

## **L. Wyatt 1441**

### Chapter 1441: Earth List Powerhouses

Even for a Five-Clawed Divine Dragon, the essence blood within is limited to only ten drops.

Earlier, the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon 'Emperor End' paid the price of burning a drop of essence blood to unleash the 'Life Essence Secret Technique' exclusive to the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, thereby suppressing the three Four-Clawed Divine Dragon elders.

If not for the appearance of the Dragonsmith Clan's Law Enforcement Elder 'Elder Blood', those three Four-Clawed Divine Dragon elders would have been dead.

"Emperor End, are you threatening me?"

Elder Blood's tone was filled with anger.

Although he dreaded Emperor End, who used essence blood to perform the 'Life Essence Secret Technique', he wasn't afraid... However, if Emperor End were to burn all his essence blood in front of him, he would become the Dragonsmith Clan's criminal.

Emperor End was one of the only two Five-Clawed Golden Dragons in the Dragonsmith Clan today.

The other Five-Clawed Golden Dragon is the current Clan Chief of the Dragonsmith Clan.

Barring any unforeseen events, in a few thousand years, Emperor End would be the next Clan Chief of the Dragonsmith Clan.

If Emperor End dies, it would be a loss for the Dragonsmith Clan.

Currently, within the Dragonsmith Clan, besides himself, Emperor End, and the Clan Chief, there are five other Five-Clawed Divine Dragons... Emperor End's son 'Emperor Yonah' has died, implying a new Five-Clawed Divine Dragon is about to emerge.

However, it's not yet certain whether that new Five-Clawed Divine Dragon would be a Five-Clawed Golden Dragon.

Even if he is, there wouldn't be enough time for him to grow and take over as the current Clan Chief.

"Elder Blood, you can consider my words a threat... But today, no matter what, I will not go to the Enforcement Hall!"

Emperor End said resolutely: "You have only two choices... Either take my corpse back! Or let me avenge my son, and after I have avenged him, I will go to the Enforcement Hall myself to accept my punishment!"

"By then, even if you add the charge of 'fleeing in fear of punishment', I will accept it!"

Emperor End stated with a determined look in his eyes.

"How long do you need?"

Elder Blood asked this, clearly compromising.

And he could only compromise.

He believed that even if the Clan Chief of the Dragonsmith Clan were here, he would choose to compromise.

Emperor End was not an ordinary Five-Clawed Divine Dragon; he carried the mission of leading the Dragonsmith Clan.

"I don't know either."

Emperor End was not surprised by Elder Blood's compromise, having made sure beforehand, he dared to threaten him with his life.

"Hmph! I'll give you a hundred years... Within these hundred years, no matter if you've avenged your son or not, you must come to the Enforcement Hall! If you don't come by then, I'll capture you myself."

Elder Blood let out a cold snort, his eyes flashed, and he shot two rays of blood light, forming a sharp glow in the void, directly towards Emperor End.

Emperor End did not dodge, allowing the sharp glow to enter his body.

Because he knew, this was just Elder Blood marking him, so no matter where he went in the future, Elder Blood could track him through this mark.

"A hundred years is more than enough."

Emperor End nodded and said.

If within a hundred years, he, Emperor End, could not find out who killed his son to avenge him... then he wouldn't deserve to live in this world.

"Elder Blood, farewell!"

After bidding farewell to Elder Blood, Emperor End's Five-Clawed Golden Dragon body once again emitted a dazzling golden light, then transformed back into a tall middle-aged man wearing a golden robe.

This was Emperor End's human form.

Without lingering, Emperor End became a golden lightning bolt and vanished into the sky.

Now, he had only one thought left:

To root out the killer of his son and annihilate their entire clan!

The direction he headed was towards the southern region of the Martial Dao Sacred Land.

After Emperor End left, an elderly and towering figure appeared in the void, not far from the Five-Clawed Blood Dragon.

"Clan Chief!"

Seeing the mysteriously appearing tall elder, the Five-Clawed Blood Dragon lowered his proud dragon head, "I let Emperor End go, please punish me, Clan Chief!"

"I already know everything, you did the right thing, why speak of punishment?"

The tall elder, also the Clan Chief of the Dragonsmith Clan, looked towards the direction in which Emperor End left and murmured: "With Emperor End's personality, if we don't let him go, when he says he won't live, he really won't live."

"It was precisely due to his personality that for years, despite our suspicions that his son 'Emperor Yonah' was still alive, we didn't speak up... instead, we just confined him."

As he continued, the Clan Chief of the Dragonsmith Clan let out a sigh of relief, "Over the years, although we sent many clan members to covertly investigate, we found no trace of Emperor End's son... which is enough to show that Emperor End hid him well."

"And now, he's been killed by someone... perhaps, this is his fate. Even if our Dragonsmith Clan didn't act, he wouldn't have survived."

The Clan Chief said.

"With the death of the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon, the crisis of the Dragonsmith Clan is also resolved."

Elder Blood also breathed a sigh of relief.

Wyatt Barnes did not know that a powerful 'Five-Clawed Golden Dragon', was leaving the Martial Dao Sacred Land with rage, heading southward towards the overseas Holy Island 'Crescent Island'.

Crescent Island was once the island ruled by the Five-Clawed Demon Dragon 'Emperor Yonah'.

Now, it has become the territory of the 'Heaven Fortin Sect'.

Currently, Wyatt Barnes is practicing in the outer sect area of the seventh-rate power 'Moon Radiance Sect' in the Martial Dao Sacred Land, with the intention of breaking through to the 'Transcending Mortal Realm Small Perfection' in one go.

"Huh? Isn't that Brother Fenning?"

Outside the independent courtyard area in the outer sect area, many outer sect disciples' gazes fell onto a young man in green clothing, who was heading towards one of the independent courtyards.

Regarding that independent courtyard, almost every outer sect disciple knew who lived inside it.

A new outer sect disciple who had joined the sect for just over a month was living in there.

The young man in green, within the outer sect area, was a well-known and remarkable existence.

He was ranked 'fifth' within the outer sect of the Moon Radiance Sect and was a renowned powerhouse in the Nine Sects Alliance area, a peak Transcending Mortal Realm perfection powerhouse.

This was because he was among the few people in the Moon Radiance Sect listed in the 'Earth List'.

The 'Earth List' encompasses the outstanding Transcending Mortal Realm Martial Artists and Taoist Cultivators in the Nine Sects Alliance area. Anyone on the list is an elite among the Transcending Mortal Realm.

The weaker ones are comparable in strength to early Saint Realm Martial Artists and Taoist Cultivators.

The stronger ones can defeat early Saint Realm Martial Artists and Taoist Cultivators.

The young man in green, named 'Sail Fenning', besides being the fifth-ranked person in the Moon Radiance Sect's outer sect, was also ranked ninety-ninth on the 'Earth List'... A total of one hundred people were recorded in the 'Earth List'.

Although Sail Fenning was at the bottom of the 'Earth List', what was the 'Earth List'?

It was a list that gathered all the elite Transcending Mortal Realm figures in the Nine Sects Alliance area!

Being able to make it onto the list was undoubtedly a great honor.

Many Martial Artists and Taoist Cultivators in the Nine Sects Alliance area, even upon reaching the early Saint Realm stage, regret that they never made it onto the 'Earth List'.

Sail Fenning was an average-sized, plain-looking person, the kind that if thrown into a crowd, couldn't be picked out again.

At the moment, he walked to an independent courtyard.

Then, under the watchful eyes of many, he raised his hand, revealing a piece of floating paper.

Whoosh!

As he raised his hand, a piece of floating paper flew out, neatly slotting into the door crack of the room inside the independent courtyard, shaking a few times before settling.

"Is that... a challenge letter?"

Upon seeing this, many outer sect disciples gasped.

"I didn't expect even Brother Fenning couldn't sit still and wanted to challenge Brother Wyatt Barnes."

"Brother Wyatt Barnes' performance was too monstrous; not only did he crush Brother Ricky Ridge, but he also defeated Brother Javier Lynch in two moves... Many seniors say his strength can rank in the outer sect's top ten."

"Even if he could make it into the top ten, he wouldn't be a match for Brother Fenning, right?"

"Of course not! Brother Fenning is a renowned powerhouse on the 'Earth List', a top-tier existence among the Transcending Mortal Realm Martial Artists and Taoist Cultivators in the Nine Sects Alliance area."

"Half a year ago, Brother Fenning sparred with an early Saint Realm senior from the inner sect and the fight ended in a draw! Brother Fenning's strength, to a certain extent, has already surpassed peak Transcending Mortal Realm perfection."

"Brother Wyatt Barnes can fight above his level, and so can Brother Fenning! So, for this battle, I place my bets on Brother Fenning."

...

A group of outer sect disciples discussed fervently, with ninety percent favoring Sail Fenning, leaving only a few holding some hope for Wyatt Barnes.

It's not that they had confidence in Wyatt Barnes's strength.

Their hope derived solely from Wyatt Barnes's previous performances.

In their eyes, Wyatt Barnes was someone capable of creating 'miracles'.

"Huh? You guys are already talking about it? I just saw Brother Fenning go to Elder Yellow, thought I was the first to know he wanted to issue a challenge letter."

An outer sect disciple approached from afar, sounding somewhat displeased after hearing the discussions of others.

"Tch! Brother Fenning already issued the challenge letter, we saw it with our own eyes."

Many looked at him with disdain.

"Wait... did you say you saw Brother Fenning go to Elder Yellow? Are you sure he went to get his 'fingerprint' on the challenge letter?"

Suddenly, an outer sect disciple spoke solemnly.

This outer sect disciple had arrived earlier than the one who just spoke.

"Of course!"

The earlier outer sect disciple nodded affirmatively, "I saw with my own eyes Elder Yellow leaving his fingerprint on Brother Fenning's challenge letter; there's no mistake."

"But... I just passed by Elder Hill's residence and saw Brother Fenning also looking for him, asking him to leave a fingerprint on the challenge letter."

The latter outer sect disciple frowned as he spoke.

"Are you certain?"

"I saw it myself!"

"Could it be that Brother Fenning is issuing two challenge letters?"

"If he were issuing two, there's no need for him to seek two elders, right? The same elder could provide the fingerprint for both letters."



The discussions abruptly stopped here.

"The challenge letter Brother Fenning issued, could it be..."

Soon, a group of outer sect disciples exchanged glances, seeing the horror and the same answer in each other's eyes.

Life and Death Duel Proposal!

Chapter 1442: The Bustling Outer Sect

In the Outer Sect of the Moon Radiance Sect, a regular challenge letter only requires the seal of an Outer Sect Elder, or the seals of two Outer Sect stewards, to take effect.

Only a Life-and-Death Duel Letter requires the seals of two Outer Sect Elders to be valid.

Sail Fenning sought out two Outer Sect Elders, one after another, to press their seals onto the challenge letter. From this, the content of the letter was easily deducible—it was undoubtedly a Life-and-Death Duel Letter!

"I've never heard of Senior Brother Fenning and Senior Brother Barnes having any enmity... This Life-and-Death Duel Letter is far too sudden!"

"Maybe there's some hidden grudge between the two that we don't know about. Otherwise, why would Senior Brother Fenning challenge someone who just joined the sect and barely knows him to a duel to the death?"

"That must be it."

...

Before long, the entire Outer Sect area was buzzing with rumors about Sail Fenning issuing a Life-and-Death Duel Letter to Wyatt Barnes, making the Outer Sect extraordinarily lively.

Both Sail Fenning and Wyatt Barnes were prominent figures in the Outer Sect of the Moon Radiance Sect.

However, the former was a seasoned and highly-ranked powerhouse in the Outer Sect.

The latter was a newcomer who had joined the Moon Radiance Sect just over a month ago and earned his reputation through two battles.

Although Wyatt Barnes displayed impressive strength in his earlier battles, the majority still leaned toward Sail Fenning, believing Wyatt Barnes was no match for him.

The reasoning wasn't just because Sail Fenning ranked fifth among the Outer Sect disciples of the Moon Radiance Sect; more importantly, he was a formidable figure listed in the Earth List.

The prestige of the Earth List was immense.

Across the alliance of nine sects, apart from members of the nine main sects, there were countless Loose Cultivators and individuals from various other forces.

Among them, Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection peak-stage powerhouses were exceedingly common.

Yet, in this vast region, merely one hundred of those peak Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection experts qualified to join the Earth List... Each of those hundred individuals was capable of battling enemies above their level.

The crème de la crème among them could even defeat opponents of higher ranks!

The notion of fighting above one's rank here was far from ordinary.

While Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection was only a step away from the initial stage of Saint Realm, the two were entirely different levels of cultivation.

The disparity between them was nothing short of heaven and earth.

Upon breaking through to the initial stage of Saint Realm, even though no special skills were gained,

the Saint Veins in a Saint Realm practitioner's body would expand considerably, and the Qi Sea would grow to the size of a small vat, capable of storing an entire vat of True Energy.

Therefore, figures on the Earth List were typically perched at the very peak of the Transcending Mortal Realm, epitomizing its ultimate pinnacle.

For this reason, most assumed that if Sail Fenning and Wyatt Barnes truly faced off, the victor would undoubtedly be Sail Fenning, not Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes rose to prominence just a month ago, and his foundation simply didn't compare to Sail Fenning's.

"I wonder if Senior Brother Barnes will accept Senior Brother Fenning's Life-and-Death Duel challenge."

Many Outer Sect disciples were left wondering.

Although Wyatt Barnes demonstrated absolute dominance in his prior two matches, those were ultimately routine spars that didn't threaten his life.

But this time, a powerful figure on the Earth List, Sail Fenning, issued him a Life-and-Death Duel Letter, seeking a fight to the death... Faced with the looming threat of death, how would he respond remained uncertain.

"A Life-and-Death Duel Letter can still proceed even if the invited party declines... However, in that case, the declining party won't escape being taught a harsh lesson."

"I think Senior Brother Barnes is likely to refuse Senior Brother Fenning's Life-and-Death Duel Letter."

"I agree."

...

Within the Outer Sect, many believed Wyatt Barnes would not accept Sail Fenning's Life-and-Death Duel Letter.

Of course, these were merely speculations.

More people began eagerly anticipating Wyatt Barnes's reaction upon seeing the Life-and-Death Duel Letter, wondering what choice he would make.

Would he accept the duel?

Or would he ignore it?

With such suspense in the air, several Outer Sect disciples even stationed themselves outside Wyatt Barnes's secluded courtyard, awaiting him to step out.

They sought the answer the moment it was revealed.

"That damn Sail Fenning is definitely someone from Evander Mullins's faction!"

In the wooden cabin area of the Outer Sect, a narrow cabin housed two people, and the robust young man among them couldn't help but curse.

This man was clearly Baer Bear, who hailed from the City Lord's Mansion in Hill Mountain City alongside Wyatt Barnes.

Now, both Baer Bear and Ling Cloud were already aware that Sail Fenning, the Moon Radiance Sect Outer Sect's fifth-ranked disciple and ninety-ninth on the Earth List, had issued a Life-and-Death Duel Letter to Wyatt Barnes.

"A Life-and-Death Duel Letter issued by an Earth List powerhouse... Evander Mullins's faction clearly intends to take Senior Brother Barnes's life."

Ling Cloud's eyes gleamed coldly as he muttered.

Both Ling Cloud and Baer Bear were almost certain that Sail Fenning belonged to Evander Mullins's faction.

Why else would Sail Fenning issue a challenge letter to Wyatt Barnes?

They knew Wyatt Barnes's origin well—he came from the distant Mortal Continent, unfamiliar with many in the Martial Dao Sacred Land, let alone having unresolved vendettas.

If anyone in the Moon Radiance Sect harbored an intense desire to kill Wyatt Barnes, it would undoubtedly be Mandy Wood, the Demon Cultivator who entered the sect alongside them.

Yet, the one who issued the Life-and-Death Duel Letter this time was not Mandy Wood.

Moreover, they had surveilled Mandy Wood from time to time and hadn't found any connection between Mandy Wood and Sail Fenning, eliminating the possibility of his involvement.

After narrowing the options, only one possibility remained.

Sail Fenning must be part of Inner Sect Elder Evander Mullins's faction.

Only someone from Evander Mullins's faction would wish to kill every last person originating from the City Lord's Mansion in Hill Mountain City.

"No way! We must warn Senior Brother Barnes."

Baer Bear gritted his teeth.

"You've known Senior Brother Barnes for a while. Do you think he's the type to act on impulse?"

Ling Cloud remarked casually.

"That's true. Senior Brother Barnes is much smarter than I am."

Baer Bear chuckled, the worry in his heart easing significantly.

"This matter... I believe Senior Brother Barnes will handle it well. Whether he accepts the duel or refuses, he'll undoubtedly make the best choice."

Ling Cloud was full of confidence in Wyatt Barnes. "Right now, all I want is to elevate my cultivation as quickly as possible... Evander Mullins's faction will likely shift their focus onto us soon."

"Now that you've mentioned it, I'm starting to feel the gravity of the situation... I'll go back to training right away."

Baer Bear said this and left Ling Cloud's cabin.

Neither of them paid further attention to the uproar outside, fully devoting their minds to cultivation.

They trusted Wyatt Barnes to handle the ongoing situation.

In the Outer Sect, stone cabin area.

"An Earth List powerhouse like Sail Fenning sent a Life-and-Death Duel Letter to Wyatt Barnes? Wyatt Barnes, oh Wyatt Barnes, your enemies sure are numerous... Perhaps I won't even need to deal with you; someone else might eliminate you first."

Inside a much larger and more comfortable stone cabin, Mandy Wood sneered as he murmured to himself.

If anyone had been present to observe, they might have noticed a trace of resentment deep within Mandy Wood's eyes.

He resented Wyatt Barnes's strength exceeding his!

Driven by his obsession with Wyatt Barnes, Mandy Wood fell into the Devil Path, causing his cultivation to skyrocket... He had once believed his prowess had surpassed Wyatt Barnes in every aspect.

Unexpectedly, upon encountering Wyatt Barnes again in the Moon Radiance Sect, Wyatt Barnes's strength still trumped his.

He could deduce this point from Wyatt Barnes's successive victories against two top one-hundred-ranked Outer Sect disciples.

"Wyatt Barnes, I hope you survive this ordeal... Your life belongs to me, Mandy Wood!"

At some unknown moment, Mandy Wood's body emitted a chilling demonic energy, and his voice grew increasingly sinister.

"I've been in this Moon Radiance Sect's Outer Sect area for over a month now... Today, it's time for me, Mandy Wood, to make my mark."

Mandy Wood murmured to himself as he exited the stone cabin area and headed straight for the independent courtyard area.

He directly sought out the Outer Sect disciple ranked ninety in the Outer Sect, tackling his opponent before other Outer Sect disciples could react.

"Remember my name: Mandy Wood!"

He cast a dismissive glance at the defeated Outer Sect disciple and strode into the opponent's independent courtyard, seizing it by force. "From now on, this courtyard belongs to Mandy Wood."

The defeated Outer Sect disciple was furious but utterly helpless, for his skills had been thoroughly outmatched.

For a while, following Wyatt Barnes's rise, news of another new recruit breaking into the Outer Sect's top one hundred began spreading rapidly throughout the Outer Sect area.

"That Outer Sect disciple seems to be called Mandy Wood! And he's a Demon Cultivator."

"Who would've thought? This time, the sect recruited such outstanding disciples—first Wyatt Barnes, and now Mandy Wood."

"Hmph! He's a Demon Cultivator, and his cultivation speed is naturally abnormal. How could he possibly compare to Senior Brother Barnes?"

"Exactly! Senior Brother Barnes is no Demon Cultivator; he hasn't taken any crooked paths."

...

Many Outer Sect disciples remained strongly prejudiced against Demon Cultivators, viewing them as opportunists who bypassed proper pathways for shortcuts.

Nevertheless, this sentiment didn't prevent Mandy Wood's fame from spreading throughout the Outer Sect area.

Soon, even Outer Sect Elder Pierce Reid and other elders came knocking, hoping to take Mandy Wood as a direct apprentice... This scene left the other Outer Sect disciples flabbergasted.

Mandy Wood had stirred such a commotion that even the Outer Sect Elders were drawn to his talent and sought to mentor him.

Just as they assumed Mandy Wood would latch onto one of these 'big names,' allowing him to rule the Outer Sect unchallenged... An unexpected twist occurred.

"I don't plan to stay in the Outer Sect for long, and for now, I have no intention of taking a master."

Facing the eager Outer Sect Elders, Mandy Wood responded coolly.

Of course, there was a remark he kept to himself.



"You worthless Outer Sect Elders dare think you're worthy of becoming my masters? At most, in three years, I, Mandy Wood, will trample all of you underfoot!"

That was Mandy Wood's inner monologue, arrogant yet brimming with confidence.

Chapter 1443: Exiting Seclusion, Accepting the Challenge!

"Damn it! Aside from that freak Wyatt Barnes, is there really someone else in the Moon Radiance Sect's domain stronger than me?"

In the stone hut region of the Outer Sect, after hearing rumors about 'Mandy Wood,' Zephaniah Chase's expression turned extremely sour.

He remembered how, back in Rowan River City, he was at least recognized as the strongest among the younger generation in the surrounding areas. Yet, upon arriving at the Moon Radiance Sect, he was repeatedly humiliated.

First, Wyatt Barnes had appeared and defeated him during the Sect entrance examination, leaving him full of resentment.

After entering the Moon Radiance Sect, he discovered that Wyatt's strength far exceeded his imagination. Only then did his resentment gradually fade away.

What a joke!

Wyatt Barnes, upon joining the Moon Radiance Sect, had consecutively defeated two renowned figures in the Outer Sect. His strength was miles ahead of Zephaniah's.

Losing to someone like Wyatt didn't feel unjust.

But now, this person, Mandy Wood, had emerged out of nowhere, silently overshadowing him again, reigniting his sense of indignation—and even stronger this time.

"Hmph! Once I break into the 'Entering the Saint Realm,' join the Inner Sect, and become an Inner Sect disciple, I'll be able to meet Elder Evander Mullins. I imagine Elder Mullins, out of respect for my master, would help me out a little."

Zephaniah snorted coldly, "By then, Mandy Wood will undoubtedly be crushed under my feet!"

"As for Wyatt Barnes... Whether he can survive long enough to join the Inner Sect is still up in the air."

Thinking of Wyatt Barnes, Zephaniah's heart was filled with apprehension, yet a cold smile appeared on his face at this moment.

Someone had sent Wyatt Barnes a 'Life and Death Duel' challenge letter, initiating a fight to the death. When Zephaniah first heard about this, the first thought to cross his mind was that it was someone from Elder Mullins's faction pulling the strings.

As the disciple of Hill Mountain City's City Lord, Salvatore Rowan, who was once merely an Inner Sect disciple, Salvatore was also under Elder Mullins's wing back in the day.

Thus, Zephaniah was well aware of the feud between Elder Mullins and Hill Mountain City's City Lord Tabo Garcia.

"Wyatt Barnes, you're truly ungrateful... How dare you reject Elder Mullins's goodwill!"

Zephaniah sneered repeatedly.

His assumption was based on the belief that Elder Mullins wanted to take Wyatt Barnes as his disciple, and Wyatt foolishly refused, incurring Elder Mullins's ire.

However, he was unaware that Elder Mullins had never heard of Wyatt Barnes and didn't even know of his existence.

At present, Elder Mullins rarely set foot outside his residence, fully dedicating himself to nurturing his most promising personal disciple, Kai Simmons.

As for his other personal disciple, Quentin Campbell, it seemed like he had already faded from Elder Mullins's memory.

Late at night, in one of the rooms in the isolated courtyard area.

Two young men faced each other.

"Senior Brother Quentin... Even if Wyatt doesn't accept my Life and Death Duel challenge, I will cripple him! By then, with my master as my guarantee, there won't be any consequences for me."

Sail Fenning glanced at Quentin Campbell and said with a smile, "If he dares to accept my challenge letter... The day he accepts the challenge will be the day he dies!"

"Junior Brother Sail, I owe you a great debt."

Quentin clasped his hands in gratitude.

Even though Sail was only an Outer Sect disciple, Quentin didn't look down on him in the slightest.

This wasn't merely because Sail was a strong presence on the Earth Ranking but also because Sail's master was among the Inner Sect elders in the Moon Radiance Sect—a figure whose status surpassed Quentin's own master, Elder Mullins.

Before Sail's master, even Elder Mullins had to show utmost respect and call Sail's master 'Senior Brother' politely.

Of course, the fact that Sail had an Inner Sect elder as a master was a well-guarded secret within the Moon Radiance Sect. Few were aware of it.

In the Outer Sect, no one had the faintest idea.

Not even the Outer Sect elders or stewards knew that Sail had such a distinguished Inner Sect elder backing him.

If they knew, they would understand why Sail had refused to apprentice under them.

What a joke!

When you already have a high-ranking Inner Sect elder as your master, why bother acknowledging Outer Sect elders, let alone stewards, whose ranks were only slightly higher than ordinary Inner Sect disciples?

Sail's master had deliberately kept Sail's identity under wraps to hone Sail's skills.

"Senior Brother Quentin, there is no need for thanks. Back when I was training outside, if it weren't for your intervention, I'd already be dead... You saved my life. Doing this small favor for you is nothing—it's simply a minor effort."

Sail shook his head.

Listening to Sail, Quentin's face broke into a faintly insincere smile. "In any case, once this is over, I must invite Junior Brother Sail out for a proper drink."

"Haha... Then I'll eagerly await your invitation, Senior Brother Quentin."

Sail laughed heartily.

After chatting for a while longer, Quentin finally bid Sail farewell, disappearing into the night as he made his way into the Inner Sect to his master Elder Mullins's residence.

"Who would have thought that a random setup from years ago would prove invaluable now? To this day, Sail Fenning remains utterly grateful to me."

Returning to his own courtyard, Quentin wore a smug expression.

Years ago, he had spotted Sail training outside. On a whim, he deliberately lured a Savage Beast far stronger than Sail to attack him. Then, just as Sail was on the brink of death, Quentin killed the beast, thus saving Sail's life.

Because of this, Sail saw Quentin as his life-saving benefactor and remained grateful ever since.

To this day, Sail had no idea that the Savage Beast was intentionally lured to him by Quentin.

"With Sail stepping forward, Wyatt will either die or be crippled! Even if my master learns about Wyatt afterward and blames me, at most, he'll punish me lightly... And Wyatt? He'd never succeed in becoming my master's disciple or overshadowing me!"

For Quentin, this calculation was well worth the risk.

Still, Quentin made one assumption throughout the entire matter—if his master, Elder Mullins, ever wanted to accept Wyatt Barnes as a personal disciple, Wyatt would definitely agree.

He had never considered the possibility that Wyatt might refuse.

That was because Quentin had always thought from his own perspective.

If he were Wyatt, he would undoubtedly accept the offer.

In fact, if the Moon Radiance Sect Leader wanted to poach him from his master and take him as a disciple, he would betray his master without hesitation and join the Sect Leader instead.

To him, whoever nourished him was his true benefactor.

Time passed silently.

When Wyatt Barnes, radiant and brimming with confidence, opened the door and stepped out of his room, it had already been two full months since he joined the Moon Radiance Sect.

"Hmm? Another challenge letter?"

As soon as he opened the door, Wyatt heard a faint sound. With a quick motion of his hand, he caught the piece of special paper that floated down to the floor.

"Look! Wyatt Barnes is out of seclusion!"

"Finally! I've been waiting for twenty days now."

"Ha! You've waited twenty days? I've been here for twenty-two days!"

"Twenty-two days is nothing! I was here the day Sail Fenning sent out the challenge letter!"

...

Wyatt briefly glanced at the special paper in his hand to confirm it was a challenge letter. He hadn't yet read its contents when the surrounding chatter reached his ears.

"The newly unlocked Saint Vein seems to connect to the ears... My hearing has improved severalfold compared to before. Even from this distance, I can hear their discussions clearly."

Wyatt's eyes brightened as the corners of his mouth lifted into a faintly excited smile.

"Hmm?"

But Wyatt's smile froze almost instantly.

Not only that, his brows furrowed deeply.

It was all because of his enhanced hearing—he caught snippets of Outer Sect disciples mentioning a 'Life and Death Duel challenge letter' and realized the letter they were referring to was likely the one in his hand.

"Life and Death Duel challenge letter?"

When Wyatt opened the challenge letter, his suspicions were confirmed—it was indeed a Life and Death Duel challenge letter.

Three fingerprints were already imprinted on it.

"Sail Fenning?"

Seeing the sender's name, Wyatt's brows furrowed even deeper. "Someone from Elder Mullins's faction?"

Soon after, Wyatt pieced together the whole story from the chatter of the nearby Outer Sect disciples. He now understood what was going on.

"Sail Fenning, an Outer Sect disciple ranked fifth in strength and ninety-ninth on the Earth List? A strength comparable to the early stages of Entering the Saint Realm?"

Wyatt now had a clearer grasp of the person challenging him.

"Who would have thought Elder Mullins's faction harbored such a figure?"

Wyatt's eyes flashed coldly, his face twisting into a sneer.

With that, Wyatt strode out of his courtyard, deliberately exposing himself to the nearby Outer Sect disciples, drawing their attention.

Under their watchful eyes, Wyatt picked up the Life and Death Duel challenge letter.

"Is Wyatt going to... tear up the challenge letter?"

"As I expected, Wyatt doesn't dare take up the fight."

"That's a Life and Death Duel challenge! Would you accept it if you were him? At Wyatt's age, he doesn't need to challenge someone as strong as Sail Fenning right now."

...

Many disciples murmured amongst themselves, all convinced Wyatt was about to tear up the challenge letter and decline Sail Fenning's duel.

With his enhanced hearing from the new Saint Vein, Wyatt could clearly hear their whispered conversations.

"Decline?"

Wyatt sneered inwardly.

A month ago, he might have actually declined the challenge.

But now...

In the next moment, Wyatt's actions stunned the whispering disciples into silence.

They watched in disbelief as Wyatt raised his hand—not to tear up the challenge letter, but to press his fingerprint onto it, accepting the duel.

The motion was swift and fluid, like flowing water.

With the fingerprints of both the challenger and the challenged, along with those of two witnessing Outer Sect elders, the Life and Death Duel challenge letter officially became effective.

Chapter 1444: Buy One, Lose Ten

"Wyatt... Wyatt Barnes Senior Brother accepted Sail Fenning Senior Brother's Life and Death Duel challenge letter? Am I seeing things?"



"You're not seeing things! I saw it too. He really accepted the challenge letter."

"Is he truly confident, or is he courting death?"

"That's hard to say... But he doesn't strike me as someone suicidal."

"Maybe he doesn't even know Sail Fenning Senior Brother's 'real strength.'

...

As Wyatt pressed his fingerprint on the Life and Death Duel challenge letter, a group of outer sect disciples in the distance erupted in uproar, their eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

Clearly, this outcome was beyond their expectations.

As Wyatt Barnes walked away and disappeared from the sight of the outer sect disciples, they finally snapped out of their daze.

In mere moments, the news that Wyatt Barnes had accepted Sail Fenning's Life and Death Duel swept through the entire outer sect region of Moon Radiance Sect like a hurricane, shocking everyone in the outer sect.

Both outer sect elders and disciples alike were in a state of uproar.

This outcome defied expectations.

"He accepted the Life and Death Duel I issued?"

Sail Fenning, upon receiving the news, froze for a moment. He hadn't expected Wyatt Barnes to actually agree to the duel.

"Hmph! Since you seek death, I'll gladly grant your wish."

Sail Fenning snorted coldly.

"Three days later, Martial Arts Performance Field, no retreat, no mercy!"

Soon after, Sail Fenning's declaration spread across the outer sect area in less than half an hour.

"Happy to oblige."

Wyatt Barnes's response was succinct.

Right after responding to Sail Fenning, Wyatt had just visited the outer sect Holy Stone distribution center to collect his entitled Holy Stones for the last two months since joining Moon Radiance Sect.

Outer sect disciples of Moon Radiance Sect could accumulate their Holy Stone allowance, which was different from Hill Mountain City's City Lord Mansion's Dragon Camp rules.

"Outer sect disciples living in private courtyards can receive one hundred seventh-grade Holy Stones and one thousand eighth-grade Holy Stones each month... equivalent to two thousand eighth-grade Holy Stones."

Wyatt Barnes had just collected two hundred seventh-grade Holy Stones and two thousand eighth-grade Holy Stones.

Now, in his possession, apart from the fifth-grade and fourth-grade Holy Stones Julia had given him, he held twelve thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones and a total of ten thousand eighth-grade Holy Stones.

The one thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones were given to him by his teacher, the City Lord of Hill Mountain City, Tabo Garcia.

As for the eighth-grade Holy Stones, those were collected previously in Dragon Camp.

Even after being accepted as Tabo's disciple, Wyatt could still receive eighth-grade Holy Stones monthly in Dragon Camp... Of course, it's not such a meager amount.

The additional eighth-grade Holy Stones were left to the young girl Maya back in Hill Mountain City, for her to hand over later to his sworn brother Isaias Hayden.

He did this because Isaias's stubborn temperament meant that after accepting his Holy Stones once, he refused to ever take them again.

"Three days later, the life-and-death confrontation... Wonder if someone will set up a betting pool during that time."

Wyatt murmured to himself.

Soon, Wyatt discovered someone had indeed established a betting pool.

Moreover, the person who set up the pool wasn't an outer sect disciple but an outer sect steward... and that steward was named Vein Weber!

Upon seeing Vein Weber, Wyatt couldn't help but freeze.

He recognized this outer sect steward as one of the two stewards who followed the outer sect elder Pierce Reid two months ago during Moon Radiance Sect's entrance examination.

Vein Weber's betting setup was extraordinarily bold.

For the Life and Death Duel three days later, betting on Wyatt Barnes to win would offer one-to-five odds; betting on Sail Fenning to win was set at one-to-a-hundred odds.

In other words, betting one seventh-grade Holy Stone for Wyatt Barnes to win would earn five seventh-grade Holy Stones if he succeeded; whereas betting a hundred seventh-grade Holy Stones on Sail Fenning would only yield one extra seventh-grade Holy Stone if he won.

"Isn't this payout absurd? Betting on Sail Fenning Senior Brother offers almost no profit!"

"That's perfectly normal. Sail Fenning Senior Brother is an Earth List expert! In my opinion, the Life and Death showdown in three days is a sure win for Sail Fenning Senior Brother. That's why I'm betting three hundred seventh-grade Holy Stones on him."

"I'll place five hundred seventh-grade Holy Stones on Sail Fenning Senior Brother... Even the tiniest payout is still gain. As long as Sail Fenning Senior Brother triumphs, I can recover my investment and earn five Holy Stones on top!"

"This battle is completely one-sided. I'm betting on Sail Fenning Senior Brother's victory too."

...

A crowd of outer sect disciples flocked to Vein Weber to place bets, almost all of them staking on Sail Fenning for victory. Despite the puny one-to-a-hundred odds, as one disciple aptly remarked, even a small gain is still gain.

Witnessing disciple after disciple bet on Sail Fenning, Vein Weber was initially indifferent, but as things progressed, his expression darkened.

Just like those outer sect disciples, he too believed Sail Fenning was bound to win in the upcoming duel!

He had assumed setting Wyatt's odds to one-to-five would lure adventurous disciples to bet on the underdog... yet to his dismay, not a single person gambled on Wyatt Barnes's victory.

"Why won't any of you bet on Wyatt Barnes winning? If he wins, it's a one-to-five payout!"

Vein Weber tried to coax the disciples before him, as if tempting them to gamble on Wyatt Barnes.

"Tch! Betting on Wyatt Barnes is essentially giving you money!"

"One-to-five doesn't make sense for a duel as predictable as this. The odds aren't appealing enough."

"I'll wager one thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones on Sail Fenning Senior Brother's victory."

"I'll make an eight hundred Holy Stone wager on Sail Fenning Senior Brother too."

...

No matter how Vein Weber made his case, the outer sect disciples seemed set in their ways, obstinately sticking to bets on Sail Fenning and not even considering wagering on Wyatt Barnes's victory.

"So little confidence in me?"

Standing in the distance, unnoticed by most people, Wyatt Barnes chuckled self-deprecatingly, "Looks like they all think I'll be the one dead in three days."

Just then, Vein Weber's voice rang out again.

"With so many bets placed on Sail Fenning, starting now... wagering on Sail Fenning will now offer one-to-two-hundred odds."

Vein Weber, who had been managing the bets, was now sweating bullets.

Although the earlier one-to-a-hundred odds for Sail Fenning were paltry, nearly all bets were on him... If this continues, it's a dead loss for Weber.

So he adjusted the odds in time.

"Steward Weber, isn't this completely unfair? Why do bets placed earlier on Sail Fenning Senior Brother have one-to-a-hundred odds, while ours only get one-to-two-hundred?"

"Exactly! Steward Weber, this is outright discrimination!"

...

Vein Weber's abrupt odds revision sparked outrage in the crowd, creating chaos among those trying to place bets at two hundred-to-one odds instead of one hundred-to-one.

"Calm down."

Vein Weber hadn't expected his comment to stir such pandemonium. "I haven't finished speaking yet... The odds are being revised, but it's not just for betting on Sail Fenning; the odds for betting on Wyatt Barnes are changing too."

"You were all present. Earlier bettors exclusively focused on Sail Fenning's victory... Now, ask yourselves honestly, wouldn't you have done the same?"

"I, Vein Weber, wouldn't set up a gambling ring if I knew I'd only bleed money without gain. Otherwise, why would I trouble myself here?"

Vein Weber's reasoning managed to quell the anger in the crowd of disciples, bringing nods in agreement.

"What's the updated odds for betting on Wyatt Barnes's victory?"

Several disciples asked eagerly.

"Betting on Wyatt Barnes's victory now pays one-to-ten!"

Vein Weber gritted his teeth, declaring the odds. Since he didn't believe Wyatt Barnes would win, setting the odds high didn't seem like a big risk.

Moreover, he was convinced that such enticing odds would draw risky bets.

Soon, Vein Weber's mood brightened.

Just as he expected, later bettors stopped solely wagering on Sail Fenning and some turned to bets on Wyatt Barnes. While those betting on Wyatt's victory still remained few, their stakes were enough to ensure Vein Weber's profits.

"One-to-ten?"

Wyatt Barnes, hearing his own odds rise this high, couldn't help but feel tempted and briskly walked toward the betting area.

"Wyatt Barnes Senior Brother?"

"Wyatt Barnes Senior Brother is here! Is he here to place a bet himself?"

"He probably is."

...

Noticing Wyatt Barnes, many outer sect disciples voluntarily made way for him.

"If I were him, I'd bet every single Holy Stone I owned for an all-in gamble... After all, in three days it's either life or death! If he dies, hoarding wealth means nothing. But if he lives, the returns will be immense."

One of the disciples whispered.

"You're absolutely correct. That's exactly what I plan to do."

Wyatt gazed at the disciple who spoke, causing him to pale momentarily, then smiled faintly.

"Steward Weber, I'll wager ten thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones... on myself for the win!"

Wyatt Barnes approached Vein Weber and declared.

Ten thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones!

Initially irritated by Wyatt's presence, Vein Weber's expression instantly shifted upon hearing Wyatt's declaration, his gloom dissipating into a broad grin.

Two months ago, during the sect entrance examination, Wyatt Barnes had cost his nephew Uriel Weber his chance to join. Vein Weber had harbored a grudge ever since, wishing for Wyatt's demise.

Naturally, seeing Wyatt earlier, his face reflected his displeasure.

But now, Wyatt was delivering ten thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones to him personally, brightening Vein Weber's mood instantly.

Reflecting further, Vein Weber realized that in three days, Wyatt would be killed by Sail Fenning, indirectly avenging his nephew Uriel Weber's humiliation.

To top it off, he'd pocket ten thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones.

In a moment, Vein Weber was overjoyed.

"Wyatt Barnes, looks like you're supremely confident in yourself."

Receiving Wyatt's ten thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones, Vein Weber quickly drafted a slip as record, stamping it with his fingerprint. "If, after three days, you emerge victorious, you can exchange this slip with me for one hundred and ten thousand seventh-grade Holy Stones."

Chapter 1445: I Plan to Play by Myself!

"Then I'll come find Steward Weber again after I win."

Wyatt Barnes put away the written agreement and smiled at Vein Weber.

"I'll be waiting."

Vein Weber wore a false smile, but his heart was full of disdain: Three days later, I'll wait until you still have the life to come find me!



"Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes truly acts magnanimously! With one move, he wagers ten thousand seventh-grade holy stones."

"Even though I'm an outer disciple living in the stone house zone, I can only receive a hundred seventh-grade holy stones per month... Ten thousand seventh-grade holy stones would take me over eight years to save up without spending any!"

"It seems Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes must have been favored by the City Lord of one of the eighteen cities under Moon Radiance Sect before he joined the sect."

"That much is already obvious."

...

As Wyatt Barnes placed his wager, the atmosphere on site grew even more lively.

Many outer disciples placed bets, and they wagered even more 'boldly.'

Of course, most of their bets were placed on Sail Fenning winning, but even so, Vein Weber's face bloomed with satisfaction... There were still many placing bets on Wyatt Barnes winning.

In his eyes, anyone betting on Wyatt Barnes winning, including Wyatt himself, was just handing him money.

"Starting now, aside from holy stones, you can also wager with 'merit points.'"

Vein Weber announced loudly.

As soon as his voice fell, he looked toward Wyatt Barnes, who had yet to walk far, and laughed wickedly, "Wyatt Barnes, your teacher before entering Moon Radiance Sect must have transferred quite a lot of merit points to you, right?"

Merit points!

Vein Weber's words stirred the crowd like a thunderclap.

Within Moon Radiance Sect, merit points were even rarer than holy stones.

Merit points aren't something most people would exchange for with even a great number of holy stones.

In Moon Radiance Sect, merit points could be used to borrow top-grade human-rank martial arts techniques or exchange for top-grade human-rank sacred tools and lower-grade earth-rank sacred tools... Of course, exchanging for the lower-grade earth-rank sacred tools requires an immense amount of merit points.

In the outer sect, only outer sect elders and outer sect stewards possessed lower-grade earth-rank sacred tools.

Even without Saint Markings engraved, a lower-grade earth-rank sacred tool demands tens of thousands of merit points to exchange for... If it has engraved Saint Markings, its value is even greater.

Besides lower-grade earth-rank sacred tools, merit points could also be exchanged for high-grade sacred pill medicines, or even powerful Taoist Talismans.

"Merit points?"

Wyatt Barnes immediately understood Vein Weber's intentions—he was targeting the merit points in Wyatt's hands.

Truth be told, Wyatt truly had quite a few merit points.

Back when he left Hill Mountain City, his teacher had transferred a whopping ten thousand merit points to him... Of course, they weren't entirely his; he only held five thousand.

The remaining five thousand merit points belonged to others: three thousand were for Ling Yun, and two thousand were for Baer Bear.

Wyatt was merely safeguarding them temporarily.

In Moon Radiance Sect, outer disciples only receive merit points once every six months... And even in the independent courtyard zone, outer disciples only receive a thousand merit points every half year.

In stone house or wooden house zones, the merit points outer disciples receive each half year are even fewer.

To accumulate merit points in Moon Radiance Sect, relying on periodic payouts won't suffice... One must complete various missions and contribute to the sect to earn merit points.

"I wager a thousand merit points on Senior Brother Sail Fenning winning!"

Quickly, an outer disciple gritted his teeth and told Vein Weber his bet.

A moment later, he received a written agreement and transferred a thousand merit points from his crystal card to Vein Weber's card as his stake.

If Sail Fenning wins three days later, he can earn an additional five merit points.

Even a tiny gain counts as meat!

Seeing someone actually wager merit points, Wyatt Barnes' eyes lit up.

Then he turned his attention to Vein Weber, who had redirected focus on him, and said coolly, "Steward Weber, I may have quite a few merit points, but I don't intend to play with you."

"Afraid to play, are you?"

Vein Weber scoffed mockingly, "Wyatt Barnes, as they say—'What you bring in life, you don't take in death.' If I were you, I'd wager all my merit points on myself and fight to the bitter end!"

"Afraid?"

Wyatt laughed lightly, "I never said I wasn't playing... I just said I don't want to play with you. I plan to play my own game!"

"What do you mean?"

Vein Weber frowned deeply.

Immediately, the crowd of outer disciples also fixed their eyes on Wyatt Barnes, puzzled and curious about his meaning.

"Everyone, I'm planning to set up the stakes myself and gamble big... However, my stakes are limited to bets on Sail Fenning winning. I'll only accept wagers made in merit points! I alone will take on all of you. But the odds I offer will be far higher than Steward Weber's."

Under the questioning gazes of the crowd, Wyatt Barnes declared loudly: "Three days from now, there will be a life-and-death duel between Sail Fenning and me... If Sail Fenning wins, the odds are thirty to one!"

As Wyatt's voice fell, the entire area fell into silence.

So that's what Wyatt Barnes meant by playing his own game.

He would act as the bookie.

Only bets for Sail Fenning's victory would be accepted.

And the odds were thirty to one.

In other words, wagering a thousand merit points on Sail Fenning winning would earn the person back their thousand points plus thirty thousand merit points.

Instantly, the eyes of many outer disciples lit up. "Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes, I wager nine hundred merit points."

"Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes, I'll wager seven hundred merit points."

"Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes, I wager twelve hundred merit points!"

...

A crowd of outer disciples flocked around Wyatt Barnes, enthusiastically placing bets.

Wyatt Barnes offered thirty-to-one odds for Sail Fenning's victory... Meanwhile, Vein Weber only offered thirty-to-two odds.

Anyone with half a brain knew where to place their bets.

Suddenly, Vein Weber's area was entirely abandoned.

"Hmph!"

Seeing the crowd of disciples gathering around Wyatt Barnes to place bets, Vein Weber snorted coldly. His voice infused with True Energy rang out like thunder, "Have you even considered whether Wyatt Barnes has enough merit points to pay everyone back if Sail Fenning wins?"

Vein Weber's statement cooled the enthusiasm of many outer disciples.

He had a point.

Even with thirty-to-one odds, once the betting pool outweighed the payout abilities of Wyatt Barnes, there wouldn't be sufficient merit points to compensate the winners.

"Wyatt Barnes, are you attempting an empty-handed scheme?"

Vein Weber sneered mockingly.

Facing Vein Weber's mockery and the questioning looks of nearby disciples, Wyatt Barnes wordlessly retrieved his crystal card, infused his True Energy into it, and displayed its balance for all to see.

Ten thousand merit points!

Seeing the number on Wyatt Barnes' crystal card, the eyes of the crowd turned red, itching to snatch the card away.

"Ten thousand merit points. At thirty-to-one odds, that's enough to cover three hundred thousand merit points of wagers... Does anyone still doubt whether I can afford to pay out?"

Wyatt Barnes swept his gaze over the crowd and asked calmly.

"No doubts!"

A wave of outer disciples shook their heads simultaneously.

What a joke!

With ten thousand merit points on hand, Wyatt had capacity to cover wagers totaling up to three hundred thousand merit points.

"However, these ten thousand merit points are all that I have... So, anyone intending to bet against me should act quickly. Once wagers reach the three hundred thousand limit, I will no longer accept any bets."

Wyatt seized the momentum and said.

"Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes, I want to bet! Two thousand merit points!"

"Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes, I'm in! Fifteen hundred merit points!"

...

At once, frantic disciples rushed to place wagers with Wyatt Barnes, leaving him so overwhelmed he could barely manage. "Line up! One at a time!"

As each bet was transferred into Wyatt's crystal card, he issued written agreements with his fingerprint pressed upon them.

Seeing how his warnings had not only failed to slow Wyatt Barnes but had actually fueled his betting frenzy, Vein Weber's expression grew even darker.

"Wyatt Barnes... First, you destroyed my nephew's chances with the sect, and now you're cutting off my source of income... Damn you!"

Vein Weber's eyes burned with rage, wanting nothing more than to tear Wyatt Barnes to pieces.

However, as an outer steward, Vein Weber had no authority or standing to commit murder freely within the sect... Even outer elders wouldn't dare defy the rules of the sect without risking death by punishment.

Thus, all he could do was endure.

Vein Weber's body trembled violently in fury.

"Three days from now, I will absolutely show up and personally witness your death at Sail Fenning's hands."

Vein Weber glared coldly at Wyatt Barnes, grinding his teeth.

"Ah!"

Having thought this far, Vein Weber's expression shifted, and a sly smile climbed across his lips as if he had suddenly recalled something.

"Wyatt Barnes, you keep claiming you'll only take bets on Sail Fenning winning... But if Sail Fenning wins, you'd already be dead. At that point, who will fulfill such wagers? How will everyone get their merit points?"

Vein Weber's True Energy-infused voice exploded like thunder, awakening doubts within the crowd of disciples.

"He's right. If Sail Fenning wins, doesn't Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes perish?"

"Who fulfills wagers made with a dead man?"

"Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes, how do you plan to handle this?"

...

A collective mutter spread among the outer disciples as their gazes returned to Wyatt Barnes, demands rising like tides. "Senior Brother Wyatt Barnes, we need an answer... Or else we'll retract our wagers."

"That's right! We need a clear arrangement!"

"A life-and-death duel with Sail Fenning means defeat means death for you... What happens to our wagers then?"

...

The outer disciples clamored louder and louder.

"Regarding this, you need not worry."

Wyatt Barnes raised his hand, motioning for the disciples to quiet down before calmly smiling, "The written agreements made today will be handed to Elder Easton to witness... And my crystal card will be entrusted to Elder Easton as well."



"Should I die three days later, the crystal card will dissolve its ownership... At that time, anyone holding my agreements can go to Elder Easton and retrieve their merit points along with any winnings owed."

Chapter 1446: Elder Easton

"Elder Easton?!"

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes' words, the surrounding group of external disciples was immediately taken aback.

In their outer sect area, wasn't there only one Elder Easton?

And besides, that person was none other than the Grand Elder of the Moon Radiance Sect's outer sect, overseeing the entire outer sect!

Within the Moon Radiance Sect, the status of Elder Easton even surpassed that of some inner sect elders.

"Heh!"

Vein Weber sneered, "Wyatt, don't you think you're daydreaming? Who do you think you are? And you think Elder Easton would vouch for and witness a wager on your behalf?"

At the same time, the surrounding group of external disciples also looked at Wyatt with suspicion in their eyes.

None of them seemed to believe Wyatt's claim.

Elder Easton, though he was the Grand Elder of the outer sect and usually resided in the outer sect area, was a mysterious figure whose presence was rarely seen.

In fact, many of the external disciples who had joined the Moon Radiance Sect five years ago had never even laid eyes on Elder Easton.

Now, this Wyatt—who had only been in the sect for two months—was claiming that Elder Easton would personally vouch for and oversee his wager?

For the moment, no one could believe it.

"It seems there are still doubts among you... In that case, this time tomorrow, I'll set up the wager on the Martial Arts Performance Field. Before then, I'll have Elder Easton make a statement."

Facing the skepticism of the outer sect disciples, Wyatt was not surprised. "For those who have already placed bets with me earlier, if you wish to reclaim your stakes by tomorrow, you may come by with your receipts."

After speaking, Wyatt turned and left, leaving behind a group of perplexed external disciples and a smirking Vein Weber.

"Elder Easton vouching for and witnessing a wager? Wyatt is utterly delusional!"

Vein Weber sneered repeatedly.

Originally, Vein Weber had thought that Wyatt's departure would allow his wager setup to proceed smoothly... but he soon realized that the morale of the crowd had shifted. None of the external disciples showed any further interest in betting with him.

"Do you think Wyatt Barnes really has the ability to get Elder Easton to vouch for and oversee his wager?"

"I highly doubt it."

"Yeah, I think it's incredibly unlikely... But, the way Wyatt Barnes spoke, he did seem awfully confident."

"Could it be that Elder Easton secretly took Wyatt Barnes as a disciple?"

"That actually seems possible! Even though Elder Easton is elusive, as the Grand Elder of the outer sect, he surely knows about recent happenings in the outer sect... Wyatt Barnes' talent would undoubtedly catch his eye."

"I don't believe it!"

"Why not?"

"Think about it... If Wyatt Barnes really were Elder Easton's disciple, would Elder Easton let him accept Sail Fenning's Life and Death Duel challenge letter?"

"You make a good point."

...

The crowd dispersed amidst endless speculations, with none of the external disciples bothering to approach Thiago Relief to place their bets.

"I'm really looking forward to tomorrow now."

"Same here. Tomorrow, we'll know the truth."

"If Wyatt Barnes can truly get Elder Easton to vouch for his wager, I won't hold back—I'll bet all my merit points on Sail Fenning!"

...

As the external disciples walked away, their gossip filled the air.

Before long, the entire outer sect region had heard about Wyatt Barnes' wager and his claim that Elder Easton would vouch for him.

Most people believed Wyatt was merely bluffing.

"I hope he's telling the truth... If Elder Easton really vouches for him, I won't miss the chance to place a bet!"

"Me too. Wyatt Barnes doesn't stand a chance."

"Is he just trying to spread his wealth to us before his death?"

...

While the outer sect buzzed with rumors, Wyatt himself was heading to a desolate spot in the outer sect, a secluded location rarely visited by anyone.

Of course, the reason why it was rarely visited was that this area was a forbidden zone within the outer sect.

Moments later, Wyatt arrived before a solitary, expansive mansion, murmuring to himself, "This should be the place."

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt approached the mansion.

The gates were wide open, devoid of any signs of life.

But just as Wyatt ventured closer to the gates, two towering figures suddenly blocked his path, resembling two immovable iron towers.

"Kid, don't you know this is a forbidden zone in the outer sect?"

"As an external disciple, you dare ignore the rules and trespass into the forbidden zone... Do you realize the gravity of your actions?"

The two towering men questioned Wyatt sharply, taking turns with their booming voices.

"I've come to see Elder Easton."

Faced with their overwhelming aura, Wyatt remained calm, speaking in an even tone.

"Hah! Elder Easton isn't someone you can just meet whenever you please!"

The two men stepped forward, their imposing auras pressing down on Wyatt like a tidal wave, clearly intending to intimidate him.

However, they were destined to be disappointed.

Wyatt stood firm, unflinching and unmoved by their pressure.

"I ask that the two of you convey a message for me: an external disciple by the name of 'Wyatt Barnes' requests an audience with Elder Easton on an important matter."

Under their astonished gaze, Wyatt clasped his hands in a respectful salute, his demeanor calm and composed.

"You're Wyatt Barnes?"

The two men were startled upon hearing his name. They immediately began sizing him up. "Other than looking a bit handsome, there's nothing special about you... Did you really just join the outer sect and already defeat someone ranked among the top hundred?"

"And after just one month in the sect, you defeated the disciple ranked forty-seventh? Interesting."

It was evident the two men had heard of Wyatt before.

"Wyatt Barnes, if you've come to ask Elder Easton to help you withdraw from the Life and Death Duel challenge letter, you're wasting your time."

After recognizing Wyatt as the young man in purple, the two men adopted a friendlier tone, with one of them shaking his head as he spoke.

Given Wyatt's talent, as long as he had time to mature, he was destined to be a standout figure in the Moon Radiance Sect. A century from now, he might even become one of its pillars.

Because of this, they dared not treat Wyatt carelessly.

"Have you come here because you feel it would be shameful to decline the challenge yourself, so you're hoping to persuade Elder Easton to pressure Sail Fenning into withdrawing his Life and Death Duel challenge?"

The other man spoke plainly.

Withdraw a challenge letter?

Hearing this, Wyatt froze.

Were these two unaware that he had already accepted Sail Fenning's challenge letter for a Life and Death Duel?

As it turned out, Wyatt's guess was correct.

Although he had accepted Sail Fenning's Life and Death Duel challenge letter earlier that morning, and the news had already spread throughout the outer sect, it had yet to reach this secluded corner.

"It seems the two of you have misunderstood."

Wyatt replied, "Early this morning, I emerged from seclusion and accepted Sail Fenning's Life and Death Duel challenge! Three days from now, we will do battle on the Martial Arts Performance Field! If the two of you are interested, you're welcome to come and watch."

Wyatt's words stunned the two men.

"You accepted it?"

They had never imagined that Wyatt would actually accept Sail Fenning's Life and Death Duel challenge.

Before this, they had been nearly certain that Wyatt would refuse it.

They knew all about Sail Fenning's capabilities, after all.

Yet, reality seemed to have pulled a trick on them.

"May I trouble the two of you to relay my request."

Wyatt asked again.

At that moment, the two men no longer dared to underestimate Wyatt in the slightest.

Regardless of whether Wyatt's acceptance of the challenge stemmed from confidence or some other reason, his courage alone commanded respect.

"Wait here a moment."

One of the men responded and walked into the mansion.

"Wyatt Barnes, you actually accepted Sail Fenning's Life and Death Duel... Do you even know who Sail Fenning really is?"

The remaining man couldn't resist asking.

He considered the possibility that Wyatt had accepted the challenge due to sheer ignorance of Sail Fenning's true prowess.

"An external disciple like me."

Wyatt answered nonchalantly.

"Do you realize he's no ordinary external disciple?"

The man's lips twitched in disbelief. Judging by Wyatt's casual tone, it seemed like he might not actually know about Sail Fenning's background.

"The fifth-ranked disciple in the outer sect."

Wyatt replied with ease.

The man's expression shifted to one of confirmation, but Wyatt added, "Oh, and on the Earth List, I believe he's ranked ninety-ninth."

"You know he's ranked on the Earth List, and you still accepted his Life and Death Duel challenge?"

The man's eyes widened.

Wyatt's response caught him off guard, filling him with growing curiosity—did Wyatt simply have a death wish?

"Does this mean he's confident in defeating Sail Fenning?"

A thought suddenly flickered through the man's mind, but he dismissed it just as quickly.

"Impossible! That's absolutely impossible! Wyatt Barnes might be talented, but he's been in the Moon Radiance Sect for just two months, and his cultivation is likely not even at the 'Transcending Mortal Realm's pinnacle' yet."

The man mused silently.

Watching Wyatt patiently waiting, calm and composed, the man felt a twinge of surprise in his heart.



The young man before him displayed a maturity far beyond his years.

This left the man unexpectedly impressed.

"I don't know why you've come to see Elder Easton, but I'll warn you—Elder Easton may not agree to meet you."

The man remarked.

"If he doesn't meet me, that's his loss."

Wyatt responded coldly.

Chapter 1447: One Million Merit Points

"Hmph! I really don't know where you get such confidence."

Hearing Wyatt Barnes' words, the burly man frowned and snorted coldly.

A quarter of an hour later, the burly man who had left earlier returned, "Wyatt Barnes, Elder Easton is already waiting for you... follow me."

"Agreed?"

The burly man who hadn't left was somewhat surprised. He hadn't expected the one he had served for years would actually agree to meet a snot-nosed young brat like Wyatt Barnes.

"Perhaps Elder Easton took a liking to his talent."

The burly man could only think this way.

From the moment Wyatt Barnes entered the mansion of the Outer Sect Grand Elder, Pov Easton, to his departure, barely a quarter of an hour had passed from start to finish.

As for what happened within that quarter of an hour in Pov Easton's mansion, only Wyatt Barnes and Pov Easton knew.

After leaving Pov Easton's mansion, Wyatt Barnes returned to his courtyard, then to his room, and entered the second layer of the Jewel Tower to cultivate... One day outside equaled three days inside.

Three days were enough for him to practice the techniques within the saint-grade martial arts manual.

In truth, during the past month, across three months' worth of time inside the second layer of the Jewel Tower, Wyatt had already completed his breakthrough to 'Transcending Mortal Realm – Small Perfection' by the end of the second month.

In the final month, he spent all his time honing the techniques within the saint-grade martial arts manual.

Among them, his defensive technique 'Silver Cloth Shirt' showed the fastest progress.

At this point, his mastery of the Silver Cloth Shirt was approaching the level of 'perfection'... perfection was the fifth and highest realm of saint-grade martial techniques.

Silver Cloth Shirt was itself a defensive technique emphasizing the fusion of True Energy with the body.

The stronger the body, the easier the fusion becomes.

Wyatt Barnes' body had undergone two transformations, turning it into an utterly terrifying state.

According to Elder Fire:

"Forget about the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon — even a Six-Clawed Divine Dragon of the same level would have weaker physical strength compared to Wyatt Barnes... Wyatt's physical strength rivals that of a Seven-Clawed Divine Dragon!"

Of course, the Martial Dao Sacred Land had no Six-Clawed Divine Dragon, let alone a Seven-Clawed Divine Dragon.

Among the Dragon Clan of the Martial Dao Sacred Land, the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon represented the highest bloodline... Six-Clawed Divine Dragons seemingly did not exist.

At least, based on the information Wyatt had gathered from Julia, the Martial Dao Sacred Land didn't have any Six-Clawed Divine Dragons.

"I have a feeling... in these three days, I might find the opportunity to push the Silver Cloth Shirt to the level of perfection."

As silver light surged over his body, Wyatt murmured to himself.

While Wyatt Barnes practiced in seclusion, another bombshell of a news broke like a massive stone hitting a tranquil lake, shocking the entire Outer Sect of the Moon Radiance Sect.

"Elder Easton has made a statement... three days from now, if Wyatt Barnes dies at Sail Fenning's hands, he'll compensate those who win the bet against Wyatt Barnes using the merit points in Wyatt's crystal card."

The news didn't merely stun the Outer Sect disciples; even the stewards and elders of the Outer Sect were taken aback.

"Since when did Elder Easton concern himself with such petty matters?"

"Unbelievable! Elder Easton actually publicly stated he'd deal with Wyatt Barnes' posthumous matters' after his death at Sail Fenning's hands."

"That Wyatt Barnes — could he be a secret disciple of Elder Easton?"

"Impossible! If Wyatt Barnes were Elder Easton's disciple, Elder Easton would definitely protect him and never let him accept Sail Fenning's Life and Death Duel challenge."

...

No matter the speculation, Wyatt Barnes responded with 'facts' to the doubts voiced today by the Outer Sect disciples and Steward Vein Weber himself.

"How is this even possible?!"

Vein Weber was utterly stunned upon hearing the news.

He couldn't imagine that Wyatt Barnes could truly persuade Elder Easton to oversee and vouch for the 'bet.'

Very quickly, however, his expression darkened into a mocking grin, "So what if Elder Easton is vouching for your bet? In the end, you'll just end up dead at Sail Fenning's hands!"

In a small courtyard within the Outer Sect...

"Wyatt Barnes, you better not die at Sail Fenning's hands three days from now... your life belongs to me, Mandy Wood!"

Mandy Wood sat at a stone table, twirling the wine cup in his hands as he muttered softly.

A cold gleam flashed in his eyes, fleeting like a meteor streaking across the night sky.

The next day, the Martial Arts Performance Field in the Outer Sect was bustling with activity.

One disciple after another queued up to place their bets with Wyatt Barnes using 'merit points,' wagering on Sail Fenning's victory in the Life and Death Duel two days from now!

If Sail Fenning won, they'd get a thirty-to-one payout.

In just a few days, an investment of thirty merit points could yield a return of thirty-one.

In their eyes, Wyatt Barnes was essentially handing out merit points, leaving them to feel it'd be foolish not to seize this 'opportunity.'

Of course, some did briefly entertain the thought of Wyatt Barnes winning and its 'implications.'

But ultimately, they deemed it impossible.

If it were just a normal sparring match, Sail Fenning might potentially agree to a fake loss and split the winnings with Wyatt Barnes... However, what lay ahead was a Life and Death Duel.

In a Life and Death Duel, it is only considered over when one side dies.

The rules stipulated that no interference was allowed once the duel began... violators would face death!

Even Inner Sect elders and the Vice Sect Leader weren't exempt.

Rules were absolute; apart from the Sect Leader and the Martial Dao Sacred Land's most powerful Saint Realm experts in the Moon Radiance Sect, no one else could break or ignore the rules.

By the end of the day, Wyatt Barnes' crystal card reached a staggering total of over 1.6 million merit points... of these, 100,000 were his own.

In other words, within one day, he had collected over 1.5 million in bets.

If two days later he won the upcoming Life and Death Duel, all those bets would be his.

"From today's activity at the Martial Arts Performance Field, it's clear... those Outer Sect stewards and elders are tempted by my bet as well. Hmm, I'll continue tomorrow."

Returning to his courtyard, Wyatt mused, "Perhaps each one of them believes that in two days, I'm the one destined to perish."

Thinking this, Wyatt glanced at the crystal card in his hand and revealed a radiant smile, "But thanks to that... where else could I rack up so many merit points?"

"These Outer Sect disciples certainly aren't poor... in one day alone, they contributed over 1.5 million merit points."

The following day, Wyatt Barnes once again appeared at the Martial Arts Performance Field.

The betting continued.

Today, however, the number of disciples placing bets wasn't as large as the day before.

Yesterday, most non-seclusion disciples, except for the rare few who intuitively sensed 'risk,' had bet on Wyatt Barnes' duel — whether in small or large amounts.

"Wyatt Barnes, I've already wagered all my merit points... Can I use Holy Stones now?"

One disciple eager for more excitement approached Wyatt Barnes.

"Sorry, my betting pool only accepts 'merit points.'"

Wyatt smiled apologetically before glancing at a nearby figure, "However, you could head over to Steward Vein Weber; it seems he accepts bets in Holy Stones."

"Steward Vein Weber's odds are too low."

The disciple shook his head and left.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Wyatt noticed Steward Vein Weber moving in his direction, stopping right in front of him.

"What's this, Steward Weber? Still doubting me?"

Wyatt questioned indifferently.

"Hmph! I'm here to wager."

Vein Weber snorted.

"Wager?"

Wyatt was momentarily surprised.

"Since you're so generous in handing out merit points, I certainly won't hold back... Twelve thousand merit points on Sail Fenning's victory in tomorrow's Life and Death Duel!"

Vein Weber swiftly pulled out his crystal card and declared.

"Twelve thousand merit points?"

Wyatt was slightly taken aback; he hadn't expected Vein Weber to be so wealthy.

After a quick thought, though, he understood.

Vein Weber, despite not being of the same caliber as Wyatt Barnes' mentor, Tabo Garcia, was still a 'Outer Sect steward' of the Moon Radiance Sect. Having twelve thousand merit points was not unusual.

"Steward Weber, I'd advise you to bet less... twelve thousand merit points must be a significant amount for you."

Wyatt's eyes narrowed as he seemingly offered kind advice.

In truth, he couldn't deny his greed for such an amount.

His 'kind advice,' however, was actually a calculated move to gauge Vein Weber's psychology, knowing the steward would resist the suggestion and wager more.

The outcome proved Wyatt's judgment correct.

"What's the matter? Nervous? Take out your crystal card; I'm betting fifteen thousand merit points!"

The urge to prove Wyatt wrong compelled Vein Weber to raise his bet by three thousand merit points — totaling fifteen thousand.

With this wager, Vein Weber had nearly emptied his coffers, leaving only a few thousand merit points on hand.

Nevertheless, he didn't care.

He firmly believed that, following tomorrow's duel, his fifteen thousand merit points would be returned to his crystal card with profits.

Fifteen thousand merit points at thirty-to-one odds would yield a whopping payoff of four hundred and fifty thousand merit points.

Just imagining how he could amass four hundred and fifty thousand merit points in a single day filled Vein Weber with a euphoric thrill, "This method of earning merit points is so much faster compared to how I usually earn them."

After transferring the merit points into Wyatt's crystal card and accepting his written receipt, Vein Weber shot Wyatt a frosty look, "Wyatt Barnes, tomorrow, I'll personally inform my nephew of your death."

"Your nephew?"

Wyatt was puzzled.



"Hmph! Surely you haven't forgotten how you passed the sect's entrance examination and became a disciple of the Moon Radiance Sect?"

Vein Weber sneered.

"Are you referring to... that 'Uriel Weber'? He's your nephew?"

Understanding dawned on Wyatt Barnes.

No wonder he had sensed such hostility from Vein Weber when approaching him about the wager earlier — it turned out to be rooted in this connection.

Chapter 1448: Triumph of Holden Yellow

"Looks like you still remember."

Vein Weber sneered, "If it weren't for you, given my nephew's talent, entering the Sect would have been a simple matter... But because of you, he's destined to never be part of the Moon Radiance Sect in this life."

"Steward Weber, rather than resenting me here, why don't you ask your nephew why he couldn't even defeat me."

Wyatt Barnes glanced at Vein Weber indifferently and could not be bothered to pay him any more attention.

His attention was on the crystal card in his hand.

The merit points on the crystal card were nearly 2.1 million, with a hundred thousand of them being his own and the rest being from bets he had accepted.

"With the 'capital' in my hands, I can still accept another million merit points in bets."

Wyatt mumbled to himself, while his gaze swept over the group of outer sect stewards and elders, thinking to himself, "They sure are holding their composure well."

Almost as soon as Wyatt's thought crossed his mind, an outer sect steward stepped forward, "Since Vein Weber is joining the fun, I naturally won't miss out... I'll bet a hundred thousand merit points."

"Alright."

Skilfully accepting the hundred thousand merit points transferred from this outer sect steward, Wyatt loudly and deliberately declared as he handed over the promissory note, "Once I receive another 900,000 merit points, the betting will be closed!"

As soon as Wyatt finished speaking, the group of outer sect stewards couldn't stay calm anymore and swarmed over, "I'll bet fifty thousand merit points!"

"I'll bet sixty thousand merit points!"

"I'll bet eighty thousand merit points!"

...

Though not as crazy as Vein Weber, they still contributed a fair portion of their own 'funds'.

In no time, Wyatt had accumulated over 2.6 million merit points in bets.

At this moment, several outer sect elders came over.

Among them was Pierce Reid, who had once presided over the entrance assessment and wanted to take Wyatt as a personal disciple, only to be politely refused.

As the outer sect elders approached, Wyatt noticed a mental force brazenly sweeping over him, instantly enveloping his whole body as if probing for something.

The owner of this mental force was a somewhat chubby outer sect elder who appeared all smiles and harmless to people and animals alike.

However, Wyatt knew well in his heart.

This outer sect elder was definitely not as simple as he appeared—he was a textbook 'smiling tiger'.

A dagger hidden in a smile; that's the kind of person he was.

"Wyatt, it seems you really did, as rumored, break through to the 'Transcending Mortal Realm—Small Perfection' after the entrance assessment... With your Small Perfection cultivation, defeating Ricky Ridge and Javier Lynch in succession, you're indeed worthy of pride."

The 'smiling tiger' approached Wyatt and said with a smile.

"Thank you, Elder, for the compliment."

Wyatt responded blandly, having no fondness for this outer sect elder who rudely probed his cultivation.

"Transcending Mortal Realm—Small Perfection?"

The speaker spoke unintentionally, but the listener took it to heart; Pierce Reid was startled upon hearing the words of the 'smiling tiger' and transmitted through True Energy, asking, "Elder Holden Yellow, did you just probe Wyatt Barnes' cultivation?"

Holden Yellow nodded faintly, looking at Wyatt before Pierce Reid and the other outer sect elders could speak, and said quickly, "How much more bets can you accept? The rest, I'll take it all myself!"

Upon hearing this, Wyatt's eyes narrowed suddenly, the corners of his mouth curling into a cold smile, indiscernible to others.

Shush, shush, shush!

...

In response to Holden Yellow's words, the faces of Pierce Reid and several other outer sect elders changed, with the other elders displaying urgency, saying, "Elder Yellow, you can't hog all the benefits!"

"Exactly! Those who see it have a share; how can you claim all the remaining bets for yourself?"

"Elder Yellow, that's not fair."

...

The outer sect elders expressed their discontent vocally.

Only Pierce Reid wasn't vying with Holden Yellow; he merely wanted to remind Holden Yellow that a month ago, when Wyatt defeated Javier Lynch, his cultivation was at only the 'Transcending Mortal Realm—Late Stage'.

He had obtained this information a month ago through mental techniques.

As Pierce Reid was about to speak up, Holden Yellow hummed first, "You old guys are slow, who can you blame? First come, first served; how can you not understand this bit of etiquette?"

Holden Yellow's words were blunt and impolite, not considering the darkened expressions of several outer sect elders at all.

Hearing this, even Pierce Reid couldn't help feeling a bit disgruntled.

Thus, he didn't remind Holden Yellow further.

"Holden Yellow, whether we can place bets or not isn't for you to decide! This betting was organized by Wyatt Barnes, not you, Holden Yellow."

"Exactly! The betting was set up by Wyatt Barnes; how do you know he wants to give all the remaining quota to you?"

"Holden Yellow, don't be self-absorbed."

...

The outer sect elders spoke with disdain.

"Wyatt Barnes, you heard what I just said, right?"

Hearing the outer sect elders' words, Holden Yellow turned to Wyatt, squinting and asked unkindly.

"Yes."

Wyatt nodded blandly.

"Wyatt Barnes, don't listen to him! If he dares to give you trouble over this, us old guys aren't that easy to deal with either."

"Exactly! We'll back you up."

"You don't need to be afraid of him."

...

The outer sect elders looked at Wyatt, encouraging him.

"Sorry, dear elders... As they say, 'first come, first served.' Since Elder Yellow spoke first, I can only give the remaining quota to him. Next time, if I set up another betting arrangement, I'll definitely prioritize you."

After being bombarded by the outer sect elders in turn, Wyatt apologized.

"Did you hear that?"

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Holden Yellow looked pleased and nodded at Wyatt, saying, "Wyatt Barnes, you're truly excellent, really excellent... very sensible. If you weren't set for a life-and-death duel with Sail Fenning tomorrow, I'd love to take you as my disciple."

"Thank you, Elder Holden Yellow, for your consideration."

Wyatt managed a slight smile as he looked at Holden Yellow, completely ignoring the other elders.

However, his peripheral vision couldn't help but sweep over Pierce Reid, "This Elder Pierce Reid didn't say a word all along; seems he didn't intend to bet. If not, why is he here to join the excitement?"

Wyatt felt disdainful.

If Pierce Reid had spoken up just now, he would have certainly allocated a share of the quota to him.

A month ago, Pierce Reid had indiscreetly probed his cultivation, which had irked him greatly.

After being rejected by Wyatt, the faces of those outer sect elders changed, though they were left with no recourse, having nothing to do.

Threats?

Wyatt was most likely going to be killed tomorrow, so what good would threats do?

As for Wyatt's claim that next time, if there was a chance to set up another betting arrangement, he'd prioritize them, they considered it mere 'nonsense'... In their view, it was nearly impossible for Wyatt to survive tomorrow.

Only Pierce Reid gazed deeply at Wyatt without saying a word.

He knew that even if he reminded Holden Yellow now, it would only be taken as an attempt to share in the pie by Holden Yellow.

"Wyatt Barnes, how much more can you accept in bets?"

Holden Yellow took out his crystal card and asked Wyatt.

"Thirty-six thousand more."

Wyatt said.

Hearing this, Holden Yellow swiftly transferred 36,000 merit points from his crystal card... On the surface, it seemed brisk, but inside, he felt a twinge of pain.

Altogether, he held just over 40,000 merit points.

Losing 36,000 at once was quite a blow for him.

However, as long as he thought of retrieving his 36,000 merit points the next day and gaining an additional income of over a thousand merit points, the pain felt worth it.

"Three hundred thousand, complete."

Wyatt felt thrilled internally, though he showed no intention of revealing it outwardly, maintaining composure.

He understood the principle of quietly making a fortune.

"Dear elders, with the betting completed, I should head back and cultivate to prepare for tomorrow's life-and-death duel... Farewell!"

Putting away the crystal card, Wyatt bid farewell to the outer sect elders before him and left.

"This Wyatt Barnes is indeed impressive."

Watching Wyatt's distant figure, Holden Yellow nodded with satisfaction.

Of course, the reason he found Wyatt impressive was that Wyatt had withstood the pressure and decided to give him the remaining quota... In his mind, Wyatt was essentially giving him the extra merit points for free.

As for the remaining elders, other than Pierce Reid who seemed thoughtful, the rest looked displeased.

They hadn't expected Wyatt to be so ungrateful, daring to ignore them.

"Return to cultivate... Even with another year given to him, he's unlikely to match Sail Fenning now!"

"Daring to accept Sail Fenning's challenge for a life-and-death duel—Wyatt Barnes sure doesn't know his place."

"I want to see how he'll get killed tomorrow."

The elders who resented Wyatt for not giving them the remaining quota sneered.

"Haha... All right, farewell, everyone. See you tomorrow."

Holden Yellow chuckled triumphantly and walked away.

"I should leave too."

Pierce Reid also spoke and left.



Since the other outer sect elders weren't paying attention to Pierce Reid, they didn't notice his 'abnormality'. After mocking Wyatt a few more times, they each dispersed.

Wyatt, of course, paid no heed to the resentment from the outer sect elders.

He believed that after tomorrow, these outer sect elders would have to thank him instead.

Sail Fenning, an Earth Ranking expert?

So what?

No matter how strong, he's just a martial artist in the Transcending Mortal Realm; why would Wyatt fear him!

"Close to 3.1 million merit points... Tsk, tsk, even in the Moon Radiance Sect, there might not be many who can produce such a large amount of merit points at once."

Back in his secluded courtyard room, Wyatt did not enter the Jewel Tower for cultivation but instead examined the crystal card in his hand.

With the infusion of his True Energy, the merit point balance inside the crystal card was displayed.

Just a few thousand points shy of 'three hundred and ten thousand'.

Chapter 1449: Duel of Life and Death

Tomorrow is the day of the Life and Death Duel.

On this day, Wyatt Barnes did not go into the Jewel Tower to cultivate. Instead, he stepped out of his room and sat quietly at the stone table in the small courtyard, savoring the aroma of tea from his cup.

He looked at ease, entirely unlike someone who would face a life-and-death confrontation the next day.

Occasionally, some outer disciples passing by caught sight of this scene through the open courtyard gate and couldn't help but shake their heads. "Looks like Wyatt Barnes has given up."

"What a pity that Wyatt Barnes, with such extraordinary talent, is going to fall tomorrow."

"Guess the heavens are jealous of geniuses!"

...

Many outer disciples felt sorry for Wyatt Barnes.

Yet, there were also outer disciples who rejoiced at Wyatt's apparent resignation. "Looks like the merit points I bet against Wyatt Barnes yesterday will come back to me with interest tomorrow."

"Do we even need to guess? There's no suspense in tomorrow's Life and Death Duel."

Some outer disciples, regardless of what Wyatt showed before the duel, felt there was no chance at survival for him after tomorrow.

In their eyes, Wyatt Barnes was already a dead man.

No matter how bustling the outside world was, Wyatt remained seated at the stone table in the courtyard, his thoughts not on the duel tomorrow, but on his two fiancées.

"In ten months, I must return! Whether the children are born or not, I have to be there when they arrive."

Wyatt muttered to himself.

In ten months, it would be exactly three years since he left Crescent Island, the overseas Holy Island.

"I wonder how the two little girls are doing now... and Little Black, Little White, Little Gold. And Julia... she must be very worried about me."

One familiar figure after another flashed through Wyatt's mind.

These figures, along with their voices and smiles, brought a warmth to Wyatt's heart.

But Wyatt didn't know.

The Crescent Island on the overseas Holy Island had already changed dramatically with the descent of a middle-aged man in golden robes.

If he knew, he would undoubtedly rush back without hesitation.

The night gradually descended. After returning to his room, Wyatt still didn't intend to cultivate. Instead, he lay quietly on his bed, entering the realm of dreams and enjoying a restful sleep.

To others, he had only been in the Moon Radiance Sect for two months.

In reality, he had spent six full months in the second-layer space of the Jewel Tower—six months, or half a year.

During those six months, he had been cultivating every single moment, never taking the time to sleep properly like a normal person.

He slept until the sun was high in the sky.

When Wyatt walked out of the courtyard, he noticed that the blazing sun was already hanging high in the sky. "It's this late already? By now, the crowd must have gathered in the Martial Arts Performance Field."

Just as Wyatt imagined.

The Martial Arts Performance Field in the outer region of the Moon Radiance Sect was bustling with people. Everyone from the outer section, except for the Grand Elder Pov Easton, had come, leaving only those in retreat missing.

Even some disciples from the inner regions had come to join the lively scene.

Among them, Quentin Campbell was prominently present.

The spacious Martial Arts Performance Field was fully packed except for a cleared area in the center, which was surrounded by spectators.

Standing calmly in the middle of the cleared field was a young man of average appearance, with his eyes closed, unmoving as a statue, like an immovable mountain.

This was none other than Sail Fenning, ranked fifth among the outer disciples of the Moon Radiance Sect.

He was also a renowned Transcending Mortal Realm powerhouse listed prominently on the Earth Ranking.

"Why isn't Wyatt Barnes here yet?"

"Could it be that he fled before the confrontation?"

"I doubt it. Wyatt Barnes doesn't seem like the kind of person who would break his word. Besides, Elder Easton is paying attention to this matter. Even if he wanted to escape, could he?"

"That's true."

...

The bustling Martial Arts Performance Field gradually quieted down.

"Wyatt Barnes, let's see how you die today! Once you're dead, I'll take back the news to my family. If Little Yuke hears of your death, he'll surely be overjoyed."

Vein Weber stood on one side of the Martial Arts Performance Field, his face adorned with cold sneers, as if he could already see Wyatt Barnes being killed by Sail Fenning.

"Wyatt Barnes, I hope you survive. Your life belongs to me, Mandy Wood. If you die, I will kill Sail Fenning myself. I'll show everyone that I, Mandy Wood, am not only stronger than you but stronger than anyone capable of killing you."

Mandy stood in the corner of the crowd, her eyes cold and fierce.

Though Wyatt Barnes hadn't yet arrived, her resolve was already burning strong.

Her descent into the Devil Path was originally caused by Wyatt Barnes; it was her obsession with surpassing him.

If Wyatt Barnes were to die, she would undoubtedly lose her goal. However, she had already devised a fallback plan—if Wyatt were killed, her obsession would shift from Wyatt to Sail Fenning.

Outer sect elder Holden Yellow stood among a group of outer elders.

Unlike the somber expressions of most outer sect elders apart from Pierce Reid, Holden's face was bright with a smile, looking all pleased and satisfied.

Thirty-six thousand merit points, all bet on Sail Fenning. In his eyes, there was no suspense.

Though the odds were low, they were still thirty to one.

In a mere day, with both principal and interest combined, he'd gain over ten thousand merit points.

This thought made him rejoice even more.

"Wyatt Barnes is here!"

Someone sharp-eyed was the first to spot the purple figure walking from the independent courtyard area toward the Martial Arts Performance Field, exclaiming aloud and drawing everyone's attention.

Instantly, the majority of people in the Martial Arts Performance Field turned their gaze toward Wyatt Barnes.

"That's Wyatt Barnes?"

Some inner disciples from the inner region who came to spectate couldn't help but show surprise.

They hadn't expected this outer disciple, who had become famously known throughout the outer region of the Moon Radiance Sect, and had even garnered attention in the inner region, to be so young.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Quentin Campbell stared at Wyatt Barnes, his eyes cold and sharp.

He never imagined that the boy who seemed like an insignificant worm half a year ago, someone he didn't even bother to kill, could possess such terrifying talent and grow to this extent.

If time could rewind, allowing him to return to half a year ago, he would definitely kill this seemingly unremarkable boy at the time to eliminate future trouble.

But now, thinking that after today, Wyatt Barnes would no longer exist in this world, Quentin's heart was filled with pleasure.

"Quentin Campbell?"

Despite the crowd, Wyatt Barnes immediately noticed Quentin and sneered inwardly. "Watch closely... prepare to accept the 'gift' I have prepared for your line."

Half a year ago, Quentin Campbell's domineering arrival at Hill Mountain City's City Lord's mansion was still fresh in his memory.

The man who had once overlooked him, treating him like an ant, was now within his reach... Give him another year, and he was confident he would surpass Quentin in every way!

In terms of the Jewel Tower's second layer time, another year meant another three years.

"Presumptuous! Outrageous!"

Noticing the provocative look in Wyatt's eyes, Quentin's face darkened, as if he had just swallowed a fly.

Even though Wyatt had displayed monstrous talent, in Quentin's eyes, he was still the same ant he had been half a year ago.

Yet today, this ant dared meet his gaze with such a look? Quentin felt a surge of pent-up fury.

"Sail... I hope you can tear Wyatt Barnes apart! The more brutal, the better!"

Taking a deep breath, Quentin looked toward Sail Fenning standing in the middle of the Martial Arts Performance Field's cleared area, his True Energy voice transmission impatient and angry.

Upon hearing Quentin's transmission, Sail Fenning nodded slightly and simultaneously opened his eyes.

At the same time, Wyatt walked along a path casually made by the outer disciples, reaching the center of the Martial Arts Performance Field, standing face to face with Sail Fenning.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Sail Fenning raised an eyebrow and asked indifferently, his tone condescending, like a superior questioning an inferior.

"Sail Fenning?"

Wyatt didn't answer directly, instead asking back leisurely.

"Arriving so late—thought you didn't dare show up."

Sail Fenning slightly furrowed his brows, his words tinged with mockery.

"Late?"

Wyatt said calmly, "You only invited me for today's duel at the Martial Arts Performance Field, without stipulating a specific time, correct? Me arriving just before noon doesn't count as breaking the appointment, does it? Even if I came at night, it wouldn't be reneging."

"Quite a sharp tongue... I just hope your strength matches your words."

Sail Fenning sneered.

"You won't be disappointed."

Wyatt's voice was as tranquil as ever, his expression steady, as if the collapse of Mount Tai wouldn't faze him.

"I really don't know where your confidence comes from, accepting my challenge letter for a 'Life and Death Duel'... Today, dying to me, Sail Fenning, can be considered your honor."

Sail Fenning remarked flatly, "After you die, on the Netherworld Path, remember well... the one who killed you is a future 'Saint Realm powerhouse'! Knowing this might even console you. Dying at the hand of a future Saint Realm powerhouse isn't shameful."



"Future Saint Realm powerhouse? Only if you live long enough to break through to the Saint Realm!"

Wyatt retorted unhurriedly, his words unapologetically sharp.

Since he had confirmed Sail came from Evander Mullins' lineage and was here for his life, it was unnecessary to be courteous. Being polite wouldn't make Sail Fenning abandon his intent to kill him.

Razor-sharp words!

Verbal sparring!

In this exchange, Wyatt gained the upper hand.

"No matter how much you argue, it won't change the fact that you'll die today."

Evidently aware of the pointlessness of continuing to speak, Sail Fenning stopped talking. As his words faded, golden rays of light began to surround his body.

He looked as though encased in a layer of shimmering gold.

"This is..."

Witnessing this sight, Wyatt couldn't help but be momentarily surprised.

Why did this look so similar to the 'Silver Cloth Shirt' he was currently cultivating, or the 'Copper Cloth Shirt' he practiced before?

Chapter 1450: Battle Sail Fenning!

"It's the 'Golden Cloth Shirt'!"

"The Golden Cloth Shirt is an upgraded version of the 'Silver Cloth Shirt'... It's one of the few top-grade saintly martial arts techniques of human rank in our Moon Radiance Sect."

"Oh my God! I never thought Brother Sail Fenning practices such a top-grade saintly martial arts technique of human rank!"

...

As golden brilliance flickered around Sail Fenning, as if he were draped in a layer of golden armor, many of the outer sect disciples around couldn't help but exclaim in astonishment.

Although they knew Sail Fenning possessed formidable strength and was a powerhouse listed on the Earth Ranking, most of them had never seen him in action...

Even those who had seen Sail Fenning fight before had never witnessed him utilizing the 'Golden Cloth Shirt.'"

"Golden Cloth Shirt? The upgraded version of the Silver Cloth Shirt? I see."

Upon hearing the chatter around him, Wyatt Barnes suddenly understood.

However, a trace of shock lingered within him, "This Golden Cloth Shirt is a technique within the top-grade saintly martial arts of human rank. In the Moon Radiance Sect, it's said that merely renting access to this technique costs 30,000 merit points each time!"

"If Sail Fenning has cultivated the Golden Cloth Shirt, he must have at least reached the second stage of mastery... Which means he must have rented the technique at least twice, costing 60,000 merit points."

Thinking about this, Wyatt was stunned — Sail Fenning's resources were far beyond what a typical outer sect disciple could possess.

To go as far as rivaling the stewards of the outer sect!

It was worth noting that the betting pool Wyatt had set up two days ago saw the highest bet from an outer sect disciple reaching only a few thousand merit points.

Of course, Sail Fenning wasn't included among the top five outer sect disciples from the Earth Ranking, the very figures seated at the apex of the outer sect.

"So what if it's the upgraded version of the Silver Cloth Shirt? My Silver Cloth Shirt has already reached the highest level of mastery — 'perfection.' The power it wields can rival the Golden Cloth Shirt at its third level."

"Moreover, my physical body is inherently extraordinary. When I unleash the Silver Cloth Shirt, its potency far exceeds expectations!"

Wyatt was brimming with confidence in his defense technique.

His physique was already superior. According to Elder Fire, it could even surpass that of the 'Six-Clawed Divine Dragon,' closing in on the 'Seven-Clawed Divine Dragon.'

When it came to defense, Sail Fenning simply couldn't compare to him.

Of course, Wyatt understood that Sail Fenning was not just using the Golden Cloth Shirt for defense; it also served to enhance his physical attributes.

Whether it was the Copper Cloth Shirt or the Silver Cloth Shirt, once activated, they not only bolstered physical defense but also heightened the wielder's physical prowess to a certain extent.

As an upgrade of the Silver Cloth Shirt, the Golden Cloth Shirt naturally shared these traits.

Its effects varied based on one's mastery level.

That said, the foundation of one's physical body remained the most decisive factor.

And on this front, Sail Fenning was far outmatched by Wyatt.

Even if Sail Fenning had reached the highest level of mastery for the Golden Cloth Shirt, 'perfection,' the defensive power formed by True Energy would only pose a minor obstacle to Wyatt.

As for the enhanced physical prowess it provided, Wyatt dismissed it as inconsequential — it wouldn't make a difference regardless.

This was all because Sail Fenning had a mortal body.

Wyatt, on the other hand, stood unparalleled in physical strength. In the vast Martial Dao Sacred Land, among beings at his cultivation level, he could eclipse not only humans but also sacred beasts and savage beasts known for their innate physical might.

Attempting to flaunt physical prowess in front of Wyatt was akin to showing off one's limited skills — nothing different from trying to outshine a master swordsman before the legendary Guan Yu.

"Wyatt Barnes, I have to say, you're quite fortunate... Since I ascended to the Earth Ranking, I haven't crossed swords with any other outer sect disciple. Today's duel, even if it leads to your death, is something you can take pride in."

Sail Fenning raised his hand, and a broad, heavy sword appeared in his grasp.

Unlike the typical elegance of a blade, this sword exuded heaviness — its enormous size seemed cumbersome, motionless, and undoubtedly challenging to wield.

Yet in Sail Fenning's grip, the sword appeared weightless, as if it were made of air.

"Feel proud even in death?"

Wyatt sneered, "Why not reserve that 'pride' for yourself instead!"

"Brother Sail, why bother wasting words on him! Just slaughter him outright."

Quentin Campbell's True Energy voice transmission reached Sail Fenning's ears, causing his expression to stiffen as his gaze shot towards Wyatt like lightning.

Whoosh!

In the next instant, Sail Fenning moved.

From Wyatt's leftward field of vision, Quentin, gripping a heavy sword longer than his own height, seemed to move with the flow of the wind. In another fleeting moment, Sail Fenning had closed the distance between them.

During Sail Fenning's movement, Wyatt was struck by a peculiar sensation.

In that moment, Sail Fenning seemed to transform into a Giant Roc.

"Giant Roc Soaring High!"

At the same time, an astonished cry reached Wyatt's ears. It was an inner sect disciple recognizing the footwork technique Sail Fenning was employing... this belonged to the same set of top-grade saintly martial arts as the defensive move 'Golden Cloth Shirt.'

"No wonder his movements bear such a close resemblance to that of a Giant Roc... He's trained in a movement technique aptly named Giant Roc Soaring High."

Wyatt mused to himself.

"Wyatt Barnes, take this strike of mine!"

In an instant, Sail Fenning arrived close to Wyatt's position. With a thunderous roar, his heavy sword surged with streaks of azure True Energy, descending upon Wyatt's head like a massive mountain threatening to crush him.

At this moment, Wyatt even had the illusion that Sail Fenning's blade was no longer just a sword—it resembled a colossal, imposing mountain instead.

A heavy sword moving like the wind and thunder, crushing down akin to a towering, majestic mountain."

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Wherever the sword passed, the echo of wind and thunder resounded endlessly, leaving the surrounding air seemingly sucked dry.

Wyatt had become Sail Fenning's target of suppression.

"As heavy as a mountain!"

Another inner sect disciple exclaimed, immediately recognizing Sail Fenning's attack technique. It also belonged to the same set of top-grade saintly martial arts as the Golden Cloth Shirt and Giant Roc Soaring High.

This attack focused exclusively on 'force.'

When unleashed, every weapon could descend as if a mountain, crushing opponents to pieces."

"Taking your strike is no challenge!"

Faced with the overwhelming momentum of Sail Fenning's strike, Wyatt coldly responded with a smirk. He raised his hand, and the Shooting Sun Bow appeared. A True Energy-condensed arrow shot forth like a meteor streaking through the night sky.

"Meteor Strike!"

A shot resembling a falling meteor darted straight for the heavy sword in Sail Fenning's hand, colliding heavily with it.

BOOM!!

With the deafening sound of impacts, rolling waves of expansive force swept through the Martial Arts Performance Field, sending the robes of nearby onlookers billowing wildly.

Wyatt's arrow shook the heavy sword, shifting its trajectory upwards slightly, diminishing the force contained within.

"An ant trying to stop a cart!"

Though surprised at the raw power of Wyatt's hasty shot, Sail Fenning wouldn't miss the opportunity to suppress Wyatt. He adjusted his sword and continued pressing it down upon Wyatt.

Of course, this time his strike was rushed, and its force had weakened significantly.

Nevertheless, Sail Fenning was confident.

His strike would land on Wyatt before he could fire another arrow.

"Let's see who's truly the ant here."

Wyatt chuckled lightly, making the Shooting Sun Bow vanish in a blink. In the next instant, he stepped forward, claspings his fists tightly as they shot out like two giant cannons.

This scene left the crowd around stunned.

Wyatt was planning to block Sail Fenning's sword with bare fists?

Even if Sail Fenning's strike lacked its earlier power, it didn't seem like Wyatt could intercept it with just his hands.

"Fool!"

Quentin Campbell sneered in disdain, as if he had already visualized Wyatt's tragic end.

"This Wyatt Barnes... Has the audacity to discard his saintly weapon? Is he courting death?"

Mandy Wood frowned.

Outer Sect Elder Holden Yellow wore a beaming smile, as if he were already counting the 10,000+ merit points flowing into his account.

"Courting death!"

Sail Fenning scoffed disdainfully when he saw Wyatt's intention to intercept his sword barehanded. Not even a Martial Artist at the initial stage of Entering the Saint Realm would dare exhibit such carelessness before his sword strike.

"Since you're eager for an early demise, I'll gladly send you on your way!"

The heavy sword in Sail Fenning's hand roared as it crushed downward like an unstoppable mountain, shading the heavens, flipping space and time.

In response to Sail Fenning's contempt, Wyatt surprisingly remained silent.

Taking a step forward, his fists shot forth as his entire body was enveloped in a brilliant silver light. Wyatt glimmered as though clad in a radiant silver armor.

The aura of mastery exuded by the perfected 'Silver Cloth Shirt.'

The moment the Silver Cloth Shirt enveloped him, it triggered his full potential. All his fleshly power surged, exploding outward in a show of unfettered force.

If it weren't for the shimmering silver glow covering Wyatt's figure, the crowd would have been able to see every vein pulsing prominently on his fists, radiating raw power with each surge.

Had Wyatt stripped entirely of his clothes, everyone would see the muscles beneath his silver-draped skin — taut, precise, and immeasurably potent.

"Break!"



Silver luminance gleamed in Wyatt's eyes as the surging fists, imbued with True Energy and strength, shot forth. They soared like two Flood Dragons escaping their lair.

The two roaring dragons collided head-on with the descending heavy sword, advancing without pause, wreaking a symphony of wind and thunder.

BANG!!

BANG!!

With two thunderous detonations, shockwaves spread in all directions, intersecting where energy collided, threatening to rend the very space apart.

The colliding shockwaves formed miniature explosions of force, sending ripple-like waves dispersing through the environment of immense gravity at the Martial Dao Sacred Land.

Disciples at the peak of the Transcending Mortal Realm and above who watched closely could discern the airborne, ripple-like wave patterns.

Wave patterns spread circle after circle until encompassing the entire crowd.