

## **L. Wyatt 1221**

### Chapter 1221: Old Acquaintance in Distress

"I know you're called 'Dominic King,' no need to remind me again."

Wyatt Barnes frowned and interrupted Dominic King, clearly growing impatient with the repetition.

Dominic King realized his frequent slips of the tongue and didn't continue to dwell on the issue, knowing it would only make things worse.

He changed the topic, "Kid, it's not just verbal thanks that I want... I want you to show your gratitude through actions. Real actions, understand?"

"Real actions? What sort of actions do you want me to take to thank you?"

Wyatt asked.

"It's actually just a small thing... Just find me a body from the Dragonsmith Clan's direct lineage."

Dominic King said casually, as if locating a body from the Dragonsmith Clan's direct lineage was a trivial task.

"Dragonsmith Clan's direct lineage? What's that?"

Wyatt asked, puzzled.

"You'll know in time... Just promise me first."

Dominic King spoke, his words tinged with a hint of scheming.

However, Wyatt didn't notice this and readily agreed, "Okay. I will find you a body from the Dragonsmith Clan's direct lineage... Then you'll leave my body, right?"

"Of course! You think I enjoy staying in your body?"

Dominic King replied irritably, staying in this kid's body was the last thing he would have chosen if he had any other option.

"Sigh... I can't remember who I am, nor can I remember anyone else besides you."

Wyatt sighed, "Now, where should I go?"

"Kid, there's a city to the east... I suggest you go there and take a look, you might run into someone who knows you."

Dominic King said.

Of course, he was just saying this to comfort Wyatt.

"Okay, I'll go now."

Wyatt agreed and nodded, then prepared to take off into the air, flying eastward.

Unfortunately, he couldn't fly.

"Kid, don't forget your dantian has just been repaired, and your cultivation hasn't recovered to 'Innate Realm'."

Dominic King reminded him.

Only martial artists who had entered the 'Innate Realm' could perform Imperial Empty Flight, a rule set by the Martial Dao Sacred Land and also an iron law including the three Mortal Continents of Cloud Skies Continent.

In the Cloud Skies Continent, entering the Innate Realm starts with the 'Peep Naught Realm'.

"When I remember who damaged my dantian, I'll make sure he pays dearly!"

Wyatt was furious.

Now, unable to fly, he could only run.

Fortunately, the city was not far from the mountainous forest. With his speed, it wasn't long before he saw a small black dot ahead.

The black dot grew bigger and eventually turned into a city, a majestic large city.

This city, like a huge Demon Beast lurking there, gave off a strong oppressive feeling from afar.

Inside and outside the city, various martial artists were coming and going.

Wyatt's arrival didn't attract the attention of these martial artists, even though he was walking on the ground rather uniquely, not flying like others.

After all, on the Cloud Skies Continent, anything could happen and anyone could appear.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Just as Wyatt was about to enter the city, a surprised voice came from behind, getting closer.

However, Wyatt didn't respond to the owner of the voice.

It wasn't that he didn't want to respond.

Rather, he didn't know his name was 'Wyatt Barnes.'

Soon, two figures almost simultaneously landed in front of Wyatt, blocking his path.

"Wyatt Barnes."

The two figures were two young men, one dressed in red and the other in blue. The young man in red called out to Wyatt.

"Are you calling me?"

The sudden appearance of two identical young men made Wyatt startle, especially when the one in red referred to him as 'Wyatt Barnes,' he was stunned.

Could it be that this young man in red knew him?

"What a coincidence?"

Inside Wyatt, more accurately, Dominic King's 'soul,' couldn't resist muttering to itself.

"Wyatt Barnes, you... you don't recognize us, do you?"

The young man in red was stunned.

"Do I know you?"

Wyatt appeared bewildered, then muttered lowly, "I don't remember... Also, did you just call me 'Wyatt Barnes'? Is that my name?"

"You... forgot your own name?"

The young man in red was completely dumbfounded.

And the young man in blue standing next to him, who had been silent, his expressionless face finally showed a few signs of astonishment.

"Yes."

Wyatt nodded, then continued to shake his head in confusion, "I've lost some of my memories... So it seems, my name is 'Wyatt Barnes.'"

"Of course! You are Wyatt Barnes, the one and only Wyatt Barnes."

The young man in red nodded.

"I can't remember you... Did I know you before I lost my memory?"

Looking at the two identical young men in front of him, Wyatt curiously asked.

"You can't even remember your name, how could you possibly remember us."

The youth in red shook his head with a bitter smile, "However, I'm certain that before your memory loss, you knew us."

"My name is 'Demetrius Nangle,' and his name is 'Jaxx Nangle'; we're twin brothers... You don't remember us, but do you still remember the 'Five Elements Sect'? The one from the area east of the Northern Desert."

The youth in red introduced himself and the youth in blue beside him and added, "Initially, we met at the Five Elements Sect... Our master is the Sect Leader of the Five Elements Sect."

"Demetrius Nangle? Jaxx Nangle? I don't remember."

Wyatt Barnes frowned and shook his head.

"Wyatt Barnes, why on earth..."

Just as Demetrius was about to ask Wyatt why he lost his memory.

A thunderous roar, like a clap of thunder, interrupted him.

"Jaxx Nangle! Demetrius Nangle!"

This thunderous roar came from behind Wyatt, startling him.

"Someone is calling you."

Immediately after, Wyatt looked towards the Nangle brothers.

"Wyatt Barnes, if that person catches up and asks you anything... just say you don't know us."

However, Wyatt quickly noticed a change in Demetrius's expression.

Following that, Demetrius swiftly nodded at him before he and Jaxx, in perfect unison, dashed swiftly towards the city ahead as if fleeing from a 'plague.'

Only then did he remember, he and Jaxx were facing a pursuit from an old man, having completely forgotten about it upon seeing Wyatt.

Soon, a ghost-like figure appeared in front of Wyatt.

This was an old man in a black robe, cloaked entirely by the robe, obscuring his face and emanating an extremely sinister feeling.

Although his face was unclear, Wyatt could see his piercing, fierce eyes.

The old man took a deep look at Wyatt, then followed the Nangle brothers into the city.

He emitted waves of cold murderous intent from his body.

"Uh?"

Wyatt couldn't come to his senses for a moment.

"Kid, you finally meet people who know you, you wouldn't want them to be killed, right?"

At that moment, Dominic King's voice woke Wyatt.

Instantly, Wyatt's face turned pale, and he hastily sprinted towards the city ahead, trailing far behind the black-robed old man.

Divine Dragon Transformation!

Swoosh!

As Wyatt ran, multicolored power enveloped him; it was as if an invisible sword was paving the way in front of him, turning him into a multicolored Divine Dragon.

Though he had lost part of his memory, his instinct still prompted him to use his mastery of movement techniques.

In no time, he was drawing closer to the black-robed old man.

In the vast city, towards the northern area, there was a deserted region, a long-abandoned piece of ruins.

Usually, very few people visited.

But today, two young men were facing a life-and-death threat there.

"Jaxx Nangle! Demetrius Nangle! Today, you are undeniably doomed."

The black-robed old man moved as swiftly as the wind, adopting a ghostly figure, and quickly caught up with Jaxx and Demetrius.

The brothers were far slower than the black-robed old man.

"Not good!"

Realizing that the sound of rushing wind from behind was getting ominously close, Demetrius's face turned pale.

Even the usually stern-faced Jaxx looked very upset.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, the black-robed old man stood blocking the brothers' path mid-air, looking down disdainfully, "Did you think you could escape?"

Seeing the black-robed old man appearing before them, both Nangle brothers' faces changed dramatically.

At the same time, a look of despair surfaced on their faces.

They had been fleeing for so many days.

Was today truly the day they couldn't escape their fate?

Whoosh!

And just when the Nangle brothers were prepared to face their death, a figure swift as the wind raced in front of them, calmly meeting the gaze of the black-robed old man.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Seeing the sudden appearance of the purple silhouette before them, the Nangle brothers were stunned.



They never expected Wyatt to follow.

They knew the danger they faced could easily involve him at any moment.

"They are useful to me, you... leave!"

Wyatt spoke, his tone calm yet undeniably commanding.

"Kid, I had just spared your life... Since you don't appreciate that, I'll now take your life!"

The black-robed old man was initially surprised by Wyatt's appearance, but soon a killing intent towards Wyatt arose in his heart.

"Wait!"

Just as the black-robed old man was about to make a move, Demetrius stopped him, "This is between us and you, he has nothing to do with it."

"Go!"

Jaxx was more straightforward and direct, quickly standing in front of Wyatt and shielding him, demanding Wyatt to leave.

Both brothers were unwilling to involve Wyatt because of their problems.

Of course, this was also because they didn't yet know the extent of Wyatt's current strength.

Chapter 1222: Condensed Pill Realm First Level?

Brother Nangle had long known that Wyatt Barnes possessed strong martial arts talent, and his arrival at the "inland" indicated that his strength was also considerable.

However, having decent strength did not mean he could handle the black-robed old man before them.

The black-robed old man was a Seventh-Order Martial Emperor Realm being.

Even after they came to the inland and encountered some fortune, they were only at the Fifth and Sixth levels of the Martial Emperor Realm, far inferior to the black-robed old man.

They did not even believe that Wyatt's strength was stronger than theirs, let alone comparable to the black-robed old man.

Therefore, they did not want Wyatt to get involved.

"You two can't even protect yourselves, yet you have the mind to worry about others? Ridiculous!"

The black-robed old man sneered and his cloak fluttered as he transformed into a black bat, soaring towards where Wyatt was, "Boy, I'll let you know the consequences of meddling right now!"

His speed was so fast that Demetrius Nangle couldn't react in time.

In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Jaxx Nangle, who was standing in front of Wyatt, and with a raise of his hand, he injured and repelled Jaxx.

The gap between the Seventh Order and Sixth Order of the Martial Emperor Realm was clear.

"Wow!!"

As Jaxx was repelled, his face turned pale, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

When he looked again at the black-robed old man, he found him already in front of Wyatt, his hand striking out with divine assistance, the light on his spiritual weapon increasing tremendously.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

The black-robed man struck at Wyatt with a palm, sweeping winds cutting through the air, causing gusts that made Wyatt's purple garments flutter and his black hair fly.

"Be careful!"

In that moment, both Brother Nangle changed their expressions and cried out in alarm to warn Wyatt.

Now, it was too late for them to rescue him.

Above the black-robed old man's head appeared the shadows of four ancient azure dragons as per struck with an unstoppable force, crashing toward Wyatt, who was just inches away.

Even at this critical moment, Wyatt did not show any intention to dodge.

He stood there, faint threads of Origin Force emerging around his body, barely noticeable unless looked at closely.

These traces of Origin Force, drawing upon the power of heaven and earth, gathered into the shadows of two ancient elephants.

Condensed Pill Realm First Level!

This was also Wyatt's current level of cultivation.

"Condensed Pill Realm First Level?"

Seeing the heavenly and earthly phenomenon that appeared above Wyatt, not only was the black-robed old man stunned, but Brother Nangle were also dumbfounded.

How was this possible?!

Brother Nangle's faces showed disbelief, unable to accept that what they were seeing was real.

However, the reality was in front of them, leaving no room for doubt.

When a martial artist made a move, even the slightest use of Origin Force could draw the power of heaven and earth and condense a corresponding heavenly and earthly phenomenon.

Now, with Wyatt's Origin Force enveloping his body and drawing upon the power of heaven and earth to form the shadows of two ancient elephants, it clearly indicated his level of cultivation.

Condensed Pill Realm First Level.

Yet, in their memories, Wyatt could not possibly be a martial artist at the First Level of the Condensed Pill Realm.

A martial artist of the Condensed Pill Realm should not even be here.

"Ant!"

Amidst thunder and lightning, the black-robed old man wore a mocking and contemptuous look as his palm finally landed on Wyatt.

Boom!!

A loud boom spread, deafening.

Along with the boom, waves of air rolled out, instantly turning into fierce winds, scattering the stone fragments around amidst the ruins.

As the loud boom occurred, the faces of Brother Nangle looked extremely unsightly.

Although they didn't know why Wyatt had only the cultivation of the First Level of the Condensed Pill Realm, the thought of Wyatt facing a full-force strike from a Seventh-Order Martial Emperor Realm martial artist made them believe he couldn't survive.

However, the bloody scene they anticipated did not occur.

The scene before them caused Brother Nangle's expressions to suddenly change, becoming extraordinarily wonderful.

They saw Wyatt, in his purple robes, standing there with a multicolored shield that had somehow sprung up around him, exuding waves of fierce aura.

As for the black-robed old man's palm, it was pressing against the multicolored shield around Wyatt, pouring out immense power as if it never knew exhaustion.

However, every strike of immense power failed to leave the slightest mark on the multicolored shield.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

...

At this moment, centered around where the black-robed old man's feet landed, vicious cracks spread, dense and numerous, forming a massive spiderweb.

The cracks continued spreading, reaching dozens of meters away before finally slowing down.

In contrast, the ground under Wyatt's feet was smooth, undamaged.

Between the two, the superior and inferior were instantly apparent!

"You..."

Just as the black-robed old man showed a look of horror, trying to say something, his pupils suddenly constricted.

All because he saw the heavenly and earthly phenomenon appearing above Wyatt's head.

Five ancient azure dragon shadows, coiling and descending, looked down on the world.

At their side, the two ancient giant elephant phantasms seemed so minute.

"Hmph!"

At the same moment, the robed old man groaned in pain.

However, the multicolored shield on Wyatt Barnes' body suddenly expanded, in an instant it enveloped the hand that the robed old man had used to strike, twisting it off and causing blood to spray everywhere.

"What of being an ant? I can still trample you underfoot!"

Wyatt's indifferent voice rang out, followed immediately by a casually thrown punch. The vast, multicolored power instantly transformed into the shape of a sword, violently striking the lower abdomen of the robed old man.

Bang!!

A loud sound ensued, as if a balloon had burst.

It was the robed old man's dantian continuously releasing waves of Origin Force, which eventually disappeared without a trace.

"You... you've destroyed my dantian!!"

The robed old man, sent flying by Wyatt, had his complexion drastically change, his eyes almost splitting open with hatred as he stared at Wyatt, wishing he could cut him into a thousand pieces.

Boom!

Like an arrow released from a bow, the robed old man ultimately slammed harshly onto the ground, struggling to get up.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind blew by, and a figure suddenly appeared in front of him, a purple figure.

It was Wyatt, who had hurried to the robed old man at top speed, he raised his foot and stomped down on his chest, pinning him back to the ground.

"The power of the Five Ancient Dragons?"

After a long while, Demetrius Nangle finally turned around, swallowing his saliva heavily, as he looked incredulously at the purple figure before him.

At this moment, he only felt that the purple figure was incredibly imposing.

Jaxx Nangle was also stunned, on his usually stern face, a look of shock couldn't help but emerge.

The purple-clothed young man, who had already been stronger than them, had his strength grown even more after they experienced fortuitous encounters?

"It seems that his fortuitous encounter was even more astonishing."

For a while, this was the only thought in Jaxx Nangle's mind; he had thought his own fortuitous encounter was already dramatic, but it couldn't compare to that of the purple-clothed young man before him.

"He's yours to deal with."

Wyatt stood over the robed old man, his foot constantly emitting multicolored power, shattering the rising energies from the robed old man.

Although the robed old man's dantian was destroyed, the 'Mysteries' he had comprehended were still intact.

Upon hearing this, Demetrius Nangle's eyes lit up, he leapt in front of Wyatt, looking down at the robed old man and sneered, "Noble Bell, I never thought you'd see this day."

"Demetrius Nangle, please let me go... I am willing to give you everything I obtained from that place. I have no cultivation left now, I'm no threat to you."

The robed old man, being stepped on by Wyatt, struggled to breathe, begging pitifully.

"Why should I spare you when I can just take those things?"

Demetrius Nangle scoffed disdainfully, and then, under the despairing gaze of the robed old man, he struck down with his palm, ending his life.

Following this, Demetrius Nangle collected the robed old man's 'Storage Ring' and 'Mystery Fragments', handing them to Wyatt, "Wyatt Barnes, thanks. If it wasn't for you today, Jaxx and I would've been dead many times over."

Wyatt unhesitatingly took the 'Storage Ring' and 'Mystery Fragments', nodded slightly, and then asked, "What do you know about me?"

"Let's find a tavern to sit and talk."

Demetrius Nangle suggested.

Wyatt nodded.



In a short while, Wyatt and the Nangle brothers entered a tavern, took a private room on the second floor, and sat around a table.

"Actually, we don't know much about you."

After sitting down, Demetrius Nangle said, "Originally, we met in the Five Elements Sect, back then..."

Demetrius Nangle patiently recounted everything Wyatt did while he was in the Five Elements Sect.

"Do you remember any of this?"

Finally, Demetrius Nangle asked.

"I can't remember."

Wyatt shook his head.

Whether it was Niklaus Woodson, or the elders or Peak Master of Niklaus Woodson, he could not recall any of it.

"Later, we followed the Sect Leader out of the Five Elements Sect, heading to 'Martial Emperor's Secret Trove', where you obtained the 'Mystery Fragments' and handed them over to the Sect."

Demetrius Nangle continued speaking.

"After the battle at Martial Emperor's Secret Trove, you didn't return with us, instead, you left with a friend... it seemed like you went back to your hometown."

Demetrius Nangle added.

"Hometown?"

Wyatt's eyes brightened, "Do you know where my hometown is?"

"I don't know."

Demetrius Nangle shook his head, causing Wyatt's hope to dim again; he had hoped he could follow the clue of his 'hometown' to learn everything about himself.

"Why did you lose your memory?"

Jaxx Nangle, who hadn't spoken up until then, rarely asked.

"I'm not quite sure... it seems like my soul got injured."

Wyatt shook his head; he had only learned about the reason for his soul's injury from 'Dominic King', he couldn't remember anything himself.

"Kid, what's the rush. With the speed your soul is healing, at most in a year, you'll be back to normal... by then, you'll naturally know everything you want to."

At that moment, Dominic King's voice also echoed in Wyatt's mind.

Chapter 1223: Martial Emperor Disciple, Disciple Selection

"Right!"

Demetrius Nangle seemed to suddenly remember something and looked at Wyatt Barnes to ask, "Wyatt Barnes, what was that Origin Force you released just now? How come it only summoned the power of heaven and earth to form the illusion of two ancient giant elephants?"

"My dantian was previously destroyed by someone, and it was only recently that I managed to restore it... Because of this, my current cultivation is only at the 'First level of the Condensed Pill Realm'."

Wyatt Barnes stated truthfully, his tone extremely casual, as if he were discussing something trivial.

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, the Brother Nangle turned to stone momentarily.

The dantian was destroyed?

And restored?

"Wyatt Barnes, you're not joking, right? Can a destroyed dantian really be restored?"

Demetrius Nangle looked at Wyatt Barnes, his face showing doubt and disbelief.

"You don't believe it?"

Seeing the doubt on Demetrius Nangle's face, Wyatt Barnes asked.

"It's not that I don't believe it... It's just that it seems inconceivable."

Demetrius Nangle said.

"Otherwise, should I destroy your dantian and then restore it for you?"

Wyatt Barnes said this while looking at the part of Demetrius Nangle's body where his dantian was located.

"I believe! I believe!!"

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, Demetrius Nangle suddenly panicked and nodded repeatedly like a pecking chicken.

He dared not doubt Wyatt Barnes's words anymore, at least not outwardly.

He truly feared that Wyatt Barnes might destroy his dantian.

Having one's dantian destroyed, even if it could be restored, meant one had to start cultivating from scratch, just as Wyatt Barnes was now, merely a 'First level practitioner of the Condensed Pill Realm'.

"Your dantian was destroyed, yet you could still summon the power of heaven and earth, gathering the strength of five ancient azure dragons... The 'Emperor Realms' mysteries you comprehend, average 'Level Eight' or above?"

Jaxx Nangle looked at Wyatt Barnes, a spark of light flashing in his eyes, and asked.

The 'Fusion Mysteries' displayed by Wyatt Barnes consisted of five colors, which Jaxx Nangle mistook for five different 'Mysteries'.

As for the last one, it was naturally the 'Mystery of the Sword'.

"I'm not quite sure... I suppose so."

Wyatt Barnes furrowed his brows and said.

Suppose so?

The Brother Nangle were speechless upon hearing this.

Was there someone who wasn't sure about what 'Mysteries' they had comprehended?

However, upon second thoughts, recalling that Wyatt Barnes didn't even know his own name before they met, they felt relieved.

After all, Wyatt Barnes had lost part of his memory.

"Wyatt Barnes, that Storage Ring Noble Bell left behind contains quite a few good items... You should take a look when you have time."

Demetrius Nangle reminded.

Hearing this, Wyatt Barnes did not hesitate to take out the Storage Ring and immediately used his blood to claim ownership.

After claiming it, he glanced briefly inside the Storage Ring and nodded lightly, "It's decent, I can use quite a few of the medicinal materials."

"As long as you can use them, that's good."

Demetrius Nangle nodded, but inside he was speechless again.

There seemed to be quite a few other treasures inside that Storage Ring, and yet this guy only noticed the medicinal materials?

Of course, what Demetrius Nangle didn't know was that besides the medicinal materials, Wyatt Barnes was not particularly interested in the other items in the Storage Ring.

To be precise, Wyatt Barnes was not lacking in other items.

Such as a large amount of Top-grade original stones, a few superb original stones, and some 'Grade One spiritual weapons', 'Grade One Pill Medicines', Wyatt Barnes simply didn't care about them.

Regarding these items, Wyatt Barnes had not lost his memory and remembered everything clearly.

"Wyatt Barnes, how did you end up here?"

Demetrius Nangle asked.

"I don't know... After I lost my memory and woke up, I was nearby."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and spoke truthfully.

"It's hard to know what you've been through, not only losing your memory but also having your dantian destroyed... Fortunately, your dantian was repaired, and you will eventually be able to restore your cultivation."

Demetrius Nangle muttered.

As he spoke, he seemed to recall something else, and his intense gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes, "Wyatt Barnes, would you be interested in participating in the Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples' selection?"

"Martial Emperor's disciple and disciple?"

Hearing Demetrius Nangle's words, Wyatt Barnes furrowed his brows and then searched the only part of his memory, soon knowing what the Martial Emperor's disciple and disciple were.

Of course, this part of the memory came from the memories of Reincarnation Martial Emperor.

In the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, there were detailed records about the Martial Emperor's personal disciples, other disciples, and disciples.

After all, the Reincarnation Martial Emperor had experienced two lives and had also taken in personal disciples of the Martial Emperor and many other disciples and disciples.

"It seems a bit interesting."

Wyatt Barnes expressed his thoughts.

"Jaxx Nangle and I are planning to go to 'Mystic Profound Peak' to participate in the 'Mystic Profound Martial Emperor' disciple and disciple selection held in seven months... Otherwise, you could come with us then?"

Demetrius Nangle suggested.

"Alright."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, as he didn't know where he should go at the moment. Instead of wandering aimlessly, it was better to have a goal.

Moreover, based on the memories he hadn't lost, he learned that the powers of the Martial Emperor were profound and their ability to rally others was extremely astonishing.

Perhaps, before he recovered his memory, he could find out about his origins through that "Mystic Profound Martial Emperor."

Although Noble Bell told him his memory would completely recover within a year at most, he wasn't sure if Noble Bell was telling the truth, so he decided to prepare for both possibilities.

"To participate in the selection for the Martial Emperor's disciples and followers... one must become a 'direct disciple of the Martial Emperor'! Ordinary disciples and followers of the Martial Emperor don't qualify to communicate face-to-face with the Martial Emperor, let alone seek his help."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

Shortly after, Wyatt Barnes learned from the Nangle brothers the reason the black-robed old man had chased them—it was all because the three of them had encountered the same extraordinary event.

Later, the black-robed old man wanted to seize everything they had obtained, which was why he had pursued them.

"The items you got are not the same as those in the Storage Ring, right?"

Wyatt Barnes asked with a peculiar expression.

"What we got is a bit lesser, but not by much."

Demetrius Nangle replied.

"Worse than the items in the Storage Ring?"

Upon hearing this, Wyatt Barnes immediately lost interest.

Seeing that Wyatt Barnes wasn't interested in what they had obtained, Demetrius Nangle said with a wry smile, "Those items are quite good for us."

"However, the main part of our extraordinary encounter wasn't those external items... The enhancement of our strength that we gained there is the most significant, far surpassing any external items."

By the end, excitement was evident in Demetrius Nangle's eyes.

You see, the cultivation levels he and Jaxx Nangle acquired were all enhanced there.

However, he soon realized that Wyatt Barnes didn't seem very interested in their extraordinary encounter and stopped speaking about it.

"It seems that the extraordinary encounter he had was indeed more dramatic than ours."

Seeing that Wyatt Barnes had remained indifferent from beginning to end, Jaxx Nangle secretly speculated.

Otherwise, he couldn't think of any reason why Wyatt Barnes could remain so composed.

Before heading to Mystic Profound Peak, the trio temporarily stayed in an inn in the city, planning to leave for Mystic Profound Peak a month later.

Mystic Profound Peak, half a year before the selection begins for the Martial Emperor's disciples and followers, would open early.



During that half-year period, anyone participating in the selection could go inside Mystic Profound Peak to cultivate, specifically in areas prepared for them.

For the next half-month, Wyatt Barnes quietly stayed in his room, not leaving, and quietly cultivated.

Half a month later.

"It's here."

Suddenly opening his eyes while sitting on the bed in his room, a gleam flashed across them as Wyatt Barnes left the room and rapidly departed the city beneath his feet.

His sudden departure didn't disturb the Nangle brothers.

When he arrived in a desolate area outside the city where no human was in sight, dark clouds gathered from all directions above him, rolling continuously.

After the clouds rolled to a certain extent, a series of visible lightning bolts appeared.

"In half a month's time, you've recovered to the 'Innate Vital Energy Realm,' also known as this mortal continent's 'Peep Naught Realm'... Boy, how have you recovered so quickly?"

Noble Bell's surprised voice came, speaking to Wyatt Barnes.

In the past half month, Wyatt Barnes, who had been re-cultivating the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, had his cultivation level rocket upwards until he re-entered the 'Peep Naught Realm.'

Huff!

Wyatt Barnes rose into the air, hanging in the sky with a calm face, and said, "I don't know... After repairing my dantian, it feels like my cultivation speed has increased."

"The strength accumulated within your dantian from the 'Transcending Mortal Pill Medicine' is only one of the two reasons for your rapid cultivation... The other reason should be the effect of 'destroying and then establishing.'"

Noble Bell paused in the middle of speaking, taking a while before continuing.

"Destroying and then establishing?"

Wyatt Barnes murmured softly, seemingly savoring the meaning these words represented.

"Really don't know where you got that 'Transcending Mortal Pill Medicine' from, and it's also one without any conditions for consumption."

After a while, Noble Bell continued to express his amazement.

Transcending Mortal Pill Medicine is usually only available in the Martial Dao Sacred Land, extremely rare on the mortal continent.

Moreover, generally, only Martial Artists or Taoist Cultivators who have stepped into the Transcending Mortal Realm can consume it—those below the Transcending Mortal Realm would be burst by the domineering medicinal strength.

This is also a condition for consuming the Transcending Mortal Pill Medicine—the cultivation level must reach above the Transcending Mortal Realm.

However, the Transcending Mortal Pill Medicine that Wyatt Barnes had taken didn't have this condition.

Otherwise, the domineering medicinal strength from the Transcending Mortal Pill Medicine wouldn't appear in Wyatt Barnes' body.

"I told you, I refined it myself."

Wyatt Barnes said grumpily.

Boom!

Just as Wyatt Barnes's words fell, a bolt of Thunder Tribulation fell from the sky—it was the 'Sixty-Nine Thunder Tribulation' triggered by Wyatt Barnes re-entering the 'Peep Naught Realm.'

This was the first Thunder Tribulation.

However, as the bolt targeted Wyatt Barnes from above, before it could approach him, it was dispersed by a bursting sword light that rose up.

Chapter 1224: Fake!

"Kid, it's not that I look down on you, but you, of all people, could refine an Extraordinary Pill Medicine?"

Dominic King's tone was full of doubt.

"Believe it or not! According to the part of my memory that I haven't lost, the medicinal power comes from a Pill Medicine known as 'Nirvana Pill,' which I personally refined."

Wyatt Barnes said indifferently after effortlessly dispelling the first Thunder Tribulation.

"Nirvana Pill? What's the main ingredient?"

Dominic King asked again.

"It seems to be something like 'Vermilion Bird Blood.'"

Wyatt Barnes thought for a moment and said.

"What? Vermilion Bird Blood?!"

After exclaiming, Dominic King cursed loudly, "Kid, you actually wasted 'Vermilion Bird Blood' like that? You should know that even the worst alchemist in Martial Dao Sacred Land can use Vermilion Bird Blood to refine into 'Saint Entry Pill Medicine'!"

"A more impressive alchemist could even use Vermilion Bird Blood as the main ingredient to refine 'Emperor Grade Pill Medicine'! You...you actually refined it into 'Extraordinary Pill Medicine'? What a waste! A total waste!"

Dominic King cursed enthusiastically, unable to help but add a few more words.

"This is not Martial Dao Sacred Land. Besides, since that 'Vermilion Bird Blood' is mine, naturally I can use it however I want... It's not your turn to preach, you old turtle."

Wyatt Barnes said blandly.

In his words, he didn't seem to regret wasting 'Vermilion Bird Blood' at all.

For him now, things like 'Martial Dao Sacred Land,' 'Saint Entry Pill Medicine,' or even 'Emperor Grade Pill Medicine,' they were all far away from him—he just wanted to recover his memory as quickly as possible.

Nothing else mattered.

All that, after all, is just worldly possessions.

"Hmph! Kid, if I see you waste precious medicinal ingredients in the future, and if I remind you again, then I might as well be a 'turtle'!"

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's indifferent words, Dominic King snorted unhappily, his voice rising.

"You are already a turtle."

Wyatt Barnes said as if it was only natural.

"You!!"

Dominic King instantly became furious, cursing the old man in his heart who had named him, for giving him such a misleading name.

"Kid, I want to change my name, I want to change my name!"

Dominic King said angrily.

"Go ahead and change it, no need to tell me. No matter what you change your name to, I'll still call you 'turtle,' it's already on the tip of my tongue."

Wyatt Barnes replied.

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words left Dominic King speechless.

Boom!

Another thunder sounded, as the second Thunder Tribulation roared down, fierce and direct, targeting the top of Wyatt Barnes's head.

However, this Thunder Tribulation, though fierce, was dispelled by a faint sword light as it approached Wyatt Barnes.

First level Origin Force from the Peep Naught Realm, combined with 'Emperor Realm Sword Mysteries,' made confronting Peep Naught Realm First level martial artists' 'Six Nine Thunder Tribulation' as simple as eating and sleeping.

The 'Emperor Realm Sword Mysteries' alone were comparable to the power of two ancient azure dragons.

"Turtle."

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes took the initiative to call out to Dominic King.

"What do you want?"

Dominic King replied, somewhat impatiently, clearly still upset about the earlier exchange.

Imagine, he used to be a 'Saint Realm powerhouse' in Martial Dao Sacred Land, and today, living under someone else's roof, he didn't even have the right to change his name.

Of course, he could change his name himself.

But, even if he did, if Wyatt Barnes still called him 'turtle,' it would be meaningless.

"In the past half month, I've recovered some of my memory... although I still can't remember my origins. But in my memory, there was this guy named 'Marshall Tyler' who seemed to have another person's soul living inside his body."

"Whenever a black flame mark appeared on his forehead, his strength would increase significantly... and even his voice would change to that of someone else."

Wyatt Barnes said with a frown, "Can you also help me increase my strength like that?"

"Hmph! Kid, what you're talking about is nothing but the measly tactics of low-level Demon Cultivators. A powerful Demon Cultivator like myself, if I were to forcefully control a body like yours, your body would be reduced to ashes!"

"So you remember this... even if you do face danger in the future, even if you die, I can't help you," Dominic King snorted.

In fact, this was also why Dominic King hadn't taken advantage of the situation to occupy Wyatt Barnes's body when his soul was being suppressed by the Demon Sealing Monument's power.

Because even if he had taken over Wyatt Barnes's body, Wyatt's body wouldn't be able to withstand his soul.

His soul needed a powerful body to sustain it.

"However, this kid's soul seems a bit strange... When his soul was being suppressed by the 'Remnant Soul Power' inside the Demon Sealing Monument, I might have been able to take over his body, regardless of his soul turning to dust."

"But now, I feel that even if I were to hit his soul with my own, I might not be able to take over his body... His soul seems to have something that makes my soul afraid, something that makes my soul tremble involuntarily as soon as it gets close."

Dominic King thought to himself, somewhat wary of Wyatt Barnes's soul.

However, Dominic King was unaware that Wyatt Barnes's soul came from another world.

That world, that is, the world where 'Earth' is located.

After Wyatt Barnes came to this world, first the soul of a reincarnated Martial Emperor tried to shatter his soul, then a Demon Cultivator named 'Black Nether' from within the Demon Sealing Monument tried to shatter his soul.

Every attempt, without exception, ended in failure!

Because of restrictions unique to different worlds and rules, no one could replace Wyatt Barnes' soul with theirs.

Of course, if it was a soul attack, that would be a different matter.

Just like the residual soul force in the Demon Sealing Monument, which suppressed Wyatt Barnes' soul, was akin to a soul attack that could completely shatter Wyatt Barnes' soul, leaving him without any chance of recovery.

"Can't your soul perform a soul attack to assist me?"

Wyatt Barnes asked.

Soul attacks, otherwise known as spiritual power attacks, could typically only be mastered by those above the Martial Emperor Realm.

Of course, if it were some demon beasts with extraordinary talents, they could master spiritual power attacks early on, as they possessed 'Soul Techniques' inherited through their bloodline.

Soul Techniques were attacks of spiritual power, that is, soul attacks.

"What do you know! To carry out a soul attack, one needs a body as support... In my current state as a wandering soul, unless I use my soul to forcefully clash and fight desperately, there will be no attack power."

Dominic King spoke irritably.

"Then aren't you completely useless?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned as he spoke.

If Dominic King was as he said, then to Wyatt Barnes, he was no different from 'trash'.

"Young man! How can you speak like that? I am still a Saint Realm powerhouse from the Martial Dao Sacred Land, I..."

Dominic King wanted to list off his glorious deeds amidst his speech.

"But weren't you suppressed by the Demon Sealing Monument?"

However, Wyatt Barnes interrupted him with a single sentence, leaving Dominic King at a loss for words.

How could he continue?

"Young man, I will not stoop to arguing with you."



Dominic King said, fuming with anger.

Wyatt Barnes couldn't be bothered to deal with Dominic King anymore, letting his body fly through the air, "Now that I've re-cultivated to the 'Peep Naught Realm', I'm finally able to fly again..."

"Although my Origin Force is still weak, with the combination of 'Fusion Mysteries' and 'Sword Mysteries', my speed can be just as fast."

With this, Wyatt Barnes was quite satisfied.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Then, from the third to the sixth Thunder Tribulations, they descended one after another, each stronger than the last.

However, these Thunder Tribulations, landing on the multicolored light shield that rose around Wyatt Barnes' body, failed to leave any trace on it, as if they were merely tickling Wyatt Barnes.

After surviving the 'Six-Nine Thunder Tribulation', Wyatt Barnes returned to the city he was in before, back to the inn, back to his own room.

After returning to his room, he continued to cultivate.

While cultivating, he didn't forget to comprehend the 'Fusion Mysteries', and contemplate the Sword Dao insights from the 'Sword' character in his mind, to enhance his 'Sword Mysteries'.

Despite losing part of his memory, the portion regarding how to cultivate remained intact.

With the help of the Nirvana Pill's medicinal power, and since the repair of his dantian was a case of 'breaking and re-establishing', his cultivation progressed twice as fast with half the effort, so his cultivation level soared at an extremely terrifying speed.

Lost Stone Forest.

Ever since the red-robed old man, Redflame, took Winnie Romero away, Kingston Stone, the Martial Emperor, had been constantly studying the damaged stele in his hands, trying to fathom its mysteries.

"That day, that purple-clad young man, inferior in strength to Isaac Campbell, managed to gain strength beyond mine with this stele... There must be a great secret to the power of this stele."

"Now, nearly a month has passed, and I have still not discovered anything extraordinary about this stele."

"Could it be that I am not fated for it?"

Inside the spacious stone cottage, Kingston Stone, the Martial Emperor, sat cross-legged in the air, looked at the damaged stele in his hand, and murmured to himself.

For a moment, he couldn't help but become lost in thought.

During his distraction, his grip loosened, and the stele fell, hitting the ground with a 'bang', bringing him back to reality.

"This..."

However, when he looked towards the stele that had fallen to the ground, his gaze couldn't help but fixate, and his complexion drastically changed.

On the surface of the stele, a fine crack had appeared, spreading to both sides of the stele, as if it were about to split in two.

"Impossible!"

With a swift motion, Kingston Stone picked up the stele with both hands and with slight pressure, it snapped in two with a 'pop'.

"Fake!"

Kingston Stone's face turned completely dark.

This stele was fake!

Or rather, it had been switched.

The stele, which in the hands of that purple-clad young man, could even contend with his 'Almost-Emperor Grade Spear,' how could it shatter so easily?

"Isaac Campbell!"

Without guessing, Kingston Stone immediately thought of Isaac Campbell, for only he had the opportunity to make the switch.

Whoosh!

The next moment, Kingston Stone vanished within the stone cottage.

When he reappeared, he was already in front of the stone cottage where Isaac Campbell lived, blasting the door open only to find no one inside and a layer of dust covering everything.

Chapter 1225: The 'Mystic Profound Peak' Hidden Behind the Mist

"Isaac Campbell, how dare you deceive your mentor and destroy your lineage!"

Looking at the layer of dust inside the stone house, if Kingston Stone, the Martial Emperor, didn't know what this was about, then he had lived in vain all these years.

Isaac Campbell, his most beloved direct disciple, had replaced the mysterious stele in his hand and fled.

"It seems, the last time he told me he wanted to meditate in seclusion was a lie, running away was the truth... With one month's time, I hope I can still find him. If I do find him, I will make him realize the consequences of deceiving his mentor and destroying his lineage!"

Kingston Stone's face darkened, a sharp gleam flickered in his eyes, and then he disappeared from the spot.

After many years, he stepped out of the Lost Stone Forest for the first time, but it was to search for his unworthy disciple.

This thought, in the past, he would not even dare to consider.

Kingston Stone left the Lost Stone Forest to find Isaac Campbell, whether he could find him depended on his luck and ability, as well as how well Isaac Campbell could hide.

To the south of the inland, near Mystic Profound Peak.

Two fiery red figures stood there.

An old man in a red robe, and a young woman clad in red, stood shoulder to shoulder, the woman's exceptionally beautiful face showing a touch of fatigue.

"Winnie, girl, we've searched the surrounding area and still haven't found your Brother Barnes... I guess he might have gone somewhere else."

The old man in the red robe said.

"Then I will look elsewhere."

The woman was resolute, seemingly determined to not give up until she found her 'Brother Barnes'.

"Hopefully, we can find him in the next two months."

The old man in the red robe had no objections.

The old man in the red robe was undoubtedly 'Redflame', and the young woman in red was 'Winnie Romero'.

For an entire month, Winnie Romero had been searching for Wyatt Barnes' whereabouts with Redflame's help, and they had traveled to many places to the west and south of the inland.

Winnie Romero, however, did not know that the person she was looking for was now approaching the central region of the inland.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Three figures rose from the north of a city, disappearing into the sky in the blink of an eye.

Above the clouds, three young men walked side by side.

"Wyatt, in just a month, you've retrained to the 'Peep Naught Realm'?"

The young man in red looked at the young man in purple, surprised.

"Peep Naught Realm?"

Wyatt Barnes smiled faintly, neither confirming nor denying.

Peep Naught Realm?

That had been over a half month ago.

"Do you have to go through the 'Six-nine Thunder Tribulation' again to re-enter the 'Peep Naught Realm'?"

The young man in red asked.

"Of course."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"Have you not sensed it yet?"

The young man in red asked again.

"I've already crossed it a few days ago."

Wyatt Barnes said.

Instantly, the young man in red was dumbstruck, and the blue-clad young man beside them couldn't help but be moved.

The young man in red and the young man in blue were brothers Demetrius Nangle and Jaxx Nangle, who were traveling with Wyatt Barnes to Mystic Profound Peak to participate in the selection of disciples and apprentices under the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak.

"Wyatt, you mean... a few days ago, you had already retrained to the 'Peep Naught Realm'?"

Demetrius Nangle gasped, but couldn't help asking.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"How long ago?"

Jaxx Nangle, who rarely spoke, asked.

"About half a month ago."

Wyatt Barnes said.

For a moment, the Nangle brothers exchanged looks, seeing astonishment in each other's eyes.

"Freak!"

The same thought appeared almost simultaneously in their minds.

"Half a month to break through from the 'First Level Condensed Pill Realm' to the 'Peep Naught Realm'... Wyatt, you truly are a 'monster'!"

Demetrius Nangle exclaimed.

Although Jaxx Nangle did not speak, the flicker in his eyes showed that he completely agreed with Demetrius.

"Wyatt, you broke through to the 'Peep Naught Realm' half a month ago... Now, you might have already reached the 'Enter Void Realm', or even the 'Cave Void Realm', haven't you?"

Demetrius Nangle took a deep breath, bracing himself before asking.

This time, Wyatt Barnes just offered a mysterious smile, without answering.

Seeing this, Demetrius Nangle, although curious, did not ask further, realizing Wyatt Barnes chose not to respond.

"Once we arrive at Mystic Profound Peak, we will see many 'Martial Emperors' from all over... To successfully become a disciple or apprentice under the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak, we only have to soar by stepping over them!"

Demetrius Nangle first looked eager, then his eyes filled with excitement.

"Mystic Profound Peak."

Wyatt Barnes narrowed his eyes, whispering in a voice only he could hear, "If I really can recover my memory in a year, that would be perfect... If not, I hope the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak has a way to let me know my 'past'."

Although he had lost most of his memories, the remaining memories told Wyatt Barnes:

On the Cloud Skies Continent, Martial Emperors were supreme, and there was hardly anything they couldn't do.

Of course, as long as they took it to heart.

Time quietly passed.

Three days later, the Brother Nangle deliberately slowed their pace.

Wyatt followed suit and slowed down as well.

"Wyatt, ahead is 'Mystic Profound Peak'."

Jaxx Nangle pointed ahead and said to Wyatt.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt looked up. Behind the mountains ahead, all he could see was a gray haze; he couldn't make out anything clearly, "Is 'Mystic Profound Peak' hidden in the mist?"

"Yes."

Jaxx Nangle nodded, "Mystic Profound Peak is said to be hidden in the mist all year round. Unless someone knows in advance that Mystic Profound Peak is here, it's very difficult to find."

"Normally, Mystic Profound Peak is highly guarded. There are many Martial Emperor disciples patrolling around, making it difficult for outsiders to step even half a step inside the boundary... However, this time, because Mystic Profound Peak is recruiting Martial Emperor disciples, outsiders are allowed to approach."



"Of course, although outsiders can approach, they must follow their rules and stay in the accommodations they have arranged."

Jaxx Nangle said slowly.

Wyatt nodded.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

As Wyatt and his companions were getting closer to the distant mist, a series of whistling sounds came from the front left, growing louder.

Shortly after, Wyatt and his companions saw five figures rushing towards them from ahead; their intentions were not good.

"Could they be 'ruthless bandits'?"

Wyatt muttered softly. In his memory, there were many warriors on the Cloud Skies Continent who blocked roads to rob; they were collectively referred to as 'ruthless bandits'.

As the five figures approached, the young man leading them looked at Wyatt's group, his eyes flashing with a fierce light.

"Wyatt, it seems you were right."

Jaxx Nangle said with a wry smile.

Ordinary bandits, he did not fear.

However, encountering bandits near 'Mystic Profound Peak' now, he could not help but feel fear.

The news of Mystic Profound Peak recruiting Martial Emperor disciples had already spread far and wide, making it rare for someone not to know about it.

The five bandits in front of them dared to rob passersby like them at this time, indicating that their strength was not weak and they were confident in themselves.

Huff! Huff! Huff!

...

Shortly after, the five bandits, led by the young man, arrived in front of Wyatt and his companions.

As they halted, five strong gusts of wind assaulted Wyatt and his companions, causing their robes to ripple and rustle.

"Hand over your Storage Rings, alive! Refuse, and die!"

The leading young man casually glanced over Wyatt and his companions and said slowly.

His words were extremely domineering.

The young man, appearing to be around thirty-five, was dressed in green robes, had an ordinary appearance, and his eyes sparkled with a predatory threat.

This green-robed youth was clearly the leader of the bandits before him.

"If you want our Storage Rings, you need to demonstrate your strength first, right? Otherwise, how do we know you aren't trying to bluff us?"

Jaxx Nangle said, his face grim.

"It seems you won't shed a tear until you see the coffin."

Hearing Jaxx Nangle's words, the green-robed youth's eyes flashed fiercely, and the Origin Force around his body suddenly stirred, quickly transforming into multiple colors of power.

To be precise, the Origin Force was infused with various different 'mysteries', hence such a phenomenon appeared.

Whoosh!

Above the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred, and celestial phenomena gradually took shape.

First, a phantom of an ancient azure dragon appeared, along with two thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantoms...

"Martial... Martial Emperor Realm level nine!"

At that sight, the Brother Nangle's faces changed color, and Jaxx Nangle couldn't help but exclaim.

Merely using Origin Force to summon the power of heaven and earth, forming such celestial phenomena, was indeed the hallmark of 'Martial Emperor Realm level nine'!

Martial Emperor Realm level nine bandits, even across the entire Cloud Skies Continent, were rare.

And now, one was right before their eyes.

For a moment, the Brother Nangle felt terribly unlucky.

Whoosh!

The celestial phenomena did not stop there; as the power of heaven and earth continued to roll, in the void above, three ancient azure dragon phantoms quickly appeared, along with a thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantoms.

Without using spiritual weapons, they demonstrated power comparable to that of four ancient azure dragons, plus the power of three thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

Such beings, even among those in the 'Martial Emperor Realm level nine', were considered extremely powerful.

At least, with such strength, becoming a 'Martial Emperor disciple' was more than sufficient.

Of course, that was just for ordinary Martial Emperor disciples.

This level of strength was good, but to become a direct disciple of a Martial Emperor, it was still lacking.

"Such power displayed without using spiritual weapons... if he were to use a spiritual weapon, wouldn't it be..."

Before Jaxx Nangle could finish his thought, his pupils suddenly constricted.

Because he saw a vague figure flash before his eyes, and the next moment, in front of the group of bandits' leader—the green-robed youth—there appeared a familiar figure.

"Wyatt?"

Jaxx Nangle hardly had time to react.

While the green-robed youth deliberately stimulated his power, drawing on the power of heaven and earth to show the celestial phenomena and revel in his own confidence.

Wyatt moved, appearing in front of him.

Fusing mysteries, the Sword Mystery, full burst of power!

The power of five ancient azure dragons propelled Wyatt's form, and before the green-robed youth could react, Wyatt had reached him.

## Chapter 1226: Sword Intent

"You!!"

The green-clad youth who noticed Wyatt Barnes appearing before his eyes suddenly underwent a drastic change in complexion.

Before he could make a move, Wyatt had already attacked. His lightning-like assault shattered the youth's defenses as easily as a dry twig.

Bang!!

A booming explosion sounded, and the green-clad youth turned into a cloud of blood mist. From start to finish, he didn't even manage to defend himself, let alone counterattack.

Without the use of a spiritual weapon, Wyatt was able to exert power comparable to that of four ancient azure dragons combined with the force of three thousand ancient Horned Dragons—this 'Martial Emperor of Ninth-Order' died by Wyatt's hands.

Had he been even slightly vigilant, he wouldn't have met such a fate.

Currently, even if Wyatt unleashed all his techniques, he could only exert a force comparable to five ancient azure dragons, augmented by less than a thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

And the green-clad youth, had he used a 'Grade One spiritual weapon', could have mustered strength surpassing that of five ancient azure dragons, in addition to the power of three thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

Had he been prepared, Wyatt wouldn't have been a match for him!

It could be said that his death was both wrongful and suffocating.

"You... You dare to kill Senior Brother Wright?"

As Wyatt killed the green-clad youth, the other four middle-aged men were stupefied. When they came to their senses, their complexions changed dramatically, staring at Wyatt as if they had seen a ghost.

Whoosh!

One of them raised his hand and shot out a streak of flowing light.

"A message jade slip!"

Demetrius Nangle, who had just come to his senses, had a massive shift in expression.

The message jade slip's speed accelerated, vanishing from everyone's sight in an instant; no one was confident they could catch up.

Bang!!

Another explosion rang out as Wyatt acted again, killing the middle-aged man who had released the message jade slip.

For a moment, the remaining three were filled with terror.

This purple-clad youth before them was simply a 'God of Killing'!

He took the lives of two of them without even a blink of an eye.

"You... You can't kill us, we're from Mystic Profound Peak..."

One of the middle-aged men spoke out in panic.

However, before he could finish his sentence, he was killed by Jaxx Nangle, and the other two unprepared men also died at Jaxx's hand.

In the blink of an eye, three men were dead, and Jaxx's stirring blue robe remained free of any bloodstains. Standing in the air, his expression cold and stern, he was like a mountain-like statue that never moved.

"You've had a breakthrough?"

Wyatt looked at Jaxx with some surprise.

Although Jaxx moved quickly, the power of heaven and earth hadn't congregated into a visible phenomenon from start to finish.

However, Wyatt, who observed Jaxx with specific intent, still managed to determine his cultivation level at first notice.

Martial Emperor of Seventh-Order!

Wyatt's dantian had been wasted, and he needed to retrain his cultivation.

Nevertheless, his spiritual power remained as strong as ever, at the level of a 'Martial Emperor of Fourth-Order'.

With the spiritual power of Fourth-Order of the Martial Emperor Realm, one could see through the cultivation of all martial artists below the Martial Emperor, which is why he could easily see that Jaxx had broken through.

"Three days ago, I just broke through."

Jaxx nodded.

He knew well that although he had broken through to 'Martial Emperor of Seventh-Order', it would be difficult for him to kill those three men if it came to direct combat.

The reason he could strike successfully was that the three men's attention was on Wyatt, and they were afraid of him.

Had it not been so, he wasn't confident he could defeat, let alone kill, any of them.

"Demetrius Nangle, I thought I could catch up with you this time, but I didn't expect to fall behind again."

Demetrius looked at Jaxx with a complex expression.

"The eldest brother naturally has to look the part," Jaxx coolly replied.

Hearing Jaxx's words, a bitter smile lingered on the corners of Demetrius's mouth.

Was he really destined to accept Jaxx as his elder brother?

"Right!"

Suddenly, Demetrius changed the subject. "Just now, someone claimed they were from Mystic Profound Peak... They couldn't have been disciples or followers of the Mystic Profound Martial Emperor, could they?"

Demetrius speculated toward the end.

"What does it matter if they're disciples or followers of the Martial Emperor? They sought their own deaths; we are not to blame!"

Jaxx continued speaking coolly.

"I know that. But the problem is... just now, someone managed to send out a message jade slip. It won't be long before others learn that we killed them."

Demetrius spoke with some apprehension.



"Five people, led by that green-clad youth, it's likely that only the green-clad youth was a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor... As for the other four, they should only be followers of the Martial Emperor."

"Do you really think, just for those five men, that Martial Emperor direct disciples, let alone Mystic Profound Martial Emperors, would act against us?"

Jaxx glanced at Demetrius lightly, turning the question back on him.

"It does seem that way."

Demetrius Nangle nodded in realization, then added, "However, as of now, all this is just our speculation... Whether or not they are disciples or disciples of the Martial Emperor from Mystic Profound Peak is still uncertain."

"Let's go."

Wyatt Barnes and his two companions continued onward, passing through the clouds ahead to find themselves in a gray, hazy world.

With their keen eyesight, they quickly spotted a steep mountain beyond the mist, towering into the clouds like a sharp sword thrusting into the sky.

"It is said that the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak was a powerful 'sword cultivator'. Back in the day, it was right in front of this mountain that he came to understand the 'Emperor Realm Sword Mystique', and like a carp leaping through the dragon's gate, he soared to the heavens!"

Demetrius Nangle muttered as he looked at the precipitous mountain rising like a sword in front of him.

"Afterwards, once he broke through to the 'Martial Emperor Realm' and became a Martial Emperor, he remained to cultivate on this mountain, which then became his cultivation ground... He named it 'Mystic Profound Peak'."

Demetrius Nangle continued, his face filled with admiration as he spoke.

Wyatt Barnes, however, wasn't too interested in all of this. He came to Mystic Profound Peak to seek the help of the Martial Emperor to uncover his 'past'; he didn't care about other matters.

"Stop right there!"

As Wyatt Barnes and his party approached Mystic Profound Peak, they were stopped by a middle-aged man patrolling around the peak, "I am a disciple of the Martial Emperor from 'Mystic Profound Peak', who are you?"

"We have come to participate in the selection trial for disciples and disciples of the Martial Emperor that Mystic Profound Peak is holding in half a year's time."

Demetrius Nangle stated their purpose.

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged man first set his gaze on Demetrius Nangle, sizing him up for a while, then turned to look at Wyatt Barnes and Jaxx Nangle, finally nodding his head, "Follow me, and do not wander off."

With that, he took the lead and flew towards Mystic Profound Peak.

Wyatt Barnes and his companions followed closely behind.

Soon, under the guidance of the Martial Emperor's disciple, Wyatt Barnes and his two companions arrived at a broad stone platform halfway up Mystic Profound Peak.

Groups of three to five people consecutively landed on the stone platform above.

These people, all following someone from Mystic Profound Peak, were clearly there to take part in the selection trial for disciples and disciples of the Martial Emperor that would be held in half a year.

"Wait here for a moment, someone will soon ask you to demonstrate your cultivation level... according to your cultivation, your residence for the next six months will be arranged."

The Martial Emperor's disciple, who had brought Wyatt Barnes and his company here, said to them.

After speaking, he did not await a response from Wyatt Barnes and his companions but flew away.

Several others from the different groups also departed one after another.

After a while, only a group of people, including Wyatt Barnes and his two companions, remained, all there to participate in the selection trial for disciples and disciples of the Martial Emperor.

Time quietly slipped by.

Before long, some more people were brought over.

Throughout, Wyatt Barnes sat with his eyes closed, resting and quietly waiting.

Of course, he wasn't just resting; he was also silently cultivating and trying to comprehend the understanding of the Sword Dao that originated from the character 'sword' in his mind.

"Kid, how come there is such terrifying 'Sword Intent' in your mind?"

Suddenly, Dominic King spoke, his voice laced with a hint of wariness.

Actually, Dominic King had long since noticed the 'Sword Intent' in Wyatt Barnes's mind. At first, he didn't care, but as time passed, he realized that these Sword Intents posed a great threat to him.

If Wyatt Barnes were to direct these 'Sword Intents' at his soul, he would surely dissolve into nothingness!

"Sword Intent? Are you talking about the 'intent of the Sword Dao'?"

Wyatt Barnes asked in confusion.

"What sword or Sword Dao intent, 'Sword Intent' is just Sword Intent. Don't tell me, you don't even know the origin of this Sword Intent accumulated in your mind."

Dominic King said.

"I really can't remember... All I know is that contemplating it can enhance my 'Sword Mystique'."

Wyatt Barnes said.

"How so? Is it very powerful?"

Wyatt Barnes asked again.

"Powerful is an understatement! Forget it, even if I tell you now, you won't understand... In short, the 'Sword Intent' in your mind must be the legacy of an incredibly powerful 'Saint Realm expert'."

In Dominic King's words, there seemed to be a hint of wariness, wariness that stemmed from the soul.

Whoosh!

With a light breeze blowing by, Wyatt Barnes seemed to sense something and opened his eyes.

At a glance, he saw three elders stepping on air and landing, appearing in front of him and a group of people around them, standing there as if they were blending with heaven and earth.

Wyatt Barnes immediately extended his spiritual power to probe the cultivation level of one of the elders.

Martial Emperor Realm Seventh-Order!

"Martial Emperor's disciple?"

Wyatt Barnes speculated to himself.

When he was about to probe the second elder, his spiritual power inexplicably trembled because he found that when his spiritual power neared this elder, a tremendous spiritual power emerged from the elder.

"Inscription Master!"

Wyatt Barnes's heart kicked.

This elder was an 'Inscription Master', and his spiritual power was stronger than Wyatt's.

It was also because Wyatt retracted his spiritual power timely, otherwise, he would definitely have been detected, and even been singled out.

The elder who was an 'Inscription Master', stood between the other two elders, frowned slightly, glanced around until he detected nothing amiss, and then returned to his senses.

"Next, each one of you will demonstrate your Origin Force, drawing upon the forces of heaven and earth, and forming a natural phenomenon... You may not use any mystique."

"Your level of cultivation will affect the quality of your training environment for the next six months."

This elder, the leader among the three, was speaking to the group including Wyatt Barnes.

Chapter 1227: First Level of the Cave Void Realm!

Cultivation level?

Including Wyatt Barnes, most people thought there was nothing much to this.

However, the brows of the Nangle brothers involuntarily furrowed, with Demetrius Nangle unable to resist asking, "Why only look at cultivation level? Is 'Profound Mysteries' not a part of one's strength?"

"What? Do you have an opinion on my decision?"

The leading elder hadn't expected anyone to dare speak out of turn in front of him, and his face immediately darkened as he asked coldly.

His eyes turned to Demetrius Nangle, glittering with a chilling sharpness for a moment, as if he would wipe out Demetrius Nangle if he dared say another word.

For a time, although Demetrius Nangle was indignant, he didn't dare say anything more.

The elder in front of him exerted an enormous pressure on him, even if only implicitly.

Moreover, his words were mostly in defense of Wyatt Barnes.

After all, Wyatt Barnes' current cultivation level was at most 'Enter Void Realm' or 'Cave Void Realm'; if judged only by cultivation level, it would be unfair to Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes' true strength relied heavily on his 'Profound Mysteries'.

However, he soon realized that Wyatt Barnes seemed not to care about this and thus, he stopped dwelling on the matter.

Why fret when the person involved wasn't?

Following this, those who came to participate in the selection of Martial Emperor disciples and apprentices for Mystic Profound Peak in half a year's time successively showed off their cultivation levels, stirring the power of heaven and earth to form extraordinary visions.

Before long, everyone except the three including Wyatt Barnes first displayed their cultivation levels.

These people's cultivation levels ranged from 'Martial Emperor Realm Third Level' to 'Martial Emperor Realm Eighth Level'.

After they had revealed their cultivation levels, as instructed by the leading elder, they split into three groups, standing not too far away.

Those below the Martial Emperor Realm Fourth Level were grouped together.

Those above the Martial Emperor Realm Fourth Level and below Martial Emperor Realm Seventh Level formed another group.

Those above the Martial Emperor Realm Seventh Level constituted the final group.

The middle group had the most people.

Before Wyatt Barnes, Jaxx Nangle and Demetrius Nangle successively displayed their cultivation levels in front of the three elders of Mystic Profound Peak.

Jaxx Nangle was 'Martial Emperor Realm Seventh Level'.

Demetrius Nangle was 'Martial Emperor Realm Sixth Level', just like Jaxx Nangle; he had also achieved a breakthrough and improved recently.

For a moment, the Nangle brothers separated.

Because the Nangle brothers were 'twins', they had attracted quite a bit of attention since their arrival, right up until they'd displayed their full cultivation levels.

"Now it's only you left."

The leading elder's gaze quickly landed on Wyatt Barnes.

At this point, only Wyatt Barnes had not yet demonstrated his full cultivation level.

Including the Nangle brothers, most people's gazes uniformly fell on Wyatt Barnes.

As the last person to reveal his cultivation level, he received a great deal of attention.

Wyatt Barnes stepped forward, facing the three elders, as Origin Force quietly rose from his body, quickly enveloping him like tendrils of mist.

"This..."

Seeing this scene, aside from the Nangle brothers, everyone including the three elders of Mystic Profound Peak were stunned.

The reason they were stunned was that they could tell.

The Origin Force enveloping the young man in purple clothes was even weaker than the Origin Force of many 'Cave Void Realm warriors'.

Whosh!

Simultaneously, above Wyatt Barnes' head in the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred, rapidly coalescing into a vision of the world.

Including the Nangle brothers, the eyes of everyone present fixated on the void above Wyatt Barnes' head.

To be precise, they were looking at the vision of heaven and earth formed by the Origin Force Wyatt Barnes had released.

There, twenty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms spiraled down, lifelike in appearance.

For a moment, the scene was dead silent.



"Cave Void Realm First Level! Has Wyatt Barnes truly broken through to the 'Cave Void Realm'?"

The Nangle brothers, who were mentally prepared, were the first to react, with Demetrius Nangle murmuring in astonishment, his tone filled with shock and disbelief.

One month's time, from 'Condensed Pill Realm First Level' to 'Cave Void Realm First Level'.

Such a speed of cultivation was simply monstrous!

While Jaxx Nangle appeared calmer, his eyes were also filled with an incredulous light.

Such an earth-shattering change in cultivation within a short month.

Had he not seen it with his own eyes, he would never have believed it.

"Am I seeing things? Is this 'Cave Void Realm First Level'?"

Soon another person caught on and said with a peculiar expression.

"A mere 'Cave Void Realm First Level' dares to participate in the selection of Martial Emperor disciples and apprentices at Mystic Profound Peak? Isn't this courting death?"

Many people said sarcastically.

"Exactly! With such little cultivation, if he were to face me, I wouldn't be able to hold back and would kill him."

"Hmph! A Cave Void Realm First Level is no different from an ant in my eyes... Such ants, I could crush with a single finger!"

Some people looked at Wyatt Barnes with a menacing gleam in their eyes.

In short, after Wyatt Barnes demonstrated his cultivation level of 'Cave Void Realm First Level', everyone aside from the Nangle brothers found it unbelievable.

"If you ask me, by the time the selection for Martial Emperor disciples and apprentices begins, he surely won't even have the courage to step up and compete with us."

Someone speculated.

"I also think he doesn't have the courage to compete with us... In fact, I think he's just here to join the fray at Mystic Profound Peak, solely to watch us vie against each other."

"If I had known we could come join the fray like this, I would have brought more people."

...

A group of people who had come to participate in the Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection at Mystic Profound Peak half a year later couldn't help but discuss among themselves. Most of them looked at Wyatt Barnes with disdain.

A 'Cave Void Realm First Level warrior', standing in front of a group of Martial Emperor powerhouses who were at least at 'Martial Emperor Realm Third Level', was particularly out of place.

"Young man, are you sure you're here to participate in our Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection that will be held in half a year?"

Out of the three elderly men, aside from the leading elder whose face was gloomy, one of the other two asked.

"Mm."

Wyatt Barnes nodded lightly.

"Humph! You're just a 'Cave Void Realm First Level warrior'. What qualifications do you have to participate in our Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection?"

Another elder hummed.

"What? Does Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection you're holding this time have restrictions on cultivation? Can 'Cave Void Realm warriors' not participate?"

Wyatt Barnes looked deeply at the elder and asked.

The elder frowned upon hearing this.

It seemed their Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection this time did not have such rules or restrictions.

"It's true that our Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection does not specify that 'Cave Void Realm warriors' can't participate... However, once you participate, it means you have to enter the fray and cannot admit defeat without a fight! Can you do that?"

The leading elder, who had not spoken until now, glanced at Wyatt Barnes and asked.

Between his words, it was clear he wanted Wyatt Barnes to withdraw knowing the difficulty.

Not admitting defeat without a fight!

It meant he wanted Wyatt Barnes to face off against others head-on.

He believed that if this Cave Void Realm warrior had any sense, he would surely withdraw knowing the difficulty.

After all, if he didn't, it was a sure path to death.

As the leading elder spoke, aside from the Nangle brothers, the gaze of others present at Wyatt Barnes carried a mix of contempt and disdain.

"Do you think he will withdraw knowing the difficulty?"

"Isn't that obvious? The elder from Mystic Profound Peak has already said as much, if he doesn't withdraw knowing the difficulty, he's an absolute fool."

"I think so too."

"I'll take bets, wagering that the man in purple will not leave. The odds are one to ten!"

"Have you got the guts to take bets that man in purple will leave, at odds of ten to one? Dare you?"

...

The people present discussed animatedly, and some even openly took bets.

Of course, most people didn't dare to bet because they felt it was a losing proposition with no profit.

"Are you sure you want to take bets?"

However, they soon found that someone wanted to place a bet.

The bettors were none other than the Nangle brothers, who were looking at the middle-aged man who had just spoken about taking bets and asked for confirmation.

"What? Do you want to place a bet?"

The middle-aged man smiled warmly.

Although he knew that the twin brothers in front of him were with the young man in purple, he did not think the young man in purple would choose not to leave just because they placed a bet.

After all, not leaving was death.

Once a Cave Void Realm warrior took the field against a Martial Emperor powerhouse, they would be instantly blasted into nothingness, becoming dust in the universe.

There would be no chance to admit defeat.

In this world, nothing is more important than one's own life.

So, he was sure that the man in purple would withdraw knowing the difficulty.

"If you have enough original stones... I'll bet ten top-grade original stones and three hundred thousand top-grade original stones!"

Demetrius Nangle looked at the middle-aged man and said lightly.

"Twenty top-grade original stones, two hundred thousand top-grade original stones."

Jaxx Nangle coolly spoke.

Whoosh!

As soon as the two of them finished speaking, there was an uproar at the scene.

Even the three old men who appeared to be Mystic Profound Peak Martial Emperor disciples were drawn by the Nangle brothers' gamble; they hadn't expected the two to take such a crazy risk.

They had originally thought that the Nangle brothers were just putting on a show to boost their companion's morale.

Yet they hadn't expected them to put up so many original stones as stakes.

"Their bets combined are thirty top-grade original stones and five hundred thousand top-grade original stones... If they win, they would have to be paid three hundred top-grade original stones and five million top-grade original stones."

Someone couldn't help but mutter under their breath.

His words reached the ears of the crowd, many of whom were skeptical, "That's only if they can win."

"I think they dare to place such a large bet because they have confidence in that man in purple... Although I don't know why they would be confident in him."

Some guessed so.

"In my opinion, they're deliberately putting up so many original stones to bet, hoping to make the bookmaker withdraw knowing the difficulty, thereby salvaging some face for their companion."

Yet more people said this.

Chapter 1228: Bet Your Life

"Fine, I accept your 'bet.'"

The middle-aged man who had offered to be the bookmaker looked greedily at the Brother Nangle, his eyes burning with desire.

In his eyes, these two fools were simply delivering original stones to him.

"Accepting our 'wager' is fine, but you must first prove that you have the capital to pay... three hundred top-grade original stones, five million high-grade original stones."

Demetrius Nangle said indifferently.

"Humph! I will not lose."

The middle-aged man said.

"So you say... you're looking to fleece us without putting anything on the line? Do you really think there's such a good deal in the world?"

Demetrius Nangle said mockingly.

"It seems that you never intended to place a bet."

The middle-aged man sneered.

There was no way he could produce three hundred top-grade original stones and five million high-grade original stones on the spot.

In fact, he was certain.

None of the people present, including the three elders suspected to be disciples of the Martial Emperor from Mystic Profound Peak, could produce so many original stones at once.

"It seems from the start they had no intention to bet... They are sure the other party doesn't have so many original stones to cover the 'stake.'"

"I thought they really had confidence in their companion. So that's how it is."

Many people whispered among themselves.

"Never intended to place a bet?"

Demetrius Nangle laughed, his eyes narrowing unconsciously, "How about this? We'll still place the bet... If we lose, you take all our original stones."

"If you lose, besides leaving your 'Storage Ring,' we also want your life!"

Towards the end of his statement, the corners of Demetrius Nangle's mouth rose in a sinister curve.

Whoosh!

As Demetrius Nangle's words fell, everyone present was shocked, except for Wyatt Barnes, Jaxx Nangle, and including the three elders suspected to be the Martial Emperor's disciples from Mystic Profound Peak.

This included the middle-aged man who had wanted to set up the bet.

"You want me to stake my entire wealth and life against you?"

The man's eyes flashed, and he asked in a deep voice.

"Do you dare?"

Demetrius Nangle asked lightly.

For a moment, the two were locked in a confrontational gaze.

Most eyes in the room were fixated on the two of them.

"What wouldn't I dare!"

After a quick play of emotions on his face, the middle-aged man gritted his teeth and firmly agreed.



Simultaneously, he looked at the three elders suspected to be disciples of the Martial Emperor from Mystic Profound Peak, "Great elders, please witness the 'betting agreement' between me and these two."

The leading elder nodded slightly, "Agreed."

The leading elder looked at Brother Nangle and said unhurriedly, "If the two of you lose and cannot produce that many original stones... I will destroy your dantian and expel you from Mystic Profound Peak!"

Then, he turned to the middle-aged man, "If you lose, your wealth and life will no longer be your own."

"Great elder."

At this moment, the middle-aged man looked toward the leading elder and respectfully asked, "I would like to inquire, if someone insists on participating in the Martial Emperor disciples and disciples' selection six months later, but when the time comes, they're scared to enter the ring... what will be their fate?"

"Anyone who decides to participate in the Martial Emperor disciples and disciples' selection half a year from now will have no way out... Nobody is allowed to have regrets."

"Even those with regrets must participate in the first round of the Martial Emperor disciples and disciples' selection after half a year... Otherwise, it will be taken as a mockery of Mystic Profound Peak. There is only one end for those who mock Mystic Profound Peak, death!"

The leading elder's tone grew heavier at the end, and he deliberately glanced at the silent Wyatt Barnes nearby, as a warning to him.

A First level Cave Void Realm martial artist daring to participate in the selection of Martial Emperor disciples and disciples at Mystic Profound Peak.

In his view, this person simply didn't take Mystic Profound Peak seriously!

As a disciple of the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak, he felt that what he considered 'Holy Land' had been desecrated, and he was ready to burst with anger.

"Ha ha... Good! I will take the bet."

Hearing the elder's words, the middle-aged man laughed heartily and agreed readily.

In his eyes, greed intensified, as if he could already see the thirty top-grade original stones and five hundred thousand high-grade original stones going into his pocket.

"Feeling pleased with yourself? Do you really think you've won?"

Demetrius Nangle sneered, then turned to the leading elder, "We'll also take the bet."

The elder nodded and then looked at the silent Wyatt Barnes, saying, "Are you resolved to participate in our Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection half a year from now?"

"Once you decide to participate, there will be no turning back, and you must at least join the first round of the Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection half a year later... Either it is a life-and-death trial for Martial Emperor experts or a duel with a Martial Emperor expert."

The leading elder spoke unhurriedly.

In his view.

As long as this purple-garbed young man didn't wish to die, he certainly wouldn't persist in joining the selection half a year later.

A First level Cave Void Realm martial artist participating in the Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection was as good as seeking death!

As the elder queried Wyatt Barnes, everyone else's gaze also fell upon him.

Apart from Brother Nangle, nobody else believed Wyatt Barnes would persist in participating in the selection six months later.

"I've won! I've won!"

The middle-aged man's eyes lit up when he saw Wyatt's mouth move as if about to speak, revealing a brilliantly satisfied smile.

However, as Wyatt Barnes spoke, the smile on his face quickly solidified completely.

"I'm participating."

Wyatt just looked at the foremost elder among the three elderly figures before him and said indifferently.

Boom!

Wyatt's words, to most of those present, were like a bolt from the blue.

Especially for that middle-aged man, in addition to the smile on his face solidifying completely, his eyes were filled with fear, the fear of the death he was about to face.

"Madman! Madman!!"

The middle-aged man looked at Wyatt Barnes, cursed twice, and then moved to leave.

He did not want to truly lose his life.

But, was it now possible for him to leave just because he wanted to?

The moment the middle-aged man began to move, an old figure had already appeared out of nowhere in front of him, stopping him.

It was one of the other two elders, aside from the leading elder.

"Good, very good."

After his surprise, the leading elder's face grew somber, and he stared coldly at Wyatt Barnes, "For the next six months, I will oversee your every move... Before you participate in at least one round of selection for the Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples, you cannot leave Mystic Profound Peak!"

"Then thank you for the trouble."

Wyatt Barnes shrugged his shoulders, speaking with an air of indifference.

Wyatt's casualness left the crowd, who had just regained their senses, dumbfounded.

"This guy, he seems not to be afraid of death at all."

"Not only is he not afraid of death, but he also seems very confident... Could it be that he's confident he can survive a round in the Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples selection, thus staying alive?"

"How is that possible! Let alone that he's just a 'Cave Void Realm First-Level Martial Artist', even if he were a 'Transforming Void Realm First-Level Martial Artist', or even a 'Transforming Void Realm Ninth-Level Martial Artist', facing the selection held by Mystic Profound Peak for the Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples, he'd still be bound to die!"

"Given that, is this guy intentionally seeking death?"

"It looks that way, based on the current situation."

...

For a time, the people present felt that Wyatt Barnes was intentionally seeking death.

After all, in their eyes, Wyatt Barnes was just a 'Cave Void Realm First-Level Martial Artist'.

According to common sense.

A Cave Void Realm First-Level Martial Artist, no matter how perceptive, would only have grasped some of the 'Cave Void Realm Intent'.

In their eyes, such an existence was no different from an ant.

"I hope you're still as composed as you are now after half a year... I'm looking forward to it."

The leading elder said in a deep voice.

Having said that, he paid no further attention to Wyatt Barnes and moved to the middle-aged man who had made the bet with the Brother Nangle, with eyes as cold as ice, void of any emotion.

"My lord! I... I was just joking earlier. I'm backing out of the bet, I'm backing out!"

The middle-aged man looked at the leading elder, close at hand, and said in a panic.

At that moment, his eyes were filled with fear, a fear that stemmed from the depths of his heart and soul.

Others might not be afraid of death, but that didn't mean he wasn't.

Had he known earlier that the purple-robed young man was unafraid of death, he definitely would not have accepted Brother Nangle's 'wager.'

Boom!!

Facing the middle-aged man's pleas, the leading elder did not bother to respond, raising his hand instead and directly blasting him to death.

As for the middle-aged man's 'Storage Ring' and several 'original stone fragments', with a flick of his hand, they were drawn by an invisible force towards Brother Nangle.

The scene before them elicited a sigh from those around.

This outcome was completely unexpected.

"Many thanks, my lord."

After Demetrius Nangle collected the Storage Ring and original stone fragments, he smiled and thanked the leading elder.

The elder nodded indifferently.

Then, he looked around him, his gaze landing on several of the 'Martial Emperor Realm Seventh-Order' and above martial artists, including Jaxx Nangle, "You few, follow him to what will be your residence for the next half year."

Towards the end, he looked toward one of the two elderly figures beside him.

In an instant, this elder took Jaxx Nangle and the others away.

"You guys, follow him."

Then, the leading elder turned to Demetrius Nangle and others, as well as the other elder.

The group, including Demetrius Nangle, were those 'Martial Emperor Realm Fourth-Order' and above, but below 'Martial Emperor Realm Seventh-Order.'

"Wyatt Barnes, I'm leaving first."

Before Demetrius Nangle and the group left with the elder, he smiled and greeted Wyatt Barnes, seeming not to worry at all about the situation Wyatt was facing.

Seeing this, some doubt flickered deep within the leading elder's gaze.

This person is not worried about his companion at all?

Is it because he has full confidence in his companion?

Or does he not care about the companion's fate?

For a moment, the elder's gaze inadvertently fell on Wyatt Barnes, and a chill went through his heart.

He was more inclined towards the latter.

"If a Cave Void Realm First-Level Martial Artist is able to stir up any trouble on our Mystic Profound Peak, that would really be strange indeed."

He thought to himself.

"You all come with me."

Soon after, the elder looked towards Wyatt Barnes and the others and said.

Chapter 1229: A World of Difference

Now there were only three people left, including Wyatt Barnes.

The three of them were the ones below the "Fourth level of the Martial Emperor Realm," and their living quarters for the next half year were completely different from the other two groups.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The three of them followed the elder toward another side of Mystic Profound Peak.

"For the next half year, I and another disciple of the Martial Emperor from our Mystic Profound Peak will protect you... I am Blaze Myers, a disciple of the Martial Emperor from Mystic Profound Peak."

The elder said to Wyatt and the other two.

Disciple of the Martial Emperor!

Upon hearing Blaze Myers's words, aside from Wyatt, who had been calm from start to finish, the other two were somewhat shocked.

However, after thinking about Blaze Myers's previous remark, they exchanged glances and were at a loss for words.

Protection?

As a place of cultivation for the Martial Emperor, known as "Mystic Profound Peak," which was usually off-limits to outsiders, how could anyone pose a threat to them?

If no one could threaten them, then the talk of "protection" was out of the question.

"Protection is false, surveillance is the reality."

The two thought to themselves.

Not long ago, Blaze Myers had said that anyone who comes to Mystic Profound Peak to participate in the selection of Martial Emperor disciples and apprentices cannot flee when facing the battle, and at least needs to participate in one round of selection.

"Introduce yourselves."

Soon, Blaze Myers spoke again.



Upon hearing Blaze Myers' words, aside from Wyatt, the other two couldn't help but be stunned.

They knew very well that Blaze Myers asked them to introduce themselves because he had an ulterior motive.

Such insignificant individuals' names were beneath Blaze Myers' notice.

Now that Blaze Myers was asking for their names, the purpose was clear—he wanted to know the name of the other purple-robed young man.

Sure enough, as the two of them introduced themselves, Blaze Myers merely nodded nonchalantly, not caring at all.

His gaze fell on Wyatt, who had not yet spoken, and he asked indifferently, "What is your name?"

"Wyatt Barnes."

Wyatt responded lightly, never once raising his head to look at Blaze Myers.

Blaze Myers felt somewhat annoyed—an insignificant youngster at the First level of the Cave Void Realm daring to put on airs in front of him?

"Hmph! The name is not bad. Too bad you chose the wrong path," Blaze Myers scoffed.

Hearing Blaze Myers' words, Wyatt was unfazed, treating it as if a breeze had merely brushed by his ear.

The other two, however, nodded in agreement, unsure if Wyatt could survive the next half year, and looked at him with slightly more pity.

Quickly, Blaze Myers led Wyatt and the other two to the mid-mountain area on another side of Mystic Profound Peak.

There, there were two spacious stone platforms.

Between the two platforms stretched a long flight of stairs.

Within the upper platform, there stood a pavilion, encircled by a layer of white mist, resembling a 'fairy palace' from a wonderland.

The white mist around this pavilion was converging from all directions.

"Origin-gathering Array."

Wyatt raised his eyebrow, immediately recognizing that there was an Inscription Array on the stone platform where the pavilion was located.

This Inscription Array gathered all the inner energy from top-grade and the finest original stones, creating an excellent environment for cultivation.

Cultivating within this pavilion was extremely efficient.

However, this only applied to ordinary martial artists.

For Wyatt, even the inner energy sourced from the finest original stones, gathered together by the "Origin-gathering Array," wasn't of much help.

His progress in cultivation was already advancing at an astonishing pace—beyond what ordinary people could compare to.

Even if the energy from the finest original stones were gathered together, it would merely be the icing on the cake for him—hardly worth mentioning.

"That pavilion on the stone platform has an 'Origin-gathering Array'... This Origin-gathering Array was personally arranged by an Inscription Master of the Martial Emperor Realm at the request of our Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor," Blaze Myers began to explain the pavilion as Wyatt observed it, "Cultivating there, one's progress in cultivation is extremely fast, no less than directly absorbing energy from the finest original stones."

Hiss! Hiss!

Hearing Blaze Myers' words, the other two couldn't help but take a sharp breath, their eyes burning with a passionate gaze as they looked toward the distant pavilion.

"The other stone platform..."

As Blaze Myers' gaze shifted, the eyes of Wyatt and the others followed to the other stone platform at the foot of the stairs.

Compared to the one above, this platform left much to be desired.

Or rather, it was absolutely deficient!

In comparison to the upper platform, it was like the difference between heaven and earth.

On this platform, there stood huts made of miscellaneous grasses and woods, randomly constructed. These huts were scattered around the platform, looking very meager.

"You all pick any hut on this platform to live in... For the next half year, you must not leave a thousand-meter radius from here, otherwise, you will be considered as fleeing from battle, and you'll be on a path to death!" Blaze Myers said to Wyatt and the others, his tone growing heavier at the end.

"Don't harbor any false hopes!"

Blaze Myers' gaze especially fell on Wyatt as he continued, "This place will be guarded by me and another disciple of the Martial Emperor from our Mystic Profound Peak for the next half year. Normally, one will go out to receive people while the other guards this area."

"Blaze Myers, Sir, are we... are we going to live in these thatched cottages?"

The other two couldn't help but frown at the sight of the cottages, their faces full of disdain.

"What's the matter? You think they're dirty?"

Blaze Myers sneered, "If you really find them so dirty, you can improve your own living environment... Besides, there's something I need to remind you of."

Here, Blaze Myers paused, then continued: "Here, fighting to the death is allowed... If the weak die, we won't intervene!"

As he spoke, Blaze Myers glanced at Wyatt Barnes.

As Blaze Myers's words fell, the other two, showing fear, simultaneously turned to look at Wyatt Barnes.

For a moment, their spirits lifted considerably.

Compared to this young man in purple, they were undoubtedly much safer since they were both at the 'Third Level of the Martial Emperor Realm.'

And in this place, the strongest martial artists were only at the 'Third Level of the Martial Emperor Realm.'

"Go ahead."

After saying this, Blaze Myers left, disappearing without a trace.

Suddenly, the three, including Wyatt Barnes, descended from the air.

"Young Brother Wyatt, you've been too impulsive... With your strength, in this place, you probably won't last half a year," one of them said to Wyatt Barnes with a sigh.

"Keep a low profile, and you might live a little longer... If I were you, I'd find a cottage to live in and then shut the doors until the selection for the Martial Emperor's disciples and followers begins half a year later," the other one hummed, his look full of mockery towards Wyatt Barnes for not knowing the gravity of his situation.

Seeing that Wyatt Barnes remained silent, the two felt bored and didn't say anything more.

Momentarily, the three found themselves upon a stone platform scattered with thatched cottages.

"How foul!"

As they approached, the brows of the other two instantly furrowed, and their expressions soured.

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes also smelled the stench wafting towards him.

The stink originated from the cottages before them.

To be precise, it came from the weeds on the cottages that were filled with the smell of bird and beast droppings, strikingly pungent.

"Compared to this, the pavilion on the stone platform above is simply 'heaven'!"

Their gazes naturally shifted upward to the pavilion on the stone platform above, a place where anyone would dream to live and cultivate.

"However, that place should be the dwelling of the Mystic Profound Peak's Martial Emperor disciples watching over us," one of them guessed.

"That sounds right," the other nodded.

"To live in such a godforsaken place for half a year... How could anyone bear it?"

Very quickly, the two sighed while looking at the cottages before them.

"Otherwise... what if we don't live in the cottages? What about cultivating on some distant rock or cultivating in mid-air?"

One of them offered a suggestion.

"This is a good idea!" the other man's eyes brightened.

"You think you're the only ones who can come up with that idea?"

That's when Wyatt Barnes spoke up, saying indifferently, "Look at the footprints at the doors of these cottages, clearly many people have moved in... Do you think they're willing to live there?"

Just as the other two were taken aback, a familiar voice clearly entered their ears.

"Those who do not wish to fight and linger more than ten meters from their dwellings, die!"

They could tell it was Blaze Myers's voice.

Though Blaze Myers's message was brief, its meaning was unmistakably clear.

You either fight and compete with others, or you stay honestly within ten meters of the cottages and enjoy the special aroma inside.

Hearing Blaze Myers's words, the other two paled and hastily each found an unclaimed cottage and darted inside, completely out of sight.

Wyatt Barnes also chose a cottage and went inside.

The cottage was empty; if one wanted to cultivate, they had no choice but to sit cross-legged in mid-air.

The stench inside the cottage grew even stronger, but it did not bother Wyatt Barnes at all—he even found it strange, "I actually don't mind these smells... How odd."

But what Wyatt Barnes didn't know was that in the portion of his memory that he had lost, there lay a past life on Earth.

In his previous life, he was the strongest Weapon King on Earth, and in his career as a special forces soldier and mercenary, he had countless experiences braving the elements, facing the most adverse environments.

For him back then, the stink emanating from the cottages was nothing.

Although he had lost those memories now, he could still instinctively tolerate these foul odors and not feel too disgusted.

Sitting cross-legged in the air, Wyatt Barnes slowly closed his eyes, focusing on cultivating.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, the seventh transformation!

At present, with only the 'First Level of the Cave Void Realm' in his cultivation, he could only practice the seventh transformation of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign. Only by breaking through to the 'Transforming Void Realm' would he be able to practice the 'eighth transformation.'

For him, the 'Transforming Void Realm' was not far off.

Boom!!

Wyatt Barnes hadn't realized how long he had been cultivating until a loud noise startled him awake; someone had kicked open the door of his cottage.

Chapter 1230: Are You Sure He Is a 'Cave Void Realm Warrior'?

Before coming to his senses, Wyatt Barnes had been cultivating and never forgot to comprehend and enhance the "Fusion Mystique" and the "Sword Mystique."

Suddenly interrupted, he was naturally very annoyed.

So, the moment he came to and opened his eyes, Wyatt's facial expression turned utterly gloomy.

"Get out here!"

A loud voice came from outside the kicked-open straw hut, filled with impatience.

A flash of cold light in Wyatt's eyes, he who was sitting cross-legged in the air, slowly descended to the ground, stood up, and then walked out of the straw hut at a leisurely pace.

Upon exiting, with just one glance, Wyatt saw a person standing outside the straw hut.

This was a brawny man with a fierce and ugly face, his pair of triangular eyes staring at him, shimmering with a cold and fierce light.

"Kid, I have to admire you... A mere 'Cave Void Realm First Layer warrior', yet you dare to participate in the selection for Martial Emperor's disciples and apprentices."

The ugly brawny man's words were full of sarcasm.

"Hm?"

Hearing the brawny man's words, Wyatt's eyebrows furrowed.

Very few people knew that he was a 'Cave Void Realm First Layer Warrior', and in this godforsaken place, there were only two who knew.

For a moment, Wyatt looked around and saw that most people came out of their straw huts, watching the commotion at his end.

Quickly, Wyatt recognized two people among the onlookers, the two 'Martial Emperor Realm Third Layer warriors' who had been brought here with him by Blaze Myers, and they were the only two who knew his 'true strength'.



One of them was looking at him with a hint of pity in his eyes.

The other, however, had a mocking look as he watched.

"Did you encourage this guy to trouble me?"

Wyatt's gaze turned stern as he glared at the latter and asked in a deep voice.

Without guessing, he could figure out that the brawny man had targeted him because someone had leaked his 'details', and it was done deliberately.

"So what if I did."

The man who was watching Wyatt with a mocking smile, hearing Wyatt's words, admitted openly.

"Wyatt Barnes, the huts here are now filled with people... This brother just arrived and has no place to stay. It is only right, both morally and logically, that you, a 'Cave Void Realm warrior', should give up your hut."

By the end, the smirk on his face intensified.

The words 'Cave Void Realm warrior' were particularly emphasized.

"Kid, ever since I broke through to the 'Martial Emperor Realm,' I haven't laid hands on a Cave Void Realm warrior... Today, I want to enjoy the taste of crushing an ant with a single finger!"

The ugly brawny man slowly grinned, revealing a smile uglier than crying on his fierce face.

At the same time, he took a step towards Wyatt.

Boom!

In an instant, his Origin Force burst forth like milky white flames, surging up and releasing waves of a tremendous aura, making the surrounding air vibrate and cause a faint burst of noise.

As three thousand ancient Horned Dragon shadows appeared above the brawny man's head, he swept his palm down like a giant fan, engulfing Wyatt with its ferocious momentum.

With just his Origin Force, he could invoke the power of heaven and earth and gather the shadows of three thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

This was the hallmark of a 'Martial Emperor Realm Second Layer'!

"He's going to die."

"Cave Void Realm First Level, and he dares to participate in the selection for Martial Emperor's disciples and apprentices; if he doesn't die, then who would?"

...

The bystanders thought to themselves.

In the void above, two elderly figures stood there.

As the brawny man made his move against Wyatt, one of the old men said to the other, "Blaze Myers, it seems he won't last until the selection three months from now."

The other old man was none other than 'Blaze Myers,' the one who had brought Wyatt here three months ago.

Hearing the former's words, Blaze Myers replied indifferently, "This was his own choice."

Then, both old men seemed somewhat disinterested, even withdrawing their gaze.

In their view.

What came next was bound to be predictable.

That Wyatt Barnes would certainly be killed by the brawny man with the 'Martial Emperor Realm Second Layer' cultivation.

Bang!!

The next moment, a loud noise came, deafening.

The two old men extended their gaze once more, looking down below.

"This..."

Their gaze almost simultaneously froze, and an expression of shock emerged on their faces.

The scene before them was completely unexpected.

The one who was supposed to die didn't, and the one who shouldn't have died did... To be exact, he had turned into a cloud of blood mist, with no burial on earth!

"Idiot."

As the ugly brawny man turned into a cloud of blood mist, Wyatt stood in place, his tone calm and indifferent as he spoke.

At this time, everyone present saw.

Though the brawny man had exploded into a cloud of blood mist just inches away from the man in the purple robe, not a single drop of blood had sullied the purple-robed young man's clothes.

"Is he... a Cave Void Realm warrior? You must be joking!"

"A Martial Emperor Realm Second Layer being, without even the time to react, was killed by him?"

"Did you guys see his movement?"

"All I saw was a fleeting shadow."

...

The scene erupted into a commotion.

A crowd's gaze towards Wyatt Barnes underwent a change, becoming somewhat reverent.

"How is this possible!"

The Martial Emperor Realm third-layer martial artist who had 'betrayed' Wyatt's face changed dramatically, unable to believe that what was unfolding before him was real.

Three months ago, before him stood a person displaying the power of the "Cave Void Realm first level," and now, three months later, someone capable of killing a "Martial Emperor Realm second layer" existence in a single encounter?

Moreover, the quickness of the opponent's movements was so fast that even he struggled to catch the slightest trace.

Quickly, the pupils of the Martial Emperor Realm third-layer martial artist constricted, simply because before he had time to react, a new figure had appeared before him—a familiar one.

"Wya..."

He opened his mouth, attempting to say something, but ultimately failed to finish.

Because Wyatt Barnes had taken his life with a thunderous move.

In the blink of an eye, having killed two people, Wyatt Barnes momentarily became the 'god of slaughter' in the eyes of all present, each of them looking towards him with filled trepidation.

"Lucky for me I didn't plot against him like that idiot did."

Another person who had come over with Wyatt Barnes inhaled sharply to himself, feeling somewhat relieved.

"It was this guy who was just killed that spread fake news everywhere, claiming this young man in purple was a 'Cave Void Realm first-level martial artist'... He probably never dreamed that he not only caused the death of others but also his own."

"If such a strong person is just a 'Cave Void Realm first-level martial artist,' then wouldn't I be less than a 'Peep Naught Realm martial artist?'"

"With his strength, he really shouldn't be staying among us."

...

A group of people discussed spiritedly, their gaze towards Wyatt Barnes full of dread.

These people were either those who arrived before Wyatt Barnes or those who came after him.

However, they shared one thing in common:

They were all martial artists below the "Martial Emperor Realm fourth layer."

"Blaze Myers... Are you certain he is a 'Cave Void Realm martial artist'?"

High above, an elder in a green robe looked towards Blaze Myers with a puzzled expression and asked.

"How could it be possible!"

Blaze Myers paid no heed to the green-robed elder, his focus locked on the purple figure, his eyes brimming with shock and disbelief.

Three months ago, he had personally witnessed this young man in purple displaying the power of "Cave Void Realm first level," there was no mistake.

But now, this young man in purple had made a move, displaying a strength not less than that of a "Martial Emperor Realm fifth or sixth layer," which he also witnessed personally, there was no mistake.

Because of this, he was baffled.

What could be the reason that a "Cave Void Realm first-level martial artist" could possess such terrifying power in just three months?

"Wy... Wyatt Barnes."

Suddenly, a stream of Origin Force condensed sound reached Wyatt Barnes' ears.

Wyatt turned towards the source of the sound upon hearing it, and quickly picked out the person conversing with him through Origin Force condensation—it was the same person who had come with him and Blaze Myers to this place.

"Is there something wrong?"

Wyatt Barnes asked indifferently through a condensation of Origin Force.

"Wyatt Barnes, with your strength, you can totally defeat the person inside the pavilion behind the flight of stairs and make that pavilion your own... The environment there is much better than here."

Once again, the Origin Force condensed sound reached him, reminding Wyatt Barnes.

"Pavilion?"

Upon hearing this, Wyatt Barnes immediately looked towards the higher stone platform at the other end of the stairs, where another exquisite pavilion was perched on a stone platform.

He had noticed that pavilion when he first arrived.

At that time, he had thought it was the dwelling for Blaze Myers and another Mystic Profound Peak Martial Emperor disciple, and he hadn't given it much thought.

Now, someone was telling him that he could defeat the person inside the pavilion and take it for himself?

"From the beginning, we were wrong... that pavilion is also meant as a dwelling for us. However, only the strongest among us has the right to live there."

The person reminding Wyatt Barnes seemed to guess his thoughts and continued speaking through Origin Force condensation.

Although, when Wyatt Barnes made his two moves just now, he did not invoke the power of heaven and earth, nor did he conjure any celestial phenomena.

Yet he could tell, Wyatt Barnes' strength far surpassed the person currently occupying that pavilion; that person, at his strongest, was only at the third layer of Martial Emperor Realm.

That person certainly didn't have the ability to kill in an instant the two people Wyatt Barnes had just killed in a single encounter.

"If you really disdain how filthy they are, you could improve your living conditions yourself..."

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes seemed to hear again the words Blaze Myers had said on that day.

Back then, Wyatt Barnes was puzzled why Blaze Myers would say such a thing.

Now, he understood.

"It looks like there's going to be some excitement to watch."

"That guy has occupied that pavilion for a whole two months... Now, it's time for him to move."

...

Many people noticed Wyatt Barnes' gaze towards the pavilion on the stone platform behind the stairs and guessed what Wyatt Barnes intended to do, all feeling a mix of excitement and anticipation.

As a myriad of gazes fell on Wyatt Barnes.

"Was it you who killed my brother?"

A cold voice descended from the sky, startling everyone and drawing all eyes to it.

In the sky above, three figures were descending.

The leader was a middle-aged man in a green robe, his eyes glaring fiercely at Wyatt Barnes.