountiful harvest."

"Inside the 'Storage Ring,' there were not only Emperor Grade and near-Emperor Grade spirit artifacts prepared early by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor but also some near-Emperor Grade and Emperor Grade Pill Medicines, as well as many rare and unusual materials."

On the way back, Wyatt Barnes's face was always filled with a satisfied smile.

"Most importantly... there are enough 'Emperor Grade Return-Life Pills!'"

The smile on Wyatt Barnes's face grew even richer.

Return-Life Pills are healing medicines.

And healing medicines vary.

From Ninth to Seventh Grade, they are known as 'Wound-Healing Pills';

From Sixth to Fourth Grade, they are called 'Great Returning Pills';

From Third to First Grade, they are termed 'Return-Life Pills';

Near-Emperor Grade and Emperor Grade are 'Return-Life Pills'.

Return-Life Pills are also capable of truly achieving 'resurrecting the dead and regenerating flesh,' and their medicinal effects are even greater than the 99% pure First Grade Return-Life Pills.

This is no longer an accumulation of quantity but a transformation of quality!

"Now that we have enough Emperor Grade Return-Life Pills, giving them to Winnie for some time should help restore her memory."

Thinking about this, Wyatt Barnes squinted his eyes, and his face was filled with tender affection.

He had always blamed himself for Winnie's amnesia, believing that it happened because of him.

Now, having the opportunity to restore Winnie's memory brought him genuine joy from the bottom of his heart.

"When I concoct the 'Profound Emperor Pill' using the 'Thousand-Year Vermilion Fruit' combined with other materials, I will be able to rapidly enhance my cultivation... Coupled with some cultivation-assisting Pill Medicines left by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor, I will soon break through to the 'Ninth Level of the Martial Emperor Realm'!"

"Now that I've grasped the 'Emperor Realm Mysteries,' once my cultivation is sufficient, advancing to the 'Martial Emperor Realm' is almost guaranteed."

Although, Wyatt Barnes's 'Fusion Mysteries' weren't confirmed as 'Emperor Realm Mysteries.'

However, his 'Sword Mysteries' definitely were authentic 'Emperor Realm Mysteries.'

Once his cultivation reached the 'Ninth Level of the Martial Emperor Realm,' he could then easily ascend to the 'First Level of the Martial Emperor Realm,' becoming a Martial Emperor powerhouse.

On his way back, Wyatt Barnes was in high spirits.

He seemed to already see the 'Martial Emperor Realm' beckoning to him.

However, his good mood completely evaporated half a month later upon his return to the Heaven Fortin Sect.

This change was all because he learned a shocking piece of news.

Winnie had been kidnapped.

"Who did it?!"

Wyatt Barnes looked at the four people in front of him, his eyes blazing, and asked with a grim face.

Standing before Wyatt Barnes were none other than the two Vice Sect Leaders of the Heaven Fortin Sect, along with Kamari Gold and Fill Bear, who had always followed Wyatt.

"Young Master, it was 'Isaac Campbell.'"

Fill Bear said bitterly, bowing his head.

"Isaac Campbell?"

Wyatt Barnes's expression darkened. "Who is he?"

"Master, Isaac Campbell is the direct disciple of the Martial Emperor of the 'Lost Stone Forest,' and even Spring Sun is just his errand runner... His strength is formidable; although he didn't display it in front of us, the power aura that faintly emanates from him suppressed us to the point where we can't muster any will to fight," Kamari Gold explained, taking a deep breath, his words tinged with lingering fear.

The aura Isaac Campbell emitted that day was extraordinarily terrifying, suffocating Kamari Gold to the extent that he couldn't even think of contending.

"He has come this time to avenge Spring Sun. However, he doesn't seem to care much about Spring Sun's life or death..."

Soon, the two Vice Sect Leaders, Three Graham and Pearl Rowan, also began to speak, laying out the events' details without any concealment.

Winnie left with Isaac Campbell for the Lost Stone Forest for the sake of the Heaven Fortin Sect?

In an instant, Wyatt Barnes's face turned exceptionally ugly, with a torrent of rage nearly bursting forth, uncontrollable.

Whoosh!

Before Three Graham and the others could react, Wyatt Barnes vanished into thin air from their sight, leaving no trace.

Immediately, the four of them paled.

"Did the Sect Leader go to the Lost Stone Forest?"

Three Graham's face looked distressed.

"Definitely."

Fill Bear nodded gravely, and then he swiftly moved towards the northwest, evidently chasing after Wyatt Barnes.

Even though he knew his own strength was insufficient to help even if he went.

He still wished to go.

That was his Young Master, the Young Master for whom he would willingly lay down his life.

"Both Vice Sect Leaders, before the Master returns, the management of the Heaven Fortin Sect is entrusted to you... I will follow Fill Bear to the Lost Stone Forest now, to see if we can catch up in time to stop the master," said Kamari Gold to Three Graham and Pearl Rowan, then his figure flickered, hurrying after Fill Bear.

Even though he said this, he had no confidence at heart.

His strength was much less than his master's, who might have already reached the Lost Stone Forest while he was still swiftly traveling.

Kamari Gold quickly caught up with Fill Bear.

"Your speed is too slow... I will take you with me."

As Kamari Gold spoke, a vast force emanated from him, propelling both Fill Bear and himself as they soared towards the northwest direction.

There, it was the direction of the "Lost Rock Forest."

Since the last time Gabriel Cloud brought Spring Sun to the Heaven Fortin Sect and both were killed, Wyatt Barnes had deliberately inquired about the "Lost Rock Forest" and learned its whereabouts.

As people close to Wyatt Barnes, Kamari Gold and Fill Bear naturally knew all this.

"Isaac Campbell... I don't care if you're a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor, if anything happens to Winnie, I'll take your life!"

Wyatt Barnes hastened his journey, his face grim, his eyes seemingly spitting fire.

Although Winnie had lost her memory, her fiery nature remained as always.

What he was most worried about now was that Isaac Campbell would change his mind and force himself on Winnie. With her temperament, she would rather die than let him succeed.

He understood Winnie very well in this regard.

That's why, upon learning all this, he was desperate to rush to the Lost Rock Forest.

He feared something might happen to Winnie!

If something happened to Winnie, not to mention that he couldn't explain it to Taoi Romero, he himself would never forgive himself in this lifetime.

"Winnie, wait for Brother Barnes... Brother Barnes will rescue you soon!"

As Wyatt Barnes's figure dashed through, it was like a streak of lightning crossing the sky, dispersing the clouds along its path and forming a clear 'heavenly road.'

Heading to the Lost Rock Forest to save Winnie, although partly impulsive, Wyatt Barnes had also considered it seriously.

Firstly, the direct disciple of the Martial Emperor, 'Isaac Campbell,' might not necessarily be a match for him now.

Secondly, the Lost Rock Forest was a cultivation place of the Martial Emperor.

Isaac Campbell was a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor.

The status of a direct disciple in the eyes of the Martial Emperor was completely different from that of ordinary disciples.

For ordinary disciples, even if many died, the Martial Emperor wouldn't care.

But for a direct disciple, even the death of one would enrage the Martial Emperor, who would then seek revenge.

This, Wyatt Barnes knew crystal clear from the memories of the Martial Emperor that spanned two lifetimes.

"If I am not a match for Isaac Campbell, I will use the 'Demon Sealing Monument'... Even if it means completely losing my sanity, I must rescue Winnie from the inferno!"

In Wyatt Barnes's heart, a decision was already made.

To save Winnie, he would spare no effort.

Not to mention losing his sanity, he would even sacrifice his own life without hesitation.

Winnie could lay down her life for him, and he could do the same!



Having used the 'Demon Sealing Monument' twice before, Wyatt Barnes had gained some insight and tricks.

As long as he let his emotions surge to the extreme, the Demon Sealing Monument would respond and assist him in 'Devil Transformation!'

"The Demon Sealing Monument greatly enhances me... Now using the Demon Sealing Monument, even an ordinary 'Martial Emperor expert' might not necessarily be my match."

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flashed as he thought silently.

That was also why he dared to head for the 'Lost Rock Forest.'

Remember, the Lost Rock Forest was a cultivation place of a Martial Emperor expert.

This trip could very likely alarm the opponent.

Without preparation, his journey would be no different from courting death.

Meanwhile, as Wyatt Barnes was hurrying toward the 'Lost Rock Forest,' inside the Lost Rock Forest, it was bustling too.

"Hey! Did you hear? Senior Brother Campbell brought back a young woman whose beauty and aura are said to be unparalleled! Really want to see her and find out if she's truly as outstanding."

A few Martial Emperor disciples gathered in a circle, chatting, and one of them said.

"Though I haven't heard about it... I did see that young woman when Senior Brother Campbell returned yesterday."

Another Martial Emperor disciple said.

"Oh?"

Immediately, the other Martial Emperor disciples' interest was piqued, their eyes lighting up.

"Is that young woman, as the rumors said, a woman of unparalleled beauty and aura?"

One of the Martial Emperor disciples asked.

"Of course!"

The previous Martial Emperor disciple nodded, a face full of envy as he said, "Senior Brother Campbell is really lucky. He brings back such a remarkable woman from a trip."

"I know Senior Brother Campbell used to be obsessed with cultivation and was indifferent to romance... but I didn't expect him to bring back a woman this time."

"It goes to show that the woman must be exceptional, to make even a cultivation fanatic like Senior Brother Campbell take an interest."

...

The other Martial Emperor disciples chimed in.

"However, that young woman seemed indifferent to Senior Brother Campbell. When I saw her with Senior Brother Campbell, he was smiling and talking to her, but she never responded."

The previous Martial Emperor disciple frowned as he spoke.

"No way!"

Immediately, the other Martial Emperor disciples couldn't help but show their surprise.

"Could that woman be someone Senior Brother Campbell took by force?"

One of the Martial Emperor disciples swallowed hard and speculated.

"Possibly."

Another Martial Emperor disciple nodded in agreement.

"Hmph! That woman really doesn't know what's good for her... Our Senior Brother Campbell, being a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor, is highly regarded by the Martial Emperor himself and is the most likely among us in the Lost Rock Forest to step into the 'Martial Emperor Realm.' Yet she treats him with indifference?"

A Martial Emperor disciple scoffed.

Chapter 1207: Not Interested

Lost Stone Forest, before a stone house carved out of a giant rock, a black figure stood there.

It was a tall, stern-faced youth dressed in black, his clothes fluttering in the wind, the young man himself exuding an elegant demeanor.

"Winnie, I will take you to meet my master."

The black-clothed youth was none other than Isaac Campbell, the direct disciple of the Martial Emperor of Lost Stone Forest.

Now, he was speaking to the stone house before him.

As for the master whom Isaac mentioned, he was the owner of Lost Stone Forest, Kingston Stone—the Martial Emperor.

And the person inside the stone house with its doors tightly shut was the silent woman in red who had followed him from Heaven Fortin Sect's Wyatt Peak, Winnie Romero.

Throughout their journey, Winnie Romero did not mention her own name to Isaac nor did she speak to him, maintaining her silence.

Even now, several days after arriving at Lost Stone Forest, it was still the same.

The reason Isaac knew the name 'Winnie' of Winnie Romero was that on that day at the Wyatt Peak of Heaven Fortin Sect, Kamari Gold and Fill Bear had called Winnie Romero 'Miss Winnie.'

"'Winnie' is not for you to call."

As soon as Isaac finished speaking, a voice as cold as ice came from inside the stone house.

"I only know you as 'Winnie'."

Isaac replied with a faint smile, "Winnie, you are not a 'demon'; to have such a level of cultivation at your age speaks to rare talent... I have requested my master to consider taking you as his direct disciple if he is satisfied with your talent."

Direct disciple of the Martial Emperor!

A moment of silence fell within the stone house.

"Once I become his direct disciple, can I leave the Lost Stone Forest without having to honor the 'ten-year pact' we made?" came the icy voice again after a while.

"To become the master's direct disciple is naturally to stay in the Lost Stone Forest to cultivate. Only when you reach the pinnacle of the Martial Emperor Realm and possess enough strength are you allowed to go out... This is the rule set by the master."

Isaac smiled and said, "The master has set such rules not with any other intention but only out of concern that a direct disciple might suffer a loss if going out without sufficient skill and thus tarnish his reputation."

"I'm not interested."

The cold voice came out again, filled with a tone that repelled others from thousands of miles away.

Not interested?

The words that came from the stone house, which were Winnie Romero's words, made Isaac momentarily stunned.

Are there actually people who have no interest in becoming a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor?

"Winnie, I hope you can think it over... Not just anyone can become a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor. I also spent much effort convincing the master to agree to assess your talent and, if possible, take you directly as a direct disciple."

Isaac spoke with patience.

However, although he appeared patient on the surface, his eyes were tinged with a touch of indifference.

His effort to persuade his master, the Martial Emperor Kingston Stone, to assess Winnie Romero's talent was not merely to help Winnie Romero; it was far from his intention to have her become his master's direct disciple.

Not to mention that his master may not favor Winnie Romero, even if he did, Isaac would try everything in his power to thwart Winnie Romero from becoming a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor.

Because yes, he didn't really want Winnie Romero to become his master's direct disciple.

After all, once Winnie Romero became his master's direct disciple, she would become his martial sister, his equal, and no longer need to give him any consideration, let alone agree to become his woman.

His actions were meant to 'move' Winnie Romero, and to have her be grateful to him.

In his eyes.

The position of a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor was merely 'bait'—a lure to hook Winnie Romero, the mermaid of beauty.

He intended to use this as a way to ease the tension between him and Winnie Romero.

For any normal martial artist, knowing that there was an opportunity to become a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor would undoubtedly be cause for great joy.

And for someone who had recommended them, they would be profusely grateful to their benefactor.

This was the effect he was looking for.

However, to his surprise, the woman inside the stone house appeared to have absolutely no interest in becoming a 'direct disciple of the Martial Emperor.'

This was completely beyond his expectations and disrupted his plans.

For a moment, he felt powerless as he realized that this 'breakthrough' he had thought of to ease his relationship with Winnie Romero was utterly useless.

Yet, he was still somewhat unwilling to give up.

That is why he continued to persuade Winnie Romero with great patience.

"Get lost!"

Despite his patient persuasion outside the stone house, what he received in return was an extremely cold 'get lost' from Winnie Romero, which made his complexion turn suddenly pale and green.

His eyes narrowed instantly, his gaze flashing coldly, and his expression turned extremely gloomy.

He, Isaac Campbell, the esteemed direct disciple of the Martial Emperor of Lost Stone Forest, Kingston Stone's most cherished direct disciple—since when had he been turned away like this? When had anyone treated him in such a manner?

He was furious, feeling nothing but raging anger.

However, when the image of the woman inside the stone house and her unparalleled beauty appeared in his mind, the gloominess on his face vanished, replaced by indifference.

"Winnie, then I will leave for now... I'll come to see you another day."

Isaac Campbell took a deep breath, suppressed the rage in his heart, and then turned to leave.

At the moment he turned, his expression darkened again, his eyes filled with intense coldness.

"Ten years... If you reject me, even if I cannot kill Wyatt Barnes, I will destroy you! The woman I, Isaac Campbell, cannot have, no one else should either," he muttered to himself as he swiftly moved away.

At the same time, his face was as ugly as it could be.

He had already made an agreement with his master, 'Kingston Stone Martial Emperor,' and now he had been stood up by Winnie Romero—clearly, he was bound to get an earful.

And because he was Kingston Stone Martial Emperor's most beloved direct disciple, if it had been another direct disciple who had dared to stand up Kingston Stone Martial Emperor, they wouldn't have just been scolded; there would have been other penalties.

The 'Stone House' lost within the Stony Forest may have been formed by hollowing out a boulder, but inside it was extremely clean and tidy, with every corner as though it had been cut by a knife or a sword, appearing very smooth.

The interior was simply furnished, with nothing more than a rectangular stone bed.

At present, atop the stone bed sat a woman in red, meditating cross-legged.

The red-clothed woman appeared to be in her early twenties, her long hair cascading over her shoulders. Her stunning beauty was covered with a layer of frost, emitting a chill that seemed to keep people at bay.

Additionally, her slightly furrowed brows made her seem like an 'Ice Beauty' engulfed by flames.

The 'flames' mentioned here naturally referred to the red clothing she wore, which was as red as raging fire.

"Brother Barnes, are you back at Heaven Fortin Sect now?"

At some point, the red-clothed woman slowly opened her enchanting autumn-like eyes and whispered softly, full of dependence and longing for Wyatt Barnes.

Since losing her memory, she had been following Wyatt Barnes. This was the first time she had been away from him this long.

Her heart was somewhat panicked.

Ten years.

She wasn't certain whether her Brother Barnes could truly elevate his cultivation within ten years to have the strength to rescue her from the Stony Forest.

After all, there was a Martial Emperor who resided in the Stony Forest, Isaac Campbell's master.

Originally full of confidence in her Brother Barnes, her journey to the Stony Forest had gradually made her calm down.



For a Martial Emperor to break through to the 'Emperor Realm' was extremely difficult.

Even among the current Martial Emperors of the Cloud Skies Continent, there were few, with not more than ten known publicly.

Some Martial Emperors had even understood six or seven types of Emperor Realm mysteries to the 'ninth level,' yet still failed to break through to the 'Martial Emperor Realm.'

This illustrates just how difficult it was to make such a breakthrough.

Although her Brother Barnes was a prodigy, far beyond ordinary people, becoming one of the less than ten publicly recognized Martial Emperors on the Cloud Skies Continent was still challenging.

For this reason, she was uncertain if her Brother Barnes could rescue her within ten years.

"If Brother Barnes can't get me out... then I can only wait to see him again after ten years," she thought.

As Winnie Romero thought about having to wait ten years to see the man who haunted her dreams, her heart ached—an oppressive, heart-wrenching pain.

Since losing her memory, this was the first time she had felt this way.

Ten years is neither long nor short.

But for Winnie Romero, life in the Stony Forest felt like an eternity each day.

If she could, she wouldn't want to remain here for a moment longer.

Time quietly passed.

Nearly a month swiftly went by.

One day, the area outside the 'Stony Forest' welcomed an uninvited guest—a purple-clothed young man who had come from the southeast, dusty and travel-worn.

The purple-clothed young man seemed to be around twenty-five years old, with starry eyes and sword-like eyebrows, extraordinarily handsome.

His dashing appearance alone was enough to captivate countless women.

"This is the 'Stony Forest'?"

The purple-clothed young man murmured to himself as he looked at the stone forest before him, his eyes flashing sharply as though they could shoot out flames.

This purple-clothed young man was none other than Wyatt Barnes, who had hurried here all the way from the Wyatt Peak of Heaven Fortin Sect!

"These 'Inscription Formations'... most are 'Illusionary Arrays.'

Wyatt's eyes were sharp, instantly seeing through the details of the stone forest before him, which housed numerous 'Inscription Formations,' mostly 'Illusionary Arrays,' with a few 'Killing Arrays.'

Wyatt could tell.

Most of these 'Inscription Formations' were set up by Martial Emperor Realm inscriptionists, with a few 'Killing Arrays' made by Martial Emperor inscriptionists.

"Kingston Stone Martial Emperor is not an 'Inscriptionist.'

From this, Wyatt easily deduced that point.

If Kingston Stone Martial Emperor were an 'Inscriptionist,' he would surely set up the Inscription Formations in his own 'lair' personally.

After all, Inscription Formations set by a Martial Emperor Realm inscriptionist were not comparable to those by a Martial Emperor inscriptionist.

"Hmph!"

Confronted by the multitude of Inscription Formations within the stone forest, Wyatt Barnes snorted softly, showing no fear as he stepped forward, ready to enter.

Chapter 1208: Forcibly Charging In

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes moved, transforming into a bolt of lightning as he breached the "Lost Stone Forest."

The Lost Stone Forest, for ordinary martial artists, was undoubtedly a forbidden area.

Those who entered the Lost Stone Forest, if not careful, would be lured by the "Illusionary Formation" to trigger the "Killing Formation," leading to their obliteration without a place for their bodies to rest.

Normally, only the people of the Lost Stone Forest could tread unimpeded within, unaffected by the "Illusionary Formation" and "Killing Formation."

However, now that Wyatt Barnes had entered, he also moved as if on level ground.

The Illusionary Formation, he simply ignored.

As for the Killing Formation, he avoided from afar.

Wyatt Barnes successfully intruded into the Lost Stone Forest and quickly alarmed many Martial Emperor disciples guarding the entrance.

Amidst their shock, these disciples appeared one after another.

What shocked them was that this purple-clad youth entered the Lost Stone Forest without being influenced by the "Illusionary Formation."

Moreover, wherever the purple-clad youth passed, it was always at a great distance from the "Killing Formation."

Once, it might be luck.

But twice, three times, and even four or five times, to still be the same, it could not be luck.

In an instant, the few Martial Emperor disciples responsible for this area realized something was amiss and quickly materialized, surrounding Wyatt Barnes in the middle.

"May I ask who Your Excellency is, and what brings you to our 'Lost Stone Forest'?"

Facing the purple-clad youth who had entered the Lost Stone Forest with ease, a group of Martial Emperor disciples did not dare act rashly, and one of them asked politely.

Wyatt Barnes gave the people before him a cursory glance, "Martial Emperor disciples?"

"Yes," responded several of them with a nod.

"Take me to Isaac Campbell."

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes looked at one of the Martial Emperor disciples, his eyes flickering with a sharp light that caused the latter to feel a chill down to his bones and tremble from fear deep within.

"Your Excellency..."

Before this Martial Emperor disciple could speak, he was interrupted by Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes's figure shifted, disappearing before his eyes while a gust of wind rushed towards him.

When he came to his senses, a powerful force was transmitted from his shoulder, leaving his entire body powerless.

It was Wyatt Barnes, who had appeared before this Martial Emperor disciple like lightning, grasping his shoulder, and spoke coldly, "Lead the way!"

By now, this Martial Emperor disciple and the others also reacted.

The purple-clad youth before them was here for 'Isaac Campbell.'

Isaac Campbell was naturally no stranger to them; he was the 'Pride of the Heavens' of their Lost Stone Forest. Not only a personal disciple of a Martial Emperor but also the most favored of the Kingston Stone Martial Emperor.

"What trouble has Senior Brother Campbell brought upon himself to attract such a fierce person?"

For a moment, several Martial Emperor disciples were alarmed.

Just now, the ease with which Wyatt Barnes entered the Lost Stone Forest already informed them this man was no ordinary individual.

Now, hearing that Wyatt Barnes had come to find their Lost Stone Forest's personal disciple of the Martial Emperor, 'Isaac Campbell,' and with hostile intent, they were even more aware that this man was not to be trifled with.

At the very least, they were not his match.

What a joke!

The very fact that this purple-clad youth dared to seek out their Lost Stone Forest's personal disciple of the Martial Emperor, 'Isaac Campbell,' signified a confidence in his own strength.

A being comparable to Isaac Campbell would only need a single finger to crush them!

The Martial Emperor disciple caught by Wyatt Barnes turned pale, fluctuating between shades of fear and dismay. Though terrified of death, he dared not truly lead the purple-clad youth before him to that Senior Brother Campbell.

Once he did so, he would meet the same fatal end.

And worse, it could implicate his family.

That was not what he wanted to see.

The rules of the Lost Stone Forest were strict, and admonishingly implicated one's family, so even facing death, he dared not transgress the rules of the Lost Stone Forest.

"Aren't you afraid of dying?"

Seeing no reaction from the Martial Emperor disciple in his grasp, Wyatt Barnes's eyes gleamed fiercely, and a murderous aura swept out, overwhelming the disciple, who showed a face full of terror.

However, even then, he made no move.

"Your Excellency, please do not trouble him."

At that moment, another Martial Emperor disciple pleaded with Wyatt Barnes, "We of the Lost Stone Forest have rules, no one under the Martial Emperor's command may betray another... Should anyone betray their peers, they will not only face certain death, but their family members will also be ensnared."

"So even if you kill him, or even kill all of us, it would be impossible for us to lead you to Senior Brother Campbell... If we were to do so, it would be equivalent to betraying Senior Brother Campbell, and in the end, not only would we face certain death, it would also involve our families."

As he reached the end of his discourse, the Martial Emperor disciple had a face full of bitterness.

"Your Excellency, I can use the 'Transmission Jade Slip' to inform Senior Brother Campbell."

Another Martial Emperor disciple proposed swiftly.

"Tell him to return the one he took from my Heaven Fortin Sect... If anything happens to that person, I want his life as compensation!"

Realizing that the Martial Emperor disciples could not lead him to Isaac Campbell, Wyatt Barnes could only fallback on an alternative demand in a serious tone.

"Also, tell him... my name is 'Wyatt Barnes'!" Wyatt Barnes added another sentence.

"Yes, yes." Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, the Martial Emperor disciple did not dare to neglect and immediately threw out a communication jade slip, vanishing from Wyatt Barnes's sight in the blink of an eye.

Communication jade slips inscribed by a Martial Emperor Realm Inscription Master had astonishing speed, far beyond his current capability.

After the communication jade slip was shot out, several Martial Emperor disciples saw that the purple-robed young man did not intend to vent his anger on them and each breathed a sigh of relief, still somewhat shaken.

Although they had not seen him take action so far, since he could enter the Lost Stone Forest with such ease, it was clear he was no ordinary person.

Moreover, the fact that he came looking for trouble with their highly respected 'Senior Brother Isaac Campbell' made them realize that the person before them was not simple.

So, they were grateful they were still alive.

At that moment, Wyatt stood aside with a calm face, looking in the direction where the communication jade slip was sent, paying no more attention to the few Martial Emperor disciples before him.

Seeing this, the Martial Emperor disciples knew they had dodged a bullet.

They exchanged glances, each seeing 'narrow escape' and 'lingering fear' in the other's eyes.

At the same time, having calmed their nerves, they began to communicate with each other using their Origin Force to project their voices.

"Based on what he just said... it seems Senior Brother Campbell took someone away from the Heaven Fortin Sect?"

One of them voiced his confusion.

"Could it be that woman Senior Brother Campbell brought back a while ago?"

Another made a guess.

"Now that you mention it, it's indeed possible... I was wondering why that woman seemed indifferent towards Senior Brother Campbell when they returned. It turns out she was actually abducted by him."

"Senior Brother Campbell is really forceful. He used to be disinterested in women, but once he became interested, he just outright seized her and brought her back."

...

The Martial Emperor disciples couldn't help but sigh to themselves.

Meanwhile, at a stone house carved out of a massive rock deep within the Lost Stone Forest, a tall young man in black suddenly appeared.



The black-robed young man caught a swiftly approaching beam of light with a single hand movement.

As he opened his hand, a jade slip appeared in his palm, catching his eye, "A communication jade slip?"

Then, the black-robed young man infused his Origin Force into the communication jade slip in his hand, and a voice timely transmitted into his ears:

"Senior Brother Campbell, someone has intruded at the southeast entrance of the Lost Stone Forest... He claims to be 'Wyatt Barnes' and asks you to release the person you took from Heaven Fortin Sect."

"He also says... if there is any mishap with that person, he will make you pay with your life."

The voice stopped there.

"Wyatt Barnes? The one who killed Spring Sun?" The black-robed young man, who was none other than Isaac Campbell, the direct disciple of the Martial Emperor of the Lost Stone Forest, also had an idea of what was happening when he heard the message from the communication jade slip.

Wyatt Barnes, the Sect Leader of Heaven Fortin Sect, was also the beloved of the woman he adored.

Moreover, he had made a vow using the 'Ninety-Nine Thunder Tribulation'; as long as the woman he adored stayed in the Lost Stone Forest for ten years, he would not kill Wyatt Barnes.

"I vowed not to kill you, but I didn't vow not to cripple you... I haven't come looking for you, but you've come to me, which suits me just fine."

Isaac Campbell's mouth curled into a cold smile without anyone knowing when, and his eyes were filled with a chilling luster.

Although he had never seen Wyatt Barnes, he had no good feelings towards him.

Far from it, he wished he could kill Wyatt Barnes!

Of course, none of this was because Wyatt Barnes had killed Spring Sun.

The life or death of Spring Sun was of no concern to him.

Even when he went to Heaven Fortin Sect because of Spring Sun's death, it was not to avenge Spring Sun but to make a statement, to show that even when striking a dog, one must see who its owner is!

He had no affinity for Wyatt Barnes, and in fact, wished to be rid of him, primarily because of the woman he had brought back to the Lost Stone Forest.

She was the woman who moved his heart, the one he longed to claim as his own.

And Wyatt Barnes was the man in her heart.

Were it not for the vow he made using the 'Ninety-Nine Thunder Tribulation' not to kill Wyatt Barnes, he would never let Wyatt Barnes live.

"I really want to see... when you are crippled and your limbs useless, will she still like you as before, and even acknowledge you as her man?"

Isaac Campbell murmured with a flicker of sinister smile on his lips.

Nobody was there to witness this moment, otherwise, seeing the smile that spread across Isaac Campbell's face, one would surely feel a chill down their spine.

"Heaven has a path you did not take, Hell has no gate yet you break in... Wyatt Barnes, you've come to me, so you cannot blame me!"

Isaac Campbell stirred inside, and the next moment, his entire being vanished from the spot.

Of course, he didn't literally disappear.

It was just that his speed reached such a level that it seemed as though he disappeared into thin air.

Isaac Campbell's destination was toward the southeast direction of the Lost Stone Forest.

Wyatt Barnes was there.

"He's coming!" Not long after, Wyatt Barnes, who was situated near the southeast entrance to the Lost Stone Forest and had been staring ahead, suddenly had his eyes flash brightly.

Chapter 1209: Wyatt Barnes's 'Fury

Phew!

Almost at the same moment Wyatt Barnes became aware of something, a gust of wind blasted towards him, causing his purple robe to flutter and rustle.

The next moment, a flicker appeared before Wyatt's eyes, and a shadowy figure in black emerged in front of him.

This was a young man in black attires, roughly the same height as Wyatt, who upon appearing, fixed his gaze on Wyatt, scrutinizing him from head to toe.

"Senior Brother Campbell!"

At this time, a few disciples of the Martial Emperor respectfully greeted the young man in black.

The young man in black was Isaac Campbell, a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor and acknowledged as the 'son of heaven' in the Lost Stone Forest.

However, Isaac Campbell seemed to not have heard the proactive greetings of the other Martial Emperor disciples or, perhaps, he deemed it beneath him to respond.

In the eyes of a direct disciple like Isaac Campbell, even the 'disciples of Martial Emperor' in the Lost Stone Forest were nothing more than obedient 'dogs.'

To him, being served by these disciples was not even a privilege he desired.

In his opinion, the Martial Emperor disciples were no different from 'ants'; there was simply no need to acknowledge the greetings from a few ants.

"Are you Wyatt Barnes? The man Winnie fancies?"

Isaac Campbell looked down at Wyatt with a condescending gaze, and after a moment, he asked in an inquisitive tone.

"You're Isaac Campbell? Where's Winnie?"

Faced with Isaac's interrogation, Wyatt did not entertain the question; it was as if he hadn't heard it at all. Not only that, but he counter-questioned Isaac.

At this point, Wyatt had also learned the identity of the person from the greetings of the other disciples.

It was Isaac Campbell, the very target of his journey.

And it was this Isaac Campbell who had taken Winnie away.

Now, as he counter-questioned Isaac, Wyatt's eyes gleamed with a ferocious light, his entire demeanor resembling a Fierce Beast lying in wait in the darkness, ready to lash out and harm or kill at any moment.

"I really don't understand why Winnie would fancy an 'ant' like you... But since I've taken a vow not to kill you, naturally, I won't," Isaac remarked.

Just as Wyatt hadn't answered Isaac, Isaac also ignored Wyatt's question, looking at him with eyes that gradually turned cold, speaking deliberately.

"Where is Winnie?"

Seeing that Isaac didn't respond to his question about Winnie's whereabouts, Wyatt's expression darkened, his eyes almost spitting fire as he glared at Isaac.

"It doesn't matter where Winnie is... starting from today, you and she will no longer belong to the same world," Isaac finally responded to Wyatt.

However, there was an undeniable disdain in his tone, one that stemmed from the depths of his heart.

"What are you? What right do you have to dictate whether Winnie and I belong to the same world?"

Wyatt scoffed disdainfully, his cold voice adding, "Besides, if you don't hand Winnie over to me... starting from today, your status as a direct disciple of Martial Emperor will be consigned to history."

Arrogant!

Too arrogant!

This was the opinion of the few Martial Emperor disciples standing aside, watching the scene, about Wyatt.

In their conversation, Wyatt had stated he would make their direct disciple Isaac Campbell from the Lost Stone Forest 'history.'

To them, this seemed like an absurd fantasy.

Isaac was a direct disciple of the Lost Stone Forest's master, Kingston Stone, the Martial Emperor.

Isaac's talent was exceptional, surpassing all other direct disciples, and with his diligent cultivation, he had always been highly regarded by Kingston Stone, gradually becoming his most valued disciple.

Moreover, while others may not know Isaac's true strength, these disciples knew it all too well.

Their Senior Brother Campbell's power was second only to Kingston Stone himself within the Lost Stone Forest. Even the other direct disciples of the Martial Emperor were no match for him.

"Me? Become history? Now, I'm curious to see how you, a mere leader of a lower-tier first-rate force, will manage to do that!"

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Isaac was initially stunned, then couldn't help but burst into laughter. While he laughed brightly, he did not forget to provoke Wyatt.

Yet in the depths of his eyes, there was a clear mix of scorn and disdain.

A leader of a lower-tier first-rate force?

Isaac's words clearly reached the ears of the other Martial Emperor disciples, making them look at Wyatt with peculiar expressions, "This guy is just the leader of a lower-tier first-rate force?"

"I actually thought he was much stronger... The leader of a lower-tier first-rate force could at most be somewhat stronger than us Martial Emperor disciples, let alone a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor."

"A mere leader of a lower-tier first-rate force dares to trouble our Senior Brother Campbell in the Lost Stone Forest? Isn't this asking for death?"

...

The gaze of the Martial Emperor disciples once again fell upon Wyatt, not with apprehension, but pity.

In their view.

A mere leader of a lower-tier first-rate force could not hold a candle to their direct disciple Isaac Campbell of the Lost Stone Forest.

"However, Senior Brother Campbell just said he had vowed not to kill him... No idea what went on between them."

"It seems, precisely because of this, he dared to challenge Senior Brother Campbell in our Lost Stone Forest."

"Definitely! Otherwise, as just a leader of a lower-tier first-rate force, even with a hundred times the courage, he wouldn't dare to offend our direct disciple Senior Brother Campbell."

"I actually thought he was a powerful fighter on par with Senior Brother Campbell... How naïve of me."

...

Wyatt clearly heard what the Martial Emperor disciples were saying.

However, he didn't bother to pay them any mind.

"Since you're so keen to see it, then I'll make sure you get a good look!"

Wyatt Barnes, provoked by Isaac Campbell, had a cold light glinting in his eyes. His figure moved and immediately disappeared from the sight of a few Martial Emperor disciples.

The speed was so fast that the Martial Emperor disciples struggled to catch even a glimpse.

Wyatt Barnes knew clearly in his heart.

At this time, if he didn't let Isaac Campbell feel "pain," Isaac Campbell would never hand over Winnie. Therefore, he must take action, at the very least to make Isaac Campbell feel "pain."

Dragon Roaming the Heavens!

Wyatt Barnes's form flickered, resembling a Divine Dragon soaring out and heading straight for Isaac Campbell.

While flying, he truly transformed into a Divine Dragon, a multicolored Divine Dragon.

Around his body, five different colors converged, releasing bursts of fierce Sword Intent, the fusion of the "Fusion Profundity" and the "Sword Profundity."

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, Wyatt Barnes had already reached close to Isaac Campbell. The ready Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand trembled, unleashing his sword technique at the first opportunity.

Nine Dragons Inch Flash!

In an instant, where the Emperor Grade spirit sword pointed, a beam of sword light shot out, splitting into nine and becoming nine multicolored Divine Dragons.

The eyes of the nine Divine Dragons flickered, releasing eighteen ultimate inch flashes.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Eighteen ultimate inch flashes tore through the sky, stirring up a series of shrieking sounds, and aimed directly at Isaac Campbell's vital body parts.

"So fast!"



From the very start, Isaac Campbell appeared calm, seemingly having not taken Wyatt Barnes seriously at all.

But now, seeing eighteen ultimate inch flashes coming toward him, he couldn't help but feel a shock in his heart.

He never expected that.

This Wyatt Barnes could launch such a swift attack.

Such speed, if any faster, would have been enough to threaten him.

Whew!

Without any hesitation, a thought crossed Isaac Campbell's mind, and in the next moment, his whole body disappeared from spot, narrowly avoiding the eighteen ultimate inch flashes that swept toward him.

When Isaac Campbell reappeared, he was already in the distant sky.

"It seems I underestimated you."

When Isaac Campbell looked at Wyatt Barnes again, his face was still full of disdain, but deep within his eyes, there was now a hint of surprise.

Clearly, he had not expected Wyatt Barnes to unleash an attack of that level.

Whirr!

Meanwhile, above the airborne, sword-wielding Wyatt Barnes, the energy of heaven and earth surged, quickly gathering into an extraordinary celestial phenomenon.

Six ancient Divine Dragon phantoms and two thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantoms.

From this, it was evident that Wyatt Barnes had just utilized his full strength, unleashing all his power.

However, his current strength, combined with the sword technique "Nine Dragons Inch Flash," had still been evaded by Isaac Campbell.

"This Isaac Campbell is stronger than I thought."

Staring at the young man in black before him, Wyatt Barnes thought to himself, his expression unchanged as if he had been mentally prepared.

"The power of six ancient Divine Dragons, plus two thousand ancient Horned Dragons?"

The celestial phenomenon above Wyatt Barnes's head, in addition to surprising Isaac Campbell, also left the other spectating Martial Emperor disciples utterly shocked.

"He's actually this strong?"

"Isn't he just the leader of a lower-tier first-rate force?"

"Are the leaders of today's lower-tier first-rate forces all this powerful?"

...

The Martial Emperor disciples looked at each other, their eyes filled with amazement as they whispered in hushed tones.

In their minds,

such a powerful person had already surpassed many of the Martial Emperor disciples in the Lost Stone Forest and could be compared to many leaders of mid to upper-tier first-rate forces, or even upper-tier first-rate force leaders.

However, according to their Senior Brother Campbell, the other party was only a leader of a lower-tier first-rate force.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

...

After a moment, a series of gentle sword humming sounds emerged, as Wyatt Barnes split the 'Emperor Grade spirit sword' in his hand into nine, forming nine swords that revolved around his body, continuously spinning.

Surrounded by nine swords, Wyatt Barnes appeared incredibly ethereal, unlike ordinary mortals.

"If this is all you've got, you might end up crawling out of Lost Stone Forest today."

Isaac Campbell looked at Wyatt Barnes calmly, his voice coldly stating.

Crawl away!

He had already planned to destroy Wyatt Barnes's energy center, to break his limbs, and then let Wyatt Barnes crawl out of Lost Stone Forest, disappearing from his sight.

He believed.

Once Wyatt Barnes became a "homeless dog," the woman he admired would definitely not pay any more attention to Wyatt Barnes.

Then, he would have even more opportunities to shift the woman's heart to him.

Chapter 1210: All Tricks Used

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

Just as Wyatt Barnes and Isaac Campbell were facing off, gusts of roaring wind approached from all directions as a group of people hurried over upon hearing them.

"It's Senior Brother Campbell."

Quickly, these people spotted one of the two individuals standing in confrontation far off in the sky—the reason they paid attention to him was that he was the only one they recognized.

Isaac Campbell was well-known throughout the 'Lost Stone Forest'; nobody was ignorant of him.

Now arriving were disciples and trainees of the Martial Emperor from the Lost Stone Forest, drawn by the commotion to see what was happening.

They had thought it was merely a minor skirmish, but they had not expected Isaac Campbell to be one of the involved parties.

Had they not come themselves, they wouldn't have believed it.

Someone had actually dared to provoke 'Isaac Campbell', a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor in their Lost Stone Forest!

"Who is he? How dare he provoke Senior Brother Campbell... Isn't this a death wish?"

Many people's gazes fell on Wyatt Barnes, and in their words, it seemed they had already determined that in the confrontation between Wyatt Barnes and Isaac Campbell, Wyatt Barnes was sure to be the loser.

Even though they saw the celestial phenomenon above Wyatt's head in the void.

"The power of six ancient Divine Dragons, plus the power of two thousand ancient Horned Dragons... With such strength, even in our Lost Stone Forest, he is only beneath a few of the Martial Emperor's direct disciples."

Some also lamented, "It's just a pity that he's come across Senior Brother Campbell, the foremost among the direct disciples of the Martial Emperor in our Lost Stone Forest."

Meanwhile, a group of Martial Emperor's disciples and trainees learned the ins and outs of the situation from a few trainees who had been present all along, and they all couldn't help but sigh.

"So it's all for a woman."

"Some time ago, I saw Senior Brother Campbell bring that woman back. She was indifferent to Senior Brother Campbell, and I guessed that she might have been taken by force by Senior Brother Campbell... Turns out it's true."

"I wonder what this guy was thinking... With just that level of strength, he thought he could take that woman from Senior Brother Campbell's side?"

"For a woman, losing his life... Foolish!"

...

A group of Martial Emperor's disciples and trainees were abuzz with discussions, all seeming to believe that Wyatt Barnes had no chance of survival.

"You all are mistaken... He won't die."

At this moment, one of the Martial Emperor's trainees who had been present from the start fixed their gaze on the young man wearing purple in the distance and spoke to the newcomers.

"He won't die?"

Immediately, the just-arrived group showed puzzlement and doubt, not understanding why this Martial Emperor's trainee would say such a thing.

"Because Senior Brother Campbell seems to have made a vow not to kill him."

The Martial Emperor's trainee who had piqued everyone's curiosity said.

"What?!"

They were taken aback, unable to believe that Isaac Campbell, a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor from their Lost Stone Forest, had actually made a vow not to kill the young man clad in purple.

"No wonder he dares to come here, knowing that Senior Brother Campbell won't kill him."

While many people had a sudden realization, the look they gave Wyatt Barnes turned into one of disdain.

"Even if Senior Brother Campbell won't kill him, he won't end up well."

The Martial Emperor's trainee who had previously piqued their curiosity spoke with a grave expression, "Just now, Senior Brother Campbell said... he's going to ruin his dantian, sever his limbs, and make him crawl out of the 'Lost Stone Forest'."

Whoosh!

As soon as the words of this Martial Emperor's trainee were spoken, it stirred up a storm among all the present Martial Emperor's disciples and trainees.

In this world where power was respected, ruining the dantian of a Martial Emperor would be a fate worse than death.

And to ruin his limbs on top of that would leave no way out for the other party.

For a time, many looked at Wyatt Barnes with pity.

"Want to cripple me?"

Wrapped by nine constantly revolving nearly Emperor Grade spirit swords, Wyatt Barnes's purple robe fluttered without any wind, and he stared coldly at Isaac Campbell in the distance, "You can try."

"Of course, I will try... I will not only try, I will watch as you crawl out of the Lost Stone Forest like a dog without a home."

Isaac Campbell's eyes slightly squinted, a cold glint fleeting by.

His body, shrouded in black clothing, suddenly stirred as a vast milky-white flame rose, and in the blink of an eye, it was entwined by several different colored forces, emitting a terrifying aura.

The forces converged together, flowing into the narrow blade he was already holding in his hand.

This narrow blade was his personal spirit weapon.

Earlier, while dodging Wyatt Barnes's attack, he had drawn this narrow blade, a Grade One spirit blade.

Without the 'amplification power' of this Grade One spirit blade enhancing his movement technique, he would have been unable to evade the eighteen extreme pinprick rays condensed by Wyatt Barnes through the Nine Dragons Inch Flash.

The speed of the pinprick rays, created by Wyatt using the power of six ancient Divine Dragons plus two thousand ancient Horned Dragons and condensed with the Nine Dragons Inch Flash, was shockingly fast.

Any movement technique, if not driven by power comparable to at least the force of six ancient Divine Dragons plus five thousand ancient Horned Dragons, would have been incapable of evading those eighteen extreme pinprick rays.

From this, one could tell.

With the 'Grade One spirit blade' in use, Isaac Campbell had unleashed all his strength, surpassing the force of six ancient Divine Dragons plus five thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

Huff!

As the celestial forces stirred above Isaac Campbell's head in the void, before they could even coalesce into a celestial phenomenon, his figure had already disappeared from the spot, vanishing from the eyes of all the Martial Emperor's trainees.

"How fast!"

The Martial Emperor disciples at the scene had their pupils shrink. Isaac Campbell's speed was so fast that even they could only capture a trace of his afterimage.

In the blink of an eye, they found that the afterimage was hurtling toward the purple-clothed young man with great ferocity.

Nine Dragons Inch Flash!

And the moment Isaac Campbell disappeared, Wyatt Barnes's gaze had already turned cold, while the nine Grade One spirit swords wrapped around his body flew out at high speed.

Nine beams of sword light streaked toward Isaac Campbell.

As they passed by, the air currents stirred, issuing a whistling sound that was fleeting, causing many of the lower-skilled Martial Emperor disciples present to frown involuntarily.

Because Isaac Campbell was also charging toward Wyatt Barnes.

So now, it looked as if Isaac Campbell were actively rushing toward the nine beams of sword light attacking him, as if he wished to commit suicide.

"A mantis trying to stop a chariot!"



However, faced with the nine fast-approaching beams of sword light, Isaac Campbell merely sneered in disdain. With a raise of his hand, his Grade One spirit blade began to tremble violently, and then it transformed into a sky full of blade light.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

...

The blade light surged M creating a Blade Web that enveloped and attempted to bind and suppress the nine swiftly moving Grade One spirit swords of Wyatt Barnes, as if intending to trap and quell them.

Where the Blade Web passed, air currents rolled, causing waves of air that unleashed vicious gales sweeping out.

For a moment, nearby boulders trembled violently, and some of the lighter ones were lifted by the gales and tumbled away, rolling into the distance before coming to a stop.

Isaac Campbell clearly intended to use this to suppress Wyatt Barnes's nine Grade One spirit swords in one fell swoop, and then strike at Wyatt, who had no means to rely on anymore.

Nine Dragons Inch Flash!

Alas, as Wyatt Barnes's thoughts moved, that plan was doomed to fail.

In an instant, the radiance of the nine beams of sword light surged dramatically, like nine scorching suns emitting blinding light.

Immediately afterward, under the watchful eyes of everyone, the nine beams of sword light each transformed into nine colorful Divine Dragons, swiftly darting out and scattering.

The Blade Web enveloped and only managed to trap and suppress a dozen or so Divine Dragons within the area.

The remaining sixty or so colorful Divine Dragons, while flying out, simultaneously had over a hundred pairs of eyes lock on Isaac Campbell, and before he could react, over a hundred pairs of eyes suddenly shone.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

The next moment, over a hundred streams of ultimate Inch Light shot forth, heading straight for Isaac Campbell.

Whoosh!

As the hundred streams of ultimate Inch Light were about to land on Isaac Campbell, at the crucial juncture, he disappeared into thin air again, just barely dodging the hundred streams heading toward him.

"Ah!"

"No!"

...

Before Isaac Campbell could reappear, some chilling screams were heard. They came from some Martial Emperor disciples and apprentices who hadn't managed to dodge in time and were penetrated by the hundred streams of ultimate Inch Light.

Some had their hands impaled, others had their feet skewered.

Some even had their heads or hearts pierced, and within moments, three fell, all 'accidentally' killed by the ultimate Inch Light targeting their vital points.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Meanwhile, those lucky enough not to be injured, as well as those who had only been pierced in non-vital areas, quickly moved backward, watching Wyatt Barnes from a distance.

Deep in their eyes, a trace of fear born from the depths of their hearts could be seen.

"Is that all you've got?"

Soon, a calm voice rang out as Isaac Campbell appeared behind where he had vanished before, having retreated in the nick of time before the hundred streams of ultimate Inch Light could land on him.

Isaac Campbell had dodged the hundred sword lights unhurt.

Wyatt Barnes's expression darkened slightly.

As Isaac Campbell had said, he had already used all the means he could muster, but still, he was unable to touch Isaac Campbell's body.

Isaac Campbell was very strong.

Although Wyatt had been mentally prepared, he still couldn't help but take a deep breath of cold air, which made him somewhat more aware.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

At this time, the nine beams of sword light returned to Wyatt Barnes's side, once again becoming nine Grade One spirit swords, rotating around his body.

With a thought, Wyatt Barnes merged the nine Grade One spirit swords into one.

Then, his next action made everyone at the scene, including Isaac Campbell, pause in surprise.

Wyatt Barnes raised his hand, put away the Grade One spirit sword, and stood there empty-handed, calmly looking at Isaac Campbell.

"What is he doing? Waiting for death?"

A Martial Emperor disciple speculated.

"Perhaps, because he had put forth all his methods earlier and none could even touch Senior Brother Campbell, he's now fully convinced and ready to accept his fate."

"I have to say, his strength is formidable... I couldn't even react in time to those hundreds of sharp Inch Lights earlier."

...

While a group of Martial Emperor disciples and apprentices speculated about Wyatt Barnes's intentions, remembering the scene from moments ago, each of them felt a lingering fear.