

L. Wyatt 1451

Chapter 1451: Saint Markings!

The crowd stood silently, their robes fluttering, eyes fixed intently on the battlefield.

In the arena, as ripples of air spread and gradually dissipated, calm began to return.

Under the watchful gaze of the spectators, Wyatt Barnes, clad in a violet robe, trembled his arms and took two steps back before steadying himself, his face slightly flushed.

On the other hand, Sail Fenning retracted his greatsword with a tremor, his complexion alternating between pale and green, yet his feet remained firmly planted.

Of course, not many noticed the differences in their expressions.

Most were focused solely on their actions.

"Sail Fenning has the upper hand!"

"Hmph! Facing Sail Fenning's greatsword without using a Saint artifact—it's sheer recklessness."

"This exchange makes it clear—my idol Sail Fenning is undoubtedly stronger!"

...

Many outer sect disciples gazed passionately at Sail Fenning, discussing fervently.

These outer sect disciples were blind admirers of Sail Fenning.

"Wait a minute... Wyatt managed to hold his own without using a Saint artifact, while Sail Fenning used one."

"Wyatt is incredibly powerful! To face Sail Fenning's sword barehanded and come out unscathed?"

"It seems today's duel might not necessarily end with Wyatt's downfall after all."

...

Those who spoke such words were neutral disciples of the outer sect, each shocked by Wyatt's displayed strength.

The outer sect elders and stewards present wore grave expressions.

"Indeed, of great fame comes true capability. Wyatt is extraordinary."

A group of inner sect disciples, who had rushed over to spectate, displayed looks of astonishment as well.

After all, Sail Fenning was a powerhouse listed on the Earth Ranking.

"How is this possible?!"

Quentin Campbell, witnessing this scene, now showed both shock and incredulity; he hadn't expected Wyatt to block Sail Fenning's sword barehanded.

Though the sword's force wasn't at its peak, it was still augmented by the power of a Saint artifact!

"Tsk tsks... What a true Earth Ranking powerhouse—swallowing one's pride but refusing to take even one step back."

Wyatt, his face having returned to normal, locked his gaze on Sail Fenning and remarked.

Prompted by Wyatt's words, the crowd's attention collectively turned toward Sail Fenning.

"Why is Sail Fenning's face so pale?"

"Could it be just as Wyatt said, that Sail Fenning bore the brunt of the strike's power without retreating a step?"

There were plenty of clever observers among the crowd.

"Wow!!"

Facing Wyatt's public exposé and sensing the growing stares of the crowd, Sail Fenning's blood surged, causing him to involuntarily spit out a mouthful of thick blood.

As his blood stained the ground, his complexion slowly returned to normal.

Witnessing this, the entire venue fell into silence.

At this moment, how could they not realize that Sail Fenning had been at a disadvantage in the previous exchange?

"Wyatt! Barnes!"

As Sail Fenning stared at Wyatt again, he bit down in fury.

If, initially, his intent to kill Wyatt had stemmed from Quentin's urging,

then now, his personal desire to eliminate Wyatt had intensified—to erase this person who had humiliated him under the eyes of the public.

The crowd soon came to their senses, their gaze toward Wyatt shifting dramatically.

"Sail Fenning's sword was rushed, yes, but it was enhanced by a Saint artifact... Even without the artifact, his full power wouldn't likely be much different."

Pierce Reid gazed at Wyatt with a complicated expression, murmuring.

In other words, if neither used a Saint artifact and fought at full strength... Sail Fenning wouldn't be Wyatt's match!

Not only Pierce saw this; many outer sect elders, including Holden Yellow, discerned it too. Especially Holden, whose expression turned slightly sour.

He had believed that Sail Fenning defeating Wyatt today was a foregone conclusion.

Yet, as events developed to this point, he realized that certainty didn't exist.

Holden's thirty-six thousand merit points might end up wasted!

Meanwhile, other outer sect elders breathed relieved sighs, silently grateful for not betting yesterday.

Otherwise, they'd now be in a state of anxiety.

With this realization, they all turned to Holden. Seeing his grim face, they couldn't help but revel in schadenfreude.

"Holden Elder, if Wyatt wins today, your thirty-six thousand merit points will be gone... Tsk tsk, thirty-six thousand merit points—is that nearly your entire fortune?"

One outer sect elder teased Holden, chuckling.

"Thirty-six thousand merit points... Even for you, Holden Elder, gathering such a sum must have taken over a decade, right?"

Another elder chimed in provocatively.

"Enough of your stones in the well! The result isn't decided yet."

Holden sneered. "Do you truly believe Sail Fenning, a renowned Transcending Mortal Realm powerhouse on the Earth Ranking, doesn't have hidden techniques?"

The other sect elders naturally knew this. Their mocking Holden was solely for his arrogance yesterday.

"If that's the case, Wyatt's warning yesterday against betting was genuinely considerate of us."

One elder pondered and slowly came to this realization.

"Indeed, Wyatt is oddly admirable for that."

Other elders now found Wyatt considerably more likable than before.

"Holden Elder, did you manage to offend Wyatt?"

One outer sect elder glanced at Holden with a puzzled expression.

"If I recall correctly, none of you used spirit techniques to probe Wyatt yesterday, did you?"

Pierce Reid finally spoke, asking a pointed question.

"Wyatt is less than forty years old, already achieving Small Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm... Isn't that evident enough? What's the point in probing with spirit techniques?"

"Exactly! Additionally, using spirit techniques without necessity can be impolite... While he may not match us now, with his talent, he'll surely grow into a figure we all admire someday. Unless absolutely required, I wouldn't offend him lightly."

"Exactly."

...

The elders unanimously agreed they hadn't employed spirit techniques on Wyatt.

"No wonder when Wyatt glanced at me yesterday, his eyes carried wariness and hostility... Turns out it's because I probed him with spirit techniques a month ago."

Pierce Reid chuckled wryly.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Listening to Pierce and the others, Holden clenched his teeth, finally piecing things together. If he couldn't deduce this now, then he truly hadn't lived such long years wisely.

The truth was plain: Wyatt hadn't warned him out of goodwill.

No, Wyatt had conned him!

And among all the outer sect elders, he alone had been the target!

"You'll only cheat me once you beat Sail Fenning first."

Holden looked grim; should Wyatt actually triumph, his confidence would turn into bitter regret.

Thirty-six thousand merit points—a loss would severely wound him.

Now, Holden wished for Sail Fenning's victory more than anyone else.

"It appears Wyatt indeed has the ability to match Sail Fenning... No wonder he set up such a wager! I thought before that he was just distributing wealth as parting generosity, knowing today was his end."

"Wyatt is way too cunning! I placed three thousand merit points on Sail Fenning—if he loses, those points are gone."

"Why did I get so greedy? For the chance of earning less than a hundred merit points, I wagered over two thousand..."

...

A group of outer sect disciples, who'd bet through Wyatt's setup, now regretted their decisions bitterly.

Including Vein Weber, many outer sect stewards wore grim faces.

Wyatt's displayed strength had blindsided them, jeopardizing the safety of their wagers placed on Sail Fenning.

"Damn it! How is Wyatt so powerful?"

Vein Weber's expression turned ashen. He'd nearly gambled all his merit points on Sail Fenning—if Sail Fenning lost, he'd be left penniless.

With only a few thousand merit points left, he wouldn't likely get far.

And that hefty sum of merit points, accumulated over nearly two decades, would be gone.

"Wyatt Barnes..."

Mandy Wood looked at Wyatt in the arena with conflicted eyes. He didn't want Wyatt to die—he wanted to personally kill Wyatt to shatter his obsession with the path of demonic cultivation.

Only by doing so could he free himself from all his bindings and ascend unstoppably!

However, seeing Wyatt's exhibited strength, a hint of unease and hesitation crept into Mandy's heart: "Did I truly surpass Wyatt by falling into the Devil Path... Can I defeat him after becoming a Demon Cultivator?"

Since succumbing to the Devil Path and transforming into a Demon Cultivator, Mandy's mind drifted for the first time toward such doubt.

"Sail Fenning, you can do it!"

"Sail Fenning will win!"

"Sail Fenning, you're an Earth Ranking powerhouse—invincible in battle!"

...

At some point, myriad outer sect disciples began hollering fervently.

Some outer sect disciples even turned red-eyed, desperately wishing they could transfer their strength to Sail Fenning.

Naturally, they were so fervent due to their wagers placed on Sail Fenning.

"Wyatt, whether due to you being a Sacred Beast or its descendant, causing your body to be abnormally strong... if this is the extent of your abilities, then today you will surely die!"

Amid those cheers, Sail Fenning felt exalted, energy surging through him. Brandishing his greatsword horizontally, he addressed Wyatt coldly.

His words clearly acknowledged Wyatt's peculiar physical prowess.

"Sometimes, it's better not to say too much. Otherwise, failure to deliver makes you the one embarrassed."

Wyatt smiled faintly, replying casually.

"I'll soon teach you a new lesson!"

Sail Fenning sneered, stomping down fiercely. A burst of shockwaves rippled outward, launching him into the air like a soaring roc, charging toward Wyatt.

Soaring Roc Breaking the Heavens!

His greatsword quivered, not only enveloped by True Energy but also infused with a mysterious force, enhancing its aura to an ominous degree.

"Is that Saint Markings?!"

Gasps rippled across the crowd, the exclamations piercing Wyatt's ears.

Chapter 1452: Two-Star Saint Markings

"Saint Markings?"

Wyatt Barnes, who had just noticed the subtle change in the aura of Sail Fenning's giant sword, couldn't help but be taken aback upon hearing the exclamation from the onlookers.

Having been in the Martial Dao Sacred Land for over a year, he had only once seen a Saint Weapon inscribed with 'Saint Markings' at the auction held by the Marvel Pavilion in Hill Mountain City... However, that particular Saint Marking was merely an ordinary 'Solar Saint Marking.'

That Saint Marking could only provide superficial auxiliary effects.

It had little impact on the Saint Weapon itself.

However, the Saint Markings on Sail Fenning's giant sword were visibly different. In just an instant, the aura of the giant sword underwent an earth-shattering transformation.

Supreme Falling Star Strike!

Without any hesitation, Wyatt clenched his silver-glowing left hand tightly around the Shooting Sun Bow, while his right hand materialized an arrow and placed it on the bowstring.

This time, unlike the previous instance when employing 'Supreme Falling Star Strike' with some restraint, Wyatt unleashed its full power!

Swish!

With the release of a single arrow, it streaked through the air like a fleeting meteor in the night sky, dimming everything around it.

At this moment, the entire world seemed to revolve solely around this arrow.

"Mount Tai Strike!"

At the perfect moment, Sail Fenning roared explosively. His heavy sword morphed into a towering mountain, meeting Wyatt's dazzling arrow head-on.

The heavy sword pierced through the air accompanied by the deafening sound of wind and thunder, far more terrifying than the power in Sail Fenning's earlier strike.

Of course, the earlier strike referred to the very first blow he unleashed, not the sword strike that had already been neutralized and weakened by Wyatt's previous arrow.

Boom!!

The heavy sword crashed down like Mount Tai itself, quaking the void and eclipsing the world in darkness.

Wyatt's full-strength arrow was instantly crushed!

The shattered arrow merely slowed the heavy sword slightly... a slowing so negligible as to be almost inconsequential.

The heavy sword continued its relentless charge.

"Impossible!?"

Wyatt's face changed dramatically.

The sheer power of Sail Fenning's strike completely exceeded his expectations.

This sword's force was so tremendously strong that Wyatt felt it even surpassed the typical attacks of Martial Artists in the early stages of Entering the Saint Realm.

"What kind of inscription is this? How can it grant the heavy sword such immense power?"

Wyatt's heart was gripped with shock, realizing that no matter how meticulously he calculated, he still failed to account for the 'Saint Markings' on Sail Fenning's sword... While he had considered the possibility of Saint Markings on it, he hadn't anticipated their terrifying strength.

When Sail Fenning first retrieved his heavy sword, Wyatt had instantly recognized it as a mid-tier Saint Weapon, distinct from lower-tier Saint Weapons.

At the time, he suspected it might contain Saint Markings.

But even with this suspicion, he hadn't imagined that the markings on Sail Fenning's heavy sword were this alarming, endowing him with such unparalleled strength.

"Die!!"

Sail Fenning roared, and his heavy sword—now resembling a towering mountain—was approaching Wyatt, coming devastatingly close to crushing and obliterating him.

Yellow Springs Requiem!

At the critical moment, Wyatt's hands quivered repeatedly, triggering the bowstring over and over to unleash the only close-combat move within the Supreme Falling Star Arrow technique.

Harsh piercing sounds erupted one after the other.

Blades of True Energy surged forth, bombarding Sail Fenning's heavy sword like a torrential storm.

However, the heavy sword ultimately broke through the storm and slammed onto Wyatt's body.

Bang!!

With a thunderous explosion, Wyatt was sent flying like an arrow leaving its string, soaring tens of meters away before staggering to a stop.

Blood spurted from his mouth repeatedly, and his complexion grew deathly pale.

"Luckily, I managed to execute 'Yellow Springs Requiem' in time to block most of the power behind his strike... Otherwise, with that sword alone, I would have surely died!"

Feeling both fear and relief, Wyatt reflected on his close escape.

"It's a 'Thousand Weight Marking'!"

Right then, Wyatt's ears picked up fragmented exclamations from the crowd, "Thousand Weight Marking?"

Wyatt immediately realized that the crowd was discussing the markings inscribed on Sail Fenning's sword, the markings that granted him this devastatingly mighty power.

"The Thousand Weight Marking, once activated, makes the Saint Weapon as heavy as a thousand tons... And yet, for the weapon's wielder, it carries no burden. Sail Fenning's sword has a Thousand Weight Marking! Incredible!"

"The Thousand Weight Marking is a two-star Saint Marking... Within the sect, a mid-tier Saint Weapon inscribed with a two-star Saint Marking costs at least two hundred thousand merit points to obtain! Where did Sail Fenning get so many merit points?"

"First he unveiled top-grade martial arts, and now a mid-tier Saint Weapon with a two-star marking... Sail Fenning must be some inner sect elder's illegitimate child!"

...

The gathered outer sect disciples were in an uproar, all astonished at Sail Fenning's trump card.

"Two-star Saint Marking? I see now."

Wyatt secretly drew a sharp breath, "No wonder it's so powerful. It turns out to be a two-star marking... But how did an outer sect disciple like Sail Fenning get his hands on a mid-tier Saint Weapon with a two-star Saint Marking?"

"It must have been lent to him by some powerhouse from Evander Mullins' faction. No, that's not right! When Sail Fenning retrieved this sword, no one seemed surprised, as if this sword had always been his weapon."

Wyatt couldn't fathom it.

Even the outer sect elders exchanged startled glances, clearly seeing shock mirrored in one another's eyes.

They all possessed mid-tier Saint Weapons with two-star Saint Markings themselves.

Still, the appearance of such a weapon in the hands of an outer sect disciple—even one ranked on the Earth List—was undeniably shocking.

"Where did Sail Fenning's Saint Weapon come from?"

"He had always wielded this weapon but never activated the two-star Saint Marking 'Thousand Weight Marking.'"

"Because previously, his opponents weren't worth using the Thousand Weight Marking against!"

"With the Thousand Weight Marking activated, Wyatt Barnes is doomed to lose!"

...

Even Pierce Reid and the other outer sect elders lamented.

If not for the Thousand Weight Marking, Wyatt might have had a chance.

But now that Sail Fenning had unleashed the Thousand Weight Marking, they believed Wyatt had no chance at all.

Holden Yellow, initially scowling, had now broken into a radiant grin, "With the Thousand Weight Marking activated, this battle is as good as settled!"

Like Holden, a group of outer sect disciples also rejoiced.

These were the disciples who had bet heavily on Sail Fenning in the wager set by Wyatt... Only if Sail Fenning claimed victory could they reclaim their stakes and reap additional rewards.

Quentin Campbell smiled.

In his view, there was no suspense left in this battle.

Others held similar opinions.

"Who would have thought Sail Fenning's Saint Weapon had a hidden two-star Saint Marking... With this trump card in play, the outcome is already decided."

Many outer sect stewards grinned, having bet large sums on Sail Fenning themselves. Naturally, they hoped for his victory.

"Wyatt Barnes, your death is inevitable!"

Vein Weber glared at Wyatt, his eyes filled with malicious intent and a sneering smirk on his lips.

"Wyatt Barnes, no matter how much you struggle today, it's all futile... The moment you stood before me, Sail Fenning, your fate was sealed: you'll undoubtedly die!"

After sending Wyatt flying, Sail Fenning didn't immediately pursue him. Instead, he toyed with him verbally, like a predator playing with frail prey.

Once satisfied with his taunting, Sail Fenning moved, springing forward like a soaring roc. His target: Wyatt Barnes.

Boom!!

The heavy sword, now charged with the power of the two-star Saint Marking 'Thousand Weight Marking,' roared like thunder as it moved to crush Wyatt, intent on obliterating him.

Arrow-guided motion!

Facing Sail Fenning's aggressive assault, Wyatt realized that even with his full strength, he couldn't overcome him head-on. Hence, he opted to evade.

For the moment, he narrowly escaped disaster.

"Do you think endlessly fleeing will help you?"

Sail Fenning jeered, raising another weapon in his hand—a massive crimson hammer.

Though the hammer appeared heavy, in his grasp, it seemed as light as a feather.

"It's the 'Gale Hammer!'"

When Sail Fenning pulled out the hammer, several inner sect disciples who had come to watch gasped aloud in surprise.

"Gale Hammer?"

The inner sect disciples' exclamation startled many outer sect disciples as well. "Isn't the Gale Hammer the weapon of Inner Sect Senior Quentin Campbell? It's said the Gale Hammer carries a 'two-star Saint Marking' too."

"I've heard that as well. It's said Quentin Campbell's Gale Hammer has a two-star Saint Marking known as the 'Gale Saint Marking.' Once activated, the Gale Hammer's speed becomes terrifyingly fast."

"It's rumored Senior Quentin Campbell's speed ranks among the top in the inner sect, partly due to the Gale Saint Marking on his Gale Hammer."

...

Chatter from the outer sect disciples revealed the Gale Hammer's origins.

"Quentin Campbell's weapon? Another two-star inscription?"

Wyatt's face darkened.

If he couldn't already conclude that Quentin had deliberately lent his weapon to Sail Fenning to deal with him, the decades he had spent across his two lifetimes would have been meaningless.

Sail Fenning's pullout of the Gale Hammer prompted Quentin Campbell to flash a brilliant smile.

Lending his Gale Hammer to Sail Fenning had been a precautionary measure.

"With the Gale Hammer, combined with Sail's own 'Thousand Weight Sword'... If Wyatt Barnes still manages to survive, that would indeed be a miracle."

In Quentin's mind, such a miracle was impossible.

"Wyatt Barnes, keep running if you want... I'd love to see whether your speed can outmatch mine!"

Holding both the Gale Hammer and the Thousand Weight Sword, Sail Fenning smirked mockingly at Wyatt.

To him, Wyatt was already a morsel awaiting final consumption.

As the words left his mouth, Sail Fenning sprang into action.

With True Energy surging on the Gale Hammer, the 'Gale Saint Marking' activated. In a flash, the hammer was swung toward Wyatt, streaking through the air like a meteor on a collision course, its speed utterly unbelievable!

Chapter 1453: Die!

As the Gale Hammer rapidly shot towards Wyatt Barnes, Sail Fenning, clutching the hammer tightly, was also dragged forward by its momentum.

The speed was astonishing, truly beyond belief!

At this moment, Sail wasn't even utilizing any movement techniques; he was relying entirely on the Gale Hammer to propel him.

Even among the many Transcending Mortal Realm disciples present, few could clearly discern Sail's figure due to the sheer velocity with which the hammer carried him.

"So fast! Is this the speed granted by the 'Gale Saint Markings'?"

Several outer disciples wore expressions of shock and awe.

"The 'Gale Saint Markings' on the Gale Hammer and the 'Thousand Weight Saint Markings' on the Thousand Weight Greatsword... Wyatt Barnes is going to lose."

The outer elders silently concluded.

A group of outer stewards and those disciples who had placed hefty bets on Sail Fenning sighed in relief as soon as he moved with the Gale Hammer.

To them, this battle held no suspense anymore.

In terms of strength, Sail had the Thousand Weight Greatsword, easily overpowering Wyatt.

In terms of speed, Sail had the Gale Hammer, overwhelming Wyatt once more.

Whether it was speed or power, Wyatt was clearly inferior to Sail. The outcome seemed decided.

Not only the stewards and disciples who had wagered, but even most of the onlookers shared the same opinion—this fight was over, beyond any doubt.

Of course, there were always exceptions.

One such exception came from an outer disciple whose strength ranked within the top 100 of the Moon Radiance Sect. This was someone who had crossed paths with Wyatt Barnes just two months ago when Wyatt first joined the sect.

That person was Ricky Ridge!

Two months ago, Ricky had attempted to extort Wyatt when the latter had just arrived at the Moon Radiance Sect, only to be utterly crushed in return.

As the one who experienced it firsthand, Ricky vividly remembered the bizarre incidents from that day... deep down, he was convinced Wyatt must have used some kind of supernatural ability. Otherwise, how could Wyatt have diverted his attacks twice with such precision?

After that event, Ricky repeatedly tried to explain this phenomenon to others, but no one believed him.

Everyone thought he was simply making excuses to mask his own defeat, claiming Wyatt possessed some sort of supernatural ability.

But only Ricky knew his claims were true.

A month ago, when Wyatt fought Javier Lynch, Ricky thought he might finally have a chance to prove Wyatt's supernatural capabilities... Yet to his shock, Wyatt didn't use such abilities that time. Instead, he defeated Javier with his raw strength alone.

Now, watching Sail Fenning rush at Wyatt Barnes with the Gale Hammer at a critical moment where defeat seemed inevitable, Ricky began to sense another twist.

Thus, the instant Sail charged, Ricky's gaze locked firmly onto Wyatt... and what he saw confirmed his suspicions.

He was shocked beyond words.

Wyatt, standing in the distance, now had a small black vortex spinning rapidly within his left pupil. The vortex churned so fast that Ricky felt his very soul being drawn into its depths at a single glance.

"I thought... killing Sail Fenning wouldn't require the 'Mysterious Eye.'"

Wyatt sighed softly in his heart.

He hadn't intended to rely on the awe-inspiring abilities of the 'Mysterious Eye,' but the dual two-star Saint Markings on Sail's weapons had completely disrupted his plans and destroyed his previous assumptions.

At this moment, if he didn't use the Mysterious Eye, he was certain to die!

As the Mysterious Eye activated, Sail Fenning—who had moved at incomprehensible speeds alongside the Gale Hammer—began to appear drastically slower within Wyatt’s left-eye vision.

Of course, this rapid deceleration wasn’t without cost; Wyatt’s mental energy drained rapidly, leaving him exhausted.

It had to be said: Sail’s speed was truly fiendish.

To be precise, the Gale Hammer’s speed was horrifyingly fast.

Even with the Mysterious Eye employed to its full potential, the Gale Hammer reached Wyatt in an instant.

And where the Gale Hammer went, Sail Fenning naturally followed.

"Die!!"

As Sail neared Wyatt, the Gale Hammer continued its ferocious trajectory, hurtling toward Wyatt like a cannonball. Meanwhile, Sail’s other hand brought the Thousand Weight Greatsword crashing down with titanic force, as though the heavens themselves were collapsing to crush Wyatt.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

...

The heavy blade, marked with the 'Thousand Weight Saint Markings,' rent the air with thunderous booms. The shockwaves alone sent chills down spines, making those who heard it shudder with dread.

Should anyone be struck, they’d be obliterated in an instant, reduced to a mist of blood with no remains.

The vast majority of outer disciples in the audience couldn't track Sail's movements due to his speed. Even a handful of inner disciples who could follow the action narrowed their eyes, unwilling to witness what was about to happen.

Among the outer elders, only Holden Yellow wore an exhilarated expression, while the others collectively shook their heads with dismay.

"Heaven favors the gifted, yet they fall too soon!"

A shared sentiment of lament rippled through their hearts.

"Die! Die!"

Vein Weber stared on with unfettered exhilaration, his wide eyes unblinking, as though terrified of missing even the tiniest detail of Wyatt's imminent death.

"What use is talent? In the end, you'll still become no more than dust in the Martial Dao Sacred Land!"

Quentin Campbell sneered coldly, his gaze at Wyatt empty of any emotion.

"Spatial Displacement!"

Just as nearly everyone believed Wyatt's death was certain, his Mysterious Eye reached its pinnacle, locking onto the Thousand Weight Greatsword and Gale Hammer in Sail's hands.

At this crucial moment, Wyatt utilized the game-breaking ability of his Mysterious Eye: Spatial Displacement. The last remnants of his mental energy were entirely drained in the process.

And as his mental energy reached its limit, leaving his head utterly hollowed out...

The Thousand Weight Greatsword in Sail's grasp wildly veered off course from Wyatt's body. Like a towering mountain, it came crashing down to one side, its devastating power smashing into the solid ground of the Martial Arts Performance Field.

BOOM!!

With an earth-shattering roar, the arena floor shattered, sending shards of stone flying as dirt clouds erupted skyward.

"Still not enough."

As the Gale Hammer veered slightly off-line, hurtling toward Wyatt's left arm, his expression shifted dramatically. Wyatt scrambled to maneuver his body and dodge, channeling every ounce of strength he could muster.

He managed to avoid a direct hit, but his arm wasn't unscathed.

Though the hammer merely grazed him, it tore away a large chunk of flesh, narrowly sparing the bone.

The excruciating pain forced cold sweat to pour down Wyatt's body. On top of the mental exhaustion, he nearly passed out from the shock.

"No! I can't faint! Absolutely not!!"

At this critical moment, Wyatt bit down hard on his tongue, clearing his mind a fraction.

He knew all too well.

If he lost consciousness now, everything he'd just done would mean nothing.

Sail would undoubtedly strike again.

If he fainted, he'd be nothing more than meat on a chopping block, at Sail's mercy.

Holding onto his lucidity, Wyatt's sharp gaze locked onto Sail as the latter sped past him... To Wyatt's surprise, Sail's face was filled with disbelief and shock.

Perhaps Sail couldn't fathom it.

Why had the Thousand Weight Greatsword and Gale Hammer, which were set to strike Wyatt, suddenly veered away at the critical moment, narrowly missing their target?

Sail's missed attack, combined with the momentum of his weapons, flung him forward uncontrollably and left him completely exposed.

A perfect opportunity!

Wyatt wouldn't let this slip by. A cold smirk played on his lips as he twitched the hand pulling the bowstring of his Sunshot Bow.

In an instant, a blade of True Energy materialized, streaking out like a bolt of lightning.

WHOOSH!!

The dazzling arc of energy whistled through the air, resembling the scythe of the Reaper itself as it slashed across Sail's throat, carving a ferocious gash.

The wound ripped open, blood gushing forth in spurts, unstoppable.

Under countless watchful eyes, Sail Fenning, dragged by the combined forces of his weapons, left a trail of crimson before collapsing into a pool of blood, motionless.

Silence.

A deathly silence blanketed the scene.

"Supernatural ability! It's a supernatural ability!"

Ricky Ridge stared on with wide, terrified eyes.

HISS! HISS! HISS! HISS!

...

After a brief moment, everyone present began snapping out of their daze. A chorus of gasps resounded throughout the crowd, echoing endlessly.

"S-Sail Fenning is dead?"

Outer disciples stared dumbstruck at Sail's lifeless body.

"Impossible!"

Outer Steward Vein Weber's expression twisted with horror and despair as he glared at Wyatt, filled with resentment. "That little bastard... how could he possibly kill Sail Fenning! No! It's impossible! Absolutely impossible!!"

Vein couldn't accept the reality before him.

The other outer stewards wore equally bitter faces.

The moment Sail Fenning died, the heavy bets they had placed with their merit points were as good as gone.

"My thousand merit points... gone! Gone!!!"

One outer disciple clutched his chest and wailed in anguish.

"A thousand points and you think you're the only one suffering? I lost three whole thousand!!!"

Another disciple nearby roared with a dark expression.

Soon, the expressions of the other betting disciples turned equally grim.

Sail's death meant their bets now amounted to nothing but losses, with no chance of recovering their merit points.

Some of them felt like dying right then and there.

"Sail Fenning was so useless! An Earth Ranking expert? He couldn't even beat a new disciple who joined two months ago."

"Exactly! What a disgrace!"

"An Earth Ranking expert, even wielding two Earth-grade Saint Weapons engraved with two-star Saint Markings, still lost to a sect newcomer... How humiliating!"

...

One by one, the outer disciples who lost their bets unleashed an endless stream of curses toward Sail Fenning.

Chapter 1454: Panic-Stricken Quentin Campbell

"How is this possible?!"

The smile on Holden Yellow's face had long disappeared.

His expression was gloomy, unable to comprehend why this was the outcome.

With his strength, any slight movement from Sail Fenning could not escape his eyes.

Just now, Sail Fenning's attack was clearly about to land on Wyatt Barnes.

However, at the crucial moment, Sail Fenning's attack suddenly veered to Wyatt Barnes's side and missed.

It was as if he deliberately exposed himself before Wyatt Barnes, allowing Wyatt to take him down.

In that instant, a thought even rose in his mind.

Sail Fenning was seeking death on purpose!

But, on second thought, it seemed impossible.

Sail Fenning was a strong contender on the Earth List, with such a bright future—what could possibly drive him to despair?

Moreover, he had heard uncertain rumors before, saying that the top five outer sect disciples, all ranked on the Earth List, were secretly taken as direct disciples by figures from the sect's highest decision-making body.

Although he, Holden Yellow, was an elder in the outer sect, he had not yet entered the sect's highest decision-making body.

In fact, throughout the outer sect, only the Grand Elder 'Pov Easton' had entered the sect's highest decision-making body, and his status was not low.

Having seen the 'Thousand Jun Saint Marking' on the sacred weapon in Sail Fenning's hand, Holden Yellow was almost certain that the rumor he heard was true, and Sail Fenning indeed had a master with high status in the Moon Radiance Sect.

For this reason, no matter how he thought about it, Sail Fenning couldn't be seeking his own death!

Thus, all the oddities obviously fell on the person who killed Sail Fenning.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Holden Yellow looked at Wyatt, his eyes seemingly shooting flames.

Thinking about the 360,000 merit points that had become Wyatt Barnes's possession, he felt an evil fire rush from his feet to his forehead, "Yesterday, a group of outer sect elders, but this Wyatt accepted a bet only from me, obviously intending to pit me!"

"However, do you seriously think, Wyatt Barnes, that my merit points are something you can just swallow?"

Thinking of this, a fierce light flickered in Holden's eyes, and killing intent flashed.

The few outer sect elders nearby also turned their gaze to Holden Yellow after recovering from their shock, with some compassion mixed in their eyes.

"That was close. Luckily Wyatt Barnes didn't take my bet yesterday."

An outer sect elder said, somewhat relieved.

"Yes. Yesterday, I was planning to bet at least a hundred thousand merit points... Now it seems, fortunately, I didn't bet, otherwise that hundred thousand would have also become Wyatt Barnes's."

Another outer sect elder nodded in agreement.

"I estimate that this Wyatt Barnes knew from the beginning that Sail Fenning was not his match, which is why he accepted the 'Life and Death Duel' challenge from Sail Fenning... To achieve such accomplishments at this age, it's likely he isn't a simple-minded person."

Another outer sect elder mused.

"Indeed."

His words garnered approval including from Pierce Reid among other outer sect elders.

The strange scene earlier was seen by Holden Yellow, and naturally, they saw it too.

At the crucial moment, Sail Fenning's attack eerily missed, giving Wyatt Barnes an opportunity to counterattack, allowing Wyatt not only to survive but also to launch a counter-kill against Sail Fenning.

At that moment, Sail Fenning's body was carried away by two rapidly snatched sacred weapons, preventing him from defending in time.

In front of Wyatt Barnes, he appeared like a target without any defense.

So, Sail Fenning died, died utterly and unexpectedly for everyone.

"I don't even know what method Wyatt used... Mental power attack? Or some other technique?"

The group of outer sect elders was filled with doubts.

"This... How... How could it be?"

Quentin Campbell, the personal disciple of Inner Sect Elder 'Evander Mullins,' now also recovered from the scene where Sail Fenning was killed, muttered in a daze and his face changed dramatically.

The scene before his eyes was something he never imagined even in his dreams.

Sail Fenning actually died!

Whether Sail Fenning lived or died, he naturally didn't care.

However, Sail Fenning's death made things far from simple.

If Sail Fenning were an ordinary outer sect disciple, it would be fine; yet Sail Fenning's background was terrifying. Behind him was someone who ranked among the top three in strength among a group of Inner Sect Elders in the Moon Radiance Sect, much stronger than his master Evander Mullins.

Even his master Evander Mullins was respectful and didn't dare to slight facing that Inner Sect Elder.

And now, Sail Fenning was dead!

Died because of his instructions.

Quentin could imagine that once Sail Fenning's master, that highly esteemed Inner Sect Elder, knew what happened, things wouldn't end well for him.

Even though his master shifted his focus entirely to Kai Simmons, showing him much less care than before... even then, his master wouldn't offend Sail Fenning's master because of him.

At this moment, Quentin felt the sky collapse around him!

"No, wait!"

Just when Quentin was in despair, a flash of insight sparked in his mind, and suddenly he felt revitalized, "The reason Sail Fenning issued a Life and Death Duel challenge to Wyatt Barnes is only known by me and him... no one else knows."

"Now that Sail Fenning is dead, I'm the only one who knows... can't I just say whatever I want?"

Thinking of this, Quentin's heart suddenly felt sunny and his mood brightened.

However, when his gaze fell upon Wyatt Barnes in the distance healing himself with a healing Pill, his face darkened again, "Who on earth is this Wyatt Barnes? How could he possibly kill Sail Fenning in such a situation?"

"Could it be he really knows some 'demonic arts'?"

Thinking of this, Quentin shook his head to himself, "It shouldn't be demonic arts, but some mental secret technique... something that could confuse others and create illusions, thus redirecting attacks."

Whether it was a group of outer sect elders, outer sect stewards, or Quentin, their speculations were largely the same.

All believed that Wyatt Barnes had used a mental secret technique.

They didn't consider that even in a grave situation like that, even if Sail Fenning intended to redirect his attack, could he have done so?

No matter how shocked the crowd was at Sail Fenning's death, dead he was.

Wyatt Barnes emerged as the victor in this life and death duel, surviving successfully.

Of course, although he survived, Wyatt Barnes was far from unscathed, dripping with cold sweat, "Even after taking the 'Three-Star Healing Pill' given by my teacher, this chunk of flesh taken away won't grow back for ten days or half a month."

However, thinking of the nearly three million merit points added to the crystal card, he felt the cost was worth it.

"Three million merit points... Tsk tsk, there's probably nothing I can't exchange for in the Moon Radiance Sect now."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself with a hint of joy despite the cold sweat.

"And... that sacred weapon of Sail Fenning's!"

According to the regulations of the Moon Radiance Sect, the possessions of a killed person in a life and death match, except for any special items, belong to the winner and become the victor's spoils of war.

Thinking of this, Wyatt Barnes endured the pain, walked to Sail Fenning's body, and picked up the 'Thousand Jun Greatsword' in a raised hand, faintly seeing a special pattern engraved on it, with intricate veining, similar to the 'Inscription' of the Cloud Skies Continent.

"This should be the two-star Saint Marking 'Thousand Jun Saint Marking.'"

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

"This greatsword, at the very least, would cost over two hundred thousand merit points to acquire... Now, I got it directly, saving over those two hundred thousand merit points."

Wyatt Barnes, exhilarated, stored away the Thousand Jun Greatsword and then reached out to also store away the Gale Hammer.

Although he already knew the Gale Hammer belonged to Quentin Campbell.

But he pretended not to know now.

"Hmph! You think you can touch my sacred weapon, Quentin Campbell?"

Just as Wyatt's hand was about to touch the Gale Hammer, it disappeared. At the same time, a voice filled with sarcasm echoed, and Quentin Campbell appeared not far ahead of Wyatt.

"Quentin Campbell!"

Wyatt Barnes's face sank, but he also knew he wouldn't be able to acquire the Gale Hammer.

After six months, Wyatt Barnes was once again in close contact with Quentin, feeling Quentin was as arrogant and presumptuous as half a year ago.

However, within the sect, Quentin dared not be so presumptuous.

Wyatt didn't know, when he went to grab the Gale Hammer earlier, Quentin could have directly attacked him, as long as he didn't kill him or cripple him.

After all, he had a justification, trying to protect his sacred weapon.

But he didn't strike to distance himself from the incident of Sail Fenning being killed by Wyatt Barnes.

He didn't want others to think Quentin was trying to kill Wyatt Barnes, to prevent suspicions that he intended to use Sail Fenning's hand to kill Wyatt Barnes.

If that were the case, the master behind Sail Fenning wouldn't let him off.

"I truly didn't expect that a character like an ant half a year ago could rise to this point today."

Quentin stared coldly at Wyatt, using True Energy to transmit a laugh, "However, your lineage from Hill Mountain City will inevitably have a short-lived life in the Moon Radiance Sect... it's always been this way, and it will be this way for those in the future too."

"Whether we can live long isn't for you, Quentin Campbell, to decide."

Unlike Quentin's secret communication, Wyatt spoke loudly.

And Wyatt's words attracted the attention of many.

Quentin's face changed drastically.

He realized if he stayed any longer, someone might believe he wanted to kill Wyatt Barnes, so he kept away the Gale Hammer and swiftly left, not daring to linger for an instant.

For Quentin, the top priority was to completely dissociate himself from today's incident!

Quentin's sudden departure surprised Wyatt, leaving him clueless, "Why did Quentin Campbell leave in such a hurry, what was he apprehensive about?"

Chapter 1455: Threat

"As Evander Mullins's tool for revenge, you died, and Quentin Campbell didn't even bother to collect your corpse. Truly pathetic."

After pocketing Sail Fenning's Storage Ring, Wyatt Barnes glanced at him lightly, then began to walk away through the crowd's complex gazes, clearly intending to leave.

The crowd parted to make way for him.

Although seven or eight out of ten of the Moon Radiance Sect's outer disciples present had bet against Wyatt and lost significant merit points, none of them showed any grievance toward him.

To them, the reason for their loss lay entirely with Sail Fenning's incompetence.

They had placed such hefty bets on Sail Fenning because he was an acclaimed Earth List powerhouse; they assumed he could easily defeat Wyatt Barnes, a new disciple who had only joined the sect two months ago.

However, the results shattered their expectations.

Wyatt Barnes, despite being a newcomer to the sect, had slain Sail Fenning, a renowned Earth List powerhouse of the Moon Radiance Sect's outer disciples.

"Wyatt Barnes, if you know what's good for you, you'd better find some time to visit my residence and return all the merit points I bet on Sail Fenning. Otherwise... Humph!"

As Wyatt walked away, a voice imbued with True Energy reached his ears, filled with menace.

The threatening voice was not unfamiliar.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Wyatt suddenly froze in his tracks and turned his gaze toward a group of sect elders. His eyes pinpointed Holden Yellow, the outer elder who had heavily bet on the duel yesterday.

"You dare to meet my gaze so openly in front of everyone... If you don't hand over a million merit points, this matter between us won't be over!"

When Holden saw Wyatt daring to confront him publicly, he became furious and roared, clearly trying to extort an outrageous sum from Wyatt.

A million merit points! Holden viewed Wyatt as an easy target for exploitation.

But Wyatt merely smiled in response, flashing a radiant grin that drew everyone's attention.

"Elder Holden Yellow! Yesterday, it was you who approached me, adamantly staking thirty-six thousand merit points on a wager... Now that I've won, you threaten me to return your thirty-six thousand merit points. What sort of reasoning is this? Does a noble outer elder have the right to bully and coerce? Does the sect no longer enforce its laws and principles?"

Wyatt's gaze sharpened as he openly called out Holden's intimidation in front of the crowd.

His words were delivered swiftly, so swiftly Holden didn't have time to react.

By the time Holden processed Wyatt's statement, he realized that the gazes directed at him had drastically changed.

"Elder Holden, is Wyatt Barnes's allegation true?"

An elder standing beside Holden asked flatly, "If it is true, then you've gone too far."

"Exactly. As an outer elder, you represent the dignity of the outer sect... Acting this way because you lost just tarnishes the sect's reputation."

Another elder chimed in.

"Even if I were consumed with regret, I would admit defeat and honor my wager like any decent person... Elder Holden Yellow, if you really threatened Wyatt Barnes, your integrity as a gambler definitely requires improvement."

One after another, the elders voiced their opinions.

Hearing these remarks, Holden silently cursed, thinking they were hypocritical. He cast a piercing glance at Wyatt and roared angrily, "Wyatt Barnes, how dare you slander me?! Thirty-six thousand merit points might be a significant amount, but they are of no consequence to this elder."

In front of all these witnesses, Holden refused to admit anything, knowing it would be the end of his role as an elder.

"Slander?"

Wyatt smirked coldly. "Elder Holden Yellow, before yesterday, you and I had no personal interactions. Why would I bother slandering you? Simply because you bet thirty-six thousand merit points?"

"I imagine losing thirty-six thousand merit points as an elder must sting less than Vein Weber's losses. Vein Weber, despite being merely an outer steward, wagered fifteen thousand merit points—almost his entire fortune—and never issued threats to me afterward."

"To compare, Elder Holden Yellow—your dignity seems far inferior to Steward Vein Weber's."

As he spoke, Wyatt shook his head toward the end.

However, hearing Wyatt's 'compliment,' Vein Weber didn't feel pleased. Instead, he fumed, nearly choking on fury.

Fifteen thousand merit points indeed constituted his entire savings.

Currently, his crystal card contained only a few thousand merit points.

Though he harbored resentment, he hadn't resorted to threats. He just sought other opportunities—hoping to strike down Wyatt and seize his crystal card.

By doing so, he wouldn't just regain his fifteen thousand; he stood to acquire nearly three hundred thousand merit points in addition.

"You..."

Holden's face darkened, and as he prepared to retort, Wyatt interrupted him forcefully. "Elder Holden Yellow, although you're an elder, I refuse to submit to your tyranny! Until my death, I'll never hand over a million merit points!"

A million merit points!

Wyatt's resolute proclamation once again shifted the crowd's opinions. Their gazes toward Holden grew increasingly distinct.

Anyone with common sense could surmise Holden had indeed threatened Wyatt, demanding this exorbitant sum.

"Bah! Some elder; you're a disgrace to us all!"

"Exactly! Even I, an ordinary outer disciple, honor my wagers, yet he resorts to bullying Wyatt Barnes and demands his merit points. Worse, he asks for an additional million merit points?! Utter greed!"

"Trying to rob someone in broad daylight? Such audacity is outrageous!"

...

Outer disciples who had also placed bets erupted in fury, disregarding Holden's status as an elder. They vented their grievances unrestrainedly.

Holden was stunned.

The situation had spiraled completely out of control.

"Wyatt Barnes, are you aware that slandering sect elders is punishable by death within the sect?"

At last, Holden regained composure enough to issue a severe threat, his True Energy-enhanced voice cutting through the chaos.

"Slander?"

Wyatt sneered. "Elder Holden Yellow, you claim slander... Would you dare take a 'Thunder Tribulation Oath' to prove you haven't threatened me?"

"Humph! I did not threaten you, and I see no reason to waste an oath on someone like you."

Holden scoffed disdainfully.

"Indeed, being a lofty elder, you wouldn't dare take an oath over my claims... Fine, I'll do it myself. Here and now, I swear upon the Thunder Tribulation: if my previous statements contain any falsehoods, may the divine Thunder Punishment descend and strike me dead!"

Faced with Holden's obstinance, Wyatt retaliated with resolve. As Holden's face contorted, Wyatt bit his finger, letting a droplet of blood rise into the void.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

...

Nine thunderous roars reverberated throughout Heaven and Earth, reaching every ear on the scene.

The ultimatum of the Thunder Tribulation affirmed Wyatt's sincerity, but no divine punishment descended upon him.

His words were vindicated, and Holden's credibility shattered.

Gasps rippled across the crowd.

From this moment, everyone's doubts regarding Holden's threats dissipated entirely.

The Thunder Tribulation did not lie.

The sentiment "Man acts while Heaven watches" rang loud. Heaven showed no favor, only truth.

Even Pierce Reid and other outer elders began subtly distancing themselves from Holden, an implicit declaration that Holden's character was beneath theirs.

Holden's face flushed red with fury and shame, but he had no retort.

Wyatt's act of publicly invoking the heavenly oath had made Holden's protests meaningless. No defense could save him.

"Wyatt Barnes, don't let me find an opportunity—otherwise, I'll kill you!"

In a fit of rage, Holden cast Wyatt a furious glare, delivered a terse True Energy threat, then stormed off, vanishing from everyone's sight.

Wyatt remained calm, unperturbed.

Even without recent incidents, Holden's vindictive nature would never allow Wyatt to keep the thirty-six thousand merit points. Wyatt had no reason to fear him more than before.

Holden's defeat and retreat earned another wave of jeers from the crowd.

"Shameless! Absolutely shameless!"

"Who knew Elder Holden Yellow could stoop so low?"

"Honestly, he doesn't deserve the title of elder! He humiliated the entire outer sect!"

...

Outer disciples, feeling a shared sense of outrage alongside Wyatt, expressed their indignation openly and without hesitation.

"Thank you all for your support."

Wyatt raised his voice, his True Energy amplifying it above the crowd's commotion. "I've been thinking and realized everyone's position. Here's my decision: excluding Elder Holden Yellow and Steward Vein Weber, I will return half of the lost merit points to everyone else who placed bets!"

"Tomorrow at noon, meet me here in the Martial Arts Performance Field, bringing your wager notes to reclaim your merit points."

Wyatt's proclamation spread across the field.

"Really?"

"Wyatt Barnes forever!"

"Thank you, Wyatt Barnes!"

"Wyatt Barnes is truly a generous man to compensate half of our losses."

...

Hearing his promise, the outer disciples erupted in gratitude, their expressions lighting up with joy.

As for the stewards present, their eyes gleamed with surprise and admiration.

"Wyatt Barnes, why exclude me?"

Steward Vein Weber, consumed with frustration, roared in protest.

Chapter 1456: Speaking Off the Top of One's Head

"Why? Because I want to. Is that not reason enough?"

Facing Vein Weber's outraged roar, Wyatt Barnes replied indifferently with words that almost made Vein Weber spit blood.

"You..."

Vein Weber, his face twisted in anger, seemed like he wanted to say something, only to be interrupted by Wyatt Barnes. Glancing around, Wyatt addressed the crowd, "Everyone, this Vein Weber harbors a grievance against me simply because his nephew was defeated fair and square by me and thus failed to enter the sect. As such, he wishes nothing more than to see me dead!"

"On that day, after placing his wager, he even transmitted a message to provoke me, saying he would gleefully inform his nephew of my impending death... If you were in my shoes, would you return the merit points he bet?"

Wyatt's voice, resonating with True Energy, spread across the entire gathering, reaching everyone present.

"Of course not!"

"I knew it! Wyatt Barnes, Senior Brother, wouldn't clash with Steward Weber without reason. Turns out, this was the cause."

"Ha! Steward Weber is truly shameless. He had the audacity to question why Senior Brother Wyatt excluded him, while conveniently forgetting how he eagerly hoped for trouble to befall Senior Brother Wyatt earlier. A laughable hypocrisy!"

...

A group of Outer Sect disciples looked at Vein Weber with disdain, conveniently ignoring how they themselves had once hoped for Sail Fenning to win during Wyatt's duel with him.

If Sail Fenning had won, Wyatt Barnes would've surely faced death.

"No wonder Vein Weber made such a generous bet, wagering 150,000 merit points in one go... It turns out he already had a vendetta against Wyatt Barnes."

An Outer Sect steward cast a knowing glance at Vein Weber as the revelation dawned on him.

"Vein Weber, your nephew failed to pass the entrance examination and was defeated by Wyatt Barnes. That was your nephew's failure, his fate with the sect severed... How can you place the blame on Wyatt Barnes?"

"Right! Vein Weber, even if you favor your family, you should at least stick to reason."

...

Other Outer Sect stewards also voiced support for Wyatt Barnes, leaving Vein Weber's expression alternating between pale and flushed with rage.

Finally, realizing that staying longer would only invite more humiliation, Vein Weber snorted coldly, shot Wyatt a venomous glare filled with hatred, and took off into the sky. Following in the footsteps of Quentin Campbell and Holden Yellow, he vanished from the crowd's view at the Martial Arts Performance Field.

"Everyone, see you tomorrow."

Wyatt Barnes bid farewell to the crowd with a casual wave, then returned to his private courtyard.

As the crowd at the Martial Arts Performance Field watched Wyatt's retreating figure, especially those stewards and Outer Sect disciples who had placed wagers in his betting pool, they found his silhouette increasingly pleasing to the eye.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Having witnessed Wyatt's incredible strength, Mandy Wood's expression turned exceedingly grim.

At the moment Wyatt killed Sail Fenning, in Mandy's eyes, Wyatt transformed into an insurmountable mountain—a towering giant that loomed beyond his reach.

"It seems my defeat at his hands two months ago was not undeserved in the least."

Zephaniah Chase, from the Main Mansion of Rowan River City, wore a bitter smile as Wyatt's displayed power left him in full recognition of his own inferiority. He no longer entertained thoughts of avenging his earlier defeat.

Back in his independent courtyard, Wyatt muttered to himself with a wry smile, "Was I too generous?"

This time, the wagers he collected totaled nearly three million merit points.

Holden Yellow wagered 360,000 merit points, Vein Weber wagered 150,000 merit points, and these two bets were not supposed to be returned.

Out of the total three million, deducting these wagers left around 2.49 million merit points.

A significant portion of the collected wagers, Wyatt had boldly declared, would be returned—half of them, to be precise. This meant he'd end up with less than 1.25 million merit points remaining, but factoring in Holden Yellow and Vein Weber's stakes, that totaled approximately 1.75 million.

"Even not repaying Holden and Vein's bets means I have to give away roughly 1.25 million merit points."

Upon closer calculation, Wyatt felt his actions bordered on extravagance.

"Well, so be it. The remaining 1.75 million merit points should be more than enough for me to splurge... Besides, merit points only hold value within Moon Radiance Sect and its eighteen subordinate cities. Anywhere else, they're worthless."

It was precisely this realization that led Wyatt to resolve returning half the wagers to the group of Outer Sect stewards and disciples who bet.

Even though he'd only return half, it was enough to earn their goodwill.

Entering his room and closing the door, Wyatt stepped into the Jewel Tower.

Rather than cultivate, Wyatt retrieved the heavy sword that previously belonged to Sail Fenning, the "Thousand-Jin Heavy Blade," and began carefully studying it.

To be specific, he was analyzing the "Saint Markings" on the Thousand-Jin Heavy Blade.

The Saint Markings etched into the blade were two-star Saint Markings called "Thousand-Jin Markings." When activated, they endowed the heavy sword with the force of a thousand jin, granting explosive speed akin to thunder and unmatched might with every swing.

Wyatt had directly experienced its fearsome power, and his recollection of the encounter still filled him with lingering dread.

"Luckily, I have the Mysterious Eye. Without it, I would have undoubtedly perished today!"

Wyatt thought to himself.

After scrutinizing the "Thousand-Jin Markings" for a while, Wyatt felt his mind turning muddled, exhausted. A surge of weariness swept through him.

What mental energy he'd recently recovered was once again completely drained.

"Looks like I'll have to wait for my mental energy to recover before continuing my study."

As his consciousness began to fade, Wyatt thought idly.

The moment the thought crossed his mind, he collapsed onto the second level of the Jewel Tower, falling into a deep sleep.

Inside Moon Radiance Sect, in the Inner Sect region—

"Master!"

Quentin Campbell rushed into the mansion and went straight to find his master, Evander Mullins.

"Why the rush? What's happened?"

Evander Mullins, a medium-built man with an average appearance, had perpetually murky eyes with dark shadows beneath them. The aura around him hinted at a faintly baleful presence.

Seeing Quentin Campbell's frantic arrival, Evander's brows furrowed. "For someone of your age, you should really learn maturity from Kai Simmons."

"Master, it's not about lacking maturity; I have urgent news."

Quentin explained with a wry smile.

"Speak."

Evander replied coolly.

"Master, Sail Fenning is dead."

Quentin stated.

"What?!"

Upon hearing Quentin's words, Evander's expression shifted dramatically with surprise.
"What happened?"

"Sail Fenning issued a 'Life and Death Duel challenge letter' to an Outer Sect disciple who had only joined the sect two months ago, and engaged in a life-and-death duel with him... Ultimately, Sail Fenning could not match the disciple and was killed."

Quentin finished speaking with a deliberately regretful sigh, "Such talent claimed too soon by tragedy."

"An Outer Sect disciple who joined the sect two months ago?"

Evander's eyes narrowed. "Who is this individual capable of killing Sail Fenning?"

Sail Fenning was a prominent figure in the Earth List rankings of the Nine Sect Alliance. Though he ranked near the bottom, within the Nine Sect Alliance territory, Sail Fenning was unrivaled among Transcending Mortal Realm martial artists of the highest caliber.

Yet, such a formidable existence had met his end!

To make matters more shocking, his demise came at the hands of a mere Outer Sect disciple who had joined the sect two months ago!

"Is he also one of the Earth List warriors?"

Evander asked solemnly.

"No."

Quentin shook his head. "He's not an Earth List warrior. In fact, before entering the sect, he was a nobody, entirely unheard of."

"Regardless, having killed Sail Fenning, his days are numbered."

Evander snorted coldly, then muttered as though recalling something, "Elder Dunn has recently entered seclusion in a life-and-death closed-door cultivation. He won't emerge for some time. If we can eliminate the one who killed Sail Fenning before Elder Dunn finishes his cultivation, it might earn Elder Dunn's favor."

"That was my thought as well."

Quentin nodded in agreement.

"I doubt you were capable of thinking that far ahead. Don't merely add hindsight commentary after the fact."

Evander sneered, clearly doubtful of Quentin's foresight.

"Master, believe it or not, I was truly planning on dealing with him before Sail Fenning's death. Regardless, I didn't expect him to kill Sail Fenning first."

Quentin initially wore a helpless expression before his gaze hardened, a flicker of murderous intent flashing within his eyes.

"You have a personal grudge against him?"

Evander's brows knit tightly before his tone shifted in suspicion. "Quentin... is it possible you had a hand in instigating Sail Fenning to challenge him?"

"No."

Quentin hurriedly shook his head in denial.

He knew full well that admitting such involvement would invite trouble.

However, inwardly, Quentin chuckled darkly, "Not only did I push Sail Fenning to kill Wyatt Barnes, I orchestrated the entire confrontation! It was unfortunate that Sail Fenning proved incompetent and ended up dead instead."

These thoughts remained confined within his mind, entirely removed from his outward speech.

"Are you absolutely sure?"

Evander pressed again.

"Master, absolutely sure. If you're skeptical, I can swear an oath to prove it."

Quentin declared boldly, confident Evander wouldn't take him up on his offer.

Sure enough, Evander didn't continue questioning him. "Do you know how Sail Fenning and that disciple came into conflict?"

"I overheard Sail Fenning mention it once."

Quentin began fabricating his narrative, "Apparently, the disciple had defeated two Outer Sect disciples ranked in the top hundred in succession, grew arrogant, and disrespected Sail Fenning. Worse yet, he humiliated Sail Fenning so thoroughly that Sail Fenning was provoked into blind rage."

"In the heat of the moment, Sail Fenning issued the Life and Death Duel challenge letter."

Quentin spouted the tale effortlessly.

All this was something he'd concocted while on his way back, knowing full well Sail Fenning was no longer alive to dispute it.

"How, then, did you personally come into conflict with this disciple?"

Evander questioned further.

"Master, you've misunderstood. I don't personally have any conflict with him."

Quentin replied ruefully.

"Then what did you mean by your earlier statements?"

Evander asked, irritation creeping into his voice.

"Master, I meant that whether or not Sail Fenning challenged him, I intended to eliminate him sooner or later—not due to personal animosity, but because of his background. His background means he's destined to be our enemy."

Quentin explained earnestly.

"Our enemy? Even related to me?"

Evander seemed slow to grasp at first.

"Master, the man's name is Wyatt Barnes. He shares origins with Kai Simmons and is also tied to Hill Mountain City's City Lord Mansion... He is said to be Tabo Garcia's disciple."

In a critical moment, Quentin unveiled startling news.

"Hill Mountain City? Tabo Garcia?"

As expected, Evander's face darkened immediately upon hearing those names.

Chapter 1457: Trading Lives

"Are you sure he's from the City Lord's mansion of Hill Mountain City and a disciple of Tabo Garcia?"

Evander Mullins' eyes flashed with a sharp glint as he asked in a deep voice.

He truly didn't want to believe it.

Tabo Garcia first took Kai Simmons, such an outstanding martial artist genius, as a disciple, and then took in another disciple who was even more exceptional than Kai Simmons?

What kind of luck was that?

Why didn't he, Evander Mullins, have that kind of luck?

Having entered the Outer Sect only two months ago, the Outer Sect disciple named 'Wyatt Barnes' was clearly under forty years old.

And the fact that he could kill Sail Fenning was enough to prove that his talent far surpassed that of Evander Mullins' proud direct disciple, 'Kai Simmons.'

If Evander had known about Wyatt Barnes' existence earlier, the first thought in his mind would've undoubtedly been to take him as a disciple, just like Kai Simmons.

But now, it was no longer possible.

Just because Wyatt killed Sail Fenning, who was Elder Dunn's direct disciple!

Elder Dunn, among the Inner Sect elders of the Moon Radiance Sect, was one of the top three in terms of strength—someone Evander Mullins had to flatter and curry favor with.

The person who killed Elder Dunn's direct disciple? Even if Evander were given a hundred times the courage, he wouldn't dare take him as a disciple.

"Master, when I went to fetch Senior Brother Kai Simmons six months ago, I happened to see him... However, I didn't know at the time that his talent surpassed Senior Brother Kai Simmons. Otherwise, I would've brought him back along with Kai Simmons."

Quentin Campbell, who had followed Evander Mullins for many years, naturally understood his master's thoughts and spoke words tailored to what Evander wanted to hear.

If Quentin had known how extraordinary Wyatt was six months ago, when he descended on the City Lord's mansion in Hill Mountain City, he would never have spared his life.

Every time Quentin thought of this, he deeply regretted it, but unfortunately, there's no medicine for regret in this world.

As expected, hearing Quentin's words, Evander's expression softened, but the sharp glint in his eyes grew even more intense, "I really didn't expect Tabo Garcia to be so lucky, taking in two disciples with such monstrous talents in succession... How is he worthy of this!"

Speaking to this point, Evander's eyes brimmed with killing intent, "I originally thought that even if Wyatt survived, he wouldn't be able to stir up any major trouble... But now, it seems my assumption was completely wrong! If Wyatt Barnes rises in power, he will undoubtedly become a major threat to me!"

"Master, should I head to Hill Mountain City's City Lord's mansion and personally kill Tabo Garcia?"

Quentin asked.

"No need."

Evander shook his head, "Leave Tabo Garcia to Elder Dunn... Otherwise, when Elder Dunn emerges from seclusion and learns that his disciple has been killed, where will he vent his anger?"

"As for Wyatt Barnes... He must be dealt with before Elder Dunn comes out of seclusion! In this way, Elder Dunn will owe me, Evander Mullins, a favor."

Saying this, Evander's eyes gleamed brightly.

Of course, there was one thing he hadn't mentioned.

The reason Evander wanted Wyatt dead before Elder Dunn emerged wasn't just because he wanted Elder Dunn to owe him a favor; he was worried that Elder Dunn, upon seeing Wyatt's exceptional talent, might set aside his grudge for Sail Fenning and take in Wyatt as his new direct disciple.

That was something Evander absolutely didn't want to see!

Wyatt Barnes came from Hill Mountain City's City Lord's mansion. If he were to become Elder Dunn's disciple, it would spell disaster for Evander and his faction.

"Master, rest assured. I'll do my utmost to kill Wyatt Barnes before Elder Dunn comes out of seclusion."

Quentin said.

"Not utmost effort—he must die! Before Elder Dunn emerges, Wyatt must be eliminated! Even if it costs your own life to exchange for his, you must ensure his death. After you're gone, Master will remember you well."

Evander looked at Quentin and slowly said. Toward the end, a hint of kindness appeared on his face.

Seeing the kindness on Evander's face, Quentin's heart was chilled.

Evander Mullins, his master, for the sake of killing Wyatt Barnes and uprooting any future threats, was willing to sacrifice Quentin's life!

At this moment, the last shred of mentor-disciple sentiment Quentin had for Evander completely dissipated, turning to nothingness.

Previously, Quentin had been eager to kill Wyatt, but now he found himself hoping that Wyatt would survive, perhaps even help Tabo Garcia eliminate Evander Mullins.

In that instant, Quentin made a decision.

A decision that would determine his future.

"Master, I won't let you down."

Facing the kind expression of Evander Mullins, Quentin forced himself to respond respectfully, despite the disgust roiling in his heart.

"Very good, very good."

Seeing Quentin's obedience, Evander smiled, "Quentin, you've been my longest-standing disciple. I've always valued you... Don't worry. Even if you kill Wyatt Barnes and are executed by the Sect's rules, I won't forget about you."

"I'll set up a memorial tablet for you in the backyard, so you'll always be with me in spirit."

Evander spoke with kindness.

"Thank you, Master."

Quentin's heart was frozen, but he dared not show it. He had to get through this moment first.

"Within three days, I want to hear news of his death... I trust you won't disappoint Master, will you?"

Evander looked at Quentin and gave him a deadline.

Three days!

Quentin's heart trembled upon hearing this, but he could only nod silently.

"Very well. Prepare yourself and go."

Evander dismissed him.

"Disciple takes his leave!"

Quentin withdrew and, turning away, his eyes gleamed coldly. He thought to himself, "Evander Mullins, you're forcing me... Since you don't value my life, I see no reason to remain loyal to you. From now on, the bond between us as master and disciple is severed!"

After Quentin turned away, the kindness on Evander's face vanished. He cast a cold glance at Quentin's retreating figure before withdrawing his gaze.

Immediately, he went to find Kai Simmons.

When he saw Kai Simmons, his face naturally showed kindness.

"Master, why are you seeking me this late?"

Kai Simmons asked in confusion.

"Kai Simmons, did you know, before you left Hill Mountain City's City Lord's mansion, that there was another disciple under Tabo Garcia named 'Wyatt Barnes'?"

Evander asked directly.

"I did."

Kai Simmons nodded, "But Wyatt Barnes is quite arrogant! He's only willing to acknowledge Tabo Garcia as his 'teacher.' Still, since we both come from martial artist backgrounds in the Mortal Continent, his talent is actually no less than my own."

"He's also from a Mortal Continent?"

Evander's pupils shrank, "You both stem from the Mortal Continent?"

"No."

Kai Simmons shook his head, "We're from different Mortal Continents."

"It seems the rumors are true... Those martial artist geniuses who emerge from Mortal Continents are either overwhelmingly extraordinary or utterly mediocre—two extremes."

Evander muttered to himself.

"Master, what's the matter? Why are you suddenly asking about him?"

Kai Simmons asked in confusion.

"Wyatt Barnes killed Sail Fenning."

Evander didn't conceal this and shared the news he had just learned from Quentin.

"What!?"

Kai Simmons' face instantly changed upon hearing this, "That's impossible! Sail Fenning is a top talent from the Earth List; how could Wyatt Barnes possibly kill him?"

Seeing Kai Simmons' shocked expression, Evander realized even Kai Simmons hadn't anticipated Wyatt's talent to be so monstrous.

"It's true. The news has spread not only among the Outer Sect area but likely throughout the Inner Sect as well."

Evander explained.

Upon hearing this, Kai Simmons' expression grew increasingly complex. He suddenly realized that Wyatt Barnes' progress seemed to outpace his own by a widening margin.

At the periphery of the Outer Sect, in an isolated courtyard, near a pavilion beside the front garden.

"Report to the elder: Sail Fenning is dead."

A burly man with a shocked expression strode in with tiger-like ferocity, speaking incredulously.

"What an interesting young man."

An elderly man sitting quietly in the pavilion sipping tea merely smiled faintly, seeming unfazed by the news.

"Elder, you... aren't surprised?"

The burly man couldn't help but ask.

"There's nothing surprising. That young man doesn't strike me as someone who would throw his life away."

The elder, clad in white robes with an air of immortality, gave the impression of being one with the pavilion and even the entire world around him.

"Elder, but Sail Fenning was Elder Dunn's favorite... When Elder Dunn emerges from seclusion and learns of Sail Fenning's death, there's no way he'll let this go easily."

The burly man continued.

"That is indeed a problem."

The white-robed elder nodded, then pondered briefly before smiling faintly, "For some reason, I feel confident about him... I'm genuinely curious how he'll navigate the challenge posed by 'Abu Dunn.'"

Abu Dunn was Sail Fenning's master, a powerful Inner Sect elder.

In the Moon Radiance Sect Inner Sect, there were nearly twenty Inner Sect elders.

And Abu Dunn ranked in the top three in strength among them... His power was unquestionable.

"Elder, aren't you worried he might perish?"

The burly man asked.

"As I said, I have confidence in him... Now, you may leave."

The elder dismissed him.

"Understood."

Though unsure why the elder held such confidence in a mere disciple he'd only met once, the burly man withdrew without voicing his doubts. He dared not disobey the elder's words.

After the burly man left, a Holy Stone appeared in the elder's hand. The stone gleamed with an aura, evidently superior to a sixth-tier Holy Stone.

"Someone who can casually produce a fourth-tier Holy Stone cannot be ordinary... I wonder what his background is, being able to present such a treasure. This fourth-tier Holy Stone undeniably benefits my cultivation far more than sixth-tier stones, allowing me to practice without constant interruptions to swap stones and thereby affecting my progress."

The elder rotated the fourth-tier Holy Stone in his hand, murmuring softly.

Boom!!

Late at night, a deafening explosion threw Wyatt Barnes out of the second layer of the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower, his body wracked with piercing pain.

"Who's there?!"

After resting for half a day, Wyatt's mental strength had finally recovered somewhat. His expression turned grim, and he barked toward the outside.

Chapter 1458: Quentin Campbell's Reminder

"It's me."

At the same time, a voice came through from outside—calm and unremarkable. To Wyatt Barnes, however, the voice was far from unfamiliar.

"Quentin Campbell?"

Wyatt instantly recognized the owner of the voice, and his expression darkened.

Taking two steps forward, he opened the door and stared coldly at Quentin standing outside. Wyatt's gaze was sharp as he asked in a detached tone, "Breaking into someone's residence without so much as a greeting... didn't your master, 'Evander Mullins,' teach you any manners?"

Wyatt wasn't worried about Quentin daring to act recklessly here.

The Moon Radiance Sect had rules: unless there was a compelling reason and the Inner Sect disciple was in the right, Inner Sect disciples were prohibited from bullying Outer Sect disciples within Outer Sect areas. Violating this rule invited severe punishment.

If this had been in the past, Quentin would have undoubtedly exploded with rage upon hearing Wyatt's words.

But now, Quentin wore a calm expression, unperturbed by Wyatt's remarks.

Quentin's composure left Wyatt surprised.

Logically speaking, Quentin wasn't someone with such a mild temper.

As a disciple directly taught by Inner Sect Elder Evander Mullins, Quentin should have been itching to kill Wyatt.

Indeed, just today, at the Martial Arts Performance Field, the lethal glint in Quentin's eyes as he looked at Wyatt had practically screamed that desire.

How had his demeanor changed drastically in just half a day?

If something feels abnormal, there's always more beneath the surface!

A sense of wariness involuntarily arose in Wyatt's heart.

"Let's talk inside."

Quentin spoke briefly and then stepped into Wyatt's room without waiting for an invitation.

Wyatt frowned but ultimately relaxed his expression, turning around to face Quentin. He asked coolly, "What do you want from me?"

"Wyatt Barnes, my master, 'Evander Mullins,' has ordered me to kill you within three days!"

Quentin looked at Wyatt and spoke directly.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt's pupils contracted involuntarily, though his face remained calm as he replied flatly, "If you kill me, according to the sect's rules, you won't escape death either!"

"My master instructed me to trade my life for yours!"

Quentin stated.

"Trade your life for mine?"

This time, Wyatt was visibly moved.

Although he had long known that Inner Sect Elder 'Evander Mullins' was not a kind man, Wyatt hadn't expected such ruthlessness—using his own disciple's life to exchange for his.

What did Evander see his disciple as?

A tool?

"Alright, then just be direct... Since you're here to tell me this, I presume you don't intend to follow your master's orders."

Wyatt said calmly.

"My purpose is simple: to warn you... Evander Mullins is utterly a madman! I've followed him for more than a decade, yet when it comes time to discard me, he doesn't blink an eye."

Quentin spoke slowly, but his eyes betrayed a hint of deep-seated fear as he finished.

"He's a madman, but aren't you one too?"

Wyatt sneered.

Eight months ago, Quentin had arrived at the Hill Mountain City's Main Mansion, showing off his power. In just one swift move, he killed two innocent people.

"Wyatt Barnes, I didn't come here to reconcile with you... I merely wanted to warn you that Evander Mullins is a man who will stop at nothing to achieve his goals. As for why I'm warning you—well, I simply don't want him to live too comfortably in the future."

Quentin's eyes gleamed with icy hatred.

"If you don't attempt to kill me within three days, how will you account for this to him?"

Wyatt asked.

"That's not for you to worry about... I've achieved what I intended to, and now it's time for me to leave. I couldn't care less how much you hate me; after all, I did indeed intend to kill you once. If Evander hadn't ordered me to trade my life for yours, I wouldn't have spared you in the days to come."

Quentin said, "But things are different now... I no longer bear hatred for you. I only hope that you live on—long enough to give Evander Mullins some trouble."

Wyatt squinted slightly, realizing that Quentin no longer considered Evander Mullins his 'master.'

Then again, given the circumstances, it wasn't unreasonable.

A master who sacrifices his disciple's life for his own goals was hardly worth serving.

"There's one more thing I must warn you about... The person you killed, 'Sail Fenning,' was the only direct disciple of Inner Sect Elder 'Abu Dunn.' Abu Dunn, even among the Moon Radiance Sect's Inner Sect elders, ranks in the top three in strength."

Quentin continued his warnings.

Sail Fenning's master, Inner Sect Elder 'Abu Dunn'?

Wyatt's brows furrowed.

While he had guessed from Sail Fenning's wealth of skills that his background was likely significant, Wyatt hadn't expected him to be the direct disciple of an Inner Sect elder.

Moreover, this particular elder was one of the top three strongest among the Moon Radiance Sect's Inner Sect elders.

"I thought he was part of your faction?"

Wyatt asked, frowning. He'd always thought Sail Fenning to be associated with Evander Mullins's faction, but now it seemed that assumption was incorrect.

What a joke!

As strong as Evander Mullins was, Abu Dunn's status within the Moon Radiance Sect was likely even higher.

For someone of that caliber to risk their only direct disciple? That seemed impossible.

"Of course not."

Quentin shook his head. "Even Evander Mullins bows and scrapes when meeting Abu Dunn... Truth be told, I'll admit, it was under my influence that Sail Fenning issued the Life and Death Duel's challenge letter to you."

"But all that doesn't matter anymore. What's important is that you've killed Sail Fenning—you're bound to provoke Elder Abu Dunn's fury."

Quentin said.

Now Wyatt understood the chain of events, but Quentin's level of candor still left him astonished. "You've told me all this... Do you not fear I'll go straight to Abu Dunn and repeat your words?"

"Go ahead, it won't change anything. You killed him—that's an undeniable fact."

Quentin replied flatly.

Wyatt fell silent, momentarily out of retorts. Quentin was right.

Even if Abu Dunn directed his anger toward Quentin, that wouldn't absolve Wyatt.

"Still, there's a chance Elder Abu Dunn won't kill you if he comes out of seclusion."

Quentin added.

"Won't kill me?"

Wyatt frowned, "What do you mean? I killed his only direct disciple—why wouldn't he kill me?"

"Indeed, you killed his only direct disciple, Sail Fenning—a disciple he cherished deeply... But Abu Dunn didn't accept Sail Fenning as a student out of emotion—he valued his talent. If Sail Fenning had been mediocre, he'd never have spared him a glance."

Quentin explained, "Thus, upon learning of Sail Fenning's death, there's a significant chance Abu Dunn will act differently... He might want to take you in as his new direct disciple. After all, in terms of potential, Sail Fenning couldn't come close to you."

"Take me in as his direct disciple?"

Wyatt's expression turned strange, but upon reflection, if Abu Dunn truly were emotionally detached, that possibility wasn't far-fetched.

Should Abu Dunn extend such an offer, Wyatt would undoubtedly look down on him.

A person he scorned wanting him as their student? Wyatt would never accept.

"If Abu Dunn decides to avenge Sail Fenning, that's one thing... But if he seeks to make you his disciple, you must agree. As long as you're under Abu Dunn's protection, Evander Mullins wouldn't dare move against you."

Quentin's expression grew serious. "Evander ordered me to exchange my life for yours within three days because he fears Abu Dunn will come out of seclusion prematurely... He wanted to ensure you wouldn't have the chance to become Abu Dunn's direct disciple."

"Moreover, by killing you before Abu Dunn exits seclusion, he would gain Abu Dunn's gratitude... For Evander, your death offers nothing but advantages."

Quentin concluded.

"Must agree to become Abu Dunn's disciple?"

Wyatt sneered. "Quentin, are you trying to make decisions for me?"

"What decisions you make are entirely up to you... I'm merely offering advice. After all, you and I now share a common enemy—Evander Mullins. I hope you live long enough to grow strong... That way, you can become Evander's nightmare."

Quentin said, with fervent determination shining in his eyes. "Even if I'm no longer with the Moon Radiance Sect, just hearing tales of you will bring me joy."

"No longer with the Moon Radiance Sect? What do you mean?"

Wyatt questioned, frowning.

"You think that if I fail to kill you within three days, I'll still have a place here? Even if Evander doesn't kill me outright, he'll find other ways to target me... As my master, he could cripple me or ruin my life, and no one would say a word."

Quentin spoke, his voice trembling slightly as though recalling something horrific.

"I've said everything I needed to and given you my advice... I know well enough that you and I will never be friends. If you survive and seek revenge later, I won't shy away. Should I fall to your hands then, I'll accept it willingly."

Before leaving, Quentin addressed Wyatt with an unusually forthright attitude.

"Don't worry—I won't disappoint you."

Wyatt's eyes narrowed, a flash of cold light passing through as he spoke calmly.

Quentin departed, arriving suddenly and vanishing swiftly.

In a blink, he was gone from Wyatt's sight, swallowed by the night like a specter.

"My spiritual energy still hasn't recovered... Even a short while, and I already feel drained. It seems I won't accomplish much in the next few days."

Closing the door, Wyatt sighed softly and retreated into the Jewel Tower in his mind.

After leaving Wyatt's residence, Quentin promptly headed away from the Outer Sect region.

Not only did he avoid the Outer Sect region, but he also made his way out of the Moon Radiance Sect altogether.

His goal was simple: to leave the Moon Radiance Sect and embrace the freedom of the outside world.

"With the cultivation I've amassed, I refuse to believe there's no place for me anywhere in the Nine Sect Alliance territory! From now on, I'll become a free loose cultivator—a life unburdened by submission to anyone."

Quentin began to dream of a brighter 'future.'

Chapter 1459: Nuwa Stone Fragment

Not long after, Quentin Campbell left the Moon Radiance Sect's premises.

"Moon Radiance Sect, farewell... Maybe one day, after I've broken through to the Saint Realm, I'll return here! At that time, I'll personally ask Evander Mullins whether he regrets his decision today."

After leaving the sect's premises, Quentin also exited the area covered by the anti-air formations. He stepped into the air, flew a short distance, then halted in mid-air. Turning back under the moonlight, he gazed at the sect's distant mountain gate and muttered to himself.

"I can tell you right now: I won't regret it, nor will I ever regret it!"

Just as Quentin's words fell and he was preparing to leave, an ethereal voice, like that of a phantom, suddenly echoed beside his ear, causing Quentin's face to change dramatically.

In a blink, the air before him shimmered, and a figure materialized.

"Master... Master!"

Seeing the person who had appeared before him, Quentin's face turned deathly pale. "You... Why are you here?"

"If I didn't come, wouldn't I be letting my ungrateful disciple flee?"

The newcomer, none other than Evander Mullins, sneered coldly as he spoke.

"You were tracking me?"

Drawing in a deep breath, Quentin suppressed the terror within his heart and asked.

At this moment, Quentin realized that everything he'd just said had been overheard by Evander, so he opted not to say anything additional. He understood Evander's temperament all too well—there was no way he would be given a chance to survive.

Still, the realization that Evander had been stalking him ignited a spark of resentment in Quentin's heart.

It dawned on him just how little trust Evander had in him.

"It wasn't exactly tracking; I merely wanted to see whether you'd take my instructions seriously... It seems now, you've disappointed me."

Evander spoke coolly, his tone indifferent.

"Disappointed?"

Fully aware that he would not make it out alive today, Quentin released his inhibitions and mocked recklessly, "You say I disappointed you just because I refused to trade my life for someone else's? My life means that little to you?"

"To perish alongside a Martial Dao prodigy like Wyatt Barnes is hardly a disgrace."

Evander's voice remained calm. "It's unfortunate you didn't appreciate the opportunity... The consequence of failing to cherish it is my cleansing of the sect through your death! If there's a next life, remember never to defy your master's orders, no matter what those orders might be."

As soon as the words left Evander's mouth, he acted swiftly without allowing Quentin a chance to respond.

In front of Evander, Quentin stood no chance of resistance whatsoever. In mere moments, he was killed.

His entire body exploded into a mist of blood, leaving no remains behind.

Meanwhile, Wyatt Barnes remained completely unaware that Quentin Campbell had been slain by Evander Mullins shortly after his departure from the Moon Radiance Sect.

At that moment, Wyatt was recuperating his mental strength within the Jewel Tower. The exhaustion from his strained spirit caused him to fall into a deep sleep, only waking up two days later fully refreshed. His mental power had recovered by 70 to 80 percent.

Of course, the "two days" referred to the time within the second layer of the Jewel Tower.

Outside, only one night and one morning had passed.

After leaving the Jewel Tower, Wyatt departed his courtyard and headed once again to the Martial Arts Performance Field.

At the performance field, a group of individuals was already waiting for him.

These were the sect's stewards and outer disciples who had placed heavy bets in the wager he'd initiated. Seeing Wyatt appear, their faces lit up with excitement, much like hunters spotting their prey.

"Everyone, please line up and present the promissory notes I gave you earlier. Come to me to redeem your merit points."

Upon arriving at the field, Wyatt addressed the crowd.

It took Wyatt over an hour to return half of the merit points they had wagered.

After distributing the merit points, Wyatt asked for directions and headed straight to the Moon Radiance Sect's Hall of Merit.

The Hall of Merit in the Moon Radiance Sect was similar to the Hall of Merit in Hill Mountain City's Main Mansion, offering disciples the ability to exchange merit points for various items... top-grade martial arts, saint-grade weapons, pill medicine—you name it, they had it.

Even items like Taoist Talismans and weapons engraved with Saint Markings were available.

In the Moon Radiance Sect's Hall of Merit, as long as you had enough merit points, you could obtain anything you desired... Even top-grade martial arts, except for human-tier top-grade ones, could be exchanged for merit points. For those, disciples were only allowed to borrow them.

Borrowing them for a single time cost as much as thirty thousand merit points.

"One million seven hundred fifty thousand merit points... That ought to be enough for me to splurge."

Before long, Wyatt arrived at the Hall of Merit.

The Hall of Merit's location within the Moon Radiance Sect was quite practical, situated right on the boundary between the outer and inner sect regions. This made it convenient for both outer and inner sect disciples to access.

"It seems the Hall of Merit in Hill Mountain City's Main Mansion was modeled after this one from the Moon Radiance Sect."

Wyatt paused his steps, his gaze fixed on the Hall of Merit before him as he murmured to himself.

The Hall of Merit in Hill Mountain City was identical to the one in the sect apart from its smaller size. Even the intricate details were an exact copy.

After stepping inside, however, Wyatt soon discovered notable differences.

The sect's Hall of Merit consisted of five levels. The first level served as a marketplace for disciples to trade items among themselves. Disciples could barter for merit points with their possessions or outright purchase necessities using merit points.

In essence, the first level of the Hall of Merit was like a small bazaar trading exclusively in merit points.

However, upon entering the first level, Wyatt quickly noticed that almost all its patrons were inner sect disciples.

Their identity was evident from the tokens hanging from their waists.

Because of this, Wyatt's arrival went largely unnoticed.

During his battle with Sail Fenning, only a fraction of the inner sect disciples had attended the spectacle. Consequently, while Wyatt's name was widely discussed in the inner sect region, many disciples had yet to see him and wouldn't recognize him by appearance.

"I'll browse the first level first and see if anything catches my eye."

Wyatt's mind stirred as he thought to himself.

Most of all, he found the concept intriguing—disciples bartering merit points amongst themselves.

"Merit points hold far greater value within the Moon Radiance Sect compared to Holy Stones... In the sect, aside from human-tier top-grade martial arts, nearly everything is attainable with merit points. Holy Stones, on the other hand, are limited to aiding cultivation for sect disciples."

This was something Wyatt understood quite well.

Standing within the first level of the Hall of Merit, Wyatt began looking around, blending in seamlessly and avoiding drawing undue attention.

Scanning the area, he could see many inner sect disciples who had set up small stalls in the corners and along the edges, displaying various peculiar and unique items.

Many of the items seemed unknown even to their sellers.

These disciples put them on display for the chance that someone with discerning taste would purchase them in exchange for merit points.

"Elder Fire."

Wyatt contacted Elder Fire within the Jewel Tower and spoke, "Take a look and see if there's anything here we can use to repair the Jewel Tower's third layer... If so, I'll go ahead and buy it."

Previously, Elder Fire had outlined the materials required for repairing the Jewel Tower.

However, those were only basic materials—the ones Elder Fire deemed relatively common.

There were many materials Elder Fire hadn't explicitly mentioned.

Among them were extraordinary items like the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon's Dragon Pearl, as well as the material Wyatt had successfully bid for during the auction at Hill Mountain City's Marvel Pavilion, which had contributed to repairing one-tenth of the third layer.

After Elder Fire acknowledged the request, Wyatt began wandering through the first level of the Hall of Merit.

In a stroke of luck, Elder Fire managed to locate a few materials capable of repairing the Jewel Tower's third layer—several of which were top-grade items. One material, in particular, stood out to Elder Fire as being even rarer than the Dragon Pearl.

"I don't know why this item ended up here... but I'm certain this is a fragment of the '女媧石'," Elder Fire informed Wyatt.

Nüwa Stone!

Up until now, Wyatt had only heard Elder Fire mention that there were materials more valuable than the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon's Dragon Pearl.

But he hadn't known which specific material it referred to.

Upon hearing Elder Fire name the item, he froze in disbelief.

What was the Nüwa Stone?

It was a legendary artifact from ancient myth in his previous life!

The Nüwa Stone was said to be the very stone used by Nüwa to mend the heavens.

Moreover, in one legend, the Great Sage Equal to Heaven, Monkey King Sun Wukong, was born from the Nüwa Stone.

Although Elder Fire clarified that it was merely a fragment of the Nüwa Stone, it was still enough to leave Wyatt utterly stunned.

Guided by Elder Fire's insight, Wyatt's gaze settled on a particular stall. Behind the stall stood a lean inner sect disciple, whose bright eyes brimmed with cunning—clearly the demeanor of a "wily merchant."

"This junior brother has excellent taste. The items here are all treasures," the inner sect disciple said excitedly, his eyes lighting up the moment Wyatt glanced at the stall.

"Treasures? Are you for real?"

Wyatt approached the stall and crouched down but deliberately avoided looking at the Nüwa Stone fragment.

The fragment resembled a piece of regular stone, rough and inconspicuous, placed casually in a neglected corner.

If not for Elder Fire's guidance, Wyatt would've overlooked its existence entirely—the fragment's presence was almost ridiculously unremarkable.

"Senior brother, are you trying to pass off these items as treasures? I just joined the sect not long ago—don't try to scam me," Wyatt said earnestly, a cautious expression on his face.

"Just joined the sect?"

Hearing Wyatt's words, the inner sect disciple glanced down at Wyatt's waist. Upon seeing the token indicating Wyatt's status as an outer sect disciple, disappointment flashed across his features.

Chapter 1460: The Day is Just Around the Corner

Generally speaking, newly admitted outer disciples of the Sect don't have many merit points.

However, the sharp-eyed inner disciple, eager to seize the opportunity even if only small gains were possible, greeted Wyatt Barnes earnestly, saying, "Junior Brother, don't worry. The treasures I have here are absolutely reliable and honest to everyone!"

"This dried tree branch looks pretty special. Might be good to buy it just for firewood."

Wyatt muttered to himself while picking up a dried tree branch from the stall.

This branch was one of the few materials Elder Fire had his eye on.

Of course, this material was far inferior to the Nuwa stone fragment.

Still, the fact that an inner disciple's stall contained two materials for repairing the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower left Wyatt momentarily surprised.

Buy it for firewood?

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, the inner disciple nearly choked on his own breath from anger before speaking in a solemn tone, "Junior Brother, don't underestimate this item... It's truly remarkable."

"Remarkable? I really don't see it."

Wyatt curled his lips in disbelief. "If it's too expensive, then I won't buy it. I'll just go check out other stalls."

Saying this, Wyatt turned and prepared to leave.

"Junior Brother, I'm not trying to trick you."

Seeing Wyatt preparing to walk away, the inner disciple immediately panicked. After all, he hadn't had a single sale all day. Now that he had caught a potential buyer, he wasn't about to let him go so easily.

"Then tell me, why is it so remarkable?"

Wyatt asked indifferently.

"This item may seem like an ordinary dried tree branch, but it's not something that can easily be set on fire. Within the Inner Sect, even several 'One-Star Saint Refiners' couldn't use their flames, designed for forging or refining pills, to ignite it."

The inner disciple spoke earnestly.

"Really?"

Wyatt feigned astonishment.

"It's absolutely true!"

The inner disciple promptly replied, "If you don't believe me, Junior Brother, you can find a One-Star Saint Refiner to test it. For example, on the first floor of the Hall of Merit, there are surely One-Star Saint Refiners present. You'll just need to pay them a small number of merit points, and I'm sure they wouldn't refuse to try it for you."

Wyatt furrowed his brows, appearing a little troubled.

After a moment, he relaxed under the inner disciple's expectant gaze and said, "Alright, I trust you! I don't have enough merit points to hire a One-Star Saint Refiner for this anyway."

"But, Senior Brother, I don't have many merit points either... If this thing is too expensive, I won't be able to afford it."

Wyatt furrowed his brows once more as he spoke.

While he had over a million merit points in his possession, he had no intention of overspending. There might be other items in the Hall of Merit that he'd want to exchange for, so he didn't want to waste too many merit points on the first floor.

"Not expensive, not expensive."

The inner disciple shook his head.

"Not expensive? How many merit points does it cost?"

Wyatt asked.

"Five thousand merit points."

As soon as the inner disciple spoke, he fixed his eyes on Wyatt, seemingly trying to gauge his reaction.

Upon realizing that the purple-robed youth before him was a newly admitted outer disciple, his first thought was that this person likely didn't have many Holy Stones on him. But then, a flash of inspiration reminded him that many outer disciples came from the City Lord's Mansions within the Moon Radiance Sect's eighteen affiliated cities.

Outer disciples from these backgrounds often had one or two thousand merit points, which wasn't unusual.

"Five thousand merit points?"

Upon hearing this, Wyatt's expression shifted dramatically. He didn't respond and immediately turned to leave, his eyes flashing with surprise and disbelief.

It was as if he couldn't comprehend how the dried tree branch could be so expensive.

"Junior Brother, I was joking earlier... A thousand merit points. For a thousand, you can take it."

Wyatt's reaction was closely observed by the inner disciple, who quickly realized the purple-robed youth likely didn't have many merit points on him. Panicked by Wyatt's departure, he hurried to adjust the price.

If he knew that the purple-robed youth before him was the outer disciple "Wyatt Barnes," whose name had been circulating widely in recent days, he might have choked in indignation.

After all, to have over a million merit points and still walk away upon hearing a price of five thousand—wasn't this outright ridiculous?

Does this wealthy man even deserve his million merit points?

As the inner disciple's voice reached Wyatt's ears, a sly smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. Yet, his pace didn't slow as he headed toward another stall.

"Five hundred! Five hundred merit points... Junior Brother, this is truly the lowest price I can offer."

Seeing Wyatt show no signs of stopping, the inner disciple bitterly smiled.

"Five hundred merit points could work... but you'll need to throw in a freebie."

Wyatt understood that five hundred was likely the inner disciple's bottom line, so he stopped walking, turned, and returned to the stall.

"A freebie?"

The inner disciple frowned suspiciously, glancing at Wyatt.

But when he saw Wyatt looking only at the dried tree branch with a distressed expression, his furrowed brow smoothed as he inwardly cursed his misfortune, "I'm truly unlucky to encounter such a miser!"

If this inner disciple's thoughts were known in the outer disciple region, countless others would likely scold him. Calling the millionaire Wyatt Barnes a "miser"? Not even an Inner Sect elder would dare utter such words!

"Junior Brother, five hundred is really the absolute lowest... but giving you a freebie? That's hard for me to agree to."

The inner disciple shook his head without promising anything.

"Then forget it. I won't take it."

Wyatt said impatiently, preparing once more to leave.

"Wait, wait!"

The inner disciple didn't expect Wyatt to be so blunt and was immediately flustered, "Junior Brother, you can have a freebie... but you can only choose from the items I allow you to pick."

"No problem. As long as there's a freebie."

Wyatt replied nonchalantly, as if he weren't concerned about what the freebie might be.

The inner disciple inwardly cursed again before pointing towards a corner of the stall, "That pile, Junior Brother, feel free to choose any one of those."

Wyatt glanced at the corner of the stall, where the Nuwa stone fragment was situated.

"Seriously? Just this junk?"

Wyatt frowned and remarked, "Senior Brother, you actually have the nerve to put this junk out for merit points? You... you're ripping people off too much!"

"Junior Brother, don't dismiss them as junk just because you don't recognize their value."

The inner disciple declared with a straight face, "Also, you were the one who just said you didn't care what the freebie was. Don't tell me you're regretting your words now?"

"Well, I do regret it somewhat. I knew Senior Brother might be stingy, but I didn't expect you'd be **this** stingy."

Wyatt replied with a wry smile.

"Junior Brother, words once spoken are as good as a signed agreement. Don't go back on them."

The inner disciple warned cautiously.

Wyatt sighed, squatting down to rummage through the pile of items in the stall's corner. One by one, he uncovered various objects, tossing them aside thoughtlessly.

When Wyatt picked up and tossed aside the Nuwa stone fragment, his heart raced slightly.

"Seems like there's nothing decent here?"

As he flipped through more items, Wyatt frowned and commented.

Hearing Wyatt's assessment, the inner disciple silently chuckled to himself. If there were anything valuable among the pile, he wouldn't offer them as freebies.

"Whatever, I'll just choose one randomly."

Wyatt picked up the Nuwa stone fragment and said to the inner disciple, "Senior Brother, I'll take this broken stone fragment. No problem with that, right?"

Seeing the item Wyatt had chosen—a peculiar stone fragment he'd picked up years ago—it was resistant to both water and fire, yet he'd never figured out its worth. The inner disciple nodded, saying, "No problem. Just make sure you don't regret your choice later."

"I won't, I won't."

Wyatt shook his head and casually pulled out his crystal card, transferring five hundred merit points to the inner disciple.

The merit point balance within the crystal card could only be revealed if True Energy was intentionally activated by its owner. Thus, the inner disciple had no idea that Wyatt's card held over 1.7 million merit points. If he had known, he surely would have been incensed!

"Two materials secured."

Storing away the materials, Wyatt couldn't suppress the surge of excitement in his heart.

"Junior Brother, take your time browsing. Is there anything else you need?"

Having finally made his first sale in the Hall of Merit after spending so long there, the inner disciple's face lit up with a few traces of joy.

"Senior Brother, your items are too expensive. I don't have enough merit points to purchase them. I'll go look at other stalls instead."

Wyatt said with a wry smile before turning to leave, heading off to buy several other materials necessary for repairing the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower's third layer.

For the other materials, Wyatt employed the same negotiation tactics, securing all of them for merely a thousand merit points—a masterclass in the art of haggling, executed flawlessly.

"Elder Fire, with these materials, how much can the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower's third layer be restored?"

Wyatt asked.

"Without the Nuwa stone fragment, the restoration would be minimal... but with the fragment, the third layer of the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower can be restored to about seventy percent."

Elder Fire replied.

Seventy percent restored?!

Upon hearing Elder Fire's words, Wyatt's eyes lit up, his face brimming with excitement.

He hadn't expected that the materials purchased from the Hall of Merit's first floor would provide such significant help in repairing the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower, boosting its third layer to nearly seventy percent restoration.

Previously, the third layer had been restored to only ten percent.

In other words, today's acquisitions accounted for an additional sixty percent restoration.

"Elder Fire, at this rate, the activation of the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower's third layer should be just around the corner, right?"

Wyatt said to Elder Fire.

His heart swelled with anticipation as he thought of the third layer's benefits—a superior cultivation environment and a significantly slower flow of time.

Inside, five days would equate to just one day outside!