

## L. Wyatt 1431

### Chapter 1431: Utterly Powerless to Fight Back

Facing Ricky Ridge, who was darting toward him like a bolt of lightning, Wyatt Barnes stood motionless, as immovable as a mountain.

"Is he scared stiff?"

Seeing that Ricky Ridge had already reached Wyatt Barnes without him making any move, a group of outer disciples watching nearby assumed Wyatt had been so frightened that he'd turned into a wooden statue, forgetting to evade.

"Power so near to the peak of the Transcending Mortal Realm... Truly no small feat. At the very least, he's stronger than Zephaniah Chase from Rowan River City and more formidable than Kai Simmons was six months ago."

No one expected that Wyatt, in the face of Ricky Ridge's lightning-fast assault, could still have the mental capacity to think about such things.

As Ricky Ridge reached Wyatt Barnes, he launched his fist. With a sharp "whoosh," it shot out like a rocket, heading straight for Wyatt's abdomen.

The space it tore through whipped up a thunderous roar.

The Moon Radiance Sect had rules prohibiting killing and permanent crippling.

Thus, Ricky's punch did not target Wyatt's vital organs.

His goal was to have Wyatt bedridden for three months.

And to ensure one achieves such precision without permanently crippling someone was undoubtedly a high skill.

With his eyes almost glowing red, Ricky's fist surged forward like a collapsing mountain, his True Energy roaring like a mighty dragon, viciously aiming for Wyatt's abdomen.

In Ricky's mind, this punch alone was more than enough to send this brash newcomer flying.

"This... is only the beginning."

Ricky clenched his teeth internally, his heart filled with intense hatred, unleashing all his pent-up rage onto Wyatt.

"Come on, then!"

In the face of Ricky Ridge's overwhelming momentum, Wyatt Barnes didn't dodge—not because he couldn't dodge, but because he didn't want to.

Although Ricky's strength was not weak, if Wyatt fought with full force, he believed he had a chance. However, even at his utmost, taking down Ricky would still prove challenging.

Without activating the abilities of his "Mysterious Eye," Wyatt could at best fight Ricky to a draw.

But right now, Wyatt had a different plan in mind.

He planned to unleash the full power of his Mysterious Eye, employing its perplexing spatial displacement abilities to utterly defeat Ricky—intimidating the rest of the outer sect disciples in the process.

At the instant Ricky's punch drew near, the spiritual energy Wyatt had been amassing in his mind surged wholly and unreservedly into his left eye, activating the Mysterious Eye with everything he had.

In that split second, Wyatt's left eye manifested a small black vortex.

The black vortex spun rapidly, resembling a deep abyss with no discernible end.

If anyone were to gaze into Wyatt's left eye at this moment, they would undoubtedly find themselves lost in the vortex.

Not only their gaze but even their very consciousness could be devoured!

As Wyatt poured his all into activating the Mysterious Eye, Ricky Ridge's fist appeared to move with extreme slowness within Wyatt's vision, as though frozen in time.

With just a thought from Wyatt, Ricky's fist vanished from its trajectory in mid-air, reappearing slightly off to Wyatt's side.

At the same time, the strain of using the Mysterious Eye lessened on Wyatt.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Ricky's fist brushed against Wyatt's robe, generating a series of thunderous sonic booms, but it didn't so much as graze Wyatt.

"How is this possible?!"

The strange and inexplicable scene caused Ricky's face to change dramatically, his expression filled with shock and disbelief.

As Ricky stood frozen in disbelief, Wyatt struck like lightning, mimicking his opponent as he threw a punch. The strike echoed with harsh wind and thunder, slamming ferociously into Ricky's abdomen.

Returning the favor, blow for blow!

Ricky's body, already propelled forward by the force of his own punch, seemed to willingly meet Wyatt's fist head-on. He took the strike directly.

Bang!!

With a resounding thud, Ricky let out a muffled groan. His body quaked violently before being hurled back like an arrow loosed from a bowstring, spiraling out of his own control.

As Ricky was sent flying, Wyatt pressed his advantage mercilessly, chasing after him at astonishing speed.

Just as Ricky was about to hit the ground after flying dozens of meters, Wyatt flashed toward him with a lightning-fast kick. The blow struck Ricky squarely in the back, sending him soaring skyward once more.

Already holding in a mouthful of blood from Wyatt's first punch, Ricky could no longer contain it. He coughed up the clot of blood violently, followed by several more mouthfuls as the chaotic turbulence within his internal organs worsened.

At the same time, Ricky's body ascended into the air like a flaming arrow.

Bang!!

With another booming sound, Wyatt kicked forcefully off the ground, leaving behind spiderweb-like cracks beneath his feet as he launched himself upward, propelling himself after Ricky.

The sharp whistling of rushing wind reached Ricky's ears, causing his complexion to shift drastically as he realized the perilous situation he was in.

Without the slightest hesitation, he hastily swallowed a healing pill, recovering a hint of his injuries before twisting his body midair and turning to face his pursuer.

"Courting death!"

No longer caring to ponder why his earlier attack had been displaced, Ricky channeled all his attention and power toward Wyatt, who was shooting upward like a comet.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Ricky's legs spun like windmills as he used his momentum to dive downward.

This time, a seven-foot-long spear appeared in his hands.

The spear trembled, its tip radiating a deadly gleam as though piercing the heavens, then streaked downward toward Wyatt, attempting to crush him with one mighty strike.

Ricky's spear was clearly no ordinary weapon.

This was a top-grade human-tier sacred artifact. Even in Ricky's injured state, though his strength fell short of its peak, the force of this strike was still imbued with a terrifying momentum, the wind clashing sharply in its wake.

Crash!

Deep within, Ricky chuckled coldly as if he could already see the purple-clad youth before him being struck down by his spear.

But to his astonishment and horror, the inexplicable occurred yet again.

His spear, which should have pierced the target, veered off course, slipping past Wyatt's robes without so much as touching him. Ricky was once again exposed before Wyatt.

Once could be written off as an accident.

But twice—was it truly a coincidence?

"What are you?!"

Terror set in as Ricky's gaze fell upon Wyatt, who was now ever closer. Fear crept deep into his bones.

Encountering such bizarre occurrences twice, he couldn't reason it away.

For Ricky, Wyatt in that moment was no different from a specter.

Bang!!

Another punch shattered the air as Wyatt sent Ricky flying upward again.

Though it was impossible to fly in the Moon Radiance Sect's territory due to the restrictive formations, Wyatt still managed to leverage momentum to chase after Ricky into the air.

"I... I surrender! What... what more do you want?!"

Spitting out blood yet again and now utterly without the will to fight, Ricky's expression turned white with dread as he saw Wyatt closing in.

At this point, Ricky didn't even dare to throw another punch.

What kind of joke was this?

All his attacks couldn't even land on Wyatt.

"Since reaching the mid-stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm, my spiritual energy has indeed grown stronger... but I can barely use the Mysterious Eye twice consecutively, and it's still quite taxing."

As Wyatt caught up with Ricky, a wave of dizziness swept over him—a clear sign his spiritual energy had been completely drained.

He harbored no doubt.

If Ricky were to launch an attack now, Wyatt would find himself helpless.

At this moment, his head spun, his limbs felt weak, and he could muster no strength to attack again. All he could do was place his foot on Ricky's body, stepping on him as they both plummeted to the ground.

Seeing that Wyatt had no intention of attacking him, Ricky let out a sigh of relief.

But moments later, as the winds screamed past their ears and the ground drew closer and closer, Ricky realized Wyatt had no plans to slow their descent. His expression changed drastically.

Boom! Boom!

Despite his injuries, Ricky reacted without hesitation, slamming his fists twice into the ground below. The combined force of the resulting airwaves cushioned his descent.

Easing his fall, Ricky finally crashed into the ground, raising a cloud of dust around him.

He groaned as waves of pain coursed through his body, but still, he exhaled in relief.

Those two punches had truly saved his life.

If not for them, he feared he might have gone down in the sect's history as the first outer disciple to die from a fall.

At the same time, Wyatt landed lightly next to Ricky, standing tall and looking down at him coldly, his gaze devoid of any emotion.

"I... I admit defeat."

Ricky had been completely cowed, his voice raspy as he spoke with the last remnants of his strength.

Clamor!

The crowd of outer disciples who had been watching finally snapped out of their stupor, bursting into a raucous uproar.

The astonishing scenes they had just witnessed were still vivid in their minds.

Ricky Ridge, who had spent twenty years in the sect and reached a level of strength just shy of the Transcending Mortal Realm's peak, had been utterly subdued by a newcomer to the outer sect.

If they hadn't seen it for themselves, they would never have believed it.

"Am I seeing things?"

"Is this a dream?"

"This... is too unbelievable!"

...

Several outer disciples even rubbed their eyes violently. Some pinched their thighs hard, realizing only when the pain hit that they were not dreaming.

"This is..."

Canny Yorke was dumbfounded, completely dumbfounded.

He had known Wyatt was strong but had never imagined him to be this strong.

To defeat Ricky Ridge with a mid-stage Transcending Mortal Realm cultivation!



Although the bizarre scenes earlier baffled Canny, the evidence was undeniable. Ricky himself had admitted defeat. No matter how hard it was to believe, it was an ironclad fact.

"I'll be taking your courtyard now... no objections, right?"

Wyatt gazed down at Ricky with a calm yet commanding voice.

By now, Wyatt was running on sheer willpower... otherwise, with his spiritual energy depleted, he would have collapsed just like Ricky.

"N-No objections!"

Ricky struggled to shake his head but couldn't move. Instead, he bitterly replied in a hoarse voice.

"Senior Brother Canny, I'd like to trouble you with guiding me to his former courtyard."

Wyatt's gaze swept past the two disciples who had previously followed Ricky. Startled, they staggered back several steps before Wyatt's eyes landed on Canny Yorke.

"Alright."

Hearing Wyatt's words, Canny finally regained his composure and led Wyatt toward the independent courtyards.

Chapter 1432: Demon Dragon Essence Blood, Transformation Again!

Here is the requested translation:

Wyatt Barnes realized.

After he defeated Ricky Ridge, Canny Yorke's attitude toward him completely changed, becoming somewhat humble.

Although it hadn't reached the point of groveling, it was also no longer as casual as before.

Wyatt merely shook his head at this and did not find it surprising.

In the Martial Dao Sacred Land, the philosophy of 'Respect the Powerful' was deeply ingrained. His display of overwhelming power, crushing Ricky Ridge single-handedly, was enough to strike fear into the Moon Radiance Sect's Outer Sect disciples.

And this was precisely his goal.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have risked almost depleting his mental energy by activating the 'Mysterious Eye' twice.

He acted this way specifically for establishing dominance!

Not to mention that he was new, making it easier for others to underestimate him... Even the unresolved feud between his mentor, Hill Mountain City's City Lord 'Tabo Garcia,' and the Inner Sect Elder 'Evander Mullins,' compelled him to act this way.

If he hadn't established dominance earlier, wouldn't it mean that a group of Outer Sect disciples could freely provoke him just to ingratiate themselves with Evander Mullins?

While this wouldn't completely solve the problem, it was far better than before.

At the very least, after today's display of dominance, going forward, the number of Outer Sect disciples daring to provoke him would not exceed one hundred.

This was precisely his aim.

"Senior Brother Wyatt... I'll take my leave now."

After escorting Wyatt to Ricky Ridge's independent courtyard, Canny Yorke tactfully corrected himself, not daring to call Wyatt 'Junior Brother.'

Although Wyatt was younger than him, in the Martial Dao Sacred Land, age and seniority rarely mattered. Strength had the final say... and Wyatt, being stronger, naturally deserved to be addressed as 'Senior Brother.'

"Thanks."

Wyatt thanked him and didn't speak further with Canny Yorke, turning to enter the independent courtyard.

He was well aware.

After the battle, Canny Yorke would no longer treat him as casually as before, so he didn't bother to say much.

He and Canny Yorke were mere passing acquaintances.

If Canny Yorke hadn't distanced himself due to Wyatt's display of strength, Wyatt wouldn't have used his superior power to condescend to him either.

Wyatt was not the type to intimidate others simply because he was stronger.

If he were that sort, he wouldn't have called Canny Yorke 'Senior Brother' from the start... for Wyatt already knew his strength surpassed Canny Yorke's.

After all, Canny Yorke was merely an Outer Sect disciple who had only recently broken through to Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection.

Even without using the 'Mysterious Eye,' Wyatt was confident he could defeat him.

Stepping into the independent courtyard, Wyatt's gaze fell upon a stone table surrounded by three stone stools, behind which stood a small, exquisite house.

Pushing open the door, he was greeted by a simple interior.

Apart from a bed, there were only a few decorations.

The room, thanks to these decorations, did not appear too plain.

Closing the door casually and confirming the room's windows were airtight, Wyatt retrieved the Jewel Tower and reduced it to the size of a speck of dust.

Then, with a single thought, Wyatt disappeared from the room.

Of course, he hadn't truly vanished but had entered the Jewel Tower.

"Elder Fire!"

After entering the tower, Wyatt's first action wasn't heading to its second level to cultivate but seeking out Elder Fire.

At this moment, Wyatt looked at Elder Fire with an expression filled with indescribable excitement.

"I've refined all the blood of that Little Devil Dragon, extracting five drops of essence blood... All five are here within this bottle,"

Elder Fire said casually, tossing the bottle toward Wyatt as if discarding trash.

Seeing the small bottle fly toward him, Wyatt anxiously caught it, fearing it would shatter if it hit the ground.

"You only need one drop. The other four can be reserved for others."

Elder Fire stated.

Wyatt took a deep breath and nodded slowly.

He would use one drop for himself, save two drops for his two fiancées, and the remaining two for Little Black, Little White, or Little Gold.

As for his two unborn children, they weren't taken into consideration.

It wasn't that he had forgotten them.

Rather, he believed it was better for the essence blood of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon to be used where it could make the most impact.

Whether it was his fiancées or the three little companions, they were close to 'Entering the Saint Realm'... While the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon's essence blood only helped with manifesting the Exotic Beast Manifestation.

As for his unborn children, who knew when they would reach the Saint Realm?

Furthermore, Wyatt was confident that by the time his children broke through to the Saint Realm, he would already possess the capability to acquire essence blood from other Five-Clawed Divine Dragons.

"I suggest you give two drops of the Little Devil Dragon's essence blood to that little girl in white and the little boy in black."

Elder Fire advised.

"Little White? Little Black?"

Wyatt naturally knew who Elder Fire was referring to.

"Their original forms are Flood Pythons... If they can merge with the Little Devil Dragon's essence blood, it could induce a transformation in their bloodline."

Elder Fire explained further.

Wyatt trusted Elder Fire implicitly and remarked, "It seems Little Gold has no connection with the essence blood of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon."

Wyatt even contemplated.

When the time came to grant Little Black and Little White the essence blood of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon, should he avoid doing so in Little Gold's presence?

After exchanging a few words with Elder Fire, Wyatt climbed to the second level of the Jewel Tower.

Seating himself cross-legged, he extracted a single drop of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon's essence blood from the small bottle.

"As expected of the essence blood of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon—a powerful aura indeed."

Gazing at the essence blood in his hand, Wyatt was inwardly astonished.

He could distinctly sense that the essence blood emanated an overwhelming energy after leaving the bottle.

"If it were an ordinary person, this sheer blood energy alone would be enough to take their life!"

Wyatt thought to himself.

The method for merging the essence blood of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon was straightforward—guiding True Energy to split it apart, absorbing it into the body, and circulating it through the Saint Veins.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Nine Dragons Transformation!

Within Wyatt's body, nine divine dragons transported the True Energy and essence blood, circulating them through cycle after cycle, just as they would during routine cultivation.

After approximately thirty cycles of the Great Cycle, Wyatt could feel the essence blood had spread throughout his entire body via his fifty-two Saint Veins, integrating wholly into his being.

He could clearly sense the transformative changes occurring throughout his body as a result of the essence blood.

From his flesh and blood to his muscles and bones, even his skin... everything felt as if it had undergone an earth-shattering transformation, becoming far stronger than before.

"This... could it be an illusion?"

Wyatt sucked in a breath of astonishment.

To his knowledge, ordinary Martial Artists and Taoist Cultivators below Entering the Saint Realm Small Perfection wouldn't experience physical changes after integrating Sacred Beast essence blood.

They would only manifest the corresponding Exotic Beast Manifestation upon reaching Entering the Saint Realm Small Perfection.

Beyond that, Sacred Beast essence blood was devoid of other benefits.

Yet now.

After integrating the essence blood of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon, Wyatt discovered that his body seemed to have undergone another dramatic transformation.

Why did he say 'another'? Because when the Jewel Tower had previously drawn on its residual power to transform his body, he had experienced such changes before.

Of course, this time, the transformation wasn't as extreme as the last.

"I don't know if this is truly happening or just a misconception."

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt began testing his newfound strength.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Without utilizing any True Energy, Wyatt began to unleash his raw physical strength—striking the air with punches and kicks in a series of rapid, fluid movements.

Each move produced booming shockwaves in the air.

"This... Has my strength truly increased?"

After testing his abilities, Wyatt stopped and stared down at his open palms with astonished yet exhilarated eyes.

During his experimentation, Wyatt was able to clearly identify the changes in his entire body.

While this transformation was less dramatic than the one before, the improvement was undeniably significant.

"Given my newly transformed body... I'm confident that without using the 'Mysterious Eye,' I could defeat Ricky Ridge once again!"

Wyatt's confidence soared.

Before, if he hadn't relied on the mystical capabilities of the 'Mysterious Eye,' the best he could achieve against Ricky Ridge was a draw.

He was well aware of this limitation.



"Now, even without the Mysterious Eye's uncanny powers... I'd have the strength to take on and defeat a peak Transcending Mortal Realm Martial Artist or Taoist Cultivator. In fact, ordinary peak Transcending Mortal Realms wouldn't stand a chance against me."

The integration of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon's essence blood and the subsequent transformation made Wyatt extraordinarily confident, instilling in him an unyielding, indomitable resolve.

"And that's not the only benefit of the essence blood... When I eventually break through to Entering the Saint Realm Small Perfection, I'll be able to utilize the essence blood infused in me today to manifest the 'Divine Dragon Manifestation'! A Five-Clawed Divine Dragon Manifestation!"

The thought filled Wyatt with unparalleled excitement.

At this moment, it was as if he could already envision battling alongside the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon Manifestation when he reached Entering the Saint Realm Small Perfection.

His powers were already unmatched at his current level.

Adding the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon Manifestation on top of that would undoubtedly make him an unstoppable force, "I'm certain... the day I achieve Entering the Saint Realm Small Perfection, I'll be invincible below the Saint Realm!"

It wasn't until half a day had passed that Wyatt managed to suppress his excitement.

"The priority now is to advance my cultivation to Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection... Once I break through, I won't just be invincible below the Saint Realm; even those at the early stages of Entering the Saint Realm may not be my match."

With this thought, Wyatt immediately sat cross-legged and began cultivating earnestly using Holy Stones.

In the early and middle stages of Entering the Saint Realm, apart from changes to the Qi Sea and True Energy, there weren't drastic transformations.

Unique techniques only came into play after reaching the advanced stages of Entering the Saint Realm.

At the advanced stages, practitioners could perform the technique called 'True Energy Condensation into Weapons.'

#### Chapter 1433: The Aggrieved Canny Yorke

True Energy Weaponization is the ability to condense True Energy into divine weapons without hindering one's own attacks, serving as a powerful aid in combat.

These divine weapons fight alongside the cultivator.

This is a formidable technique that only exists for those at the Saint Stage Late Phase and above.

It is precisely this technique that creates the immense disparity in strength between the Saint Stage Late Phase and the Saint Stage Mid Phase.

If a Saint Stage Late Phase cultivator does not utilize the technique of True Energy Weaponization, a Saint Stage Mid Phase cultivator might still manage to hold their ground, albeit briefly.

However, once True Energy Weaponization is initiated, the Saint Stage Mid Phase can be defeated in an instant!

It's akin to what occurred at the Hill Mountain City's Main Mansion during the battle between Quentin Campbell, the personal disciple of Inner Sect Elder Evander Mullins from the Moon Radiance Sect, and Hill Mountain City's City Lord, Tabo Garcia.

Initially, Tabo Garcia could withstand several moves from Quentin Campbell.

But as soon as Quentin Campbell condensed a massive hammer with True Energy and smashed it down, Tabo Garcia was instantaneously overpowered and defeated.

The chasm between Saint Stage Late Phase and Saint Stage Mid Phase was laid bare.

Although these two cultivation levels are only separated by one phase, when the former fights with their full power, the gap is as unbridgeable as a canyon.

Wyatt Barnes focused entirely on his cultivation on the second level of the Jewel Tower, casting aside all distractions.

Thus, he was unaware that the outside world was in complete uproar over his defeat of Ricky Ridge.

A new Outer Sect disciple who had just entered the sect, without even locating his new residence, decisively defeated Ricky Ridge, who had previously ranked eighty-fifth among Outer Sect disciples in strength.

"In the history of our Moon Radiance Sect, has there ever been someone who defeated a top-100 Outer Sect disciple the very day they entered the sect?"

"Our sect has always recruited young prodigies under the age of forty... While some of them may have exceptional talent, the idea of defeating a top-100 disciple as soon as they join the sect is downright impossible."

"Everyone who ranks in the Outer Sect's top 100 is nearly at the peak of the Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection. Such individuals can outright crush ordinary Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection Martial Artists!"

"By that logic, Wyatt Barnes has created history in our sect... A history where an incoming disciple defeats a top-100 Outer Sect disciple immediately upon joining!"

"If I hadn't witnessed it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe such a 'monster' could exist."

"This 'monster' would be considered an unparalleled Martial Dao genius, even across the entire Martial Dao Sacred Land!"

...

Within the Outer Sect, countless veteran disciples were buzzing with heated discussion. Their expressions were filled with astonishment as they fervently debated Wyatt Barnes' overwhelming victory over Ricky Ridge.

Although many of them had noticed that Ricky Ridge's first punch mysteriously veered off course, sparing Wyatt, they dismissed it as their own delusion.

As for the second time Ricky Ridge used his Holy Weapon spear and an equally bizarre misalignment occurred, they hadn't seen it clearly due to their distance.

Otherwise, the discussion would surely be centered around this strange phenomenon.

"Canny Yorke, you brought Wyatt Barnes into the sect... Do you know where he's from?"

Soon after, numerous disciples cornered Canny Yorke, their curiosity about Wyatt's origins burning intensely.

They were eager to uncover what kind of blessed land could give birth to such an extraordinary individual.

"I don't know."

Canny Yorke shook his head.

He had led Wyatt from behind the stone platform and hadn't heard the whispers of the crowd in front, leaving him unaware of Wyatt's connection to Hill Mountain City.

"I never expected this batch of Outer Sect recruits to be of such high quality... Wyatt Barnes seems to be the thirteenth 'Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection' this time."

One Outer Sect disciple sighed.

"Ten years ago, during the entry examination I joined through, there were only nine Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfections."

Another disciple also let out a sigh.

"That beats my time joining the sect. Back then, only five Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfections made it in."

Yet another disciple piped up.

For a moment, the Outer Sect disciples surrounding Canny Yorke were filled with nostalgic lamentations, shaking their heads continuously as though trying to shake them off altogether.

"He's not a Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection."

Canny Yorke frowned and responded.

His words were like a drop of rain amid a scorching drought, immediately drawing the attention of the nearby disciples, causing them to shut their mouths in unison.

"Canny Yorke, who are you saying isn't a Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection? You... surely aren't referring to Wyatt Barnes, are you?"

"What a joke! Wyatt Barnes is the one who defeated Ricky Ridge. Even the twelve other Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfections who joined before him had to meekly hand over their Holy Stones to Ricky's extortion. Now you're saying Wyatt isn't a Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection?"

"Canny Yorke, spare us your tricks."

...

The group of disciples chattered noisily once again.

"He really isn't a Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection."

Canny Yorke smiled wryly, unsurprised by their disbelief.

If he were standing in their shoes, he wouldn't believe someone capable of defeating Ricky Ridge wasn't a Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection either.

Noticing Canny Yorke's bitter expression, several disciples furrowed their brows.

Judging by his demeanor, he didn't seem to be lying.

"Could he possibly be an 'Entering the Saint Realm' cultivator?"

One of the disciples gasped, his face pale with shock.

Entering the Saint Realm!

In an instant, they all froze, each gulping nervously as they stared at Canny Yorke with hope-filled eyes, "Canny Yorke, he couldn't really be in the Saint Realm, could he?"

"If he's in the Saint Realm, everything makes sense. A Saint Realm cultivator, even at the 'Saint Stage Early Phase,' would be an overwhelming force. Not just Ricky Ridge—he could even contend with the top-ranked Outer Sect disciple in the sect."

"Exactly!"

...

They reached a swift consensus.

"He's not a Saint Realm cultivator."

Canny Yorke shook his head, "Like us, he's also at the Transcending Mortal Realm stage."

"A Transcending Mortal Realm cultivator? Are you saying... he's merely at Transcending Mortal Realm Early Phase?"

One disciple frowned.

"Hey! Canny Yorke's claiming that Wyatt Barnes, who effortlessly crushed Ricky Ridge, is just some Transcending Mortal Realm Early Phase disciple. Do you all believe it?!"

Another disciple, eager to stir trouble, shouted to the nearby crowd of Outer Sect disciples.

"Wyatt Barnes, Transcending Mortal Realm Early Phase?"

Immediately, distant disciples scoffed, "What a joke! A Transcending Mortal Realm Early Phase disciple outperforming Ricky Ridge, who ranks eighty-fifth among Outer Sect disciples?"

"Haha... Canny Yorke, are you dreaming?"

"Perhaps even Canny Yorke hadn't anticipated the new recruit he ushered into the sect would turn out to be someone stronger than Ricky Ridge."

"Canny Yorke, are you feeling inferior after witnessing Wyatt's overwhelming strength? Is that why you're making excuses to downplay his actual cultivation stage?"

...

More and more disciples approached, ridiculing Canny Yorke nonstop.

His face flushed red from their taunts, until he reached a breaking point and erupted in frustration, "I never said he's at Transcending Mortal Realm Early Phase! For your information, he's a Transcending Mortal Realm Late Phase cultivator."

Transcending Mortal Realm Late Phase!

Canny Yorke's words carried undeniable weight.

The moment the words left his lips, the crowd surrounding him froze in stunned silence.

Witnessing their shock, Canny Yorke couldn't help but feel a surge of satisfaction.

Frightened now, aren't you?

"He's lost his mind! Canny Yorke has completely lost it!"

"If he's not insane, he must still be dreaming... This is utter nonsense!"

"A Transcending Mortal Realm Late Phase cultivator defeating someone near the Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection peak, and doing so effortlessly? That's the biggest joke I've heard in my entire life!"

"Canny Yorke, you need medication!"

...

The disciples, initially struck dumb, now returned to ridiculing Canny Yorke with even greater fervor.

They didn't believe Wyatt Barnes was at Transcending Mortal Realm Early Phase.

They certainly didn't believe he was at Transcending Mortal Realm Late Phase either.

"You're the ones who've lost your minds!"

"You're the ones who are speaking nonsense!"

"You're the ones who need medication!"



Canny Yorke shouted back furiously, "Don't believe me if you want—I couldn't care less! When the rest of the entry batch arrives, you'll see for yourselves whether I'm telling the truth or not."

With that, a frustrated and humiliated Canny Yorke stormed off, heading back to his stone hut.

The remaining disciples glanced awkwardly at one another.

"It seems we've pushed him too far."

"Hmph! He's a good actor... Initially, I almost believed him, since a Transcending Mortal Realm Early Phase cultivator defeating someone at Small Perfection isn't entirely impossible, just extremely rare."

"Same here. I was half-convinced at first... But claiming Wyatt isn't at Early Phase, but Late Phase? Does he think we're fools?"

"Defeating someone near the Small Perfection peak while being at the Late Phase? Utter foolishness!"

...

The disciples cursed and jeered at Canny Yorke as they dismissed his claims.

"Hey! Someone's coming... It's Misael Jones! I recall Misael was also present during today's entry examination. That unfamiliar face beside him must be another new recruit, right?"

Suddenly, a sharp-eyed disciple pointed to the distance and called out.

"This unfamiliar person... Have any of you seen him before? I haven't."

"Me neither."

"That confirms it. He must be one of the new disciples who just passed the examination."

"Let's go! Let's question them."

"Exactly! Let's get clarity so we can rub it in Canny Yorke's face later. He dared to fool us, then threw a tantrum when we wouldn't fall for it. He may act well, but we'll catch him out eventually!"

...

The group excitedly rushed toward the two figures approaching in the distance—one a middle-aged man; the other, a young man.

Chapter 1434: Life and Death Duel Challenge Letter

The unfamiliar young man was looking around with astonishment, clearly visiting the outer sect area of the Moon Radiance Sect for the first time.

"Hey, Misael, is the person next to you a new outer disciple who just passed the initiation test and joined the sect?"

A group of outer disciples swarmed forward, many asking in unison.

"What are you all..."

The outer disciple addressed as 'Misael' was momentarily dumbfounded when he saw more than a dozen peers surrounding him, unable to react to their questions.

Faced with this situation, confusion was inevitable.

The young man beside Misael also paused in his tracks.

"Greetings, Senior Brothers. My name is Rocky Rowan. I just passed the initiation test to join the sect. I hope you'll guide me in the future."

Rocky, hearing their questions, took a deep breath and forced a polite smile, bowing respectfully.

"Haha! So, it really is true."

Many disciples burst into laughter.

"Rocky, let me ask you—do you know 'Wyatt Barnes,' the one who entered the sect shortly before you after passing the initiation test?"

One outer disciple took the lead to ask.

Immediately, the other disciples crowded around, eagerly staring at Rocky as if awaiting his answer.

"I know Senior Brother Barnes, though he probably doesn't know me."

Rocky answered with a bitter smile.

Thinking of the man in purple robes, Rocky couldn't help but feel a surge of admiration.

That person had been the first to defeat a Small Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm talent while only at the late stage of the same realm—and the defeat was incredibly swift and astonishing.

Though Rocky himself had managed to defeat a Small Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm prodigy while still at the late stage, his opponent had only recently reached Small Perfection last month.

Even so, it had taken him considerable effort to achieve victory.

The entire fight lasted close to an hour.

"So, you do know Wyatt Barnes... In that case, do you know what his cultivation level is?"

Learning that Rocky knew Wyatt, the outer disciples' eyes lit up. A couple of impatient ones quickly pressed for an answer, their tone full of urgency.

"Yes, I do."

Although Rocky wasn't sure why the disciples seemed so interested, he nodded. After all, it wasn't a secret.

Anyone still present at the initiation test site would know Wyatt's cultivation level.

"What cultivation level is it?"

The group fixed their eager gazes on Rocky, making him feel nervous.

For a moment, Rocky even felt as though withholding the information would be a crime.

"Late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm."

Under the weight of their expectations, Rocky spoke truthfully.

As soon as the words left his mouth, the dozen outer disciples were left utterly stunned, frozen as though turned to stone.

"What the..."

Staring at the scene, Rocky himself was taken aback.

Did his one sentence carry that much impact?

"What are you all doing?"

Misael furrowed his brows in puzzlement, looking at them with confusion.

Internally, he cursed at them, "These fools, making such a big deal in front of new outer disciples—don't they feel embarrassed?"

Of course, he only dared to curse them in his heart, not openly.

Among the dozen disciples, nearly half were stronger than him—people he couldn't afford to offend.

"Are you... sure he's at the late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm?"

The disciple who recovered first fixed a hawk-like stare at Rocky's eyes and asked in a trembling voice.

"Sure."

Rocky nodded without hesitation.

He vaguely sensed that their reactions were tied to Senior Brother Barnes. "Senior Brother Barnes was the first to defeat a Small Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm prodigy and enter the sect, doing so while still at the late stage of the realm."

"I know that much. Wyatt Barnes is exceptional—before the Small Perfection prodigy could even react, he had already flashed behind him and secured victory."

Misael couldn't help but marvel.

Though he had been far away at the time, he had clearly witnessed the event.

"Late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm!"

"Canny Yorke wasn't lying!"

"Good heavens! What kind of prodigy is Wyatt Barnes?!"

...

With Rocky and Misael confirming it, the outer disciples cast away any doubt—they were now certain that Wyatt Barnes was only at the late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm.

For a moment, they looked at one another, exchanging glances filled with shock and disbelief.

"What exactly happened?"

The confusion in Misael's heart deepened, prompting him to ask aloud.

Rocky too looked puzzled, unsure of what was going on.

Soon, after being explained by one of the outer disciples, both Rocky and Misael finally understood... Wyatt Barnes had just defeated another outer disciple shortly after entering the sect.

The defeated disciple was named Ricky Ridge!

While Rocky didn't feel particularly surprised—after all, Wyatt Barnes had effortlessly bested a Small Perfection talent—he still found it astonishing.

Even if Wyatt could defeat the sect's peak Small Perfection disciples, Rocky wouldn't bat an eye.

However, this reaction stemmed from his ignorance about Ricky Ridge.

"What?! He defeated Ricky Ridge?!"

Rocky might not have known Ricky, but Misael certainly did, and that was why he froze in shock for a long moment before finally coming to his senses and gasping out loud.

"It wasn't just a defeat—it was one-sided domination. From start to finish, Ricky Ridge had no chance to fight back."

Another outer disciple added.

"What?!"

Misael was dumbfounded once again, frozen like a statue.

Even Rocky was startled.

Thanks to the initiation test held today, Rocky had gained some understanding of the overall strength of the sect's outer disciples.

The sect's outer disciples—apart from the newcomers today—had joined no earlier than five years ago.

Those admitted five years ago were either elite late-stage talents of the Transcending Mortal Realm or had already reached Small Perfection, while a select few had even achieved Large Perfection.

Of course, the majority were in Small Perfection.

As a result, the veteran outer disciples' strength generally ranged from Small Perfection, with most being at the peak of Small Perfection.

"If Ricky Ridge was at the peak of Small Perfection... then Senior Brother Barnes's strength is far too terrifying. One-sided domination?"

Rocky involuntarily sucked in a deep breath.

"Wait! Perhaps Ricky Ridge was just one of the weaker veteran disciples, an average Small Perfection cultivator."

Rocky quickly tried convincing himself.

"You... you're sure there's no mistake? Wyatt Barnes dominated Ricky Ridge, making him completely helpless?"

Misael stared at the disciple who had described Wyatt's feat, still somewhat doubtful.

"Absolutely certain."

That outer disciple nodded. "We all saw it with our own eyes. Moreover, Wyatt Barnes has already taken over Ricky Ridge's independent courtyard—a privilege unique in the sect's history for a new outer disciple."

"In... independent courtyard?"

Misael's pupils contracted, his body trembling as if shaken to the core. Rocky also gasped aloud.

While walking to the outer sect region earlier, Rocky had learned about the living arrangements from Misael, including the coveted independent courtyards—of which there were only a hundred.

Only disciples with the strength to rank in the top hundred among the sect's outer disciples could inhabit them.

After all, the sect boasted nearly one thousand outer disciples!

According to Misael:

The disciples residing in those independent courtyards were at least at the peak of Large Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm, forming the backbone of the outer sect.

"Senior Brother... Senior Brother Barnes defeated someone who lived in an independent courtyard? And it was one-sided domination?"

Following Misael's astonishment, Rocky's pupils contracted too, his legs quivering as he nearly collapsed to the ground.



As the dozen disciples dispersed with expressions of shock, the entire outer sect region buzzed with the news of Wyatt Barnes's cultivation level.

The revelation caused an uproar across the region.

"Hey! Did you hear? Wyatt Barnes, who dominated and defeated Ricky Ridge, is only at the late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm!"

"A prodigy! Wyatt Barnes is absolutely a prodigy!"

"To defeat someone across one cultivation level is stunning enough... but he leapt two levels and still emerged victorious. Unbelievable!"

...

The originally peaceful outer sect region had been set ablaze with excitement.

Aside from a few disciples who remained in closed-door cultivation, almost everyone knew the sect had welcomed an extraordinary prodigy capable of defying conventional boundaries and defeating opponents two levels above him.

Meanwhile, oblivious to the commotion outside, Wyatt Barnes remained unaware of the stir he had caused.

The Moon Radiance Sect was stringent in its regulations, quite unlike Hill Mountain City's Dragon Vein Brigade... In the Moon Radiance Sect, unless there was a great enmity, one was not allowed to disturb others in their closed-door cultivation.

Still, there were measures to prevent disciples from avoiding challenges and hardships.

If someone wanted to challenge a disciple in closed-door cultivation, they could leave a 'challenge letter' on the door of the cultivator's residence.

The challenge letter needed approval from an outer sect elder, bearing an elder's seal to be valid.

Alternatively, if an elder was unavailable, the signatures and seals of two outer sect stewards were also acceptable.

Challenges came in two types:

One—regular dueling, where combat rules forbade killing or causing severe injury.

Two—the 'Life and Death Duel.'

For a Life and Death Duel challenge letter, two outer sect elders were required to leave their seals to make it valid.

Generally speaking, unless there was irreconcilable hatred, disciples rarely resorted to Life and Death Duel letters.

Even then, the challenged party had the final say in whether to accept or reject the duel.

Chapter 1435: Quentin Campbell's Shock

The challenge letter for a Life and Death Duel requires not only the fingerprints of two Inner Sect elders as witnesses but also the fingerprints of both parties involved in the duel.

Once one party issues a challenge for a Life and Death Duel, if the other party accepts, it becomes a fight to the death!

However, if the challenge is declined, that's allowed too.

But at that point, the challenger has the legitimate right to discipline the other party.

As long as they don't kill or cripple the other party, they are free to act as they please.

The above describes the rules of the Life and Death Duel challenge.

For a regular duel challenge, once it is issued, if the other party has ever left their quarters and seen the challenge letter, they must accept it.

If refused, the one who issued the challenge gains the right to force their way into the quarters and engage their opponent in a duel.

The duel challenge system is a distinctive feature of the Moon Radiance Sect.

As evening approached, the Moon Radiance Sect's entrance examination also concluded completely.

Aside from the twelve Transcending Mortal Realm young talents at Great Perfection who had passed the examination early in the day, three late-stage Transcending Mortal Realm young talents passed afterward as well.

Among over a hundred Transcending Mortal Realm young talents at Small Perfection, three were eliminated.

The remaining ones all officially entered the Moon Radiance Sect's Outer Sect area.

When the Outer Sect elder 'Pierce Reid' and two Outer Sect stewards led over a hundred Transcending Mortal Realm young talents at Small Perfection into the Outer Sect area, they learned of the heated discussions within the Outer Sect.

Wyatt Barnes, an Outer Sect disciple who had just joined with a late-stage Transcending Mortal Realm cultivation, had effortlessly crushed and defeated the 85th-ranked Outer Sect disciple 'Ricky Ridge' and seized his personal courtyard.

"How is this possible?!"

"He's just at the late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm. How could it be possible for him to defeat someone on the verge of reaching Great Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm? Impossible!"

"Even if it happened, it must have been an act they planned together. They must have known each other beforehand and orchestrated this as a performance."

...

The group of Transcending Mortal Realm young talents at Small Perfection who had just joined the Moon Radiance Sect shouted in disbelief. Most people didn't believe Wyatt Barnes had truly defeated Ricky Ridge.

In the crowd, Kai Simmons and Baer Bear exchanged glances, both seeing shock in the other's eyes.

"Senior Brother Barnes... he actually defeated the 85th-ranked figure in the Outer Sect?"

Baer Bear took a sharp intake of breath.

At this moment, it wasn't just the new disciples of the Moon Radiance Sect who were in shock; even the Outer Sect elder 'Pierce Reid' and the two Outer Sect stewards wore expressions of astonishment.

At this point, they couldn't help but wonder whether Ricky Ridge had known Wyatt Barnes prior to this.

Even to them, this feat seemed entirely implausible!

"If that Quentin Campbell knew about this, he'd probably curse himself for being so blind... taking only Kai Simmons and not Senior Brother Barnes."

Kai Simmons's eyes flickered as he pondered.

Quentin Campbell, the personal disciple of Moon Radiance Sect Inner Sect elder Evander Mullins, had descended powerfully upon Hill Mountain City's Main Mansion six months ago, killing two Saint Realm experts from the mansion and gravely injuring the City Lord of Hill Mountain City.

Afterward, before the eyes of the City Lord, he took away the disciple who had originally followed him, 'Kai Simmons.'

Kai Simmons still remembered.

Back then, in Quentin Campbell's eyes, neither he, Baer Bear, Ingot Gold, nor Wyatt Barnes were worth noticing.

To Quentin Campbell, only Kai Simmons was of importance.

"Senior Brother Barnes's talent far surpasses Kai Simmons's... I really wonder what sort of expressions Evander Mullins and his disciple will have when they learn of this."

Kai Simmons thought secretly.

What Kai was thinking about came to pass that very evening.

Because of the enmity between Moon Radiance Sect Inner Sect elder Evander Mullins and Hill Mountain City's City Lord Tabo Garcia, practically every move Tabo Garcia made had been under the surveillance of Evander Mullins's faction.

Today, during the Moon Radiance Sect's entrance exam to recruit new disciples, Evander Mullins's faction was naturally paying attention.

Thus, by that evening, Evander Mullins's most favored disciple, Quentin Campbell, had received the news.

"You may leave."

In the Moon Radiance Sect's Inner Sect area, within a spacious mansion, Quentin Campbell dismissed a messenger with a slightly irritated tone.

"Yes."

The person delivering the message immediately retreated from the mansion.

"I didn't expect that Tabo Garcia could get so lucky... first Kai Simmons, and now Wyatt Barnes."

Quentin Campbell's face darkened slightly.

Even he had to admit that Tabo Garcia's luck was extraordinary, absurdly so.

Kai Simmons, hailing from the Mortal Continent, was highly talented, and his potential far exceeded Quentin Campbell's... even Quentin had to acknowledge this.

For that reason, after Kai Simmons was taken to the Moon Radiance Sect, he was given special attention by Quentin Campbell's master, Inner Sect elder Evander Mullins. Over the past six months, Kai Simmons's strength had advanced by leaps and bounds.

Now, he had even reached the peak of Great Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm.

In terms of strength, even in the Outer Sect, he could rank among the top.

Over these six months, even Quentin Campbell had harbored some jealousy toward the special treatment his master, Elder Mullins, gave to Kai Simmons.

Yet, compared to Wyatt Barnes, Kai Simmons's progress over the past six months—and even his inherent talent—suddenly seemed insignificant.

Quentin Campbell's shifting mindset was all because of 'Wyatt Barnes.'

"To crush and utterly defeat the 85th-ranked Outer Sect disciple, Ricky Ridge, with late-stage Transcending Mortal Realm cultivation... it's been confirmed that Ricky Ridge had no prior connection to Wyatt Barnes."

Quentin Campbell mumbled to himself.

"To effortlessly crush a peak-level Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection expert while still in the late stage... even for the most monstrous geniuses, that should be impossible, right? This isn't just a case of surpassing two levels in combat."

"Of course, there's another possibility... that Wyatt Barnes broke through to 'Small Perfection' after being assessed by the Outer Sect stewards."

"If, with Small Perfection cultivation, he crushed Ricky Ridge, it's still astonishing, but not implausible."

In Quentin Campbell's mind, he concluded that Wyatt Barnes was already in the Transcending Mortal Realm at Small Perfection.

He reasoned this out because he found it impossible for Wyatt Barnes to crush someone nearing the peak of Great Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm with merely late-stage cultivation.

Anyone ranked within the top 100 of the Outer Sect undoubtedly wasn't some average figure.

If they were mediocre, they would have long been driven out of the independent courtyard area.

"This matter is something I need to discuss with my master... but before that, I should first find Kai Simmons. Looking back, I've never once heard him mention anything about Wyatt Barnes."

With that thought in mind, Quentin Campbell sought out Kai Simmons.

Six months ago, after being brought to the Moon Radiance Sect by Quentin Campbell, Kai Simmons had, under the recommendation of Inner Sect elder Evander Mullins, been granted the status of an 'Inner Sect disciple' in the sect.

That power to recommend was reserved exclusively for high-ranking sect officials like the Inner Sect elders and above.

Even Inner Sect stewards, who held a status equivalent to Outer Sect elders, were not authorized to recommend recruits.

Even talents discovered by Outer Sect elders had to obediently participate in the entrance examination.

Between Outer Sect elders, Inner Sect stewards, and Inner Sect elders, the rank difference may seem minimal, yet the gap was as vast as a chasm!

Within the Moon Radiance Sect, only those at the rank of Inner Sect elder or higher are considered to have reached the apex of decision-making power.

Inner Sect elders, while possessing illustrious status, also require immense personal strength to back it... achieving such a position requires one to be a 'Saint Realm Great Perfection' powerhouse.

Only Saint Realm Great Perfection experts stand at the pinnacle of the Moon Radiance Sect, commanding storms in the world.

Since becoming an Inner Sect disciple, Kai Simmons had been living within the estate of Evander Mullins... where he had his own independent courtyard.

Over the past six months, he had lived a secluded life, his cultivation advancing rapidly due to the guidance and special attention from Evander Mullins.

"Junior Brother."

While practicing Saint-level martial arts techniques within his courtyard, Kai Simmons suddenly heard a voice outside, prompting him to pause and look puzzled.

He immediately recognized the owner of the voice.

Yet, he was surprised that the person had come to see him.



In the past six months, after bringing him to the sect, this man had never proactively sought him out.

In fact, as time passed, it felt as though the man was intentionally or unintentionally distancing himself... the reason for which wasn't hard to deduce—plain jealousy of their master's favoritism.

"Senior Brother."

In the face of Quentin Campbell, Kai Simmons didn't dare act arrogantly. Upon hearing the voice, he immediately opened the courtyard gate to welcome him in.

"Junior Brother, have you been comfortable living here these past six months?"

Quentin Campbell asked with a smile.

However, his smile seemed forced and insincere.

"Yes."

Kai Simmons didn't nod but softly responded with an affirmative hum.

"Junior Brother, you should be aware that Hill Mountain City's City Lord had a disciple named 'Wyatt Barnes,' right?"

Quentin Campbell's eyes flickered as he locked his gaze on Kai Simmons, delving straight into the topic.

Wyatt Barnes!

Hearing the name again, Kai Simmons couldn't help but feel ripples stir within his heart.

Back then, even his former master, Hill Mountain City's City Lord 'Tabo Garcia,' believed Wyatt Barnes to be superior to him, even advising Wyatt not to contend with him for the position of 'Senior Brother.'

Because of this, he had challenged Wyatt Barnes to a duel.

But before the duel could determine a conclusive result, Quentin Campbell's arrival had interrupted it.

Although that fight had no outcome, he had to admit... for two people hailing from the Mortal Continent, Wyatt Barnes's talent and strength indeed surpassed his by a margin.

However, the Kai Simmons of today was no longer the same as six months ago.

Over the last six months, his strength had surged!

If he met Wyatt Barnes again, he was confident of certain victory.

"I know."

Facing Quentin Campbell's query, Kai Simmons nodded.

He quickly calculated the timing in his mind—today seemed to coincide with the Moon Radiance Sect's five-yearly entrance exam, and Wyatt Barnes would undoubtedly represent Hill Mountain City.

"It seems Wyatt had an impressive performance during the entrance exam... otherwise, it wouldn't have drawn Quentin Campbell's attention."

This much was easy for Kai Simmons to deduce.

"He just joined the sect and defeated the 85th-ranked Outer Sect disciple Ricky Ridge, who was nearing the peak of Great Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm."

Quentin Campbell stated.

"What?!"

Hearing these words, Kai Simmons's face tightened, and his pupils contracted sharply.

Chapter 1436: The Crazy Quentin Campbell

Although Kai Simmons joined the Moon Radiance Sect and immediately entered the Inner Sect as an 'inner disciple.'

He was still privy to certain matters regarding the Outer Sect.

Within the Outer Sect, the top one hundred ranked individuals in terms of strength were granted exclusive, high-grade courtyards to reside in... These individuals were minimally at the peak of the Mortal Realm.

It was said that the top fifty ranked Outer Sect disciples were nearly all at the pinnacle of the Mortal Realm.

Especially the few individuals at the forefront of the rankings, who were even formidable enough to be listed on the Earth List!

The Earth List encompasses the region under the allied Nine Sects Alliance, collecting the top one hundred peak Mortal Realm cultivators of unmatched talent.

The Nine Sects Alliance consists of nine seventh-tier sects—a coalition formed to resist invasions from sixth-tier forces.

The Moon Radiance Sect is one of the seventh-tier sects.

Those who rank on the Earth List are at the peak of the Mortal Realm. Even those at the bottom of the list possess strength comparable to an average Entering the Saint Realm martial artist or Taoist cultivator.

As for those at the top of the rankings, they are capable of defeating ordinary martial artists and Taoist cultivators at the early stages of the Saint Realm!

"It seems that Kai Simmons doesn't know about Wyatt Barnes's true strength."

Seeing the astonished look on Kai Simmons's face, Quentin Campbell knew exactly what was going on.

"That Wyatt Barnes, when he defeated Ricky Ridge, completely crushed him with no resistance... Ricky Ridge stood no chance. His strength is likely even greater than yours, Junior Brother Simmons."

Quentin Campbell continued speaking, subtly attempting to sow discord between Kai Simmons and Wyatt.

Completely crushed?

Needless to say, Quentin's words further shocked Kai Simmons.

"It seems Wyatt Barnes has made significant progress in the past six months... Six months ago, while he might have been slightly better than me, it definitely wasn't to such an exaggerated degree!"

Kai Simmons discreetly sucked in a breath of cold air.

Six months ago, he had fought Wyatt Barnes, but the battle ended without a decisive outcome due to Quentin's interruption.

However, he was self-aware; he knew Wyatt's strength surpassed his, if only by a small margin.

He had assumed that over the past six months, his own rapid progression had left Wyatt in the dust... but he hadn't expected Wyatt's strength to also improve at a terrifying pace.

Still, even with this realization, he didn't believe Wyatt's strength had eclipsed his.

As someone ranked eighty-fifth in the Outer Sect, Kai was confident he could crush any opponent in that ranking range with ease.

Hence, he believed Wyatt Barnes's strength was roughly on par with his.

Noticing Kai Simmons's silence, Quentin Campbell frowned in displeasure.

However, his brows quickly relaxed as a false smile spread across his face again. "Junior Brother Simmons, you and Wyatt Barnes were once fellow disciples under the same teacher... Would you be interested in meeting him again?"

"Senior Brother Campbell, I am not familiar with him."

Kai Simmons said nonchalantly, fully aware of Quentin's attempt to provoke him. "If there's nothing further, I'll be taking my leave now, Senior Brother Campbell. I was about to return to my quarters to cultivate."

With that, he turned without waiting for Quentin's reply and headed back to his room.

Watching as Kai Simmons shut his door, Quentin's face darkened completely. "That Kai Simmons... relying on his master's favoritism, he dares to disregard me like this... Damn it!"

Six months ago, before him, Kai Simmons had behaved obediently, like a submissive cat.

But now, the once-docile feline seemed to be transforming into a tiger, threatening to overtake him.

Quentin found it challenging to accept this shift.

Nevertheless, he was well aware that Kai Simmons was rising in influence. With his master's protection, even as his senior brother, Quentin couldn't openly oppress Kai Simmons without consequences.

He had no doubt that his master would prioritize this disciple, taken in six months ago, over his years-long bond with Quentin.

Quentin's master placed the utmost importance on his disciples' martial talent.

There was no ambiguity in this regard.

Had both Quentin and Kai Simmons been in danger, and his master could only save one, he was certain his master would save Kai Simmons.

He harbored no doubt about it.

"Perhaps... there's no need to inform my master about Wyatt Barnes just yet. Ever since the arrival of Kai Simmons, my master has been keeping a low profile. No matter how wildly rumors spread outside, he might not even hear about them."

Suddenly, a risky idea emerged in Quentin's mind.

"Cripple him!"

Quentin was bent on crippling Wyatt Barnes.

"That Wyatt Barnes, in terms of talent, surpasses Kai Simmons... If my master already has Kai Simmons under his wing, my position is already plummeting. Should Wyatt Barnes enter the picture, I'll have no standing left at all!"

Quentin's heart shuddered.

If his master discovered Wyatt Barnes's potential exceeding that of Kai Simmons and connected it to Hill Mountain City's City Lord... his master would undoubtedly consider Wyatt Barnes as a candidate for a personal disciple.

This was a scenario Quentin could not accept.

His current intent was clear: Cripple Wyatt Barnes!

Thus, even if his master later uncovered Wyatt's natural gifts, Quentin would face at most a mild rebuke.

But Wyatt Barnes would no longer be eligible to become his master's personal disciple.

"Six months ago, it was my master who instructed me to bring Kai Simmons back to the Moon Radiance Sect. I had no option—it led to nurturing a viper... This time, I must ensure my master remains unaware of Wyatt Barnes's potential and cripple Wyatt before it's too late!"

Quentin's gaze turned icy as his suspicions solidified.

Crippling Wyatt Barnes naturally meant utterly dismantling any chance he had to rise again.

Of course, the Moon Radiance Sect had rules—no killing, and no causing permanent disabilities.

Those who killed were typically subjected to severe punishment.

As for those who crippled others but fell short of permanent harm, though heavily penalized, they often avoided repercussions equal to their offense.

Quentin's plan was to leave Wyatt Barnes crippled.

With that, no matter how talented Wyatt was, he would no longer hold his master's favor. As long as his master lost interest, Wyatt couldn't rival him or rise like Kai Simmons to overshadow him.

"That Kai Simmons wouldn't dare bring up 'Wyatt Barnes' voluntarily before my master... So my plan should proceed smoothly."

Quentin's mind was brimming with calculations.

Once his thoughts settled, he departed from the mansion and even left the Inner Sect area for the Outer Sect territory.

Not long afterward, Quentin was accompanied by someone in a secluded part of the Outer Sect—a middle-aged man who, by appearances, could've been Quentin's father.

Yet, this middle-aged man was utterly respectful toward Quentin.

"Javier Lynch, you know I wouldn't call on you unless it was important... Since I sought you out, naturally I have a task for you to accomplish."

Quentin spoke calmly.

"Understood, Senior Brother Campbell. What are your instructions?"

Javier Lynch responded with discretion.

"I've heard a new disciple named 'Wyatt Barnes' has joined the Outer Sect and, upon arrival, defeated your Outer Sect's eighty-fifth-ranked disciple 'Ricky Ridge.'"

Quentin inquired.

"Indeed, that's what I've heard as well."

Javier nodded. "In fact, I even sought out Ricky Ridge on the matter... But Ricky said his strength may not actually be inferior to Wyatt Barnes! He claims Wyatt Barnes used 'evil techniques.'"

"Evil techniques?"

Quentin frowned. "What does he mean?"

"He mentioned there were two occasions where his attacks seemed poised to land on Wyatt, but ultimately veered off course to Wyatt's side, failing to connect."



Javier relayed Ricky's words in detail. "And taking advantage of those moments, Wyatt heavily wounded him, leaving Ricky powerless to fight back."

"Ha! Incompetence masked by excuses... What 'evil techniques'? Who would believe that nonsense?"

Quentin scoffed coldly.

"I agree; it's rather implausible."

Javier nodded. "I suspect Ricky refused to accept his loss, so he concocted such a poor excuse... Although, he should know better; even if the excuse spreads, nobody will believe him."

"That's not the issue at hand."

Quentin swiftly shifted to the main topic. "Javier, the matter I have for you to handle is closely tied to my master... so make sure you complete it perfectly!"

"Does it involve Elder Evander?"

Upon hearing this, Javier's face lit up with renewed enthusiasm, as though he had been revitalized. "Please, Senior Brother Campbell, instruct me!"

Javier's master served as one of the Moon Radiance Sect's Outer Sect stewards. In his youth, he was closely affiliated with Elder Evander, essentially acting as his subordinate.

Though Javier disliked admitting it, his master was merely a small follower of Elder Evander.

For this reason, Javier regarded himself as part of Elder Evander's faction.

"Did you know that Wyatt Barnes is from Hill Mountain City?"

Quentin revealed.

"Hill Mountain City?"

At these words, Javier's pupils contracted sharply, his face showing a marked expression of fear.

Hill Mountain City was something Javier naturally wouldn't overlook.

Indeed, anyone associated with Elder Evander's lineage was unlikely to remain ignorant of Hill Mountain City—not because Hill Mountain City was one of the eighteen cities under the Moon Radiance Sect's domain, but because of the longstanding feud between Hill Mountain City's City Lord, Tabo Garcia, and Elder Evander.

"Senior Brother Campbell, wasn't it you who brought Kai Simmons—the most outstanding disciple under Tabo Garcia—back to the sect six months ago? Why didn't you bring Wyatt Barnes along at the same time? His talent seems comparable to Kai Simmons's."

Javier asked in puzzlement.

"Six months ago, I didn't see that his talent exceeded Kai Simmons's... I did intend to bring him back and have him apprentice under my master, but he outright refused! Not only that, he refused with unwavering certainty!"

Quentin spoke with fabricated conviction: "Had I known back then that his talent surpassed Kai Simmons's, I would've killed him on the spot! My hesitation at the time allowed trouble to brew!"

"Such arrogance!"

Javier's eyes flashed with envy, his expression turning frosty. He then asked, "Senior Brother Campbell, the task you want me to handle—is it related to Wyatt Barnes?"

"Exactly."

Quentin nodded. "With your strength, being at the peak of the Mortal Realm and ranked 'forty-seventh' in the Outer Sect, I want you to issue a challenge letter to Wyatt Barnes and force him into a fight with you."

"Senior Brother Campbell, if he can crush Ricky Ridge, his strength likely rivals mine, maybe even surpasses it... I fear teaching him a lesson won't be easy."

Javier confessed with some hesitation.

Chapter 1437: Wyatt Barnes Accepts the Challenge Letter

"No need for you to teach him a lesson."

Quentin Campbell shook his head.

"No need to teach him a lesson?"

Javier Lynch looked confused, unable to guess what Quentin Campbell wanted to do.

"My intention is simply for you to test his depth... later, I'll find someone to deal with him."

Quentin Campbell said calmly.

"I understand."

Javier Lynch suddenly realized, nodding his head, "That's simple."

Indeed, it was simple.

For him, it was just a matter of issuing a challenge letter.

Even if he wasn't a match for Wyatt Barnes in the end, at most, he'd just get a beating.

With the sect's rules, he didn't believe Wyatt Barnes would dare to cripple him, let alone kill him... without a Life and Death Duel challenge letter, murder would mean having to pay with one's life!

"Tomorrow, I await your good news."

Having said that, Quentin Campbell left the outer sect area under the cover of night, returning to the inner sect area.

Early the next morning, Javier Lynch found the outer sect elder 'Pierce Reid', "Elder Reid, I want to issue a challenge letter, please help me press a fingerprint."

As he spoke, Javier Lynch took out the prepared challenge letter.

"Javier, who do you want to challenge this time?"

Pierce Reid took the challenge letter, not yet having looked at it, and smiled as he asked.

Javier Lynch ranked '47th' in the outer sect of the Moon Radiance Sect, having fought his way up there... Seeing Javier preparing to issue a challenge letter, Pierce Reid assumed he was going to challenge someone ranked ahead of him.

"Elder Reid, the person I want to challenge this time is quite special."

Javier Lynch said with a faint smile.

"Hmm?"

Curious, Pierce Reid looked at the challenge letter in his hand, and upon seeing the name 'Wyatt Barnes', he was stunned, "You... want to challenge that new disciple?"

"Yes."

Javier Lynch nodded.

"Javier, have you thought this through... Currently, Wyatt Barnes is ranked 85th in the outer sect. If you challenge him and win, that's fine, but if you lose, you'll drop a rank! And he will be elevated to '47th' because of you."

Pierce Reid said with a complex expression.

Wyatt Barnes was the young genius he had noticed during yesterday's entrance assessment.

It's just that Wyatt Barnes was unwilling to take him as a master.

After the entrance assessment ended, when he returned to the outer sect and heard about Wyatt Barnes' prowess in defeating 'Ricky Ridge', he was utterly astonished.

At that moment, any resentment born from Wyatt Barnes' refusal vanished from his heart.

He knew his own limits. With Wyatt Barnes' talent and strength, he had no right to be his teacher.

Even if he forcibly took Wyatt Barnes as a disciple, it would only be detrimental to him.

"I've thought it through."

Javier Lynch nodded, agreeing casually.

He had no intention to defeat Wyatt Barnes; he merely wanted to gauge Wyatt Barnes' capabilities so that Senior Brother Quentin Campbell could find a way to deal with him.

Even if he lost, he'd only drop a rank; it was no big deal.

Moreover, if Wyatt Barnes' strength surpassed his own, even without his challenge, Wyatt Barnes would eventually surpass him in ranking; he'd drop a rank either way.

"What do you think of Wyatt Barnes?"

Pierce Reid asked as he pressed his fingerprint onto the challenge letter.

Challenge letters were made from special paper.

By wrapping True Energy around the fingers and pressing, a fingerprint would appear on it.

"I suspect that after the first phase of the entrance assessment, Wyatt Barnes broke through to the 'Small Perfection of the Transcending Mortal Realm'.

"Javier Lynch said: "Being at the late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm and defeating someone nearing the peak of the Great Perfection stage... it's unrealistic."

"I had the same thought. Just as you're challenging him, I too can use this opportunity to explore the truth."

Pierce Reid nodded, then returned the challenge letter to Javier Lynch.

"Thank you, Elder Reid."

Receiving the challenge letter, Javier Lynch headed straight to Wyatt Barnes' independent courtyard without a word.

The independent courtyard originally belonged to Ricky Ridge, so Javier Lynch was quite familiar with the place.

Standing outside the courtyard, Javier Lynch raised his hand and let the challenge letter fly.

Using dark energy, the challenge letter wedged perfectly into the tightly closed door crack.

Gazing at the challenge letter, etching the scene into his memory, Javier Lynch then left.

As soon as Wyatt Barnes opened the door, the challenge letter would fall to the ground.

At that time, even if he wanted to place the challenge letter back exactly as it was, he couldn't replicate the image in Javier's mind... Even if Wyatt tried to lock himself in, Javier could still force his way in.

At that point, breaking in wouldn't violate sect rules.

"A challenge letter?"

When Wyatt Barnes opened the door and walked out, picking up the challenge letter from the ground, it had already been a month.

Of course, he'd spent a full three months on the second floor of the Jewel Tower.

"Javier Lynch?"

Upon opening the challenge letter, Wyatt Barnes saw the name of its issuer.

Causally putting away the challenge letter, Wyatt Barnes walked out of the courtyard.

"I just wanted to take a stroll and also to see where Baer Bear and the others lived... and I didn't expect someone to be waiting for me to come out."

Glancing at the challenge letter in his hand, Wyatt Barnes shook his head with a smile.

"Senior brother, do you know about 'Javier Lynch'?"

Wyatt Barnes stopped an outer sect disciple who passed by and asked with a smile.

"I do."

The outer sect disciple nodded, then smiled and asked: "Are you a new disciple who joined a month ago?"

This outer sect disciple had been in seclusion training a month ago.

Therefore, even though he'd heard of the famous 'Wyatt Barnes', he'd never seen him before and didn't recognize Wyatt Barnes at the moment.

"Hmm."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

He had guessed why this outer sect disciple had asked.

In his heart, he was well aware that the moment he defeated Ricky Ridge, he became famous in the outer sect... All the outer sect disciples knew he resided in the independent courtyard Ricky Ridge once occupied.

And the ones who dared to issue him a challenge letter certainly weren't weaker than Ricky Ridge.

Such people were undoubtedly well-known in the outer sect.

Only those new disciples who'd joined Moon Radiance Sect a month ago, like him, wouldn't be aware.

"Junior, when you mention Senior Brother Javier Lynch, you mustn't call him by his name directly... Senior Brother Javier Lynch ranks '47th' in our outer sect."

The outer sect disciple stopped by Wyatt Barnes spoke with a face full of dread.

"Ranked 47th in the outer sect?"

Wyatt Barnes suddenly understood. Just as he suspected, the one who issued the challenge letter wasn't an ordinary outer sect disciple.



"That Ricky Ridge, ranked 85th, nearing the peak of the Great Perfection stage... This Javier Lynch issuing me a challenge letter should undoubtedly be someone at the peak of the Great Perfection stage."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

"Just right, though I'm just a step away from breaking through to 'Small Perfection of the Transcending Mortal Realm', my body has undergone a complete transformation due to the integration of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon Essence Blood... Javier Lynch challenging me is a good chance to hone my skills!"

Battle intent surged in Wyatt Barnes' heart.

Though his cultivation hadn't yet broken through, his body had transformed, leading to a substantial increase in physical strength.

Now, even without using the 'Mysterious Eye's ability, he was confident in overpowering and defeating Ricky Ridge.

But if it were someone like Ricky Ridge, he wouldn't be interested at all.

But Javier Lynch was suspected of being someone at the very peak of the Great Perfection stage!

"Senior brother, have you heard of Wyatt Barnes?"

Suddenly, a flash of inspiration hit Wyatt Barnes, and he looked at the outer sect disciple in front of him and asked.

"Who wouldn't know him?"

The outer sect disciple replied matter-of-factly: "He is the most demonic existence among the new outer sect disciples in your batch, and he even broke the sect's long-standing record by moving straight into an independent courtyard upon joining."

"Nowadays, not only the outer sect area but likely many in the inner sect area have heard his name."

The outer sect disciple finished in one breath.

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

He wasn't surprised by this fact, he just wanted to confirm it.

"Given my current fame in the outer sect, for Javier Lynch to dare challenge me... he has to be at the peak of the Great Perfection stage! It seems, three months later, I have an opportunity to stretch my muscles again."

With this thought, Wyatt Barnes looked at the outer sect disciple, smiling as he asked: "Senior brother, do you know which independent courtyard Javier Lynch lives in?"

"It's Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes!"

"It really is him!"

Before the outer sect disciple could respond, two other passing outer sect disciples exclaimed, looking at Wyatt Barnes with eyes full of awe.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

The outer sect disciple stopped by Wyatt Barnes was dumbfounded upon hearing the words of the two others.

The young man in purple in front of him was Wyatt Barnes?

"Senior brother, I didn't mean to hide my identity... I just stepped out and saw this challenge letter from Javier Lynch, preparing to accept the challenge."

Wyatt Barnes apologized with a smile, then shook the challenge letter in his hand.

"Senior Brother Javier Lynch... challenged you?"

Hearing this, the outer sect disciple standing in front of Wyatt Barnes had his pupils contract in shock.

After a moment, he recovered, awkwardly smiling as he said: "Senior Brother Barnes, I didn't know your identity earlier, it was disrespectful... In the martial world, the capable lead, you may just call me 'junior brother'."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head, sighing inwardly, "Another one just like Canny Yorke."

"Senior Brother Javier Lynch, challenging Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes?"

And the two passing outer sect disciples quickly spread the news.

In just a quarter of an hour, almost every outer sect disciple not in seclusion knew of this astonishing news.

They certainly weren't unfamiliar with Javier Lynch.

Ranked 47th in the outer sect, possessing an impressive strength at the peak of the Great Perfection stage.

Nor were they unfamiliar with Wyatt Barnes.

He was the one who had just entered the sect and defeated the 85th ranked outer sect disciple, taking his place.

And now, Javier Lynch had issued a challenge letter to Wyatt Barnes.

"Haha! If I had entered seclusion just a bit earlier, I would have missed this fight... Let's go and join the bustle!"

"Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes is so strong, directly accepting the challenge! A real man!"

"I hope Senior Brother Javier Lynch isn't in seclusion so we can see this dragon-tiger duel today."

....

Disciples from all over the outer sect area quickly rushed to the Martial Arts Performance Field.

Chapter 1438: Startling Arrow

Outside the Moon Radiance Sect, at the Martial Arts Performance Field.

A group of outer sect disciples formed an empty space in the middle of the Martial Arts Performance Field.

In the middle of the space, a young man and a middle-aged man stood opposite each other, locked in a tense standoff.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, the young man raised his hand, releasing a lightweight and special piece of paper that floated forward steadily until it stopped before the middle-aged man.

On the special paper were two lines of clear, visible text.

Additionally, it bore three finger imprints.

It was unmistakably a 'challenge letter'!

"Though I don't know why you issued me a challenge letter... It doesn't matter anymore."

Wyatt Barnes sent the challenge letter flying and spoke calmly to Javier Lynch.

"Indeed, it doesn't matter anymore."

Javier Lynch put away the challenge letter and looked at Wyatt again, his eyes flashing with a sharp glint. "You, Wyatt Barnes, stirred up such a storm among the outer sect disciples upon entering the sect... Today, I, Javier Lynch, can't help but give you a lesson, to show you that we senior outer sect disciples are not so easily trifled with."

"I've never thought senior outer sect disciples are easy to trifle with. My conflict with Ricky Ridge arose solely because of him... This fact is widely known."

Wyatt replied indifferently.

The crowd watching nodded unanimously.

They all knew this to be true.

"Hmph! Enough nonsense—show your skill with your hands instead!"

Javier Lynch sneered coldly.

"Seems like you were the one rambling first, weren't you?"

Wyatt shook his head and chuckled softly, exuding a hint of helplessness.

At this, quite a few of those around burst into laughter.

"Courting death!"

Javier Lynch's expression darkened. Without hesitating further, his figure shifted, transforming almost like a grand roc taking flight. True Energy spread out like flapping wings soaring through the skies.

In mere moments, Javier closed the gap with Wyatt. A three-foot-long blade appeared suddenly in his hand, flashing with piercing True Energy brilliance as it aimed directly at Wyatt.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

...

As Javier's sword struck out, faint sword cries echoed in the void, while streams of sword brilliance, resembling a meteor shower, cascaded straight toward Wyatt.

Moving seamlessly with the arrow!

As Javier approached, Wyatt had already drawn his Solar Shot Bow, bracing his energy. Seeing Javier's sword attack, Wyatt immediately unleashed an arrow with full force.

At once, Wyatt used the momentum of the arrow flight to soar outward, rendering Javier's sword move completely ineffective.

"Taste my arrow!"

Wyatt spoke lightly, raising his hand to shoot an arrow formed entirely of condensed True Energy.

"Why aim at the sky?"

When Wyatt shot the arrow upwards, many spectators couldn't help but be puzzled.

But they quickly got their answer.

As the arrow soared skyward, it suddenly transformed, unleashing thousands of arrow streaks that roared downward like a tide of shooting stars—a force vastly superior to Javier's earlier sword attack.

If Javier's earlier sword technique, with its scattered sword brilliance, resembled a gentle drizzle...

Then Wyatt's "Meteor Arrow Rain" was an overwhelming downpour.

The deluge enveloped Javier completely, leaving him nowhere to hide.

"A trivial technique!"

As a peak Transcending Mortal Realm expert of Grand Perfection, Javier sneered. With a shake of the three-foot-long blade in his hand, the void seemed to ripple and twist. The sword light coalesced into a violent vortex.

"The Spiral Sword Aura!"

Several spectators gasped, immediately recognizing Javier's sword technique.

As the vortex surged upward, it devoured the arrows from Wyatt's meteor shower, leaving no trace as though they had never existed.

"Is that all you've got?"

Javier ridiculed, looking at Wyatt, who had now flown far away using his arrow momentum.

"Then try taking another arrow!"

Wyatt replied casually as he raised the Solar Shot Bow once more. True Energy surged in his right hand as he formed a sharp arrow and nocked it against the bowstring.

The bowstring trembled slightly, beginning to stretch just a little.

Despite Wyatt's cultivation advancing to the late Transcending Mortal Realm and his body undergoing two transformations, he remained far from being able to draw the bowstring into a full moon shape.

The bowstring, after all, was formed of the dragon tendons of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon, and Wyatt's current strength simply wasn't sufficient to fully pull it back.

With a bent bow and nocked arrow, Wyatt's gaze narrowed.

In this singular moment, Wyatt's aura underwent a profound transformation, as though heaven and earth had flipped upside down.

This was something even the crowd of outer sect disciples noticed.

"Senior Brother Barnes is about to unleash his full power!"

Among the crowd, Baer Bear couldn't hide his excitement.

Standing silently beside him, Clouds Edge also had eyes brimming with anticipation.

As the dissipating arrow below finally faded away, Wyatt descended gently to the ground. Yet, in his sights, only one figure remained...

Javier Lynch!

Focusing his gaze on Javier, Wyatt's right hand, clutching the arrow, began to loosen.

In that instant, Javier's face turned wary and solemn.

For no apparent reason, an inexplicable fear rose in his heart, as though the arrow in Wyatt's hand was some dreadful beast.

Meteor Strike!

Finally, Wyatt released the arrow, launching it with the tremor of the bowstring. It shot forward like a bolt of lightning, making everything around it seem dim in comparison.



In that moment, the arrow resembled a vivid shooting star streaking across a pitch-black night—the briefest yet most breathtaking of sights.

Simultaneously, Javier Lynch reacted, his sword aura flashing violently and pressing outward with overwhelming force.

Boom!!

Before the crowd of outer sect disciples could fully register what had happened, a thunderous explosion erupted in their ears.

Then, they clearly saw.

Javier Lynch, who had moments ago stood so full of vigor, was now on one knee, leaning on his sword for support. His clothes had been torn in half.

More than that, his long hair had come undone, spilling over his shoulders like a broken dam.

He looked utterly bedraggled—a sight akin to a beggar's.

A tempest originated from Javier's position, sweeping outward and rustling the robes of the onlookers like dancing spirits.

"Wow!!"

Javier's face flushed red as he finally lost control, coughing up a mouthful of blood.

When he looked up at Wyatt again, his eyes betrayed a mixture of fear and disbelief.

Earlier, his calm composure came from the confidence he had in his strength, convinced he could withstand Wyatt's arrow.

Only when Wyatt's True Energy-condensed arrow collided with his strongest sword aura did Javier realize how naive he had been.

The power contained in Wyatt's stunning arrow actually surpassed his sword technique!

Although not by much, it was still enough to suppress his move and injure him, leaving him battered and defeated.

"Outer Sect's rank forty-seven? Nothing remarkable."

Before the crowd could react, Wyatt stowed away his Solar Shot Bow, glancing indifferently at Javier Lynch. Javier's face turned pale and he coughed another few mouthfuls of blood.

Even though Javier felt aggrieved, he had no grounds for rebuttal.

His loss stemmed from his own complacency.

Had he been more cautious, though defeated, he wouldn't have fallen so quickly.

As the crowd stirred from their daze and broke the brief silence with murmurs, Wyatt had already grouped up with Clouds Edge and Baer Bear.

"Let's go! We'll find a place to talk."

Wyatt led the way, and wherever he passed, the crowd of disciples parted to make room.

The gazes directed at Wyatt were filled with respect and awe.

In this world that respected the strong, strength always commanded reverence... This had nothing to do with how recently Wyatt entered the sect, his age, or his standing.

Only when Wyatt and his companions disappeared from view did the crowd erupt into commotion, breaking the brief tranquility.

"Senior Brother Barnes' strength is terrifying!"

"Indeed. That arrow was like a transient meteor in my eyes. Before I could respond, the meteor had already fallen and injured Senior Brother Lynch."

"Such a divine move! At the very least, it overwhelmed an outer sect disciple ranked forty-seventh like Senior Brother Lynch."

"I wager Senior Brother Barnes might be able to rank among the top thirty outer sect disciples!"

"It's unbelievable. Senior Brother Barnes has been an outer sect disciple for only one month... At less than forty years of age, his talent is truly extraordinary."

...

The outer sect disciples debated fervently, their words tinged with admiration for Wyatt Barnes.

"It seems you all forgot something... Senior Brother Barnes, during the first stage of the entrance assessment a month ago, was revealed to be only at the 'late Transcending Mortal Realm'!"

"A late Transcending Mortal Realm cultivation defeating someone ranked eighty-fifth like Ricky Ridge and then forty-seventh like Javier Lynch? Impossible!"

"I think Senior Brother Barnes must have already broken through to Small Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm before fighting Ricky Ridge. That makes sense."

"I agree. Otherwise, it's just too incredible."

...

Catching these whispered speculations, the elder standing on the edges of the Martial Arts Performance Field only shook his head.

His face bore traces of astonishment.

Just moments ago, his spiritual force had probed Wyatt's cultivation, and he was shocked to discover that Wyatt was still only at the 'late Transcending Mortal Realm.'

"Could it be that Wyatt Barnes knows a secret technique to conceal his cultivation? If so, then spiritual arts probing his realm would be useless as well."

The elder was Pierce Reid, an outer sect elder.

The challenge letter Javier Lynch issued to Wyatt bore the elder's fingerprint, pressed personally by him.

"Senior Brother Barnes, is something wrong?"

Noticing Wyatt suddenly turn back and frown, Baer Bear asked curiously.

"It's nothing."

Wyatt shook his head, though a touch of dissatisfaction lingered in his heart.

He didn't recall antagonizing this outer sect elder Pierce Reid. This wasn't the entrance assessment, so why probe him so blatantly? Did they think he wouldn't mind?

In that instant, Wyatt's respect for Pierce Reid vanished entirely.

"Where are you currently staying?"

Stopping at a more secluded area, Wyatt paused and asked.

Chapter 1439: Goal, Perfect Completion of Transcending Mortal Realm!

"We are not as powerful as Senior Brother Barnes. We currently only live in the wooden hut area."

Faced with Wyatt Barnes' inquiry, Baer Bear appeared a bit embarrassed.

"Your name has gained significant prominence lately. Evander Mullins will most certainly hear about it soon... For the time being, you should be careful and try not to leave the Sect."

Beside him, Riley Cloud looked at Wyatt Barnes with a solemn expression and reminded him seriously.

"He probably already knows."

Wyatt replied indifferently.

"Hmm?"

Riley Cloud and Baer Bear were taken aback.

"If my guess is correct, the one who issued me the challenge letter, Javier Lynch, should be one of Evander Mullins' followers. Although his excuse sounded lofty and dignified, from the look in his eyes, I can tell it wasn't his true intention."

The eyes never lie.

Wyatt Barnes, having experienced two lifetimes and inherited memories from the Martial Emperor of Samsara, was naturally adept at reading people.

"If Javier Lynch really belongs to Evander Mullins' faction and he was defeated by you, Evander Mullins will undoubtedly be furious! Javier Lynch might just be the beginning."

Riley Cloud said apprehensively.

"In any case, members of Evander Mullins' faction will undoubtedly focus on me temporarily. Over this period, you two should train hard and quickly enhance your power."

Wyatt Barnes continued, "Because if they find they can't deal with me within the Sect, they will undoubtedly turn their attention to you."

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Riley Cloud and Baer Bear's faces grew grim.

They knew deep down that Wyatt Barnes' words were absolutely not alarmist talk.

Immediately, the two bid farewell to Wyatt and went back to their wooden huts to cultivate... Wyatt's words had weighed on them heavily, like a mountain pressing down.

"Evander Mullins!"

Wyatt Barnes muttered softly, his eyes flashing with icy light.

Had it been during the time he reluctantly acknowledged Hill Mountain City's City Lord, Tabo Garcia, as his "teacher," he would have definitely distanced himself from matters involving Tabo Garcia and Evander Mullins.

However, during the half year he spent in Hill Mountain City, Tabo Garcia had shown him heartfelt care, which made Wyatt genuinely regard him as his teacher.

What impressed him the most was the incident involving the Clark Family.

Three members of the Clark Family had tried to kill him in the Main Mansion while he was away.

The three were executed on the spot, which was only the beginning... On the same day, the entire Clark Family from New South Town was annihilated!

And all of this was done by his teacher.

Regardless of whether he agreed with Tabo Garcia's extreme actions, Wyatt's heart was warmed—it was Tabo Garcia standing up for him, protecting him.

Wyatt Barnes was not a person of stone-cold heart.

Learning about the humiliations teacher Tabo Garcia had suffered at the hands of Evander Mullins in the Moon Radiance Sect in the past, Wyatt had resolved... coming to the Moon Radiance Sect was not just about using it as a stepping stone but also about addressing his teacher's grievances.

At the very least, Evander Mullins would not live!

Of course, his direct disciple Quentin Campbell was also included.

Although the Sect forbids killing, rules are, after all, made by the strong!

In the future, Wyatt's strength wouldn't even need to surpass the Saint Realm experts of the Moon Radiance Sect; merely reaching a level comparable to theirs would place him on equal footing and let him disregard their rules.

"Teacher, rest assured... I will give you the day to hold your head high."

Wyatt muttered softly.

"After Javier Lynch, there will undoubtedly be more schemes from Evander Mullins' faction... The most urgent priority now is to break through to 'Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection.'

Today's battle with Javier Lynch, though he won quickly, didn't mean he had overwhelming strength over Javier.

Despite the tremendous progress in his strength due to the twofold transformation of his body,

He could only suppress someone at Ricky Ridge's level of 'Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection.' However, the peak of Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection is vastly superior to Ricky Ridge.

If Javier Lynch hadn't been careless and underestimated him today, Wyatt wouldn't have had the confidence to defeat Javier within thirty moves.

Of course, this was under the condition that he hadn't used the 'Mysterious Eye.'

While Wyatt Barnes returned to his own independent courtyard to cultivate, the Outer Sect region, which had been silent for a month, once again grew lively because of Wyatt Barnes.

Within a spacious mansion in the Inner Sect area.

"Trash!"

Having heard of Javier Lynch's defeat, Quentin Campbell's face turned ashen. That night, he stormed over to find Javier.

"Senior Brother Campbell, I've let you down."

Seeing Quentin, Javier Lynch appeared somewhat uneasy.

"Hmph! Defeated in just two moves—you really are something... How much do you understand about his strength?"

Quentin snorted coldly and asked.

"Senior Brother Campbell, today was my negligence. Otherwise, without eighty or a hundred moves, there's no way he could defeat me."

Recalling today's battle, Javier felt aggrieved. Had he not been overconfident, Wyatt Barnes could never have defeated him so easily.



"Did you not hear my question?"

Seeing Javier sidestepping the issue, Quentin's face darkened.

"Senior Brother Campbell, I dare not speak for everything, but I can say with certainty that I've grasped at least 80-90% of Wyatt Barnes' strength... When he unleashed his final arrow, he even activated 'Silver Cloth Shirt,' clearly using his full power."

Seeing Quentin's expression, Javier explained hastily.

The Silver Cloth Shirt, aside from being a defensive technique, also enhances physical attributes upon activation—this was no secret.

When Wyatt unleashed his final arrow, he had activated the Silver Cloth Shirt, clearly delivering a full-powered strike.

"Do you think... his strength could rank within the top thirty in the Outer Sect?"

Quentin asked.

"About that level."

Javier thought for a moment and responded truthfully.

"Never expected Hill Mountain City to produce someone more monstrous than Kai Simmons... This Wyatt Barnes cannot be allowed to exist! If Master learns of him, he'll undoubtedly consider taking him in as a direct disciple."

Thinking of this, Quentin grew anxious, wanting to rush into Wyatt's courtyard and kill him immediately.

But he ultimately controlled himself.

He knew that while he might be able to kill Wyatt, there would be consequences—he would have to pay with his life.

Thus, no matter how much he wanted Wyatt dead, he wouldn't act rashly.

"Even if I can't act personally, someone must. With Wyatt Barnes' talent, if Master takes him in as a direct disciple, his status will likely surpass Kai Simmons."

On this point, Quentin had no doubts.

He was now almost certain:

Wyatt Barnes' talent far exceeded Kai Simmons'.

"Senior Brother Campbell."

Seeing Quentin lost in thought with a storm passing over his face, Javier couldn't help but call out to him.

Quentin snapped back to reality and glanced coldly at Javier. "Javier, don't concern yourself with Wyatt Barnes anymore. Just observe and enjoy the show... If you dare spread any rumors, I won't spare you!"

"I wouldn't, I wouldn't."

Javier shook his head hurriedly and swore solemnly.

"Get out!"

Quentin snorted coldly. He was finding Javier increasingly irritating.

Relieved, Javier turned and fled faster than a rabbit, as if Quentin were a terrifying monster.

"Ranked around the thirtieth in the Outer Sect... roughly the thirtieth? This outcome is acceptable and within expectations."

Quentin muttered with confidence.

Meanwhile, Wyatt Barnes was unaware that someone outside was plotting countless ways to harm him.

At the moment, he was cultivating diligently within the second level of the Jewel Tower.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, Nine Dragons Transformation!

Five dragons guided the Spiritual Energy of the heavens and earth from the air and the Holy Stones, flowing through Wyatt's fifty-two Saint Veins, completing cycle after cycle of the Great Cycle.

Every completed Great Cycle refined the Spiritual Energy into True Energy, pooling into a basketball-sized Qi Sea within him.

The basketball-sized Qi Sea was almost suffused and full.

"Within one month, I will decisively establish a Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection Qi Sea! In two months, I will complete the opening of new Saint Veins!"

Wyatt brimming with confidence.

Currently, what he anticipated most was the number of Saint Veins he could open upon breaking into Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection.

While he was only in the Transcending Mortal Realm Late Stage, he had already opened fifty-two Saint Veins.

When he had first advanced to this stage, he had opened an additional twenty Saint Veins... Meaning, this time, the number would start at twenty-one.

"Even if I only open twenty-one additional Saint Veins this time... and then, after advancing to Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection, add twenty-two Saint Veins—I would still have ninety-five Saint Veins in total by then! Moreover, that's the conservative estimate."

Thinking of this, Wyatt's heart couldn't help but race.

Training! Training!

At present, Wyatt was desperate to know how many Saint Veins he could open upon breaking through to Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection.

As for the power he would gain after the breakthrough, he wasn't worried.

Without a doubt, it would be far greater than his current level, completely surpassing it.

Although Hill Mountain City was far from the Moon Radiance Sect.

Hill Mountain City's City Lord, Tabo Garcia, had returned to the City Lord's Mansion after the conclusion of the entry assessment for the Moon Radiance Sect.

Even so, he had his own methods of staying informed about events within the Moon Radiance Sect.

"Just entered the Sect and defeated an Outer Sect disciple ranked eighty-fifth? One month later, defeated another ranked forty-seventh?"

Upon hearing this news, even Tabo Garcia couldn't help but rise from his seat with a startled expression.

Although he knew Wyatt Barnes' talent and strength were extraordinary among the younger generation, he hadn't anticipated Wyatt to be so monstrous.

"For him, only the Moon Radiance Sect can truly allow him to spread his wings... My Hill Mountain City City Lord's Mansion is still too small to contain him. In a few years, even the Moon Radiance Sect might not be able to hold him."

Tabo Garcia's face was adorned with an unbroken smile.

However, after feeling elated, he grew concerned. "Evander Mullins will undoubtedly try everything to stop him from rising..."

Chapter 1440: Two Five-Clawed Divine Dragons

Martial Dao Sacred Land, a certain remote and mysterious sanctuary.

Deep within the mist-laden mountains, a shadow shot out from a colossal cavern, soaring sky-high and hovering in the void.

As the clouds in the horizon dispersed, his figure gradually emerged.

It was a tall middle-aged man clad in a golden robe. His face resembled fine jade, and an innate commanding presence radiated from his brow, instilling awe without anger. Standing there, he resembled an indomitable iron tower.

Suspended in mid-air, his demeanor was stern and majestic.

"This retreat has lasted thirty years... I wonder how Yonah is doing now."

Suddenly, the middle-aged man muttered softly, his imposing expression rarefied with tenderness, as if the mere mention of 'Yonah' wielded an extraordinary power over him.

"Hmph! If it weren't for those old fools keeping such a tight watch, I wouldn't be stuck here... But give me another thousand years, and I won't need to fear those senile relics any longer."

As the thought struck him, the man's face darkened instantaneously, extinguishing all traces of tenderness.

Swoosh!

The middle-aged man moved swiftly, flying through the air. Moments later, he found himself in an obscure canyon nestled deeper within the mountains.

The canyon was overrun with weeds, clearly seldom visited by anyone.

Parting the overgrowth, the man stepped into an inconspicuous, damp cave.

At first, the cave was pitch-black, akin to night itself. However, after several twists and turns, a faint glow began to appear ahead.

As the man ventured forth, the light grew steadily stronger, until, at last, it became blindingly radiant.

Yet faced with this piercing brilliance, the middle-aged man seemed entirely unaffected, proceeding forward until he arrived at the source of the light.

It was a vast cavern, piled high with countless pearls.

The dazzling white shimmer emanated from these pearls.

If Wyatt Barnes were here, he would have instantly recognized them—these mountainous heaps of pearls were none other than 'Night Pearls'!

These Night Pearls were at least the size of an adult fist at minimum. Larger ones were even more exaggerated, reaching the size of a basketball... Any one of these pearls brought to the Mortal Continent would be an invaluable treasure beyond measure.

However, in the eyes of the golden-robed middle-aged man, these Night Pearls appeared little more than decorative objects; they failed to capture even a trace of his attention.

Traversing the chamber strewn with Night Pearls, the man stepped into a smaller cavern beyond.

The smaller space was sparse and minimal in its furnishings—besides a bed, there remained only a lone table... Both were shrouded in a layer of dust.

"Yonah!!"

Without warning, the middle-aged man cried out in anguish, an extraordinary and fearsome energy radiating from his body. Invisible waves of force rippled outward, causing both bed and table to tremble uncontrollably.

At this moment, the man's gaze fell upon the table.

On its surface rested an opened, intricate box, holding within it crystalline shards. Were these fragments pieced together, they would form a small, translucent bead.

To be precise, it was a 'Soul Bead.'

Soul Beads exist to store a trace of soul essence from either a person or beast, used to discern their life status.

If the Soul Bead remains intact, the bead's owner is alive and well.

But once the Soul Bead shatters, it means the owner has perished.

"Argh!!"

In a flash of boundless fury, the man's blood roiled with anger. Unable to control himself, he unleashed a mouthful of blood, staining half the smaller cavern.

"No matter who it is... whoever killed my Yonah—I will annihilate your entire clan!"

The man's body trembled violently, his voice steely and cold. The booming sound waves surged forth, overturning the table and bed alike inside the chamber.

"Roar!!"

Inexplicably, the man tilted his head back and let out an anguished roar. In the next instant, his body erupted in a blinding golden brilliance, akin to a blazing sun unleashing its scorching radiance.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

...

Accompanied by thunderous booms, the earth quaked as the smaller cavern appeared to split apart under immense force.

Not only that—the outer cavern, the very mountain concealing the two caverns, great and small alike—collapsed, spewing towering clouds of ash.

"Roar! Roar!!"

At the same time, guttural dragon cries resounded far and wide.

A magnificent, golden Divine Dragon burst forth from the heart of the collapsed mountain, its entire body engulfed in surging golden flames, undulating like oceanic waves of fire.

Alongside the dragon cries, the serpentine figure—hundreds of meters long—had already soared to the heavens above.

Clouds follow dragons; the radiant Divine Dragon coiled amidst the cloud banks, its gleaming form alternately veiled and revealed.

If anyone witnessed this scene, they would instantly discern—this majestic golden dragon bore five claws on each talon... unmistakably a 'Five-Clawed Divine Dragon'!

Moreover, it was a Five-Clawed Golden Dragon!

Among the Dragonsmith Clan of Martial Dao Sacred Land, Five-Clawed Divine Dragons were the pinnacle of supremacy.



Yet within the Five-Clawed Divine Dragons themselves, a hierarchy further divides them.

At the summit lie Five-Clawed Demon Dragons—the most fearsome of all.

Following them are the Five-Clawed Golden Dragons!

Every Clan Chief of the Dragonsmith Clan has invariably belonged to the lineage of Five-Clawed Golden Dragons... Only those of this caliber possess the qualification to lead the clan.

Other Five-Clawed Divine Dragons, at best, might serve as Elders, assisting the Clan Chief in governing the clan.

"Emperor End?"

The massive upheaval wrought by the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon swiftly drew the attention of three towering men resembling iron fortresses.

Now, gazing at the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon furiously twisting and turning amidst the clouds, they frowned deeply.

"Roar!!"

The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon surged higher amidst the clouds, its colossal dragon head erect and coppery eyes fixed fiercely upon the three figures. "It's you old fossils... If not for you meddling relics, Yonah wouldn't have had to die!"

Uttering these words, the dragon released an enraged roar.

"Emperor Yonah?"

One of the men blinked in astonishment. "Hasn't he been dead for ages?"

"Hmph! Don't you understand yet? Just as the Clan Chief suspected, Emperor Yonah never truly died! Emperor End hid him all this time!"

Another man snorted coldly. "Now, it seems the one who killed Emperor Yonah deserves our thanks—for eliminating such a menace to our clan!"

"Emperor End, how dare you defy clan rules so flagrantly! Today, no matter what, I shall capture you and deliver you to the Clan Chief for judgment!"

The last of the three men declared wrathfully.

"Roar!!"

The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bellowed furiously once more, whipping its gargantuan body of hundreds of meters outward in attack—its tail thrashing like an immense, devastating whip toward the three men.

"Emperor End, how dare you!!"

The trio hadn't anticipated such brazen defiance and were instantly filled with rage, transforming triumphantly into their true forms.

Instantly, three more Divine Dragons emerged.

But unlike the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, these three dragons possessed only four claws... Though mere Four-Clawed Divine Dragons, their combined powers were nonetheless formidable, jointly fending off the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon's assault.

"Seize him and present him to the Clan Chief for punishment!"

One green-scaled Four-Clawed Divine Dragon roared, its lengthy body coiling forth like thick ropes to bind the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon.

Another Four-Clawed Divine Dragon swooped in, using its colossal foreclaws to pin the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon's head.

"Roar!!"

Realizing the final Four-Clawed Divine Dragon was charging in, the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon braced itself. Its entire body erupted in gold light, shining brightly like a blistering sun.

At the same time, a blood-red streak emerged on its brow.

"A life-bound secret art! Emperor End, are you insane?! You're actually burning your essence blood to unleash your life-bound secret art!"

In that moment, not only did the oncoming Four-Clawed Divine Dragon freeze in shock, its eyes filled with terror.

The two Four-Clawed Divine Dragons already pinning the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon also revealed palpable dread in their gazes.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Golden light blasted apart in the void like countless fiery bursts of gold.

The three Four-Clawed Divine Dragons were entirely engulfed by the golden flames.

Meanwhile, the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon freed itself from their restraints. Yet, its eyes revealed no joy in the escape—only a deep unease.

Its gaze turned toward the distance.

There, another Five-Clawed Divine Dragon surged within the clouds.

Clutched in three of its claws were the lifeless forms of the formerly human-transformed Four-Clawed Divine Dragons... The ones earlier subdued by the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon.

Unlike the golden hue of the first dragon, this Five-Clawed Divine Dragon's entire figure glimmered blood-red, its crimson scales emitting a sinister, awe-inspiring gleam.

A Five-Clawed Blood Dragon!

Of the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon hierarchy, second only to Demon Dragons and Golden Dragons.

Compared to the Four-Hundred-Meter Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, this Blood Dragon spanned over Five Hundred Meters... Bigger and more dominant in appearance, intimidating anyone in its presence.

"Emperor End, you've crossed the line!"

A voice thundered like a resonating bell; clearly, the Five-Clawed Blood Dragon had spoken. "Not only did you secretly rescue the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon, but you even burned your essence blood, abusing your secret arts to harm our clan members! An unforgivable crime compounded upon itself!"

"Do you plead guilty?"

The Five-Clawed Blood Dragon's two massive eyes flashed with sharp brilliance as it demanded sternly.

"Elder Blood, I plead guilty."

Against the Five-Clawed Blood Dragon, the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon showed visible intimidation.

Though his innate talent surpassed Elder Blood's by a margin, Elder Blood was an ancient being—an elder of the clan, born a millennium before him!

He wasn't a match.

"Since you confess, follow me to the Enforcement Hall!"

The Blood Dragon declared.

"Elder Blood, I'll go to the Enforcement Hall... But before that, I must leave the clan! I need to uncover who killed my son and exact justice for Yonah!"

The Golden Dragon roared.

"Emperor End, do you intend to negotiate with me?"

The Blood Dragon's tone grew impatient.

"Elder Blood, I know, with my current strength, I can't possibly rival you... But if you truly try to stop me, I will burn every drop of my essence blood—I won't be forced to the Enforcement Hall!"

The Golden Dragon's resolve was unyielding.