

L. Wyatt 1231

Chapter 1231: Ignorance Is Fearless

Wyatt Barnes's gaze swept calmly over the middle-aged man in the green robe who had descended from the sky with two people behind him, and he asked indifferently, "Are those two fellows just now your brothers?"

Ever since he arrived at Mystic Profound Peak, he had only killed two people, and those were the two just now.

"My brother is 'Bryant Wright,' a disciple of the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak!"

The middle-aged man in the green robe spoke coldly, his eyes gleaming with a fierce light that seemed to devour others. A terrifying murderous intent emanated faintly from his body, causing many in attendance to feel a shiver run through their hearts.

A disciple of the Martial Emperor!

Wyatt Barnes had killed a disciple of the Martial Emperor?

As the middle-aged man in green robe spoke, the entire place burst into an uproar.

At that moment, everyone's gaze, as if by some unspoken agreement, fell on Wyatt Barnes's body, their faces filled with shock.

"He... killed a disciple of the Martial Emperor?"

The Martial Emperor Realm warrior of the third level, who had come with Wyatt Barnes under the guidance of Blaze Myers three months ago, looked at Wyatt again, his gaze almost stupefied.

He remembered clearly what had happened three months ago.

At that time, Wyatt had indeed only displayed the cultivation of the 'First level of the Cave Void Realm,' and this was certainly true.

Now, three months later, Wyatt's ability to kill a warrior of the second layer and a warrior of the third level of the Martial Emperor Realm was already shocking to him, completely perplexing as to how Wyatt's improvement could be so dramatic.

Now, someone with bad intentions had clearly stated that Wyatt had killed his brother, a disciple of the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak.

"It must be a case of mistaken identity."

He thought to himself.

Many in the crowd shared his thought, including Blaze Myers and the elderly man beside him.

"Bryant Wright? A disciple of the Martial Emperor?"

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, and immediately, an image surfaced in his mind, "Are you talking about that bandit leader?"

Bandit leader!

As soon as Wyatt said these words, Blaze Myers and the elder next to him exchanged glances, both seeing shock in each other's eyes.

Bryant Wright, a disciple of the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak.

His favorite activity was to take a few disciples of the Martial Emperor and act as 'bandits,' pillaging around the area of Mystic Profound Peak.

Now, as Wyatt mentioned 'bandit leader,' they subtly realized that Wyatt might have indeed killed Bryant Wright.

"It was indeed you!"

The murderous intent in the middle-aged man's eyes intensified, and he stepped forward, his inner energy exploding like a towering milky-white flame, his momentum formidable.

Bang!!

With one step, the entire stone platform cracked, vicious fissures spreading in all directions, resembling a giant spider web.

This demonstrated just how angry he currently was.

Just as Wyatt finished speaking, the middle-aged man stepped forward, preparing to strike, when a ghostly figure suddenly appeared, blocking his path.

This figure's emergence was unexpected by everyone.

"It's him!"

Wyatt recognized the figure at once; it was Blaze Myers, the disciple of the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak who had originally brought him here.

"Blaze Myers, what do you mean by this?"

The middle-aged man's face darkened as he spoke harshly, "You better not get involved in today's matter."

"Vihaan Wright."

Blaze Myers glanced indifferently at the middle-aged man, "Whether your brother died by his hand or not, he is under my protection now."

"Until the selection of the Martial Emperor's disciples and apprentices begins, I won't allow him to come to any harm."

As he spoke, a glint of determination flickered in Blaze Myers's eyes.

"Blaze Myers, don't forget, you were once defeated by me," Vihaan Wright taunted.

As the saying goes, 'Where there are people, there is strife.'

The same was true for Mystic Profound Peak.

Within Mystic Profound Peak, under the Martial Emperor, there were three direct disciples.

The eldest disciple usually practiced alongside the Martial Emperor, both elusive like the Divine Dragon.

The entire Mystic Profound Peak was usually managed by the second and third disciples.

Over time, friction between the two was inevitable, leading to their respective disciples and apprentices forming two major camps.

Vihaan Wright, besides being among the top three formidable disciples of Mystic Profound Peak, belonged to the camp of the second direct disciple and was highly regarded for his strength.

Blaze Myers, on the other hand, belonged to the third direct disciple's camp.

Between them, due to different camps, they were naturally at odds.

Today, Vihaan Wright wanted to take Wyatt Barnes right under Blaze Myers's watch, which Blaze Myers naturally couldn't allow to happen.

Whoosh!

As Vihaan Wright scoffed, a gust of wind passed, and another figure appeared next to Blaze Myers, another disciple of the Martial Emperor supervising the selection of apprentices and disciples at the event, and also a member of Blaze Myers's camp.

"Vihaan Wright, if you have the confidence to defeat both of us together, then go ahead," Blaze Myers said coolly, his words carrying a subtle challenge.

Vihaan Wright's expression darkened.

Facing two Martial Emperor disciples alone in battle was something he was not sure he could handle.

Though his strength ranked among the top three among the Martial Emperor disciples of Mystic Profound Peak, he was almost equal to the two before him.

One-on-one, he could defeat any of the two opponents before him.

But if the two attacked together, he admitted he would be no match for them.

As for the two people he brought with him, mere Martial Emperor disciples, they could only serve as 'cannon fodder' against two Martial Emperor disciples and were of no real help to him.

"Blaze Myers, do you think this is a numbers game?"

The icy light flickered in Vihaan Wright's eyes as he planned to leave and call for more people.

"A numbers game?"

Blaze Myers seemed to guess Vihaan Wright's intentions, giving him a deep look, and said, "Vihaan Wright, if I were you, I wouldn't be foolish enough to go looking for help... Don't forget, the 'rules' of the Martial Emperor disciple and scholar selection are set by the Martial Emperor himself."

"The command from the Martial Emperor himself to protect the participants in the Martial Emperor disciple and scholar selection too!"

"However, I really would like to see... what consequences you'll face after defying the Martial Emperor's orders. By that time, I just hope your master is willing to plead for you."

Toward the end of his words, a mocking smile appeared on Blaze Myers' face.

"You!!"

Blaze Myers's words infuriated Vihaan Wright momentarily, filling him with rage, but eventually, he suppressed it.

Reminded by Blaze Myers, he calmed down a bit.

"I'll let you live another three months... Three months later, at the Martial Emperor disciple and scholar selection, I hope you'll still be alive. By then, I will kill you with my own hands to avenge my brother!"

After that, Vihaan Wright no longer paid attention to Blaze Myers but turned his cold gaze toward Wyatt Barnes, threatening him harshly.

Having said that, without waiting for Wyatt Barnes to respond, he hurried away with the two Martial Emperor disciples behind him, leaving as swiftly as the wind, almost as if he was never there.

From beginning to end, Wyatt Barnes remained calm.

His mood was not disturbed by Vihaan Wright's threats.

In fact, he had never taken Vihaan Wright seriously.

"Wyatt Barnes, did you really kill Bryant Wright?"

Soon after, Blaze Myers turned to Wyatt Barnes with a complex look and asked.

"Probably."

Wyatt Barnes shrugged nonchalantly.

He didn't know if that person was Bryant Wright, but he remembered that after he killed the man, the people beside him seemed to call him 'Senior Brother Wright'.

Maybe?

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, including Blaze Myers and an old man beside him, everyone fell silent.

"Three months ago, I was indeed wrong... you shouldn't have stayed here. But now that you've offended Vihaan Wright, you might as well stay."

Blaze Myers said with a complex expression.

"As for that pavilion... you can live there."

While speaking, Blaze Myers looked toward the pavilion behind the steps, wrapped almost physically in the powerful inner energy of heaven and earth.

In a moment, Blaze Myers soared into the air, arriving in front of the pavilion. His lips moved slightly, but it was unclear what he said.

Immediately afterward, a person flew out, an ordinary-looking middle-aged man.

"My lord, isn't this pavilion meant for the deserving? By doing this, am I to understand that you are abusing your power?"

Unlike Blaze Myers's soft voice, the middle-aged man intentionally raised his voice, allowing everyone, including Wyatt Barnes, to clearly hear.

For a moment, most faces bore a strange expression.

Abusing power?

This guy really dared to say anything.

"I'm merely suggesting that you give up this pavilion. If you agree, everyone will be happy. However, if you do not heed my advice, then you must fight him and contest the ownership of the pavilion."

Blaze Myers also raised his voice while turning to look at Wyatt Barnes.

As gazes fell on Wyatt Barnes, making him the focal point of everyone's attention, the middle-aged man who emerged from the pavilion also looked toward Wyatt Barnes.

"Although I do not know your relationship with this gentleman that would make him ask me to vacate this pavilion... if you want to live in this pavilion, you must first defeat me, or even kill me!"

The middle-aged man stepped into the air, quickly reaching the airspace in front of Wyatt Barnes, looking down at him as he spoke gravely.

Hearing the middle-aged man's words and seeing his posture, the expressions on the people present turned odd.

"Ignorance is truly fearless."

This thought emerged simultaneously in their minds.

Many looked at the middle-aged man with pity.

By now, they almost could confirm that Wyatt Barnes had indeed killed a Martial Emperor disciple from Mystic Profound Peak. The brother of the deceased had come knocking; this incident was hardly likely to be false.

And now, facing Wyatt Barnes, a person capable of killing a Martial Emperor disciple.

The middle-aged man, a prominent figure among the third layers of the Martial Emperor Realm, because of his ignorance of Wyatt Barnes's strength and deeds, brazenly challenged him.

Although there were many spectators, not a single person reminded the middle-aged man.

Perhaps, due to him having lived in that 'privileged place' for so long, many harbored resentments against him, subtly enjoying his embarrassment.

"I do not like someone standing over my head."

Just then, Wyatt Barnes spoke, his demeanor indifferent throughout.

Chapter 1232: Valley of Chill

As Wyatt's voice dissipated, a surge of multicolored power rose from his body and, in the blink of an eye, it transformed into a huge hand above the middle-aged man's head in the void.

Boom!

The hand fell, the air trembled, and it made a noise akin to that of the earth heaving and mountains shaking.

In an instant, before the middle-aged man could react, he was enveloped by the massive hand, which then slammed him towards the ground.

Bang!

A loud noise echoed as the colossal hand crashed down, leaving a giant palm imprint on the stone platform before it finally vanished without a trace.

"Wow!!!"

The middle-aged man was now forcefully smashed into the stone platform, severely injured and motionless for a long while before stirring ever so slightly. As soon as there was movement, he immediately coughed up a mouthful of blood clots mixed with dark blood.

Silence.

A death-like stillness swept over the scene.

Having cast a fleeting glance at the severely injured and unconscious middle-aged man, Wyatt moved swiftly and in the blink of an eye ascended the steps behind the platform and entered the pavilion.

Among those present, apart from Blaze Myers and another disciple of the Martial Emperor, no one could discern Wyatt's movements.

"His strength is no less than ours."

At some point, Blaze Myers and the other Martial Emperor disciple exchanged a glance, their Origin Force harmonized as they communicated in unanimous telepathic agreement.

As for the rest of the crowd, while shocked by Wyatt's speed, they turned their collective gaze towards the severely injured and comatose middle-aged man, an unmistakable schadenfreude apparent on their faces.

"Blaze Myers, with his strength, it's a sure bet that he'll become a 'disciple of the Martial Emperor' in three months... Why didn't you take the opportunity to recruit him into our camp?"

Another disciple of the Martial Emperor approached Blaze Myers and asked, puzzled.

"You're not afraid that he'll be recruited by that camp, are you?" Blaze Myers laughed.

The other disciple suddenly understood.

Given the hostility of 'Vihaan Wright' from that camp towards Wyatt, it was certain that Vihaan Wright would never allow Wyatt to join.

"When he stands opposite that camp, we'll step in and invite him to join us... At that point, he'll be grateful to us," Blaze Myers added.

"You really are a sly fox!"

The other couldn't help but exclaim. Then, as if a thought struck him, he curiously asked, "Speaking of which... do you now know why he only revealed his prowess at the First Level of the Cave Void Realm three months ago?"

"I suspect he used some kind of 'secret technique' to hide his true cultivation level," said Blaze Myers with a serious expression.

"There's such a technique?"

The other looked intrigued. "If there really is such a technique, it seems to have no other use than to trick and overpower, right?"

"Tricking and overpowering is more than enough."

Blaze Myers sighed. "Don't forget, he had even deceived us before this."

Inside the delicate and spacious pavilion, which was resplendent with gold and glittering decorations, it felt like a completely different world compared to the thatched cottage Wyatt had previously resided in.

However, Wyatt paid no attention to these luxuries. As soon as he entered the pavilion, he sat down on a soft couch, ready to resume his cultivation.

"Who would have thought three months have passed... In three months, the selection for the Martial Emperor's disciples and followers on Mystic Profound Peak will begin. At that time, I must make an impact that attracts the attention of that powerful Martial Emperor."

Wyatt thought to himself, always mindful of his purpose for being there.

"The urgent task at hand is to continue increasing my strength... Only with formidable power can I sweep away all obstacles and draw the attention of that Martial Emperor."

Wyatt's mind stirred, and he closed his eyes, beginning his cultivation.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique!

While cultivating, he also began to understand, in his own way, the 'fusion mysteries' and the 'sword mysteries.'

Time quietly passed, and Wyatt's strength was improving every moment.

One month later.

To the north of the Cloud Skies Continent, within a region perpetually enshrouded by snow, stood three imposing snow peaks.

Right in the center of the three snow peaks, there was a lake constantly emitting mist.

Even though the temperatures here were terrifyingly low, the water in this lake never froze but emitted a bone-chilling coldness, making it quite exceptional.

This lake had a pleasant name, Lake of Chill.

Centered around Lake of Chill, the area enclosed by the three surrounding majestic snow peaks was known by another name.

Valley of Chill!

The Valley of Chill was also the cultivation ground of a Martial Emperor on the Cloud Skies Continent. This Martial Emperor, honored with the title 'Chill' and known as the 'Chill Martial

Emperor,' was undoubtedly the foremost female powerhouse of the Cloud Skies Continent in contemporary times.

Her might ranked within the top three amongst the nine publicly recognized Martial Emperors of the Cloud Skies Continent.

As such, when news broke out six months ago that the Valley of Chill would hold selections for the Martial Emperor's disciples and followers near Lake of Chill, countless female warriors from all around flocked to the location.

The reason for this female-exclusive gathering was that the Valley of Chill only accepted female disciples and followers.

In the Valley of Chill, including the chill Martial Emperor herself, there were only female warriors; there were no exceptions.

Today, two uninvited guests arrived in the skies above the Valley of Chill.

They were two young women.

One of the women was dressed in light purple clothes, her beauty otherworldly, devastatingly gorgeous, exuding an enchanting charm that seemed capable of toppling all creation.

The other woman was dressed in goose-yellow clothes, her beauty not inferior to the former. Unlike the first woman, her transcendent beauty bore a hint of youthful tenderness.

If the former could be likened to a passionate 'red rose',

then the latter was an untainted 'snow lotus' emerging from the mud.

Their beauty was on par with each other, yet each had her unique allure.

"Luckily we came here early... Otherwise, we might have missed the selection of 'Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples' held by the Valley of Chill."

The woman in light purple clothes murmured.

"Yes, who would have thought the Valley of Chill would hold the selection of Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples a year earlier?"

The other woman nodded slightly, her brow furrowing as if she was worried, "I just don't know if we'll be strong enough to become 'disciples of the Martial Emperor' in the Valley of Chill."

"Keer, you must believe in your own strength."

The woman in purple clothes whispered comfortingly.

"Sister Jovie, I miss the Young Master... When will we be able to see Young Master again?"

The woman known as 'Keer' spoke with a trembling voice.

"After we have avenged our master and senior sister, we will go back and find that 'scoundrel'.
"

The woman in purple trembled imperceptibly, her voice wavering before regaining composure, "Keer, let's go inside."

These two women were none other than Keer and Jovie Lee, the two fiancées whom Wyatt Barnes hadn't seen in many years after they traveled from the southern to the northern part of the Cloud Skies Continent.

After their escape from the Yin and Yang Sect, they had headed northward, aiming directly for the Valley of Chill.

To their surprise, upon reaching the northern part of the continent, they learned that the Valley of Chill would be holding the selection of Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples in two months.

This was a whole year earlier than what they had previously heard.

As Keer and Jovie Lee continued to fly into the Valley of Chill, they were soon stopped by a woman in blue clothes who asked expressionlessly, "Are you here to participate in the selection of Martial Emperor's disciples and disciples that our Valley of Chill will be holding in two months?"

"Yes."

The two women nodded.

"Follow me."

The woman in blue gestured to Keer and Jovie and led them deeper into the Valley of Chill.

A moment later, Keer and Jovie were brought into an isolated valley where several wooden huts stood, covered in a thick layer of snow resembling silver attire.

"There are two huts left that are unoccupied, you can move in... If you had been any later, you would have had to fight for a hut already taken by someone else."

The woman in blue said without expression, "This place does not forbid killing; respect is given to the powerful... Take care of yourselves."

After speaking, the woman in blue left.

Keer and Jovie Lee looked at each other, both seeing a gravity in the other's eyes.

"Let's go inside, Keer."

Soon, Jovie called out to Keer, and the two prepared to enter the two adjacent unoccupied huts.

"Wait!"

Just as the two women were about to enter their respective huts, an abrupt voice stopped them.

Following that, a woman walked out from another hut, the source of the voice that had just spoken.

The woman was limping on one leg as she walked, taking uneven steps.

Not only that, but one of her eyes was blind, and there was a hideous scar on her face, resembling a centipede lying there, which was incredibly terrifying to look upon.

Upon seeing this woman, Jovie managed to maintain her composure,

but Keer couldn't help but frown slightly, the woman's appearance frightening her.

This disabled, ugly woman, when compared to the radiant beauty of Jovie and Keer, seemed to be the extreme opposite, worlds apart.

"These two girls are in for some bad luck."

At this time, several women walked out from the other huts, their gazes toward Jovie and Keer mixed with a hint of pity.

"Up until now, eight have died already... With them, that would make ten."

A woman sighed.

"Although the eight who died were pretty, they weren't as beautiful as these two... These girls are probably going to have it even worse,"

another woman said, shaking her head.

The women now emerging from the huts shared one common characteristic: none of them were particularly beautiful.

"What do you want to do?"

Seeing the ugly woman approaching, Jovie's face darkened, and she shouted defiantly.

"If there's a next life, remember not to be born this beautiful... A beautiful face is a disaster!"

The ugly woman's gaze towards Jovie and Keer was full of violence, as if she were looking at two dead people.

"So, you're just an ugly monster who can't stand to see others look better than you."

Hearing the ugly woman's words, Jovie couldn't help but sneer, drawing out her spiritual weapon, ready to strike.

However, as Origin Force surged around the ugly woman and phenomena appeared in the void, the faces of Jovie and Keer turned deathly pale.

Chapter 1233: Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula

Ugliness sat atop the woman's head in the void, one ancient azure dragon phantom appeared, along with a thousand ancient horned dragon phantoms.

It was precisely by her Origin Force, harnessing the power of heaven and earth to form such a spectacle, the hallmark of a "Level Eight Martial Emperor."

As multiple colors of power surged again from the ugly woman, Jovie Lee and Keer knew that the woman was communicating with her comprehended "mysteries."

"Wait!"

Jovie Lee, with an ugly expression, intervened.

"What? Do you have last words before death?" the ugly woman asked in a deep voice.

By now, her Origin Force and mysteries were ready to be unleashed, prepared to strike at any moment to claim the lives of Jovie Lee and Keer.

"Just because we're better looking than you, you want to kill us?" Jovie Lee inhaled deeply and asked.

"It's not about being better looking than me; every woman who looks like a fairy deserves to die!" the ugly woman declared with grave certainty.

"What if the good-looking one were the Valley of Chill's Martial Emperor? What if it were a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor, one of the Martial Emperor's disciples? With your strength, I'm afraid the farthest you could pose a threat is to the Martial Emperor's disciples in the Valley of Chill," continued Jovie Lee.

"Women who look like fairies, stronger than me, I accept... But those weaker than me, not one shall live!" the ugly woman continued her twisted rationale while quickening her stride towards Jovie Lee and Keer.

Instantly, Jovie Lee's face changed drastically as she realized the ugly woman before her was, in fact, a mentally twisted madwoman!

In a moment of panic, she hurriedly said to Keer, "Keer, you go first! I'll hold her off."

As she spoke, Jovie Lee moved swiftly to confront the ugly woman.

Even though she knew she was no match, she still wanted to fight for a chance at life for Keer.

"Bad guy, we'll only meet again in the next life."

As she confronted the ugly woman, Jovie Lee felt a sense of despair and envisioned a purple figure in her mind, a tall and handsome young man dressed in purple.

"Sister Jovie!" Keer called out with a tender shout, unleashing her own attack at the same time to meet the ugly woman's advance.

A three-foot blade appeared in her hand, instantly covered in a layer of chilly frost, weaving a sword aura that was bitterly cold as it flew towards the ugly woman.

The sword advanced as if divinely aided!

Although Jovie Lee had told her to leave, how could she simply walk away?

If anything truly happened to Jovie Lee, even if Keer managed to survive by chance, she would be miserable for life. The mere thought of such days filled her with dread.

"Young Master, if there is a next life, Keer would still wish to be the little girl by your side..."

As the blade in Keer's hand, exuding the utmost chill aura, sailed through the air, tears shimmered in her eyes, the same figure appearing in her mind as had appeared in Jovie Lee's.

"Mantis blocking a chariot!"

Faced with the tactics of Jovie Lee and Keer, the ugly woman sneered with contempt, sweeping her palm through the air, not even deigning to use a spiritual weapon, her power unleashed in waves.

At the same time, above her head in the void, three ancient azure dragon phantoms charged forward with her attack, their claws slashing towards Jovie Lee and Keer with an overwhelming momentum.

Compared to the three ancient azure dragon phantoms, the single ancient azure dragon phantom and the thousands of ancient horned dragon phantoms above Jovie Lee and Keer seemed exceptionally tiny.

"What a pity."

For a moment, many of the women who had come out of the wooden houses to watch the excitement couldn't bear it and closed their eyes.

They seemed to have already foreseen the scene of two peerless beauties being cruelly murdered.

BOOM!!

"Ah!!"

With a deafening explosion, waves of momentum spread out in all directions, a shrill scream piercing into the ears of everyone present.

"No, that's not right!"

At this time, many of the women present sensed something amiss, "This sound..."

When they reopened their eyes or came back to their senses, they realized that in front of the two unharmed peerless beauties, an extra figure had appeared, protecting them behind her.

On the other side, the ugly woman was blasted away, crashing heavily onto the snow-covered mountainside, leaving a human-shaped imprint.

"Wow!"

The ugly woman spat out a mouthful of blood, pale-faced as she stared at the woman protecting Jovie Lee and Keer, saying deeply, "Isn't killing forbidden here? Are you abusing your power to protect these two sluts?"

SLAP!

The crisp sound of a slap echoed, while the woman protecting Jovie Lee and Keer vanished in place, reappearing before the ugly woman and delivering a slap across her face.

"How I handle things is not up for you to pontificate!"

The woman standing in front of the ugly woman had a delicate appearance, clad in a white garment, blending with the snowy surroundings as if she were one with the icy lands.

Though she appeared frail, her body hid terrifyingly formidable power.

Otherwise, the ugly woman wouldn't have been on the receiving end of such a blow.

The ugly woman remained silent for a moment, not daring to speak.

She was aware that her strength was considerable, but at most, she could become a "Martial Emperor's Disciple" in the Valley of Chill's selection two months hence. This much she knew about herself.

But the woman before her was already a disciple of the Martial Emperor within the Valley of Chill, her power so vast, beyond anything the current ugly woman could compare to.

Thus, although she felt resentment, she dared not say anything further.

"Two sluts... I will grant you two more months of life. In the disciple and disciple selection, two months from now, I will erase you both completely from this world!"

The hideous woman gave Jovie Lee and Keer a malicious glance, vowing vengeance in her heart.

"Thank you, sister, for saving our lives."

At this moment, Keer and Jovie Lee thanked the lady in white.

They were aware that if this woman in white hadn't extended her help, they would have hardly escaped death today.

However, they were filled with confusion.

The woman in blue who had brought them here, a Martial Emperor's disciple or follower from Valley of Chill, had told them from the beginning that killing was not forbidden here, respect the powerful.

And now, this presumed Martial Emperor's disciple from Valley of Chill, dressed in white, had stepped in to save them, which seemed quite strange to them.

Why did this lady in white want to save them?

"Follow me."

After giving the hideous woman a cold glance, the lady in white turned to Keer and Jovie Lee, nodded slightly, then rose into the air.

Although they didn't know where the lady in white was taking them, Keer and Jovie Lee still chose to heed her words and followed her away from the valley.

After Keer and Jovie Lee left, the valley became noisy.

"Who do you think those two girls are?"

"They must be related to that Martial Emperor's disciple, right? Otherwise, why would she save them?"

"I heard some women don't like men, they prefer women... do you think she is that way? Seeing those two girls beautiful, so..."

"Now that you mention it, that's really possible!"

...

As the saying goes, 'Three women make a drama,' a group of women gathered in the valley could turn black into white with their chatter.

At this time, the ugly woman also returned to her wooden hut, her face filled with an unsightly expression.

On the other hand, Jovie Lee and Keer silently followed the lady in white, heading toward another direction.

"Sister, where are you taking us?"

Keer couldn't help but ask softly.

"To meet Senior Sister Adams."

The lady in white looked back at Keer, a rare smile appearing on her usually expressionless face, as refreshing as the first bloom of a lotus, making one feel as if bathed in spring breeze.

Keer was fine, offering a smile in return.

But a hint of surprise flashed in Jovie Lee's eyes.

She realized this lady in white, presumably a disciple of the Martial Emperor from the Valley of Chill, seemed especially courteous to Keer.

What was the reason?

Her heart was filled with questions.

Soon, the lady in white led Keer and Jovie Lee to the midsts of the snow-capped peaks surrounding Valley of Chill, to a wooden hut halfway up one of the mountains, buried in snow.

From a distance, one wouldn't notice the hut at all; it could only be seen up close.

"Senior Sister Adams."

After leading Keer and Jovie Lee there, the lady in white called out respectfully to the hut covered in thick snow.

Jovie Lee and Keer's gaze also landed on the hut, more precisely, on the door of the hut.

As for the person about to emerge, they were filled with curiosity.

"Keer, this lady in white who saved us, is undoubtedly a disciple of the Martial Emperor from Valley of Chill... The person she treats with such respect, I guess, is a personal disciple of the Martial Emperor of the valley."

Jovie Lee sent this message to Keer through Origin Force.

Upon hearing this, Keer felt a chill in her heart. She hadn't yet responded when the door of the hut creaked open.

At the same time, a slender figure stepped out.

It was an ordinary-looking young woman dressed in green, probably in her early thirties, with a stern look. As she came out, she looked directly at the lady in white.

"What's the matter?"

The woman in green asked leisurely, her voice as cold as if it came from an icy cave, causing Jovie Lee and Keer to involuntarily shiver.

"Senior Sister Adams, I saw someone using a sword technique similar to one you use."

Facing the woman in green, the lady in white seemed to feel the pressure, taking a deep breath before speaking.

"A sword technique that I use?"

The woman in green furrowed her brows.

"It's the one included in the skills taught to you by the Martial Emperor."

The lady in white reminded her.

"What?!"

As the lady in white finished speaking, the woman in green's face lost its composure, turning pale, "Who?!"

At that moment, her gaze fell on Jovie Lee and Keer.

"Her."

The lady in white looked at Keer and told the woman in green.

"You, show me your sword technique."

Trying to calm herself, the woman in green addressed Keer.

Upon hearing this, Keer glanced at Jovie Lee. Once she saw Jovie Lee nodding in approval, she moved and directly showcased the sword technique she had mastered.

"Is your sword technique derived from a formula known as 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula'?"

Just then, a message condensed by Origin Force entered Keer's ears.

Chapter 1234: Chill Martial Emperor

"You... how did you know?!"

Keer looked at the woman in green, her face filled with surprise.

The name of the technique she practiced was known to only a handful of people, all of whom were close to her.

Yet today, someone had identified the technique she practiced by the sword skills she displayed, which left her inexplicably shocked.

Whoosh!

Faced with Keer's surprise, the woman in green did not answer, but slightly raised her hand.

In an instant, a sword appeared in her hand, a sword entirely formed from Origin Force.

The next moment, she moved.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Accompanied by a series of sword cries, the actions of the woman in green mirrored exactly those Keer had performed earlier, her sword also shrouded in a bone-chilling coldness.

Of course, the chilliness of the green-clad woman's sword was even more dreadful; wherever the blade went, the air seemed to freeze, turning the breeze into a bone-chilling cold wind.

"You... how can you perform this sword technique as well?!"

As the woman in green sheathed her sword and stood still, Keer was dumbfounded. The sword technique displayed by this woman in green was exactly the same as the one she practiced.

Both in movements and essence.

Of course, the woman in green far surpassed her in mastery of this technique.

"With the sword pointing, Heaven and Earth are sealed with ice!"

The woman in green did not respond to Keer's words but instead uttered these eight words abruptly.

Hearing these words, Keer's pupils abruptly contracted, and she exclaimed with a shocked face, "You... you've also cultivated the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula'?"

No one knew these eight words better than Keer.

These were the last and most crucial eight words of the overarching principles of the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.

Once cultivated to perfection, the sword points and Heaven and Earth are sealed with ice!

Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula!

Standing nearby, Jovie Lee, initially somewhat puzzled by what had just happened, now fully realized after hearing Keer's words.

The woman in green, did she practice the same technique as Keer?

"That's not right... according to what the scoundrel said years ago, whether it was the 'Sun Moon Star Formation' he passed to me, or the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' to Sister Keer, there shouldn't be a second person who knows them."

Jovie Lee shook her head, unable to fathom this at all.

Now, she also realized why the woman in white had saved both her and Keer; it turned out that the woman in white recognized the sword technique Keer practiced.

"Scoundrel, do you know? The technique you passed to Sister Keer saved both our lives."

Jovie Lee whispered softly to herself.

"If I'm not mistaken, you've cultivated the complete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.'"

The woman in green looked at Keer, her eyes flashing briefly as she muttered, "I never expected that on the Cloud Skies Continent, aside from my master and myself, there would be a third person who has mastered the complete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.'"

"Besides you, someone else has cultivated the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.'?"

Keer was astonished.

Today, meeting another cultivator of the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula,' she was already inexplicably shocked, but now the words of the woman in front of her suggested there was yet a third cultivator of the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.'

"Senior Sister Adams' technique was personally taught by the Martial Emperor... it's also the strongest technique in our Valley of Chill, and regardless of which generation's master of the Valley of Chill, it is always passed down to only one person."

At that moment, the woman in white, standing nearby, spoke.

As she spoke, she didn't forget to look at the woman in green with reverence, "The chosen one is also our Valley of Chill's future successor!"

Martial Emperor!

With the statement from the woman in white, Jovie Lee looked at the woman in green, could not help but exclaim in a low voice, "You... you're really a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor?"

Although she had suspected it, when it was actually confirmed, Jovie Lee was still quite shocked.

"Senior Sister Adams is not only a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor but is also designated as our Valley of Chill's future successor and will eventually become a 'Martial Emperor-level power.'"

Amid the words of the woman in white, her eyes were filled with fervent admiration for the woman in green.

A direct disciple of the Martial Emperor!

Jovie Lee's words also startled Keer, causing her to look at the woman in green with surprise, "Your 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula,' was it taught to you by the 'Chill Martial Emperor'?"

"Indeed."

The woman in green nodded, and the icy frost on her usually cold face seemed to melt slightly, "Come with me... my master will surely be interested in you."

"Perhaps, she might even make an exception and accept you as a direct disciple."

The woman in green said.

A direct disciple!

The words of the woman in green not only startled Keer but also Jovie Lee.

The master of the woman in green, the owner of the Valley of Chill, the Chill Martial Emperor.

Becoming her master's personal disciple also meant becoming the personal disciple of the Martial Emperor of the chill.

"I can go with you... but Sister Jovie must come along too."

Keer said.

"Hmph! Little girl, Senior Sister Adams is taking you to meet Lord Martial Emperor, it's your good fortune... and now, you dare to bargain with Senior Sister Adams?"

The white-robed woman standing nearby coldly huffed and frowned.

"If Sister Jovie isn't coming with me, then I am not going either."

Keer ignored the white-robed woman and stubbornly looked at the woman in green attire.

Seeing this scene, Jovie Lee felt a warmth inside her heart.

She knew that Keer was fighting for an opportunity for her.

At the same time, Jovie Lee eyed the woman in green warily, deeply worried that Keer's words might anger her, which would be counterproductive.

"Let's go."

Surprisingly, the woman in green nodded in agreement to Keer's terms, and then levitated into the sky, deliberately slowing down to wait for Keer and Jovie Lee.

Keer and Jovie Lee exchanged glances, seeing joy in each other's eyes, then quickly followed the woman in green.

Along the way, they also learned the full name of the woman in green.

Hannah Adams.

Under Hannah Adams's guidance, Keer and Jovie Lee arrived at the summit of a snowy peak, where mists swirled around the mountaintop giving it a vast and obscure appearance from afar.

Passing through the mists, they could see a broad stone platform standing there.

Atop the stone platform was a palace entirely sculpted from ice.

It was a crystal-clear palace, breathtakingly beautiful, as if it belonged in the heavenly abode of gods.

"Master."

Hannah Adams, leading Keer and Jovie Lee, arrived outside the ice palace and respectfully bowed.

Almost as soon as Hannah Adams finished speaking, before Keer and Jovie Lee could even react, a young woman appeared before them.

This young woman appeared to be only around thirty years old, but both Keer and Jovie Lee knew that her real age was at least close to a hundred.

The young woman stood before them with her aura completely retracted, appearing just like an ordinary person.

"Martial Emperor!"

Faced with this young woman who looked like an ordinary person, Keer and Jovie Lee did not dare to be negligent and hurriedly bowed respectfully, their hearts filled with indescribable excitement.

This was their first time seeing a 'Martial Emperor powerhouse'!

Yet, the young woman, whose appearance was ordinary, did not glance at Keer and Jovie Lee at all; instead, she looked towards Hannah Adams and asked indifferently, "Adams, did you come to find me for a reason?"

"Master, like us, she has cultivated the complete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.'"

At this moment, Hannah Adams turned towards Keer and said to the young woman, also known as the 'Martial Emperor of chill.'

The reason she spoke of the complete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' was that in the Valley of Chill, the other personal disciples of the Martial Emperor had all cultivated some fundamentals of the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.'

And the incomplete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' they cultivated was also passed on to them by the Martial Emperor of chill while keeping some secrets.

The rule in the Valley of Chill was that the complete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' was transmitted to only one person, and it had always been so through generations.

As Hannah Adams spoke, the composed face of the Martial Emperor of chill finally changed.

At the same time, her gaze fell on Keer, turning sharp as she asked sternly, "Did you truly cultivate the complete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula'?"

"...Yes."

Facing the piercing gaze of the Martial Emperor of chill, Keer felt somewhat breathless.

Immediately after, under the demand of the Martial Emperor of chill, Keer demonstrated the sword techniques associated with the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula,' which only those who had fully mastered the formula could fully execute.

"It indeed is the complete 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula'!"

The Martial Emperor of chill was greatly shocked, "However, isn't the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' supposed to belong only to our 'Valley of Chill'?"

The Valley of Chill had a legacy lasting for three thousand years.

Throughout these three thousand years, many Martial Emperor powerhouses had emerged from the Valley of Chill, all of whom had achieved the status of Martial Emperor by cultivating the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.'

Of course, not everyone who cultivated the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' could become a Martial Emperor, as it also depended on personal talent.

"The 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' is a technique passed down by the ancestors of my Valley of Chill... According to the notes left by my ancestor, she obtained the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' from a 'Martial Emperor's Tomb.'"

The Martial Emperor of chill quickly suppressed the shock in her heart and calmed down, thoughtfully reflecting.

"According to her judgment, the tomb of the Martial Emperor that passed down the formula had existed for at least ten thousand years, perhaps even longer... The Martial Emperor buried in that tomb, who also unearthed that tomb, was a female Martial Emperor powerhouse, the Cold Ice Martial Emperor!"

"At that time, besides obtaining the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula,' my ancestor also found a 'Condensing Sound Jade Piece.'"

"Inside that Condensing Sound Jade Piece, there were the last words of the Cold Ice Martial Emperor... The Cold Ice Martial Emperor existed over twenty thousand years ago!"

"According to the Cold Ice Martial Emperor, the 'Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula' she practiced was taught to only one person before her burial... that was an even more powerful Martial Emperor!"

"That Martial Emperor, known as 'Reincarnation,' was called the 'Reincarnation Martial Emperor'!"

"According to the Cold Ice Martial Emperor, the technique practiced by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor was apparently called the 'Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture'... The 'Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture' had the power of reincarnation and rebirth!"

Thinking of this, the heart of the Martial Emperor of chill stirred violently.

Chapter 1235: The Way of the Sword

"Regarding the Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture, Cold Ice Martial Emperor also knew a bit... It is said that the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, every ten thousand years, could reincarnate and be reborn! Until the third reincarnation, after re-entering the 'Martial Emperor Realm,' that would be considered as having cultivated the Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture to the pinnacle."

All this information was recorded in the handed-down notes of the ancestors of the Valley of Chill.

"By my calculations... now should also be the time for the Reincarnation Martial Emperor's third life to reincarnate and be reborn. Once he cultivates to the 'Martial Emperor Realm' in this life, the Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture will be complete!"

Thinking of this, the heart of the Chill Martial Emperor shook once more.

The Reincarnation Martial Emperor from twenty thousand years ago, through three lifetimes, just to cultivate the technique called the Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture to its extreme.

How powerful must this technique be?

You see, the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, even in his first life, was able to defeat Cold Ice Martial Emperor, who had cultivated the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula.

One can only imagine the power of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor.

"It seems that the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula this young lady is practicing must have been passed on to her by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor in his third life."

The Chill Martial Emperor looked at Keer, speculating silently in her heart.

Keer, who was being watched by the Chill Martial Emperor, felt somewhat apprehensive seeing no reaction from her for what felt like an eternity.

After all, standing in front of her was a Martial Emperor, the supreme existence throughout the Cloud Skies Continent.

"Who taught you the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula?"

Finally, the Chill Martial Emperor came back to her senses and asked this question as soon as she spoke.

"It was... Young Master who taught me."

Keer took a deep breath and spoke slowly.

"Young Master?"

The Chill Martial Emperor's brows raised slightly.

"He is the fiancé of both Sister Keer and myself."

Seeing Keer somewhat constrained, Jovie Lee answered for her.

"Fiancé?"

Upon hearing this, a hardly noticeable light sparked in the Chill Martial Emperor's eyes, and she was moved, "It seems... that the Reincarnation Martial Emperor's third life reincarnation has not yet fully grown."

"According to the notes handed down by the ancestors of my Valley of Chill, Cold Ice Martial Emperor mentioned in the sound transmission jade piece she left... aside from being a powerful martial artist, the Reincarnation Martial Emperor was also a rebellious alchemist!"

"Ordinary alchemists, 'Grade One' is the limit! Yet the Reincarnation Martial Emperor followed a different path, becoming a 'Quasi-Emperor Grade alchemist,' and even an 'Emperor Grade alchemist.'"

"It is said that the Pill Medicines for healing injuries made by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor could even revive the dead and regenerate flesh from bone!"

"Moreover, the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, having lived through two lives, must have left his third life with many treasures..."

Thinking up to this point, a flash of greed quickly passed through the depths of the Chill Martial Emperor's eyes.

Then, she came back to her senses and looked at Keer, "I wish to take you as my direct disciple... Are you willing?"

Although she did not know why the third life reincarnation of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor's fiancée had come to her Valley of Chill, since she had arrived, she naturally intended to make full use of her.

"Reincarnation Martial Emperor... the things you left for your third life over two lifetimes, are destined to make my wedding dress!"

The Chill Martial Emperor thought to herself.

"I can be your direct disciple... However, you must take Sister Jovie as a direct disciple as well."

Hearing the words of the Chill Martial Emperor, Keer's eyes lit up, and she immediately looked towards Jovie Lee beside her and spoke to the Chill Martial Emperor.

Beside her, Hannah Adams frowned.

This ungrateful girl dared to bargain in front of her, but even more so dared to set conditions in front of her master, the high and mighty 'Chill Martial Emperor'?

"I agree to your conditions."

Expecting her master to be angered, Hannah Adams was surprised to find that her master not only did not get angry but also readily agreed to Keer's conditions.

"Thank you, Martial Emperor."

Upon hearing this, Keer brightened up and hurriedly expressed her gratitude.

"Thank you, Martial Emperor."

Jovie Lee also thanked her.

"You still call me Martial Emperor now?"

The Chill Martial Emperor gave a faint smile, asked pointedly.

"Master."

Immediately, both Keer and Jovie Lee came to their senses and respectfully saluted the Chill Martial Emperor.

Right now, they were completely overwhelmed by joy.

Little did they know, a giant net full of conspiracy was slowly spreading towards them and their fiancé...

Time flies swiftly like a white steed flashing past a crack.

Another month had passed just like that.

Only one month remained until the Martial Emperor disciple and apprentice selection event hosted by Mystic Profound Peak.

Halfway up Mystic Profound Peak, there was a long staircase that completely separated two stone platforms.

This staircase was like a 'heavenly moat,' dividing the two platforms into two worlds, one on top and one below.

On top of the stone platform, there stood a delicate pavilion.

It was surrounded by a nearly tangible aura of inner energy, with an excellent cultivation environment, enough to make others envious.

In contrast, the lower platform was cracked and resembled a gigantic spider web covering it, and there were thatched cottages filled with an odor that lingered persistently.

Whoosh!

Unknowingly, before that pavilion above, a figure appeared out of nowhere, a figure clad in purple.

Wyatt Barnes had secluded himself in training for another two months.

"There's still one month left."

Wyatt murmured softly to himself before his figure moved and he rose into the air.

In the blink of an eye, he had left his previous spot and had not encountered any obstacles throughout.

Of course, that wasn't because Blaze Myers and the other Martial Emperor disciple were unaware of Wyatt's departure—they knew, but had no intentions of stopping him.

Not to mention that, with their strength, they might not be able to stop Wyatt.

And as for Wyatt's strength, since he planned to attend the disciple and apprentice selection hosted by Mystic Profound Peak, he would certainly not go back on his word.

Indeed, Wyatt had no intentions of reneging.

He left momentarily just to get some fresh air.

Once he levitated, Wyatt executed the "Dragon Across Nine Heavens" movement technique, and his entire being seemed to transform into a Divine Dragon circling around Mystic Profound Peak, heading towards the peak with extreme speed.

Along the way, Wyatt encountered many Martial Emperor apprentices, yet not a single one noticed him.

It wasn't long before Wyatt reached the summit of Mystic Profound Peak.

The summit was entirely enveloped in mist. As Wyatt ventured in, he soon heard clear sounds of sword clangs, "Someone is practicing the sword here?"

Filled with curiosity, Wyatt continued deeper.

He quickly discovered that someone was indeed practicing the sword within the summit of Mystic Profound Peak.

This person did not use 'Origin Force' or mysteries in their sword practice, but was purely controlling a spirit sword with mental power, demonstrating a knack similar to his "Nine Tribulations Sword Handling Art."

"An Inscription Master?"

After noticing that the person was controlling the sword with mental power, Wyatt guessed internally, which is why he hadn't used his mental power to explore the other's cultivation.

The other person was an 'Inscription Master', who could easily detect Wyatt's mental probing.

Probing someone else's cultivation was considered impolite.

The individual controlling the sword with mental power was a young man, tall in stature and dressed in fluttering blue garments, moving effortlessly with the wind, the epitome of grace and ease.

Since he was back-facing Wyatt, Wyatt couldn't see his face.

Wyatt had to admit that the young man's understanding of the Sword Dao was profound. If it were the Wyatt of the past, he would certainly feel inferior.

But now, Wyatt couldn't help but shake his head.

"Oh? Do you think you could do better than me?"

Suddenly, a voice reached Wyatt's ears, startling him into full alertness.

Only then did he realize.

The young man who had been facing away from him had at some point become aware of Wyatt's presence and was talking to him.

As he spoke, the young man also turned around, revealing his true appearance.

The young man looked to be around thirty years old, with sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, a handsome face, standing there as if ready to soar into the sky like a sharp blade at any moment.

"Do you think you did very well?"

Wyatt, recovering from his surprise, asked with a slight laugh.

The young man before him who was controlling the sword with mental power was far superior to the "Nine Tribulations Sword Handling Art" Wyatt had performed in the past, but in the eyes of the present Wyatt, it seemed insignificant.

After some time comprehending the 'Sword Dao insights' accumulated in his mind, Wyatt's own proficiency in the Sword Dao had greatly improved.

"Empty talk is useless."

The young man said.

Wyatt gave the young man a brief look, not wasting time. He raised his hand, and suddenly there was a three-foot green blade in his grip—the very same 'Emperor-Grade spirit sword' of his.

Immediately, he didn't split the Emperor-Grade spirit sword into nine; instead, he directly controlled it with mental power to move through the air, circling swiftly around himself, picking up speed.

The proficiency in the Sword Dao that Wyatt had improved recently due to his comprehension of the 'Sword Dao insights' was fully displayed.

The young man stood aside, his eyes initially unconvinced, gradually changing to a look of awe, and finally filled with shock.

"Who exactly is he? To think there's such a person in Mystic Profound Peak?"

The young man muttered to himself.

It wasn't long before the young man's gaze became somewhat vacant.

His spirit was fully immersed in Wyatt's movements, or more precisely, in the movements of the spirit sword encircling Wyatt's body.

After all, Wyatt himself stood still, unmoving like a mountain.

The young man's gaze went from vacant to bewildered, and then to a light of realization, changing every moment.

"So it can be done like this?"

"Marvelous! Truly marvelous!"

...

As time passed, the only thing left for the young man to feel about Wyatt's proficiency in the Sword Dao was awe and a sense of inferiority.

"What is your name?"

As Wyatt retracted his mental power and the spirit sword returned to his hand, the young man couldn't help but ask curiously.

"Wyatt Barnes."

Wyatt replied at a leisurely pace.

"Wyatt Barnes? Are you a Martial Emperor disciple of Mystic Profound Peak?"

The young man's eyes flickered as he asked.

"No."

Wyatt shook his head, "I'm here to participate in the Martial Emperor disciple and apprentice selection that Mystic Profound Peak is hosting in a month."

Chapter 1236: Three Little Devils

"Are you here to partake in the Martial Emperor disciple and disciple selection hosted by Mystic Profound Peak in a month?"

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, the young man couldn't help but express some surprise "With your mastery in 'The Way of the Sword,' comprehending the 'Emperor Realm's Sword Realm' is only a matter of time... It seems unnecessary for you to join under the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak, right?"

Comprehending the 'Emperor Realm's Sword Mysteries,' just a matter of time?

Wyatt chuckled inwardly.

He had already grasped the Emperor Realm's Sword Mysteries.

However, he did not reveal this and responded, "I'm not particularly interested in joining under that Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak... My main purpose for attending the selection at Mystic Profound Peak is to seek a favor from the Martial Emperor."

"If it's necessary to become his direct disciple to receive his help, then I would do so reluctantly... If possible, I would naturally prefer not to become his direct disciple."

Wyatt finished in one breath.

"Becoming a direct disciple of the Martial Emperor, and doing so reluctantly?"

Wyatt's words caused the young man's lips to twitch slightly.

Across the Cloud Skies Continent, countless martial artists were breaking their heads wanting to become direct disciples of a Martial Emperor.

Yet this young man clad in purple appeared to disdain such an idea.

Had it been another person speaking so, he might have jokingly criticized them.

However, due to this young man in purple's earlier performance, he was deemed capable of making such statements in his eyes.

Soon, the young man looked at Wyatt and asked "What favor do you want from the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak?"

"For him, it's a small favor... but for me, it's extremely crucial," Wyatt murmured in a low voice.

Over the past few months, although some of his memory had recovered, he still knew nothing about his identity or origins.

That part of his memory seemed completely sealed off.

He didn't know where he came from or where he was headed.

His current existence almost felt only meaningful in understanding his past, nothing more.

"I see."

The young man nodded and then added, "As far as I know, the Martial Emperor of Mystic Profound Peak is extremely selective when choosing his direct disciples... Over many years, he has accepted only three direct disciples."

"Although your mastery in 'The Way of the Sword' is high, it might not guarantee that he will make an exception to take you as a direct disciple."

The young man informed Wyatt.

"Hearing you say this, it seems you're quite familiar with the Martial Emperor... are you perhaps one of those three direct disciples?"

Wyatt looked deeply at the young man and asked.

Facing Wyatt's inquiry, the young man merely gave a mysterious smile without replying, "Wyatt, I have other matters to attend to now... Moreover, remember my name is 'Colin Yorke'."

Colin Yorke!

After introducing himself, Colin Yorke left, quickly disappearing into the mist and vanishing from Wyatt's sight.

"Is or isn't, what's there to be so secretive about."

Wyatt's brows furrowed slightly, then he also left the peak of Mystic Profound Peak, returning to the pavilion where he had been cultivating, to continue his practice and deepen his understanding of 'Fusion Mysteries' and 'Sword Mysteries'.

Simultaneously, in the southern inland of the Cloud Skies Continent.

An old man in a fiery red robe spoke softly to the woman in red next to him, "Girl, we don't have much time left, we should leave."

The woman in red trembled slightly upon hearing this, her incomparably beautiful face, seemingly frosted, exhibited a touch of worry.

"Brother Barnes, where exactly are you? Winnie is very worried about you... do you know that?"

The red-clothed woman, Winnie Romero who had been searching for Wyatt for over half a year, was muttering to herself.

Finally, she sighed deeply.

"Brother Barnes, my intuition tells me you're still alive... once Winnie achieves something, she will definitely come back to find you!"

Winnie muttered in her heart.

Instantly, two figures disappeared into the horizon, speeding north like two streaks of red lightning, their speed astonishing.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

As Winnie followed the red-robed old man, Redflame, and left, on the other side of Weak Water River, within the Outer Land of the Cloud Skies Continent, four figures suddenly appeared.

Among them, the leader was a girl looking about fifteen or sixteen, in a yellow dress, with a slightly immature but pretty face, indicating she would grow up to be a devastating beauty.

Between her eyes, a hint of mischievous intelligence was clearly visible, showing her to be a spirited and clever girl.

Next to the girl in yellow were three children, each two heads shorter than her; a boy in black, a girl in white, and another girl in gold.

The boy in black and the girl in white looked remarkably similar, as if carved from the same mold, appearing strikingly like a pair of 'dragon phoenix twins.'

As for the gold-clothed girl, approximately seven or eight years old like the other two children, her plump, rosy cheeks were irresistibly cute, making one long to reach out and give them a squeeze.

But between her spirited eyes, there was a hint of the cunning similar to the yellow-dressed girl, clearly another whimsically spirited individual.

"Cloud Skies Continent, here I am, Karina Hanson, back again!"

The yellow-dressed girl's eyes sparkled mischievously as she murmured, her tone mixed with a hint of excitement.

This time, she had her father's permission and finally didn't have to worry about being taken back by the people her father might send.

"Sister Julia, do you think Brother Wyatt would recognize us after seeing how much we've grown?"

The girl in white looked serene and although young, she already had the potential to develop into a 'little lady'. She looked toward the woman in yellow, her lively eyes twinkling, she asked.

"If all three of you appear together, Brother Wyatt will definitely recognize you."

Karina Hanson looked over the three children beside her, her lips curving into a mischievous smile, "So... once we find Brother Wyatt, I'll meet him first, you guys should stay hidden. Then come out one by one, guaranteed he won't recognize right away."

"Okay, okay, Sister Julia, you go see Brother first, then it's my turn... then Little White, then Little Black."

The girl in gold agreed with Karina Hanson's words and also settled the 'plan'.

"Hmph! Little Gold, why should I be the last to see Brother? It should be me after Sister Julia, and you should be last because you're the naughtiest, you're a bad kid."

The little boy in black grunted discontentedly.

"You're the bad kid! Your whole family are bad kids! Wait, Little White is from your family too... just you are the bad kid!"

The girl called 'Little Gold' in gold made a face at the boy and playfully stuck out her tongue, "Besides, ever heard of ladies first, you big man?"

"I'm not a big man! I'm just a little boy."

The little boy in black retorted.

"Alright, you two stop bickering... it's giving me a headache. Once we find Brother Wyatt, you can decide who sees him first with rock-paper-scissors."

Karina Hanson said with a slight headache.

She thought she was mischievous enough, but in front of these three rascals, she definitely had to concede.

The three little rascals were the Demon Beasts that Karina Hanson once took away from Wyatt Barnes' side.

Little Black, Little White, and Little Gold.

Little Black and Little White were the two mutated little pythons that had been with Wyatt Barnes from an early age and were later taken away by Karina Hanson twice.

After many years, they had also transformed into human forms.

Little Gold was just the mischievous little golden mouse that later followed Little Black and Little White when Karina Hanson took them.

Of course, to be precise, it wasn't Karina Hanson who wanted to take them away.

It was 'Ruby', the one by Karina Hanson's side, who took them away.

"Alright. Let's listen to Sister Julia."

Little Gold nodded, then made another face at Little Black, "You uncouth little brat who doesn't know ladies first! Brother won't like you once he sees you."

"Hmph! Brother won't like you."

Little Black grunted dissatisfiedly.

"Enough, you two stop bickering, you really are natural enemies."

Little White stood aside, gently shaking his head, a look of a 'little adult'.

"Little White is sensible."

Karina Hanson reached out and touched the little girl in white's head, then looked at Little Gold and Little Black with a sense of helplessness.

These three little rascals, although transformed into humans and matured intellectually, remained emotionally as children, except Little White who was more sensible, the other two were like kids who never grew up.

Of course, unless they could break the 'innate realm' barrier, these three little rascals couldn't transform again.

Unable to transform again meant that they would remain in their current forms for life.

After all, before breaking the 'innate realm' barrier, any Demon Beast only had one chance to transform.

To transform again, they had to first break the 'innate realm' barrier.

"Let's go! Let's head to Gray Dog Castle first to find that big dog... I told him before I left last time that if he hasn't found Brother Wyatt's whereabouts by the time I return, I'm going to stew him!"

Karina Hanson commanded, leading the three little rascals toward the south.

"Big dog? I hope he hasn't found Brother's whereabouts... I've never tried dog meat."

Little Gold said eagerly.

"Hmph! You just know how to eat, you'll eat yourself to death! Just for a meal of dog meat, you forget Brother, really heartless."

Little Black grunted unhappily.

"Little Gold, I'm not helping you this time... how can you forget Brother just for a meal of dog meat? Though, I'd also like to try the taste of dog meat."

Little White said while stretching out his little tongue to lick his dry lips.

Listening to Little White's first part, Karina Hanson inwardly praised Little White for being sensible, but the rest made her sense something was amiss.

"Really three little 'imps' ..."

Karina Hanson inwardly chuckled, feeling somewhat outdone for a moment.

Chapter 1237: Crossing the 'Weak Water River' with Physical Body

Karina Hanson, accompanied by three little youngsters, reached the ancient desert city in the Northern Desert.

In Grimm Wolf Fortress, the Castle Master "Gregory" was startled by Karina Hanson's return, but fortunately, he promptly told her about the last time he had seen Wyatt Barnes.

Otherwise, he would have probably been stewed and eaten already.

The three little ones following Karina Hanson eyed him like a delicious meal.

Their shining little eyes made him feel a chill inside.

"Let's head back to the Great Turdo Dynasty first."

The clue from Gregory turned out to be useless, so Karina Hanson decided to first return to the Great Turdo Dynasty to check if her Brother Wyatt was still in the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Great Turdo Dynasty, was the root of her Brother Wyatt.

"Little Black, Little White, Little Gold... let's go."

Karina Hanson called out to the three youngsters and took the lead, flying out of the ancient desert city and towards the south.

That was the direction of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

After Karina Hanson and the three youngsters left, it took a while before Gregory, the Castle Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress, regained his composure and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Those three kids, they don't seem human... Standing before me, they gave me a feeling as if I was facing an Elder Ancestor. Of course, not quite as intense."

Thinking back on the moment, Gregory was somewhat startled.

As a "Demon Beast" and one close to the canine family, his sense of smell and intuition were extremely sharp, and he had sensed that the three little ones with Karina Hanson were not human.

Not just not human.

Those three seemingly harmless little ones even gave him a hair-raising feeling.

Especially the way they looked at him, as if they wanted to swallow him alive!

It wasn't long before Karina Hanson and the youngsters entered the area of the Great Turdo Dynasty, went to the Great Turdo Dynasty, looked around, but failed to find any trace of Wyatt Barnes.

They soon left the Great Turdo Dynasty, left the Great Turdo Dynasty area.

Traveling through the Northern Desert, they continued northward.

"If Brother Wyatt really left, he might have departed from this side," Karina Hanson speculated.

After leaving the Northern Desert, she continued northward, and soon brought the three youngsters to Northumberland.

In Northumberland, she finally obtained a clue.

"Brother Wyatt, did he once stay with the Gagnon Family in Northumberland?"

This was the information Karina Hanson had learned.

However, just as she prepared to go to the Gagnon Family, she heard that the Gagnon Family had already been annihilated and no longer existed.

"Who could it be? Who dared to eradicate the Gagnon Family where Brother Wyatt once stayed?"

Karina Hanson's face darkened, and she muttered coldly, her eyes flashing coldly, "If I find out who did it, I'll never let him off!"

"I want to eat him!"

Little Gold said through gritted teeth, but as she now appeared as a little girl, she didn't look menacing in the least.

"Brother won't be in trouble, will he?"

Both Little Black and Little White were somewhat worried.

Soon, Karina Hanson learned something else related to her Brother Wyatt.

"Brother Wyatt, did he leave the Gagnon Family before it was destroyed? He might have crossed the Weak Water River and gone to the 'Inner Land' of Cloud Skies Continent?"

This information, Karina Hanson obtained from someone who had had a good relationship with the Gagnon Family leader in the past.

"Let's go to the 'Inner Land'!"

Any semblance of a clue, Karina Hanson wouldn't let slip away, taking the three youngsters further north, and soon they reached the banks of Weak Water River.

At the Weak Water River, the Ivan Nether Sect's flying ship no longer existed, replaced by a Heaven Fortin Sect flying ship.

Originally, Karina Hanson hadn't planned to take the flying ship.

With her and the youngsters' strength, Weak Water River posed no threat; they had previously crossed this river to come to the 'Outer Land.'

"Heaven Fortin Sect?"

However, this time at the Weak Water River bank, Karina Hanson conveniently heard someone discussing the "Heaven Fortin Sect."

Karina Hanson slightly furrowed her brows, "I remember, last time I came to Cloud Skies Continent... the flying ship at Weak Water River belonged to something called 'Ivan Nether Sect.' How come it has been replaced by 'Heaven Fortin Sect' within just a few years?"

"Could this Heaven Fortin Sect have any relation to my Brother Wyatt?"

Karina Hanson and the three youngsters exchanged looks, seeing similar thoughts in each other's eyes.

"What's this 'Heaven Fortin Sect' you're talking about? I remember a few years ago, the flying ship here was still of the 'Ivan Nether Sect.'"

Karina Hanson landed on her feet from the air and stared at the person mentioning 'Heaven Fortin Sect,' directly asking.

"You don't know about 'Heaven Fortin Sect,' young girl?"

The person was somewhat surprised as he sized Karina Hanson up and down, then replied, "The 'Ivan Nether Sect' you mentioned is old news now... the Ivan Nether Sect was renamed 'Heaven Fortin Sect' nearly two years ago."

"Why the name change?"

At this point, Karina Hanson faintly suspected that this Heaven Fortin Sect might indeed be related to her Brother Wyatt.

Because the timing of Ivan Nether Sect's name change to 'Heaven Fortin Sect' was just a few months apart from when her Brother Wyatt left the Gagnon Family.

"It is said that a powerful being descended on the Ivan Nether Sect, in a fury for a beloved woman, killed the Sun Peak Peak Master, thus becoming the Sect Leader of the Ivan Nether Sect."

The person Karina Hanson questioned told her all that he knew, "Afterwards, he renamed the Ivan Nether Sect to 'Heaven Fortin Sect.'"

"Speaking of the Sect Leader of Heaven Fortin Sect, he truly is a legendary figure... first, he alone killed many leaders of first-rate forces, later, he recruited a large number of Grade One Artifact Refiners and Grade One alchemists for Heaven Fortin Sect."

He generally spoke, sighing as he went.

"Do you know his name?"

Karina Hanson's breathing had become somewhat rapid as she asked hurriedly.

"Wyatt Barnes."

The person being asked responded immediately.

"It really is my brother!"

Little White's eyes suddenly lit up, and her plump little face turned rosy and very cute.

"My brother has actually become a Sect Leader... I want to be a Protector of the Heaven Fortin Sect!"

Little Black's eyes shone brightly as he said excitedly.

"Hmph! I want to be the Chief Protector of the Heaven Fortin Sect."

Little Gold, not wanting to be outdone, said, always aiming to outdo Little Black.

"I want to be the Grand Protector!"

Little Black added.

"You be the Grand Protector, then I'll be the Great Grand Protector!"

Little Gold followed.

...

Seeing Little Black and Little Gold arguing again, Karina Hanson couldn't help but feel a headache coming on.

Yet, the thought of having news about Wyatt Barnes brought a smile to her face.

Many people around them were rendered speechless by Little Black and Little Gold's conversation.

Want to be Protectors of the Heaven Fortin Sect?

These two little kids?

At first, those around them thought that these two frighteningly young children couldn't possibly have the strength to be Protectors of the Heaven Fortin Sect.

But then, on second thought, they felt something wasn't quite right.

"My God! How old are they? How can they possibly fly through the sky?"

Many people came to realize this and expressed their shocked surprise.

"To fly through the sky, one must at least break through to the 'Peep Naught Realm'... Could it be that these three little kids have all advanced to the 'Peep Naught Realm'?"

Even more people were shocked by this.

These three little kids didn't look more than ten years old.

A 'Peep Naught Realm' martial artist under ten years old?

"Could it be they're 'demons'?"

Some speculated.

But this was quickly dismissed by others, "Look at their innocent childlike nature, just like normal kids should have... 'Demons' capable of taking human form are usually old, do you think they could retain such innocence?"

These words also gained the approval of many.

For a time, Little Black, Little White, and Little Gold became the focus of everyone's attention.

"Little Black, Little White, Little Gold... we should go now."

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Karina Hanson called out to the three little ones and then took the lead, flying towards the Weak Water River, her figure disappearing into thin air at the riverbank before the crowd's eyes.

"So fast!"

The crowd at the bank of the Weak Water River hadn't expected that the girl, who looked only fifteen or sixteen, would possess such terrifying speed.

From her speed alone, they could tell the girl's strength was extraordinary.

They couldn't catch the girl's figure, indicating that their strength was inferior to hers.

However, they soon froze again.

That was because they discovered that the three kids they guessed to be 'Peep Naught Realm martial artists,' both boys and girls, also chased after the girl and disappeared into thin air right before their eyes.

"How is that possible?!"

"I can't even catch a glimpse of their speed!"

"Seeing this, they must truly be 'demons' transformed into humans... Because they lack interaction with humans and Demon Beasts, that must be how they have retained such innocence."

...

Now, more people were speculating that Little Black, Little White, and Little Gold were 'demons.'

Karina Hanson hadn't been spared either.

After all, it seemed improbable for a girl who looked about fifteen or sixteen to possess such terrifying speed, according to common sense, to be human.

"They are headed towards the 'Weak Water River'... Could it be that they intend to cross Weak Water River with their physical bodies?"

Soon, some people realized this and worried for them upon realizing the direction where Karina Hanson and the three little ones were flying.

"Those who can cross Weak Water River with their bodies alone are extremely terrifying beings... If they are not seeking their own deaths, their strength must be beyond our imagination!"

Someone gasped.

"It doesn't look like they are seeking death... So it seems, they must be four incredibly powerful 'demons.'"

Someone speculated.

"That seems likely."

His guess received much agreement.

Unaware of what was happening back at the bank of Weak Water River, Karina Hanson was now swiftly crossing the 'Weak Water River' with the three little ones, heading towards the 'Inner Land.'

"My brother Wyatt has actually become a Sect Leader... This time I see him, I'll also have him assign me a position just for fun."

Karina Hanson's eyes sparkled mischievously.

Chapter 1238: Arrival of a Hanson Tribe's Strong Figure

South of the Northern Desert lies the Heaven Fortin Sect.

Ever since the Sect Leader, Wyatt Barnes, vanished without a trace, the mood among the high-ranking members of the Heaven Fortin Sect had remained gloomy.

Kamari Gold and Fill Bear, who had left with Wyatt Barnes, had been unable to enter the Lost Stone Forest and therefore did not know whether Wyatt Barnes was alive or dead.

For the Lost Stone Forest, Wyatt Barnes's infiltration was undoubtedly a major taboo. Kingston Stone, the Martial Emperor, personally issued a gag order, so not a single Martial Emperor disciple or disciple dared to speak out.

In such circumstances, the Heaven Fortin Sect had become much more low-key compared to the past.

However, with the loss of Wyatt Barnes, it felt as if the 'backbone' of the Heaven Fortin Sect had crumbled away. As time passed, their cohesion also started to dissipate.

The most affected were those 'Grade One Artifact Refiners' and 'Grade One Alchemists,' who had joined the Heaven Fortin Sect mainly to improve their skills in artifact refining and alchemy.

Initially, soon after their arrival at the Heaven Fortin Sect, they had received guidance from the Sect Leader, Wyatt Barnes, and felt their journey was worthwhile.

But as Wyatt Barnes 'disappeared,' many of the Grade One Artifact Refiners and Alchemists began considering leaving the Heaven Fortin Sect.

If it weren't for their reluctance to be the first to leave and face accusations of ingratitude, they would have left long ago.

Sigh!

Today, the Heaven Fortin Sect welcomed an uninvited guest.

This was an old man in a gray robe, his body thin, his face expressionless, and his eyes seemingly dull yet hiding lethal intent.

"Is this the sect controlled by that Wyatt Barnes who killed my son?"

Overlooking the mountain beneath him, the gray-robed old man muttered to himself.

"A man from the Outer Land, quickly rising to become the leader of a top-tier power, albeit a lower-tier one, is indeed impressive... However, it's a pity that you've killed someone you shouldn't have."

As he murmured, a murderous look flashed in the old man's eyes.

"Wyatt Barnes, show yourself before me within ten breaths... Otherwise, I will destroy your entire sect!"

When the gray-robed old man spoke, his voice carried with it Origin Force, echoing across the area like a thunderclap, causing a stir throughout the entire Heaven Fortin Sect.

Inside 'Wyatt Peak,' where the Heaven Fortin Sect was based, the higher-ups, as well as all members of the Heaven Fortin Sect, paled upon hearing this voice.

"That voice... it's him!"

From a wooden hut on the north side of Wyatt Peak, a figure swiftly shot out, his expression extremely grim.

This was a young man, distressed, his eyes filled with intense hatred stemming from deep within.

The young man was 'Jadiel Gagnon.'

Once the Second Young Master of the Gagnon Family of Northumberland, after his family was destroyed, he crossed Weak Water River to come to the inland and joined the Heaven Fortin Sect.

He had remained in the Heaven Fortin Sect in secluded cultivation until a few days ago.

"I must warn Wyatt Barnes."

Jadiel moved swiftly towards the southern side of Wyatt Peak.

Because he had just left seclusion a few days prior, Jadiel was unaware that Wyatt Barnes had been 'missing' for quite some time, until he met Kamari Gold and Fill Bear, and then learned that Wyatt Barnes had long been absent from the Heaven Fortin Sect.

"Do you know that person?"

Kamari Gold looked up toward the summit of Wyatt Peak. Although he could not see the situation clearly from below, the voice had come from there, indicating hostility in the visitor.

"He comes from the 'Hanson Tribe,' a powerful group. Our Gagnon Family was annihilated by him... It seems he has learned of Wyatt Barnes's whereabouts and therefore came to Wyatt Peak."

Jadiel spoke gravely, as the adversary's presence allowed him to deduce many things.

"The Gagnon Family?"

Kamari Gold frowned.

"I do know something about that."

Fill Bear said.

When Jadiel first came to the Heaven Fortin Sect, he was already aware of it and had learned from their young master about the destruction of the Gagnon Family, which was also due to the young master's previous killing of 'Holland Keller,' the chairman of the South Outland Alchemist Association of the Cloud Skies Continent.

Holland Keller himself wasn't much to worry about.

But, the problem was, Holland Keller had an uncle, who was a strong member of the Hanson Tribe!

The Hanson Tribe, one of the two 'ancient clans' of the Cloud Skies Continent, also one of the two giant figures of the Cloud Skies Continent, even the Martial Emperor and Demon Emperor powerhouses on the Cloud Skies Continent respect them considerably.

The Hanson Tribe, with a heritage spanning ten thousand years, was already a top-tier power on the Cloud Skies Continent ten thousand years ago. After ten thousand years of legacy, their foundation was unimaginably powerful.

It is hard to believe that the Hanson Tribe lacks a Martial Emperor amongst its ranks.

Of course, among the visible powerhouses of the Hanson Tribe, there indeed are no Martial Emperors.

Still, the Martial Emperor and Demon Emperor powerhouses on the Cloud Skies Continent dare not provoke the Hanson Tribe lightly, as anyone knows that a freakishly strong person might suddenly emerge from the Hanson Tribe.

"You mentioned the 'Hanson Tribe'... it couldn't be one of the two great ancient clans of the Cloud Skies Continent, could it?"

At this moment, Kamari Gold finally regained his composure, his face transforming with alarm and unease filling his eyes.

"Yes, that's the Hanson Tribe."

Jadiel nodded.

"A powerhouse from the Hanson Tribe... How did our master provoke him?"

Kamari Gold, scared, sweat pouring down.

After all, the name of the ancient Hanson Tribe was too prominent, and even the strongest Martial Emperors and Demon Emperors across the Cloud Skies Continent could not shake it.

Otherwise, as a top force in the Cloud Skies Continent, it would not have survived to this day.

After all, as the saying goes, the tallest tree catches the most wind. Over the years, surely many Martial Emperors and Demon Emperors have resented it and even attacked it, wishing to annihilate it.

Yet still, it had continued to survive.

Its strength, you can imagine, was formidable.

"At this point, we can only face it calmly," said Fill Bear with a sigh.

At the peak of Wyatt Peak, it wasn't long before it was crowded with people, a group of high-ranking members and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect gathered together, each looking apprehensively at the gray figure in the sky.

The gray figure was the old man in the gray robe from the Hanson Tribe, Messiah Hanson.

"There are three breaths left."

Messiah Hanson looked calmly at the people in front of him and said indifferently, "After three breaths, if Wyatt Barnes does not appear, I will annihilate everyone in the Heaven Fortin Sect!"

"Of course, before that, you can choose to leave the Heaven Fortin Sect... If you leave the Heaven Fortin Sect, you can escape death."

Messiah Hanson continued.

Once Messiah Hanson had spoken, the members of the Heaven Fortin Sect exchanged glances, but no one volunteered to step forward.

"I forgot to introduce myself... My name is 'Messiah Hanson,' I am from the ancient Hanson Tribe. Of course, in the Hanson Tribe, I am just a minor character."

Seeing that no one responded to him, Messiah Hanson's eyes narrowed and the Origin Force around him stirred, causing the forces of heaven and earth above the void to surge, and soon they gathered into a spectacle.

An ancient azure dragon phantom and two thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantoms slowly appeared.

"Martial Emperor Realm Nine Layers!"

Upon hearing the old man's introduction and seeing the spectacle formed by his Origin Force and the forces of heaven and earth, many faces drastically changed.

Including Pearl Rowan and Three Graham, the two Deputy Sect Masters, and other high-ranking members of the Heaven Fortin Sect, all had extremely grim expressions.

They had never imagined that the old man was a strong warrior from the Hanson Tribe and moreover, that he was a 'Martial Emperor Realm Nine Layers' being.

A warrior of Martial Emperor Realm Nine Layers had a cultivation that spoke for itself, and the 'Mysteries' he understood were naturally extraordinary.

Regardless of the old man's identity, his strength alone was enough to leave the current members of the Heaven Fortin Sect helpless.

Since the Sect Leader of the Heaven Fortin Sect, 'Wyatt Barnes' had left, there were no longer any formidable fighters in the Sect capable of showing face in battle. The reason the Heaven Fortin Sect continued to exist was because of their Sect Leader's famed reputation, deterring others from all around.

Of course, it was also because the news of Wyatt Barnes' disappearance had not spread widely or been known by many.

But now, there was someone who wasn't afraid of 'Wyatt Barnes,' the Sect Leader, and threatened to destroy the Heaven Fortin Sect!

"Messiah Senior, our Sect Leader left the sect some time ago and has not yet returned," said Three Graham, taking a deep breath and looking somewhat uneasy towards Messiah Hanson.

"Wyatt Barnes is not here?"

Messiah Hanson raised an eyebrow and narrowed his eyes, "Given that, I will give you ten more breaths... After ten breaths, those who have not defected from the Heaven Fortin Sect and stand behind me, I shall let none escape."

Towards the end, Messiah Hanson's eyes glinted with a lethal intent.

As if to emphasize his words, the milky-white flames on his body were quickly entwined with multicolored forces, and in an instant, the milky-white flames transformed into a fire teeming with various colors.

Whoosh!

Under the watchful eyes of all, above the void over Messiah Hanson's head, an even more vast force of heaven and earth appeared, gathering into a more terrifying spectacle.

In an instant, above the void over Messiah Hanson's head, there were a total of five ancient azure dragon phantoms, and six thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantoms.

And this was still without Messiah Hanson using an Artifact to invoke the spectacle.

Once he employed an Artifact, his fully exerted power would undoubtedly exceed the force of the six ancient azure dragons, plus the six thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

"So strong!"

For a moment, many people from the Heaven Fortin Sect's pupils contracted, their faces showing horror.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

Before long, quite a few people took the lead and flew forward, positioning themselves behind Messiah Hanson.

Those people were previously the 'Grade One Artifact Refiners' and 'Grade One Alchemists' who had joined the Heaven Fortin Sect, already having intentions to leave, and now with a powerful figure like Messiah Hanson pressuring them, it was only natural.

"You... you are ungrateful!"

Seeing that in no time, except for himself and another person, all the Grade One Artifact Refiners and Grade One Alchemists had left, Three Graham said with a sour face.

"Deputy Sect Master Graham, I advise you to join us... The Sect Leader has been missing for over half a year now, and it's unknown if he will return."

Some standing behind Messiah Hanson persuaded Three Graham.

"What?! The Sect Leader is missing?"

For a moment, the majority of the elders and disciples of the Heaven Fortin Sect present were in uproar, their faces rapidly changing as this was the first time they had heard such news.

Their Sect Leader of the Heaven Fortin Sect had been missing for half a year?

At that moment, without further hesitation, these people quickly moved to stand behind Messiah Hanson.

Before long, the number of people not standing behind Messiah Hanson could be counted on one hand.

Chapter 1239: You Are Not Worthy!

Among those who had not left, Pearl Rowan and Three Graham, the two Vice Sect Leaders, were notably present.

Next were Jadiel Gagnon, Handmi Holland, Kamari Gold, Fill Bear, and another—a middle-aged man in a silver robe.

"Lucca Lee, you're not leaving?"

Three Graham looked at the man in the silver robe, asking with some surprise.

Lucca Lee was not only an old friend of his, but also an exceptionally outstanding 'Grade One alchemist.' He had recently emerged from closed-door cultivation, and immediately upon doing so, he had come to the Heaven Fortin Sect, drawn by its reputation.

Of course, Lucca Lee's decision to join the Heaven Fortin Sect was partially influenced by Three Graham's presence there.

However, in Three Graham's eyes, unlike other Grade One alchemists or Artifact Refiners, Lucca Lee had not received any beneficence from the Heaven Fortin Sect. It would be understandable if he chose to leave.

Yet, Lucca Lee's choice was beyond his expectation.

"Three Graham, although I don't submit to you, I decided to join the Heaven Fortin Sect and naturally will not desert it on a whim... That's not my style."

Lucca Lee stated.

"Hmph! Since you wish to die, I'll oblige you!"

Messiah Hanson never expected that, faced with his threat, there would still be seven people who ignored his warning completely, as if deaf to his words. For a moment, he felt nothing but rage boiling within him.

In an instant, Messiah Hanson stepped forward and with a wave of his hand, unleashed a series of consecutive palm strikes.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Suddenly, accompanied by a series of thunderous blasts, seven solid palm prints charged towards Fill Bear and the group, fierce and quick, leaving them no time to react.

They barely had the time to feel the strong gust of wind coming towards them, nearly suffocating them.

Although they knew of Messiah Hanson's strength, it was only when he actually attacked them that, amidst the lightning and thunder, they truly felt the enormity of his power.

"Young Master, Fill Bear will take his leave first... If there is an afterlife, Fill Bear hopes to still follow by your side, always at your beck and call."

Despondency filled Fill Bear's heart.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

...

Just when Fill Bear and the other six thought they were as good as dead, a series of ear-splitting booms resonated around them, shocking them back to reality.

Because they realized that Messiah Hanson's attack had not hit any of them.

Somehow, an invisible wall had appeared in front of them, shielding them from Messiah Hanson's onslaught, the attacks creating ripples in the air but unable to penetrate the barrier.

They knew that someone had saved them.

"Hmph!"

Seeing his attack thwarted, Messiah Hanson couldn't even begin to guess who had intervened. In the midst of his action, a blade appeared in his hand— a Grade One spiritual blade.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

...

With the rise and fall of the blade, an overwhelming barrage of slashes continued to surge towards Fill Bear and the others, violent and persistent.

However, the torrent of blade light was stopped short again, not far from the seven, as if halted by the same invisible wall, which stood firm and unyielding against Messiah Hanson's assault, even though he wielded a spiritual weapon with all his might.

"A... Martial Emperor powerhouse!"

This time, Messiah Hanson's face finally twisted into an extremely ugly expression.

His strength was at the pinnacle among Martial Emperors, considered among the best.

He believed that below the Martial Emperor Realm, it was almost impossible for someone to so effortlessly stop his attack and remain unseen before him.

Because of that, there was only one possibility.

The one who intervened was a 'Martial Emperor powerhouse'!

A Martial Emperor powerhouse?

As soon as Messiah Hanson uttered these words, an eerie silence fell over the place.

For a moment, everyone who had regained their senses started to look around, as if trying to identify the Martial Emperor powerhouse who had just acted.

"Thank you, great one, for saving our lives!"

At that moment, Fill Bear and the others bowed respectfully towards the empty space, voicing their gratitude.

They knew clearly that if not for the person acting secretly from the shadows, they would now be nothing more than corpses.

No.

Perhaps not even their bodies would remain.

"Fill Bear, long time no see."

And just as Messiah Hanson's face was filled with a bad expression, his forehead breaking into a cold sweat, uncertain whether to flee or not, a childlike voice came through, echoing to the heavens.

The childlike voice belonged to a young girl.

"Who are you?"

Hearing his own name called, and by a young girl at that, Fill Bear couldn't help but be startled.

Whoosh!

Quickly, Fill Bear's eyes lit up, noticing a golden figure appearing before him—a little girl wearing golden clothes, who looked plump and cute.

"Was it you calling me just now?"

Looking at the little girl in golden clothes, Fill Bear asked with some uncertainty.

"Who else but me? Fill Bear, you couldn't have forgotten about me, could you?"

The golden-clad little girl placed her hands on her hips and glared at Fill Bear, seemingly a little angry.

"Who are you?"

Fill Bear eyed the little girl up and down, yet no matter how hard he racked his brain, he could not recall any memory of her.

"Little girl, I don't think I know you, do I?"

Fill Bear said with a wry smile.

"Little Gold, I knew Fill Bear would definitely not recognize you."

At that moment, another childlike female voice reached them, accompanied by a white figure descending.

This time, a little girl in white appeared.

As many people's gazes solidified on the two little girls, shocked that they could soar through the sky at such a young age, two figures descended from the heavens.

It was a girl in yellow and a little boy in black.

The four who appeared one after another looked oldest in the yellow-clad girl, yet she was only about fifteen or sixteen years old.

Although the sudden appearance of four people was shocking to Messiah Hanson, his mind was not on them at this moment; he was still searching for that 'Martial Emperor strongman' hiding in the shadows.

"Little girl, who on earth are you..."

Fill Bear looked at the little golden-clothed girl, with even more confusion on his face.

"Fill Bear, she is Little Gold."

At this moment, the little girl in white spoke, clearing Fill Bear's confusion.

"Little Gold?"

Fill Bear was a bit slow to react.

"The same greedy little golden mouse."

At this time, the little boy in black spoke up, giving Fill Bear a pointed reminder.

Upon hearing the little black-clothed girl's words, a light bulb went on in Fill Bear's mind, finally remembering the little golden figure, the small silhouette.

"You... you are that little golden mouse from back then?"

Fill Bear finally reacted completely.

"That's right, I am that little golden mouse from those days... As for their identities, you can guess by now, right?"

Little Gold glared at the little black-clothed boy, then pointed to both the black-clothed boy and the white-clothed girl and asked Fill Bear.

"Little Black and Little White?"

Fill Bear sized up the boy and girl who looked much like a pair of 'dragon and phoenix twins,' quickly catching on, but still not quite believing it, he asked.

"Exactly, I am Little White, and he is Little Black," the white-clothed girl said.

At this moment, Fill Bear felt his head spinning. The three little creatures from before had actually transformed into humans?

"So they are demons!"

"I knew it, such young human children, how could they possibly soar through the sky... Turns out they're 'demons'."

"'Demons,' even if they only transform into human form after a hundred years, can still look like children."

...

Many who had defected from the Heaven Fortin Sect whispered amongst themselves.

"Demons?"

At this time, Messiah Hanson, who had been looking around, also retracted his scattered gaze and focused on the three children before him, his heart pounding, "They're actually demons? Was the person who made a move just now her?"

Unknowingly, Messiah Hanson's gaze fell on the yellow-clad girl beside the three children, who was clearly the 'leader' of the three children.

Realizing that this yellow-clad girl might be a Martial Emperor strongman, Messiah Hanson's expression was filled with severity.

"Let's catch up later... Little Gold, didn't you say you would handle this?"

The yellow-clad girl, indeed Karina Hanson who brought the three little ones across the Weak Water River with her physical body and arrived at the Heaven Fortin Sect, they had just encountered the previous lively scene.

Originally, they had arrived before the group had defected from the Heaven Fortin Sect.

But, they did not rush to appear.

After the defectors had left, they decided to show themselves and before doing so, saved the few who hadn't defected from the Heaven Fortin Sect.

"If you don't solve it, I will," Little Black said to Little Gold, speaking indifferently.

"You wish! This opportunity was won over you by playing rock-paper-scissors, I'd have to be crazy to give it up to you," Little Gold gave Little Black a disdainful look, then turned around to face Messiah Hanson.

But a bitter smile quickly spread across her face.

Because, a yellow figure appeared in front of her, more accurately, stood in front of her—it was 'Karina Hanson.'

"Sister Julia?"

Little Gold looked surprised, not knowing what Karina Hanson wanted to do.

"Little Gold, I'll take care of this person," Karina Hanson said, her face somewhat unpleasant, as if she had discovered something.

"Are you a person from the Hanson Tribe of the Cloud Skies Continent?"

Karina Hanson's gaze was calm as she looked at Messiah Hanson and asked in a deep voice.

Although she had arrived early, she had not heard the part where Messiah Hanson introduced himself.

"Yes. May I know how to address this young lady?"

Messiah Hanson, suspecting that Karina Hanson might be a 'Demon Emperor strongman,' did not dare to show any disrespect.

"You don't deserve to know my name!"

Karina Hanson did not give the polite Messiah Hanson any face, sharply rebuking him.

Immediately, Messiah Hanson's face darkened; had it not been for the concern that the yellow-clad girl might be a 'Demon Emperor strongman,' he would have lost his temper and attacked.

"Since you are from the Hanson Tribe, then I will personally take care of you... For daring to trouble my Heaven Fortin Sect, you no longer need to exist in this world," Karina Hanson murmured, seemingly speaking to Messiah Hanson, yet as if speaking to herself.

However, hearing her words, Messiah Hanson's face inevitably changed.

In his view,

Since the yellow-clad woman dared to say these words, it meant she was fully confident in killing him.

"It seems she really is the 'Martial Emperor strongman' who took action before!"

While fear filled Messiah Hanson's heart, his pupils constricted at the same time.

A blood hole had suddenly appeared on his body, a chilling blood hole...

The blood hole passed through Messiah Hanson's body, yet not a single drop of blood flowed.

Chapter 1240 Kill Them All

Messiah Hanson's chest had a gaping hole oozing with blood that swiftly froze over. The ice spread across his body, eventually turning him into an ice sculpture.

Just before Messiah Hanson had completely turned into an ice sculpture, a swift streak of light suddenly shot out from his body.

"You dare try tricks in front of me?"

A small girl in a golden dress snorted, preparing to chase after the 'communication jade piece' that Messiah Hanson released just before his death.

"Little Gold, no need to chase. I actually want to see who he can call for help! The Hanson Tribe of Cloud Skies Continent has been too comfortable for too long... Perhaps, they've forgotten who gave them everything they have."

Karina Hanson stopped Little Gold just in time, then muttered under her breath, her voice carrying an air of old wisdom.

Her gaze then returned to the now fully transformed ice sculpture of Messiah Hanson in front of her.

Crack!

Suddenly, Karina Hanson slowly lifted her hand, and ghastly cracks began appearing on the ice sculpture, which then burst into a cloud of icy fragments.

Messiah Hanson, a being at the peak of the Martial Emperor Realm, was dead in the blink of an eye, his body completely obliterated.

Silence engulfed the scene.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

As most people on the scene regained their senses, their eyes collectively turned toward the young girl in yellow standing not far away.

This seemingly harmless young girl made their hearts violently tremble.

The scene they had just witnessed was undoubtedly the most shocking they had ever seen.

"That... that was a Hanson Tribe powerhouse, a peak Martial Emperor Realm existence! Just like that, dead?"

Many gasped in shock.

"Is this girl... could she actually be a 'Martial Emperor-level' powerhouse?"

"More like a 'Demon Emperor-level' powerhouse!"

...

The many gazes that fell on Karina Hanson quickly turned awestruck and wary. This girl, who appeared to be only about fifteen or sixteen, possessed a power that made their souls shudder.

Soon, the people standing behind Messiah Hanson began to regret their decisions.

"These four powerful 'Demons' are clearly closely connected to the Heaven Fortin Sect... We have left the Heaven Fortin Sect; it seems we can't go back now."

"If I had known that there was such a Demon Emperor-level powerhouse behind the Heaven Fortin Sect, and that they would appear in time, I definitely wouldn't have chosen to leave the Heaven Fortin Sect!"

"That Messiah Hanson led us to our deaths."

...

Many spoke with faces full of regret.

Yet, what they hadn't considered was this: even though they couldn't return to the Heaven Fortin Sect after betraying it, was that really all there was to it? Could they just leave freely without any consequences?

The answer came quickly from two little ones.

"Little Black, let's gamble... see who kills more traitors, and whoever does gets to see Brother Leandro first, how about that?"

The girl in golden clothes, also known as 'Little Gold,' turned to the boy in black clothes and spoke.

"Okay!"

The boy in black, who was the black python 'Little Black' from the past, coolly nodded his head.

"Not good!"

The conversation between Little Gold and Little Black was loud enough to be clearly heard by a group of traitors from Heaven Fortin Sect, causing them to pale.

Although they were unaware of the two little ones' powers.

They had seen Karina Hanson's power, and she was definitely at the 'Demon Emperor Realm.'

Even if these two little ones were not stronger than them, they couldn't do anything to them, especially with a Demon Emperor powerhouse nearby.

"Run!"

"Run!"

...

In no time, a group of traitors scattered in all directions, not daring to hesitate.

"Thinking of running?"

Seeing a group of traitors flee, Little Gold and Little Black both displayed cold smiles, and then they moved at the same time, vanishing into thin air on the spot.

At least, in front of Fill Bear and the others, the two youngsters vanished out of nowhere.

Following that, the scene before their eyes left Fill Bear and his companions dumbfounded.

Heavens!

What did they see?

They saw, within their line of sight, each one of the traitors who had just started to flee stopped in their tracks and then exploded into a cloud of blood mist.

In their eyes, it was as if these traitors had spontaneously burst into blood mist.

But they knew in their hearts that this was not the case.

The reason they saw this scene was that they simply couldn't catch the movements of the two youngsters who had acted. Their movements were too fast to be seen at all.

The difference in their strength was immense.

In just two or three breaths, all the traitors who had betrayed the Heaven Fortin Sect—men and women alike—were killed, with not a single one spared.

"I killed three hundred fifty-nine."

At that moment, a calm voice sounded, accompanied by a golden figure appearing, which was the little girl in golden clothes, Little Gold.

"Hmph! I killed three hundred sixty-two."

Almost at the same moment, Little Black appeared as well and coolly stated.

Regardless of whether it was Little Gold or Little Black, speaking of killing hundreds of people without changing their expression was as though they were not killing people, but merely mowing grass.

In an instant, Fill Bear and the others felt a chill on their scalps.

The two of them killed over seven hundred people, not a drop of blood staining their bodies, which clearly showed how profound their skills were.

"Unless I'm mistaken, they should also be 'Demon Emperor' experts!"

Three Graham murmured softly.

Currently, among the people of the Heaven Fortin Sect who hadn't gone out, and the seven who hadn't betrayed the sect, his strength was the strongest, having just broken through to 'Level Eight of the Martial Emperor Realm' a short while ago.

Therefore, he had a certain understanding of the strength of Martial Emperor-level peak fighters.

In his view.

The strength of the golden-robed little girl and the black-robed little boy was definitely not merely that of Demon Emperor experts.

In that case, there was only one possibility.

Both of them, like the yellow-robed young lady, were Demon Emperor experts!

"If it weren't for your good luck, with more people on your side... I would definitely beat you."

Little Gold said somewhat unhappily after hearing Little Black's words.

"Remember, a bet is a bet."

Little Black coolly said.

"Hmph!"

Little Gold snorted lightly, conceding the point.

"Are you Fill Bear?"

Just as Fill Bear, Three Graham, and the others were standing slack-jawed, Karina Hanson looked at Fill Bear, "I've heard of you, but I've never actually seen you."

"Who are you?"

Fill Bear, seeing Karina Hanson greeting him, suddenly felt somewhat overwhelmed.

"Fill Bear, she is Sister Julia, and she's also a good friend and good sister to Brother Leandro,"

Little Gold told Fill Bear.

"So you're the Young Master's friend."

Fill Bear suddenly understood and respectfully bowed to Karina Hanson, "Fill Bear meets Miss Julia."

"Miss Julia."

At that moment, including Three Graham, Pearl Rowan, Handmi Holland, and Jadiel Gagnon, along with a few others, also respectfully greeted Karina Hanson.

Jadiel Gagnon's face was filled with excitement and thrill, the death of the Hanson Tribe powerhouse, Messiah Hanson, also signifying that the Gagnon Family's great enmity was avenged.