

## **L. Wyatt 1471**

Chapter 1471: Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman

"Command!"

Almost at the same time Center Montes shouted "Command," another voice followed, also shouting "Command."

The latter voice came from Wyatt Barnes.

When Center Montes's True Energy transmission stabbed into Wyatt's eardrums, an ominous feeling surged in Wyatt's heart, his whole being instantly becoming fully alert.

Seeing Center Montes pull out a Taoist Talisman, Wyatt understood the source of his confidence—it was clear Center Montes intended to use the talisman against him.

Of course, Wyatt believed Center Montes wouldn't dare to kill him with the talisman.

But maiming him? That, Wyatt was certain Center Montes was willing to do.

Perhaps, that was exactly Center Montes's true "goal"!

So, as Center Montes pulled out his Taoist Talisman, Wyatt raised his hand and grabbed one of his own talismans.

As Center Montes's talisman shot directly at him and activated its power with a cry of "Command," Wyatt simultaneously shouted the same word, unleashing his own talisman's strength.

Non-assault talismans don't need to be thrown to be used.

In the void, the talisman Center Montes threw instantly detonated, transforming into four beams of razor-sharp light that shot towards Wyatt's limbs, seemingly intent on tearing his arms and legs apart by sheer force.

If those beams succeeded, Wyatt would undoubtedly become a cripple without hands or feet!

The speed of the four cutting beams was so extreme that almost no one present could clearly follow them.

"A two-star attack talisman!"

Outer sect elder Holden Yellow was one of the few who could clearly track the trajectory of the beams. His gaze lit up as he identified the talisman Center Montes had used as being imbued with two-star attack Saint Markings.

The power within equaled the attack strength of a late-stage Entering the Saint Realm expert.

Other outer sect elders also had grim expressions, not expecting Center Montes to be so ruthless as to attempt crippling Wyatt with a talisman.

"Wyatt Barnes, after today, you're destined to be a cripple!"

Outer sect steward Vein Weber's face beamed with delight, as though he could already see the moment Wyatt's limbs were severed.

If Wyatt was crippled, it would be an excellent outcome for him.

Even for his nephew, this would undeniably be good news.

But in the next moment, those who could follow the trajectory of the beams suddenly had frozen expressions.

Because as their eyes caught a brief flash, Wyatt disappeared right before them.

From start to finish, none of them could figure out how Wyatt had vanished.

"A three-star Divine Travel Talisman!"

Soon, one of the outer sect elders gasped first, reacting fastest.

He remembered hearing Wyatt shout "Command" earlier, deducing that Wyatt had also used a talisman.

The talisman enabling Wyatt to vanish before his eyes could only be a three-star or higher Divine Travel Talisman.

In the Moon Radiance Sect, the highest grade of Divine Travel Talisman available was "three-star."

Thus, he immediately concluded that Wyatt must've used a three-star Divine Travel Talisman.

Although a three-star Divine Travel Talisman is worth 300,000 merit points, unaffordable for most outer sect disciples...

Wyatt was no ordinary outer sect disciple. A month earlier, he'd already amassed nearly two million merit points, so buying a three-star Divine Travel Talisman wasn't difficult.

Three-star Divine Travel Talisman!

Hearing the elder's exclamation, both Holden Yellow and Vein Weber's faces darkened instantly.

"Impossible!"

Meanwhile, in the Martial Arts Performance Field, seeing the four radiant beams unleashed by his talisman completely miss their target as Wyatt disappeared, Center Montes's expression drastically changed, his eyes filled with disbelief.

"Nothing is impossible."

Just as Center Montes, carried by his momentum, steadied himself with difficulty, a voice so eerily calm it was terrifying sounded directly beside his ear.

Having used the three-star Divine Travel Talisman, Wyatt's speed now rivaled an Entering the Saint Realm perfection-level expert. He appeared next to Center Montes like a specter.

Boom!!

Before anyone, including the outer sect elders, had time to react, Center Montes's entire body was sent flying like an arrow released from its bow. He slammed harshly against the ground, utterly disgraced.

Slap!!

As Center Montes attempted to struggle to his feet, a crisp slap rang out, leaving a fiery handprint on his face.

"Wyatt Barnes, if you've got any guts, face me head-on! What kind of skill is sneaking around?"

Center Montes spat out a mouthful of blood mixed with shattered teeth, spitting his words through gritted teeth.

His remarks left the onlookers with strange expressions.

Claiming Wyatt had the guts to face him head-on?

Calling Wyatt sneaky?

Moments earlier, wasn't it Center Montes who first resorted to using a talisman?

"That Center Montes is truly shameless, daring to say such words! Right now, Wyatt Barnes is simply returning the favor, using Center Montes's tactics against him."

A scoffing inner sect disciple glanced disdainfully at Center Montes, voicing his opinion.

His statement earned agreement from the other inner sect disciples.

Even many outer sect disciples nodded in support, believing Center Montes was merely reaping what he sowed.

"Head-on? Someone like you dares to say you're worthy?"

Wyatt's cold laughter echoed across the Martial Arts Performance Field, yet no one could spot his figure.

Having activated the three-star Divine Travel Talisman, Wyatt's speed rivaled both Entering the Saint Realm perfection-level martial artists and Taoist cultivators, and could be sustained for a full fifteen minutes.

As long as he remained in motion, no one below inner sect elders could perceive his movements within the Moon Radiance Sect.

Even the outer sect elders only occasionally caught fleeting traces of his silhouette when he attacked.

Beyond that, they couldn't make out Wyatt's form.

Slap!!

Another crisp slap sounded as Center Montes's other cheek swelled up, rendering his entire face swollen and pig-like, erasing any hint of his once-handsome features.

"Wyatt Barnes, how dare you humiliate me like this! Do you know who my master is?"

Center Montes roared.

"I couldn't care less who your master is... All I know is, you tried to cripple me! Since that's the case, I'll cripple you in return."

Wyatt's voice was icy, chilling Center Montes to the bone, who scrambled to plead, "I yield..."

He wanted to concede.

But before he could even utter the word "yield," another slap silenced him, forcing the unspoken word back into his throat.

Each time Center Montes tried to admit defeat, Wyatt slapped him again, interrupting him without fail.

Eventually, Center Montes resigned himself, no longer trying.

"Wyatt Barnes, as long as you don't cripple me, I swear I'll never oppose you again!"

Under the gaze of the crowd, Center Montes completely gave in.

He was terrified.

If Wyatt actually crippled him, his future would be utterly ruined.

Faced with a crisis threatening his own prospects, Center Montes had no choice but to lower his once-proud head.

"Never oppose me again?"

Wyatt sneered coldly, "Do you think I'd believe your words?"

At this moment, Wyatt had seized absolute control, his unmatched speed instilling fear deep within Center Montes.

In the world of martial arts, speed is everything.

Especially speed as absurd as Wyatt's.

"I'll swear an oath right now."

Terrified Wyatt might strike at any moment, Center Montes hurriedly pricked his finger, invoking the "Oath of Judgment" by swearing a blood vow to never oppose Wyatt again.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Nine thunderclaps roared deafeningly, bearing witness to Center Montes's vow.

"Quite the resolve!"

Wyatt chuckled coldly, "But today, you not only nearly crippled my limbs but also forced me to waste a precious 'three-star Divine Travel Talisman'... Do you think mere vows will settle this?"

"I can repay the three-star Divine Travel Talisman."

Center Montes took a deep breath and responded.

"Repaying the talisman is only fair... Beyond that, if you wish to keep your limbs intact, let's see how sincere you can be."

Wyatt replied indifferently.

Though he longed to cripple Center Montes as vengeance, he knew that the real culprit behind this ordeal was "Evander Mullins." Deciding that maiming Center Montes wouldn't resolve anything, Wyatt's thoughts quickly turned to another approach.

Extortion!

"What do you want?"

Center Montes eyed Wyatt cautiously.

"One million merit points for your limbs."

Wyatt said calmly, "I believe your limbs are still worth that many merit points, aren't they?"

One million merit points!

Wyatt's demand caused an uproar among the crowd.

"Oh my goodness! Wyatt Barnes is so audacious! He directly asked for one million merit points from Center Montes."

Many inner sect disciples muttered in astonishment, clearly shocked by Wyatt's words.

"I doubt Center Montes has that many merit points to spare, don't you think?"

Several outer sect disciples whispered in disbelief.

Even the outer sect elders and stewards were surprised by Wyatt's audacious demand.

One million merit points were beyond the immediate reach of any individual present.

Though he knew Wyatt's demands would be steep, Center Montes hadn't expected him to be so unreasonable, asking for one million merit points up front.

Instantly, Center Montes's expression darkened, "I don't have that many merit points."

"I know you don't have that many merit points. Just let the person behind you foot the bill... I imagine he wouldn't have any reason not to spend some coin to save your limbs, right?"

Wyatt sneered.



"Even if he doesn't value your relationship, surely he'll do something out of respect for your master, or for someone like you who serves him, won't he?"

Wyatt conveyed this via True Energy transmission directly into Center Montes's ears.

"You... You knew?!"

Center Montes was dumbfounded; Wyatt had clearly figured out exactly what was going on behind the scenes.

At that moment, defeat and humiliation overwhelmed Center Montes.

"Uncle, it seems you'll have no choice but to hemorrhage some profit this time."

At this moment, helplessness and bitterness filled Center Montes's heart.

"Swear another oath: by tomorrow, you'll deliver one million merit points and a three-star Divine Travel Talisman to me. If you don't fulfill the vow, you'll be struck down by Thunder Punishment!"

Wyatt coldly swept his gaze across Center Montes.

Chapter 1472: Inner Sect Area

Until Center Montes once again made his vow under the 'Nine-Nine Thunder Tribulation,' Wyatt Barnes finally spared him.

"This speed... it really feels amazing!"

Wyatt, having the power of the three-star Divine Travel Talisman enhancing his speed to rival that of a peak Transcending Mortal Realm expert, started roaming around the Outer Sect region after Center Montes left upon making his vow. His speed was so fast that not even the Outer Sect elders could track him.

However, the three-star Divine Travel Talisman's effects were limited in duration. After wandering around the Outer Sect for a while, the talisman's effects wore off, returning Wyatt to his original state.

Meanwhile.

The news of Wyatt defeating Center Montes spread like a storm into the Inner Sect region, making Wyatt gain widespread attention once again.

Center Montes, though just an Outer Sect disciple, was ranked sixty-sixth on the Nine-Sect Alliance's Earth List. His influence in the Nine-Sect Alliance region even surpassed some ordinary Inner Sect elders in the Moon Radiance Sect.

However, this figure was defeated by Wyatt Barnes, a mere Outer Sect disciple who had joined the sect for a little over three months.

As a result, Wyatt successfully replaced Center Montes and now ranked sixty-sixth on the Earth List.

Center Montes, on the other hand, switched places with Wyatt and was now ranked ninety-ninth on the Earth List.

That position originally belonged to Sail Fenning.

The news of Wyatt's achievement spread widely in the Inner Sect region, leaving many Inner Sect disciples astonished.

"For the longest time, anyone from Hill Mountain City would end up gaining nothing when dealing with Evander Mullins' faction. But this Wyatt Barnes managed to make Evander Mullins' faction suffer—he truly is remarkable."

Many Inner Sect disciples were aware of the conflict between Inner Sect elder Evander Mullins and Hill Mountain City's City Lord Tabo Garcia, and one by one, they couldn't help but exclaim in amazement.

Rumors about Center Montes being a disciple of Evander Mullins also started circulating.

In conclusion, this time, Evander Mullins lost face tremendously.

In the Inner Sect region, within Evander Mullins' residence.

Smash!!

Enraged to the extreme, Evander Mullins raised his hand and struck a stone table before him, shattering it into pieces. "A three-star Divine Travel Talisman, a million merit points? Such a greedy appetite! Doesn't he fear choking himself to death?!"

"His appetite has always been huge. It's said that over a month ago, he even earned nearly two million merit points."

Center Montes sighed.

"Uncle, I know you're unwilling to accept this. But I've made my vow."

Center Montes looked at Evander Mullins, reminding him.

"Little Montes, don't worry. Your uncle won't force you to break your vow... It's just a three-star Divine Travel Talisman and a million merit points. Your uncle can handle it."

Evander Mullins took a deep breath, his expression softening slightly as he looked at Center Montes. However, the fiery anger deep in his eyes remained unabated.

"But Wyatt Barnes, truly bold, dared to bring you to this state."

Looking at Center Montes, whose face on both sides was still somewhat swollen, Evander Mullins said with hatred, "Little Montes, are you truly willing to let this go?"

"Uncle, I know what you mean. But I've made a vow that I'll never confront him again. So, please, don't make things difficult for me. I don't want to be struck and killed by the Thunder Punishment from the Nine-Nine Thunder Tribulation vow."

Center Montes knew exactly what Evander Mullins intended—it was nothing but pushing him further into conflict with Wyatt Barnes.

At this moment, he was already regretting agreeing to Evander Mullins earlier.

If not, he wouldn't have lost so much face.

Although he suffered no actual loss, his disgrace was enough to lower his status in the Outer Sect significantly.

"I understand you made a vow, but Deputy Sect Master Graham..."

Evander Mullins' eyes glimmered, but before he could finish speaking, Center Montes interrupted him, "Uncle, whatever my master decides to do is not for me to interfere. Since I've vowed not to confront Wyatt Barnes again, I naturally cannot instigate my master. Otherwise, the oath's judgment will surely view me as breaking the vow, thereby exacting Thunder Punishment upon me."

"Don't worry. I'll take this matter to Deputy Sect Master Graham myself. I believe Deputy Sect Master Graham won't let someone who humiliated his direct disciple off so easily."

Evander Mullins ended with a frosty smile.

Center Montes glanced indifferently at him but didn't say anything further. If things played out this way, it wouldn't mean breaking his vow.

"Uncle, about the three-star Divine Travel Talisman and the million merit points..."

Center Montes turned to Evander Mullins, reminding him, intentionally or otherwise.

"I'll transfer you 1.4 million merit points... As for the three-star Divine Travel Talisman, go buy it yourself from the Hall of Merit. Consider the extra hundred thousand merit points as compensation from your uncle for putting you in this situation with Wyatt Barnes."

Evander Mullins swiftly took out a crystal card and transferred 1.4 million merit points to Center Montes without hesitation.

"Alright."

Center Montes nodded in satisfaction at Evander Mullins' sensibility.

After Center Montes left, Evander Mullins' expression became entirely grim.

1.4 million merit points—just gone.

If he claimed to feel no pain, it was simply impossible.

His entire fortune was just over 1.6 million merit points.

In mere moments, he lost almost ninety percent of it!

"Wyatt Barnes... If you don't die, I, Evander Mullins, will find no peace!"

Evander Mullins' eyes flashed with chilling light as he swore darkly.

Immediately, he began racking his brains, scheming to find an effective and permanent solution to deal with Wyatt Barnes.

The following morning, Center Montes visited Wyatt Barnes again.

"Not bad, you're quite trustworthy."

Receiving the three-star Divine Travel Talisman and a transfer of one million merit points from Center Montes, Wyatt nodded in satisfaction.

Center Montes, hearing his words, couldn't help but reveal a bitter smile.

Could he afford not to trust? His life was bound by his vow made under the Nine-Nine Thunder Tribulation; if he didn't honor it, he wouldn't survive another day.

After handing over the Taoist Talisman and the merit points to Wyatt Barnes, Center Montes didn't linger and promptly left.

Although he vowed never again to confront Wyatt Barnes, that didn't mean he could calmly face him. All he wanted now was to stay far away from Wyatt Barnes.

To him, Wyatt Barnes was nothing short of a nightmare.

"Good thing I bought a three-star Divine Travel Talisman from the Hall of Merit earlier... Otherwise, I certainly wouldn't have escaped the doom yesterday!"

Thinking back to yesterday's events, Wyatt Barnes still felt a lingering sense of fear.

If not for the three-star Divine Travel Talisman, he wouldn't have been able to avoid the attack talisman thrown by Center Montes.

That attack talisman, a two-star attack talisman, carried a force comparable to the full-strength blow of an Entering the Saint Realm expert at the late stage.

"It seems that merit points spent on talismans are worth it after all."

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt Barnes left his courtyard and made his way once again to the Hall of Merit in the Moon Radiance Sect.

Unlike his previous visit to the Hall of Merit, this time most Inner Sect disciples recognized him.

Upon arriving at the Hall of Merit, Wyatt Barnes didn't linger on the first floor and directly climbed the stairs, aiming for the third floor of the Hall of Merit.

The third floor of the Hall of Merit was specifically dedicated to selling Taoist Talismans.

While passing by the second floor, Wyatt noticed that Elder Jerry Garcia wasn't present, so he proceeded directly to the third floor.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

The two Inner Sect stewards assigned to the third floor, the same ones from last time, had mixed expressions when they saw Wyatt. Clearly, they had heard about yesterday's events.

Defeating an Earth List-ranked expert presumed to be the disciple of Inner Sect Elder Evander Mullins, extorting a million merit points, and a three-star Divine Travel Talisman?

They couldn't help but marvel at Wyatt Barnes' audacity when the news first reached them.

Throughout the Moon Radiance Sect's history, such a fierce and daring figure seemed unheard of.

Wyatt nodded lightly at the two stewards, deposited his Storage Ring, and proceeded into the third floor of the Hall of Merit.

This time, he purchased another three-star Divine Travel Talisman, along with two three-star Golden Battle Talismans... However, he noticed there were no three-star attack talismans available; thus, he settled on buying another two-star attack talisman.

Now, Wyatt's collection included two three-star Divine Travel Talismans, two three-star Golden Battle Talismans, and two two-star attack talismans.

At the entrance of the Hall of Merit's third floor, having spent ninety thousand merit points, Wyatt couldn't help but ask, "Excuse me, why doesn't the Hall of Merit have three-star attack talismans?"

Three-star attack talismans, when activated, unleashed power comparable to a full-strength strike of a peak Entering the Saint Realm Martial Artist or Taoist Cultivator.

These were ordinary peak-entry Saint Realm figures.

"The Moon Radiance Sect doesn't possess any three-star attack talismans," one Inner Sect steward replied with a shake of his head. "Attack talismans are notably the hardest to inscribe... Although they are consumed instantly upon use, their value far exceeds that of Divine Travel Talismans or Golden Battle Talismans."

"If you want to buy three-star attack talismans, you'd have to visit the headquarters of the Nine-Sect Alliance."

Another Inner Sect steward added.

"The headquarters of the Nine-Sect Alliance?"

Wyatt was momentarily surprised.

"The Nine-Sect Alliance's headquarters is located in the largest city within the Nine-Sect Alliance region—Hamilton City. If you wish to purchase three-star attack talismans, you'd need to go to Hamilton City."

The first Inner Sect steward reiterated.

"Understood."

Wyatt nodded and proceeded to ask, "By the way, do you know where Elder Jerry Garcia's residence is?"

After learning the general whereabouts of Elder Jerry Garcia's residence from the two Inner Sect stewards, Wyatt left the Hall of Merit and headed into the Inner Sect region.

It was his first time entering the Inner Sect region since arriving at the Moon Radiance Sect.

The Inner Sect region differed significantly from the Outer Sect region, the key distinction being the cultivation environment.

The density of spiritual energy here far surpassed that of the Outer Sect region.



In fact, the deeper one ventured, the more intense the spiritual energy became. "The Moon Radiance Sect's seven-grade Holy Stone mine must be located at the center of the sect's territory."

This, Wyatt deduced easily.

The closer one approached the Holy Stone mine, the denser the spiritual energy became.

Additionally, the Inner Sect region was vastly larger than the Outer Sect region, with its scope stretching far beyond sight.

Following the directions given by the Inner Sect stewards, Wyatt arrived at the eastern part of the Inner Sect region.

This area was filled with the residences of Inner Sect elders, each a massive estate sprawling like enormous beasts lying dormant.

Chapter 1473: Three-Star Saint Markings Master 'Trevor Baillie

"Senior Brother, may I ask if you know which residence belongs to Elder Jerry Garcia?"

Wyatt Barnes stopped a passing inner sect disciple and asked politely.

"That residence over there."

The inner sect disciple pointed at a nearby residence and replied.

"Thank you, Senior Brother."

Wyatt quickly expressed his gratitude and walked toward the residence.

"An outer sect disciple, seeking Elder Garcia?"

Glancing at Wyatt's waist, where the outer sect disciple's identity token hung, the inner sect disciple appeared slightly surprised.

In the Moon Radiance Sect, the gap between outer sect disciples and inner sect elders was vast, akin to a chasm. Normally, there wouldn't be any intersection between the two.

Just as Wyatt arrived at Elder Garcia's residence, he was stopped by an elderly man.

"Senior, is this Elder Garcia's residence?"

Wyatt looked at the thin, frail old man before him and inquired courteously.

"Are you here to see my young master?"

The old man responded with a question of his own.

Young master?

Upon hearing the old man's words, Wyatt was momentarily startled but soon realized that the "young master" mentioned by the old man referred to Elder Garcia.

"Senior, I kindly ask you to relay my message, saying the outer sect disciple 'Wyatt Barnes' requests an audience with Elder Garcia."

Wyatt spoke with a smile.

"So, you are Wyatt Barnes?"

Upon hearing Wyatt's name, the old man's eyes brightened. He clearly had heard of Wyatt before.

The next moment, he directed his gaze to Wyatt's waist—or more precisely, to the identity token hanging there.

"The young master instructed that if you came to see him, I should bring you in immediately."

With those words, the old man welcomed Wyatt inside.

Wyatt was quite surprised by Elder Garcia's attention toward him, feeling deeply touched in his heart.

Under the elderly man's guidance, Wyatt met Elder Garcia in the backyard of the residence.

Elder Garcia was watering the vegetable garden in the backyard. He seemed so focused that he didn't even notice their arrival.

"Young Master, Wyatt Barnes has arrived."

The old man looked toward Garcia and reported respectfully.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Upon hearing this, Elder Garcia immediately put down his work, turned around, and looked at Wyatt. "So, it really is you, little guy... What's the matter? Coming to find this old man—do you have something you need my help with?"

Elder Garcia asked with a smile.

"Indeed, I have come to request Elder Garcia's assistance."

Wyatt nodded—it was as the saying went, "One doesn't visit the Triple Treasure Hall without a reason." If it weren't important, he wouldn't have come looking for Garcia.

As Wyatt and Garcia conversed, the elderly man who had brought Wyatt inside quietly excused himself.

"As I've mentioned to you before, if you ever need something, come and find me. As long as it's within my power, I'll never say no!"

Elder Garcia invited Wyatt to sit down at a stone table in the backyard and poured him a fragrant cup of tea.

"Thank you, Elder Garcia."

Wyatt expressed his gratitude before explaining his reason for coming. "Elder Garcia, I've come today mainly to ask you—does the Moon Radiance Sect have a saint inscription master who can engrave a 'three-star saint inscription' on a saint artifact?"

"Yes, we do."

Elder Garcia nodded. "In our Moon Radiance Sect, many high-ranking sect members above inner sect elders possess saint artifacts engraved with 'three-star saint inscriptions.' All these artifacts were created by 'Elder Baillie.'"

"Elder Baillie?"

Wyatt's eyes lit up.

"Elder Baillie is the sole 'three-star saint inscription master' in our Moon Radiance Sect and simultaneously serves as a sacrificial officer elder here. His status in the sect is almost equal to that of the Vice Sect Leader."

"Furthermore, because of his special identity as a saint inscription master, even the Sect Leader and the few Saint Realm experts in the sect are extremely courteous when they meet him... This is something the Vice Sect Leaders of our Moon Radiance Sect cannot compare to."

Elder Garcia explained.

Wyatt wasn't surprised by this.

A three-star saint inscription master was a rare profession that commanded high respect, even in a sixth-ranked power.

Let alone in a seventh-ranked entity like the Moon Radiance Sect.

"If I wanted to request Elder Baillie's assistance in engraving a saint inscription on a saint artifact—do you think it's possible?"

Wyatt took a deep breath and looked at Elder Garcia expectantly.

This was precisely the reason he had come to Elder Garcia.

Ever since witnessing the power displayed by the three-star saint inscription "penetrating saint inscription" on Center Montes's sword yesterday, he had yearned to have a "penetrating saint inscription" engraved on his Solar Bow.

With that, the arrows fired from his Solar Bow would carry a powerful penetrating characteristic.

A single shot would be able to pierce through anything!

Of course, engraving a saint inscription on the bow's body wasn't within the capabilities of the Moon Radiance Sect's saint inscription masters, even if the saint inscription masters of the Martial Dao Sacred Land might achieve it.

Wyatt planned to have the "penetrating saint inscription" engraved on the bowstring of the Solar Bow.

The bowstring of the Solar Bow was made from the dragon tendons of a Five-Clawed Demon Dragon. Although there were considerable challenges in engraving saint inscriptions on it, it was still simpler than engraving them on the bow body.

"Engrave a 'saint inscription'? What kind of saint inscription are you hoping Elder Baillie could engrave?"

Elder Garcia asked curiously.

"The penetrating saint inscription!"

Wyatt answered directly.

"The penetrating saint inscription? Like the three-star saint inscription on Evander Mullins's sword?"

It seemed Elder Garcia was well aware that Evander Mullins's sword bore the penetrating saint inscription.

"Yes."

Wyatt nodded. "The strongest top-grade martial arts I've cultivated are arrow techniques... I was thinking, if my bowstring could have a 'penetrating saint inscription,' then the arrows I shoot could be imbued with penetrating characteristics, greatly enhancing their power."

"Once the penetrating saint inscription is engraved and activated, its power will certainly be significantly boosted."

Elder Garcia remarked. "However, asking Elder Baillie to engrave a three-star saint inscription is no easy task... Elder Baillie's decision to engrave a three-star saint inscription always depends on his mood. Even among inner sect elders, not everyone has saint artifacts engraved with three-star saint inscriptions."

Wyatt had anticipated this scenario beforehand.

Truly talented individuals often have unique personalities.

"Since you're already in the inner sect, I'll take you to visit Elder Baillie myself... I'll do my best to persuade him. However, whether he agrees or not is beyond my control."

Elder Garcia gave Wyatt a forewarning.

"I understand."

Wyatt nodded.

"In that case, let's head to Elder Baillie's residence now."

Elder Garcia stood up and said.

Seeing Elder Garcia take his matter so seriously and immediately deciding to accompany him to Elder Baillie's residence, Wyatt was naturally delighted.

Walking alongside Elder Garcia as they left his residence, Wyatt learned more about Elder Baillie from Garcia. He came to know that Elder Baillie's full name was Trevor Baillie, and he had joined the Moon Radiance Sect thirty years ago.

When Elder Baillie became part of the Moon Radiance Sect, he was already an Entering Saint Realm pinnacle expert, only one step away from the Saint Realm.

And now, after so many years, he was still at the pinnacle of the Entering Saint Realm.

"The Saint Realm is immensely difficult to reach... I myself have been stuck at the pinnacle of the Entering Saint Realm for twenty years and have yet to take that final step."

Speaking of Elder Baillie's cultivation, Elder Garcia sighed.

Like Elder Baillie, Elder Garcia's cultivation was also stuck at the pinnacle of the Entering Saint Realm, unable to progress further into the Saint Realm.

The gap between the pinnacle of the Entering Saint Realm and the Saint Realm might seem small, but the difference in strength between them was worlds apart!

A Saint Realm expert, even the weakest among them, could effortlessly annihilate dozens of pinnacle Entering Saint Realm experts joining forces.

In the Martial Dao Sacred Land, there was an oft-quoted saying:

"Without entering the Saint Realm, one is no more than beasts; once entering the Saint Realm, even beasts soar to the heavens."

This showcased the vast gulf between Saint Realm experts and non-Saint Realm cultivators.

Of course, even within the pinnacle of the Entering Saint Realm, there were gradations of strength.

According to Elder Garcia, he wasn't a match for Elder Baillie.

Elder Baillie's saint artifact, a top-grade earth-class saint artifact, was engraved with three "three-star saint inscriptions," making it the most powerful saint artifact in the Moon Radiance Sect!

With this artifact alone, Elder Baillie's strength was comparable to the Vice Sect Leaders of the Moon Radiance Sect.

It's worth noting that the Vice Sect Leaders had all barely stepped into half-Saint Realm status, positioning them as the cultivators most likely to break through into the Saint Realm within the Moon Radiance Sect... All they lacked was an opportunity.

Half-Saint Realm stood between the pinnacle of the Entering Saint Realm and the Saint Realm.

Stronger than the pinnacle Entering Saint Realm, weaker than the Saint Realm.

"Three three-star saint inscriptions engraved on a single saint artifact?"

Upon learning about Elder Baillie's saint artifact, Wyatt couldn't help but gasp. "That's extravagance incarnate!"

"Wyatt Barnes, even if Elder Baillie agrees to engrave the three-star saint inscription 'penetrating saint inscription' for you, it would still cost over a million merit points."

Before arriving at Elder Baillie's residence, Elder Garcia reminded Wyatt.

"I understand."



Wyatt nodded—he was mentally prepared for this.

"Elder Garcia, I currently have about one million one hundred thousand merit points handy... If it turns out to be insufficient, I may have to borrow some from you."

Wyatt looked at Elder Garcia. "I promise to repay you in the shortest possible time."

"That's no problem."

Elder Garcia responded with a faint smile.

After being announced by personnel at Elder Baillie's residence, Wyatt and Elder Garcia entered, ultimately reaching the vast hall within the estate.

Within the hall stood a middle-aged man with a face covered in stubble. He was frowning, seemingly deep in contemplation.

"Elder, Elder Garcia has arrived."

The attendant who had escorted Wyatt and Elder Garcia informed the middle-aged man.

"That must be Elder Baillie."

Wyatt's gaze sharpened as he fixated on the middle-aged man with bright eyes.

"Mm, you may leave."

The middle-aged man's furrowed brow relaxed slightly as he waved dismissively, somewhat impatient.

Soon after, he looked at Elder Garcia. "Elder Garcia, what brings you to me?"

"Elder Baillie."

Before Elder Baillie, Elder Garcia didn't dare show any trace of negligence. He offered a slight bow and introduced Wyatt, pointing to him as he spoke. "This is Wyatt Barnes from the outer sect. I'm here today to lead him to you."

Chapter 1474: Heavenly-tier Holy Artifact?

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Trevor Baillie's gaze immediately fell on Wyatt as he heard Jerry Garcia's words, "Are you the one who only joined the Sect a little over three months ago and has already stirred waves in the Outer Region multiple times?"

"Wyatt Barnes, greetings to Elder Baillie."

At this moment, Wyatt also bowed respectfully to Trevor Baillie.

"If Elder Garcia is personally guiding you, it seems you are highly regarded by him... Speak, what brings you here?"

Trevor Baillie got straight to the point.

"Elder Baillie, I have come to ask for your help in inscribing a 'Piercing Saint Marking' onto my sacred weapon."

Wyatt spoke frankly.

"A Piercing Saint Marking?"

Upon hearing this, Trevor Baillie shook his head, "If you've come for a Piercing Saint Marking, then I'm afraid you've come for nothing... Inscribing a three-star Saint Marking is extraordinarily taxing, even for me. Therefore, I only inscribe such markings when I'm in the mood."

In the mood?

Wyatt's lips twitched at this response.

Indeed, those with skill often have peculiar personalities!

"Elder Baillie, it seems you might be concerned about not being able to inscribe a three-star Saint Marking on my sacred weapon... If that's the case, you can rest assured. I've already decided that you will inscribe the Saint Marking on the bowstring rather than the body of the bow."

Wyatt gazed at Trevor Baillie and spoke smoothly.

"Do you think such a simple provocation will work on me?"

Trevor Baillie glanced at Wyatt dismissively, his tone laced with scorn.

Standing to the side, Jerry Garcia now wore a wry smile. He thought Wyatt was acting too hastily.

Such a simple attempt at provocation wouldn't fool Elder Baillie, or even himself.

"Elder Baillie, how about we make a bet?"

Wyatt's eyes sparkled as a sly smile crept onto his lips.

"What kind of bet?"

Trevor Baillie asked nonchalantly.

"If you can inscribe a Saint Marking—be it even a one-star Saint Marking—on the body of my sacred weapon, I will admit defeat! And if I lose, I will give you one million merit points... How about it?"

Wyatt turned to look at Trevor Baillie, stating the terms and wager clearly.

One million merit points!

Wyatt's astonishing offer surprised not only Jerry Garcia but also Trevor Baillie, who gave Wyatt a second, more scrutinizing look.

"Are you certain?"

While Trevor Baillie, being the Sect's only three-star Saint Marking expert, was far from lacking merit points, the straightforward offer of one million merit points left him no reason to refuse Wyatt's proposal.

Even for a Heaven-grade sacred weapon, he was confident he could inscribe markings upon it.

Hence, he didn't believe there was any sacred weapon of Wyatt's he couldn't handle.

"Elder Baillie, are you agreeing to this?"

Wyatt smiled and asked.

"Indeed."

Trevor Baillie nodded lightly.

"Elder Baillie, it seems I haven't yet mentioned the price you'll pay if you lose. Are you agreeing so hastily?"

Wyatt asked in surprise.

"I won't lose."

Trevor Baillie displayed unwavering confidence. In other fields, he might hesitate, but in the realm of Saint Markings, he was utterly assured.

"Though you're confident, Elder Baillie, I still must state your penalty should you lose... If you truly find yourself unable to inscribe a Saint Marking on the body of my sacred weapon, I would ask that you inscribe a 'Piercing Saint Marking' onto its bowstring free of charge."

Wyatt addressed Trevor Baillie directly.

"No problem."

Trevor Baillie agreed immediately.

"Elder Baillie, I haven't finished yet."

Wyatt interjected.

"Wyatt Barnes, don't push your luck!"

Trevor Baillie frowned in irritation.

One million merit points equated in value to a Piercing Saint Marking. Though he was confident he wouldn't lose, Wyatt's apparent desire to add to the stakes irked him.

"If Elder Baillie loses, not only must you inscribe the Piercing Saint Marking free of charge, but you must also provide me with in-depth guidance on Saint Marking techniques for one month."

Ignoring Trevor Baillie's protest, Wyatt continued unperturbed.

Trevor Baillie froze upon hearing this, as did Jerry Garcia.

Wyatt... is interested in Saint Marking techniques?

"That's all... Elder Baillie, are you willing to bet?"

Wyatt smiled and asked Trevor Baillie.

"Hmph! Since you're so eager to offer me merit points, I won't refuse."

Trevor Baillie snorted, "Show me your sacred weapon, then. I want to see what sacred weapon has made you so confident... Let me tell you, even a Heaven-grade sacred weapon can't stop me from inscribing Saint Markings."

Heaven-grade sacred weapon?

Trevor Baillie's words made Wyatt smile inwardly.

A Heaven-grade sacred weapon amounted to nothing against the Sunshot Bow.

Under the joint scrutiny of Trevor Baillie and Jerry Garcia, Wyatt retrieved the Sunshot Bow, allowing the weapon to be fully unveiled before the two men.

Seeing the rusty, weathered Sunshot Bow, Jerry Garcia's lip twitched.

This sacred weapon looked far too unimpressive to warrant Elder Baillie's concern.

Yet Trevor Baillie's attitude differed entirely.

As they say, "The layman watches for fun; the expert focuses on the details."

With one glance, Trevor Baillie recognized the extraordinary nature of Wyatt's bow. Even without examining the bow's body, the "bowstring" alone exceeded the grade of most Earth or Mortal sacred weapons.

"Is this dragon tendon?"

Trevor Baillie sucked in a cold breath as he inspected the bowstring of the Sunshot Bow.

Dragon tendon?

Jerry Garcia was stunned by Trevor Baillie's words.

While the Martial Dao Sacred Land's history contained many legends about dragons, in modern times, dragons had become little more than mythical beings.

And now, Trevor Baillie claimed that the bowstring of Wyatt's bow was dragon tendon?

"Elder Baillie, you can recognize it?"

Wyatt looked surprised, not expecting Trevor Baillie to identify the dragon tendon.

Until now, no one in the Sect had ever recognized the bowstring of the Sunshot Bow as dragon tendon.

"In the Martial Dao Sacred Land, bows crafted with dragon tendon are rare but notable... The weakest among them are at least low-grade Heaven sacred weapons! This confirms your sacred weapon should also be a Heaven-grade weapon."

Trevor Baillie muttered in awe.

Heaven-grade sacred weapon!

Jerry Garcia was dumbfounded. Wyatt's weapon turned out to be a Heaven-grade sacred weapon?

Even the Moon Radiance Sect lacked a single Heaven-grade sacred weapon.

In fact, even the Nine-Sect Alliance might not possess one.

Heaven-grade sacred weapon?

Wyatt, however, offered no confirmation.

"Still, even a top-grade Heaven sacred weapon is not beyond my ability to inscribe Saint Markings on... You've lost this wager before it's even started!"

Trevor Baillie declared to Wyatt, confident in his mastery over Saint Markings.

Chapter 1475: Inscription Pen

"Elder Baillie, don't you think it's a bit premature to say that?"

Wyatt Barnes squinted slightly and chuckled softly.

"Hmph!"

Trevor Baillie gave a low grunt but ignored Wyatt, raising his hand to take out an exceptionally slim iron pen—none other than the 'inscription pen,' exclusively used by Taoist Talisman Masters and Saint Marking Masters from the Martial Dao Sacred Land.

The inscription pen had two ends.

One end looked no different from a regular brush.

The other end, however, was a sharp tip.

The pen was so fine it resembled a large needle, faintly emanating waves of cold air, a clear sign that it was made from extraordinary materials.

In the Martial Dao Sacred Land, inscription pens were categorized into different grades.

The inscription pen in Trevor Baillie's hand was among the very best, even within the entire Martial Dao Sacred Land.



His inscription pen could leave marks even on top-grade heavenly artifacts.

Logically, such a pen shouldn't be in the possession of a Three-Star Saint Marking Master... let alone a master of higher grades, even a Six-Star Saint Marking Master might not possess such an item.

The reason Trevor Baillie owned this particular pen was due to a 'fortuitous encounter' from years ago.

That encounter was a legacy left behind by a Seven-Star Saint Marking Master.

The inscription pen was also part of the legacy of the Seven-Star Saint Marking Master.

It was precisely this encounter that drove him to diligently hone his skills, eventually becoming a Saint Marking Master himself.

"No need to try engraving Saint Markings; as long as my inscription pen can leave a trace on your artifact bow's body, I'll be able to engrave markings on it... You should be able to agree with that, right?"

Holding Wyatt Barnes' Sunshot Bow in one hand and the inscription pen in the other, Trevor Baillie directed his question at Wyatt.

"Of course."

Wyatt responded matter-of-factly, "As long as Elder Baillie is able to make even the slightest mark on my bow's body, then our wager counts as my loss, and I'll fully accept defeat!"

"Excellent."

Trevor Baillie nodded in satisfaction and, under the watchful gazes of Wyatt Barnes and Jerry Garcia, infused True Energy into the pen before swiftly striking its pointed end onto the Sunshot Bow's body.

The two ends of the inscription pen served distinct purposes.

The sharp, pointed end was used by Saint Marking Masters for engraving markings on artifacts.

The brush-like end was employed by Taoist Talisman Masters for drawing talismans on paper.

The inscription pen: a dual-purpose tool for Saint Marking Masters and Taoist Talisman Masters alike.

Generally, Saint Marking Masters rarely used the brush-like end.

Jerry Garcia stared intently, his curiosity piqued, wondering who would emerge victorious in this wager.

It wasn't that he doubted Trevor Baillie.

Rather, Wyatt's unwavering confidence unsettled him... After all, since arriving at the Moon Radiance Sect, Wyatt Barnes had never suffered a single defeat.

Would this time be an exception? Jerry couldn't say for sure.

Wyatt watched calmly.

Though unfamiliar with the extraordinary qualities of Trevor's inscription pen, Wyatt had absolute confidence in the Sunshot Bow's body—a confidence bordering on blind faith.

What a joke!

The Sunshot Bow's body was forged from materials used in creating immortal-grade treasures.

Leaving even a faint mark upon it would hardly be an easy task.

Wyatt was certain Trevor's pen was incapable of making even the slightest indentation.

Swish!

The inscription pen struck like lightning, surrounded by spiraling True Energy that resembled writhing green serpents. At first glance, they also appeared like bolts of cyan lightning, coiled and spinning tightly around the pen.

Clang!!

Finally, the inscription pen landed on the Sunshot Bow's body, producing a grating, shrill noise.

At the same time, Trevor Baillie's eyes narrowed, his hand trembling as he tried to leave a trace on the bow's surface.

However, despite his movements, the result left him dumbfounded.

To his horror, Trevor discovered that the surface of the bow's body bore no markings—not a single trace.

"H-how... how is this possible? With the pen I have here, I should be capable of leaving marks even on top-grade heavenly artifacts."

Taking a deep breath, Trevor attempted once more, unwilling to concede so easily.

Unfortunately, the outcome remained the same—his inscription pen left no trace on the Sunshot Bow's surface.

"Not a single mark."

Jerry Garcia was equally stunned, his gaze complex as it flickered toward Wyatt Barnes after recovering from his surprise.

"Elder Baillie, you wouldn't go back on your word, would you?"

Wyatt asked with a laugh.

"What kind of artifact is this? Could it be one of the legendary super-artifacts listed in the Martial Dao Sacred Land's Top Ten Sacred Artifact List?"

Trevor Baillie didn't answer Wyatt directly but instead posed a solemn question.

"No."

Wyatt shook his head, calmly explaining, "This artifact was personally custom-made for me twenty years ago by a friend of my mentor. It's certainly not one of those legendary top ten super-artifacts that have long been spoken of."

With this statement, Wyatt fabricated an imaginary 'mentor.'

"To have a friend capable of creating such an artifact, your mentor must be extraordinary."

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Trevor's expression grew even graver.

Jerry Garcia exhaled in relief.

Thank goodness he hadn't tried to take Wyatt as his apprentice earlier; that would've been utterly humiliating.

"No wonder he calls the City Lord of Hill Mountain City his 'teacher' rather than his 'mentor'... Turns out he already has a mentor, and evidently, that mentor is someone extremely powerful and mysterious."

Jerry mused internally.

Such details were not hard to infer.

Trevor Baillie's skills were well-known.

According to Trevor, he could engrave markings on heavenly artifacts without issue.

When Trevor speculated Wyatt's artifact might belong to the Top Ten Sacred Artifact List, this statement implied something undeniable:

Wyatt's bow was an artifact comparable to those legendary super-artifacts!

As for Wyatt's connection to the Hill Mountain City's City Lord, Jerry had only recently come to learn about it.

"I wouldn't know."

Faced with Trevor's solemn stance, Wyatt shook his head and muttered irritably, "That old man is hardly a qualified mentor; he always leaves me behind, claiming it's to 'temper' me... I really got myself on a sinking ship."

Of course, Wyatt's remarks were also fabricated.

Yet, to Trevor Baillie and Jerry Garcia, they carried a very different implication.

Without the foundation of the Sunshot Bow's extraordinary nature, Wyatt's tale might be met with skepticism. But the presence of such a formidable artifact compelled them to take his words seriously.

"Wyatt Barnes, you are fortunate to have apprenticed under such a mentor. That's your destiny; how could you say it's a sinking ship?"

Jerry Garcia shook his head. "I always wondered what kind of extraordinary background nurtured someone of your monstrous talent... but I hadn't realized that a mysterious and powerful mentor stood behind you all along."

He spoke in awe.

Trevor echoed Jerry's sentiment with a nod before addressing Wyatt: "Wyatt, about the wager—I accept my loss. In three days, come back to retrieve your artifact. As for learning Saint Markings, we'll start in three days as well."

Although unable to engrave markings on the bow's body, Trevor was entirely confident he could succeed on the bowstring.

After all, he had already identified the bowstring material—it was made from a strand of 'dragon tendons.'

"Dragon tendons... Armed with my inscription pen, even the tendon of a Five-Clawed Divine Dragon can bear Saint Markings without issue."

Trevor was supremely confident.

Contained in the Seven-Star Saint Marking Master's legacy were not only engravings techniques but also various secrets—including those of the Dragonsmith Clan. Trevor understood them intimately.

He also knew that in the Martial Dao Sacred Land, the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon was the most powerful member of the Dragonsmith Clan.

According to notes left by the Seven-Star Saint Marking Master, Trevor's pen could engrave markings on even the indestructible dragon scales of the Five-Clawed Divine Dragon—let alone simple dragon tendons.

What Trevor didn't realize was that the bow's dragon tendon was indeed taken from a Five-Clawed Divine Dragon.

"Thank you, Elder Baillie."

Grinning, Wyatt expressed his gratitude immediately.

After conveying his thanks, Wyatt turned to both Trevor and Jerry, his demeanor serious: "Also, I'd like to request neither of you to reveal anything about my bow... I'd rather not become a target for everyone."

It was easy to imagine that news of his Sunshot Bow being comparable to legendary super-artifacts would incite countless individuals to covet the artifact.

"I wouldn't stoop so low."

Trevor replied indifferently.

Of course, there was one unsaid truth.

Even if he were bold enough, the associated risks would likely outweigh the benefits, as doing so might offend the formidable 'mentor' supporting Wyatt.

Even though Trevor couldn't entirely confirm the mentor's existence, he dared not take chances.

"Rest assured."

Jerry's reply was even more succinct.

As Trevor began preparing to engrave the Three-Star Saint Marking 'Piercing Markings' onto the Sunshot Bow's dragon tendon bowstring, Wyatt and Jerry naturally decided not to linger and disturb him any further.

With a quick farewell, they departed Trevor Baillie's residence side by side.

As they left, Jerry couldn't help expressing his curiosity about Wyatt's fabricated 'mentor' along the way.

Wyatt responded with equally fabricated answers, handling each query deftly.

The reason for Wyatt's creation of the fictitious mentor was precaution.

From the moment he decided to showcase the Sunshot Bow's extraordinary qualities, Wyatt had planned to fabricate a 'mentor,' instilling hesitation in Trevor and Jerry so that they wouldn't dare try to seize the artifact.

Although Trevor and Jerry didn't strike him as deceitful individuals, Wyatt remained cautious.

As the saying goes, you can know one's face but not their heart; having lived twice over, Wyatt possessed an exceptional wariness.

"Elder Garcia, your residence once had an elder who addressed you as 'Young Master'—has he been by your side for a long time?"

On the way, Wyatt intentionally changed the subject, looking toward Jerry with curiosity.

Chapter 1476: The Power of the Sun Shooting Bow

"Hmm, he's been with me for a long time."

Jerry Garcia nodded and said nostalgically, "Over a hundred years ago, when I was still young, I was the Young Master of the Garcia Clan, a prominent family in the area under the jurisdiction of the Moon Radiance Sect... And he was my sparring 'martial boy' back then."

"Later, he joined me in entering the Moon Radiance Sect, and that brings us to today."

Speaking of this, Jerry Garcia's expression turned gentle.

Wyatt Barnes nodded, his thoughts aligning with Jerry's explanation.

Wyatt politely declined Jerry Garcia's invitation, then left the Inner Sect area and returned to the Outer Sect area.

Just as he arrived near his independent courtyard, Wyatt saw a familiar figure standing outside.

Seeing this figure, Wyatt's eyes lit up, and he called out with a grin, "Baer Bear!"



"Senior Brother Barnes."

Hearing Wyatt's greeting, Baer Bear turned around, his face full of excitement. "I didn't expect so much to happen while I was in seclusion... Wyatt, you're incredible! This time, our Hill Mountain City can truly hold its head up high."

Clearly, Baer Bear had learned of Wyatt's recent feats after coming out of seclusion.

He had heard about Wyatt killing Sail Fenning, defeating Inner Sect disciples, and overpowering Center Montes.

When he first heard about it, he had been stunned into a daze, unable to process it immediately.

In the face of Baer Bear's excitement, Wyatt remained calm, simply offering a faint smile. "Baer Bear, I came looking for you last time, but you happened to be in seclusion... Now that you've emerged, I should transfer the merit points our teacher gave you."

Raising his hand, Wyatt produced a crystal card and spoke.

"Senior Brother, you should keep those merit points for yourself," Baer Bear chuckled.

"Are you sure you want me to keep them? Are you sure you won't use them to borrow top-grade Saint Realm martial arts?"

Wyatt gave Baer Bear a deep look, which made Baer a bit embarrassed.

He hadn't considered this before.

He had only thought that those merit points would have greater utility in Wyatt's hands.

"Alright, quit dawdling like an old man!"

Wyatt said with some impatience.

Finally, Baer Bear took out his own crystal card.

However, when he saw the amount of merit points Wyatt had transferred, he exclaimed, "Senior Brother Barnes, this isn't right! I remember the teacher's merit points for me were two thousand... Why did you transfer twenty-five thousand?"

"Two thousand merit points are hardly enough for anything. With these twenty-five thousand, you can not only borrow top-grade Saint Realm martial arts but also buy an Earth-grade sacred weapon engraved with two-star Saint Markings."

Wyatt explained, "This is all I can do for you. As for the merit points you'll need to borrow top-grade Saint Realm martial arts in the future, you'll have to earn them yourself."

"Senior Brother Barnes."

Hearing Wyatt's words, Baer Bear's eyes turned red. Of course, he understood Wyatt's intention to help him.

Even the Hill Mountain City Lord, his teacher, probably didn't possess an Earth-grade sacred weapon engraved with two-star Saint Markings.

"Alright, hurry up and head to the Hall of Merit."

Wyatt didn't wait for Baer Bear to respond and headed back to his courtyard.

Transferring such a large amount of merit points to Baer Bear was a carefully considered move on Wyatt's part.

At the moment, Wyatt had thoroughly offended Inner Sect Elder Evander Mullins in the Moon Radiance Sect... If Evander decided Wyatt was too challenging to deal with, he would likely target Baer Bear and Cloud Ling instead.

If Baer Bear and Cloud Ling lacked the ability to protect themselves, they were bound to suffer.

Even though Evander had never intended to spare Hill Mountain City's people, the current conflict had been incited by Wyatt.

Thus, Wyatt didn't want Baer Bear and Cloud Ling to suffer unwarranted misfortune because of him.

Three days later, Trevor Baillie would finish engraving the Saint Markings onto the Solar Bow. During those three days, Wyatt entered the second level of the Jewel Tower and trained inside for nine days before emerging.

At that point, three days had passed outside.

This time, Wyatt headed alone to Trevor Baillie's residence.

"Here's your sacred weapon."

Trevor handed the Solar Bow to Wyatt, who immediately prepared to test it in the front courtyard of Trevor's residence, where there was a massive rock—not just any ordinary rock.

"With your current ability and this sacred weapon paired with the 'Piercing Saint Markings'... it'd be a bit tough to pierce through this boulder," Trevor remarked to Wyatt.

The rock was unique to the Martial Dao Sacred Land, its refined metal materials even usable for creating sacred weapons.

Of course, it could only be used for crafting Human-grade sacred weapons.

Even so, piercing through such a large piece of rock wasn't an easy feat.

Trevor's comment didn't elicit a response from Wyatt. Instead, Wyatt raised the Solar Bow.

True Energy surged out of his right hand, quickly forming into an arrow that he notched onto the bowstring. He then pulled the bowstring.

"Is this the 'Piercing Saint Markings'?"

As Wyatt pulled the bowstring, his focus shifted to the faint markings on the bowstring, which were clearly the three-star Saint Markings—'Piercing Saint Markings'—engraved by Trevor.

Without hesitation, Wyatt fused his True Energy into the markings, activating them.

In an instant, the Piercing Saint Markings activated.

Simultaneously, Wyatt could distinctly feel a profound transformation in the True Energy arrow on the bowstring, as though it suddenly gained the power to pierce through everything.

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt pulled the bowstring to its limit.

Squeak! Squeak!

...

The bowstring emitted sharp, piercing noises as it was drawn, making Trevor keep his eyes fixed on Wyatt.

Trevor wanted to see just how powerful this Martial Dao prodigy, who had caused such a stir in the Outer Sect, could be when wielding a bow engraved with the Piercing Saint Markings.

With the bow fully drawn, Wyatt's back arched and seemed to transform into another taut bow, merging with his weapon.

Suddenly, the drawn bow trembled violently.

The next moment, the arrow on the bowstring flashed forward like a streak of light, piercing the enormous rock ahead with a soft thud, leaving behind a bottomless hole.

Thunk!

Before Trevor could fully react, another noise came, and the arrow that had pierced the rock shot through the thick courtyard wall beyond and continued outward.

"Ah!!"

A scream rang out from outside, causing Wyatt to freeze momentarily. "Wait... Did I hit someone?"

Wyatt's expression turned peculiar. Who had such bad luck?

He moved quickly to the gates of Trevor's residence and saw, beyond the courtyard wall, an Inner Sect disciple limping away from the scene, showing no inclination to confront him.

Clearly, Trevor's prestige as a three-star Saint Markings master in the Moon Radiance Sect was highly respected.

Wyatt thought to himself.

This wasn't hard to understand.

Even the Sect Leader and the Saint Realm powerhouses of the Moon Radiance Sect treated three-star Saint Markings masters like Trevor with utmost reverence.

The lesser disciples certainly wouldn't dare to cross him.

The injured Inner Sect disciple was likely under the direct tutelage of an Inner Sect elder.

As the disciple of an elder, he undoubtedly knew that Trevor was not someone who could be trifled with.

When Wyatt returned to Trevor's courtyard, he found Trevor staring at him with a "looking-at-a-monster" expression.

"Elder Baillie, truly, your skills as a three-star Saint Markings master are extraordinary. The power of the Piercing Saint Markings is incredible," Wyatt praised.

Thinking back to the destructive force unleashed by his arrow, Wyatt couldn't help but marvel.

Not only had the arrow pierced through the massive rock, but it also shot through the thick wall, even injuring an unfortunate passerby.

"Are you really just a Martial Artist at the Small Perfection stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm?"

Trevor ignored Wyatt's praise, instead staring at him intently and muttering.

"What—Elder Baillie, do you want to use a spiritual technique to verify me?"

Wyatt shook his head.

To his surprise, as soon as he finished speaking, Trevor's spiritual energy enveloped Wyatt, as if attempting to check his innermost being... At that moment, Wyatt felt as though he stood bare before the world, stripped of all secrets.

Wyatt sighed inwardly, not expecting Trevor would actually examine him using spiritual techniques.

And yet, he couldn't muster anger.

After all, his own words had practically invited it; it was like shooting himself in the foot.

"You truly are at Small Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm! You're really a little monster."

Trevor drew in a sharp breath and murmured.

At this moment, his thoughts solidified—Wyatt's fabricated "master" might be real after all.

If not for a mysterious and strong master backing him, how could Wyatt be so exceptionally talented?

Trevor's reasoning felt straightforward and unquestionable.

"With your current strength, you're qualified to rank among the top on the Earth List... Once you break through to the Great Perfection stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm, even the first-ranking spot on the Earth List might have to step down for you."

Trevor spoke with a complicated expression as he looked at Wyatt.

"Does Elder Baillie really have that much faith in me?"

Wyatt asked with a grin.

"Hmph! I have faith in the Saint Markings I engraved."

Trevor snorted, clearly unwilling to admit his admiration.

Whenever Trevor recalled giving away a three-star Saint Marking for free, it felt like a knife cutting through his heart...

A single three-star Saint Marking, just the materials alone, would cost at least two to three hundred thousand merit points in the Moon Radiance Sect.

If Wyatt could hear Trevor's thoughts, he'd surely curse him.

Two to three hundred thousand merit points to engrave a Saint Marking, yet it sells for over a million? What a rip-off!

"Elder Baillie, can I start learning Saint Markings from you today?"

Wyatt's eyes lit up as he asked.

"Since I've promised you, I won't go back on my word... However, the path of Saint Markings isn't something you can learn just by wanting to—success depends on talent. Prepare yourself mentally for that."

Trevor pre-emptively warned Wyatt.

#### Chapter 1477: Nine-Star Inscription Pen

The path of Saint Markings—is it not something you can learn just because you want to?

It also depends on innate talent?

Requires mental preparation?

Upon hearing Trevor Baillie's words, Wyatt Barnes did not respond directly but laughed to himself inwardly.

He had inherited the lifetime mastery of "Inscription Techniques" from the Reincarnation Emperor, and "Inscription" and "Saint Markings" are essentially two different paths reaching the same destination. For him to learn Saint Markings, he didn't need to start from scratch; he only needed to grasp the commonalities between Inscription and Saint Markings.

As long as he built the "bridge" that connected Saint Markings and Inscription, Wyatt believed he could become an exceptional "Saint Mark Engraver."

For the next month, Wyatt lived in Trevor Baillie's residence, learning the art of Saint Markings from him.

Initially, Trevor Baillie wasn't optimistic about Wyatt.

After all, Wyatt's talent in Martial Dao was already immensely beyond comprehension. In Trevor's view, the heavens were fair—they wouldn't bless Wyatt with an extraordinary talent in Martial Dao while also giving him extraordinary talent in the path of Saint Markings.



Yet, reality delivered a resounding slap to his face. He even wondered if fate was joking with him.

How could there possibly exist such a heaven-blessed individual in this world!

In only a month, Wyatt was already able to engrave "One-Star Saint Markings." If not for Wyatt's weak spiritual power, Trevor had no doubt Wyatt could engrave "Two-Star Saint Markings."

Over this month, Wyatt left Trevor thoroughly astounded.

From initial confusion to hazy understanding to extrapolation and occasional insights that left Trevor contemplating for half a day.

Sometimes, Wyatt didn't feel like a beginner in Saint Markings to Trevor—he seemed more like an experienced expert.

This sensation was incredible, but Trevor was certain of its accuracy.

"Inscription, Saint Markings... Their essence is actually the same."

As early as the tenth day of learning Saint Markings under Trevor Baillie, Wyatt had already identified the "bridge" connecting Inscription and Saint Markings. By the twentieth day, he had stepped onto this "bridge" and gained some revelations.

A few days later, he had fully grasped the commonalities between Inscription and Saint Markings and could convert some of the Inscriptions from the memory of the Reincarnation Emperor into Saint Markings.

The Inscriptions in the memory of the Reincarnation Emperor were vast and diverse, countless in number to the point of defying explanation even over the course of a day and night.

For instance, the Two-Star Saint Markings "Thousand Pound Markings" and "Swift Wind Markings," as well as the Three-Star Saint Markings "Piercing Markings," could all be realized and even engraved through the converted knowledge from those Inscriptions.

Of course, the materials needed for engraving must be refined into liquid "ink," just like the materials used by Saint Mark Engravers in the Martial Dao Sacred Land.

These liquids are driven by the usage of an inscription pen for engraving Saint Markings.

For now, with his current spiritual power, Wyatt's limit was engraving "One-Star Saint Markings."

To engrave Two-Star Saint Markings, he would first need to break through to "Entering the Saint Realm." Only by achieving that breakthrough would his spiritual power undergo further transformation, enabling him to reach the level required to engrave Two-Star Saint Markings.

"From this month of learning, I can now regard Inscription and Saint Markings as one entity... Relying on the memory of the Reincarnation Emperor, as long as my spiritual power allows, I can engrave Saint Markings at the level corresponding to that power."

Wyatt mused to himself.

This situation was identical to when he was on the Cloud Skies Continent.

On the Cloud Skies Continent, as long as his spiritual power reached a certain threshold, he could engrave Inscriptions corresponding to that level of spiritual power.

"Elder Baillie, this past month has been quite troublesome for you."

With the month's deadline having arrived, it was time to leave. Wyatt looked at Trevor Baillie and offered his heartfelt thanks.

"Wyatt Barnes, your talent in the path of Saint Markings surpasses even mine."

Trevor Baillie looked at Wyatt with a complex expression. Then, as if making some kind of decision, he gritted his teeth and said, "Wyatt, I wish to act on behalf of my teacher and take you as his disciple... Are you willing?"

"Elder Baillie, you... have a teacher?"

Wyatt was a bit surprised.

"Otherwise, where do you think I learned all my knowledge of Saint Markings?"

Trevor Baillie shook his head and said seriously, "Wyatt, my teacher was a Seven-Star Saint Mark Engraver! Moreover, even the inscription pen in my hand was left to me by him."

Seven-Star Saint Mark Engraver!

Trevor's words undoubtedly shocked Wyatt.

Although Wyatt had guessed that Trevor Baillie's teacher must be above Four-Star in terms of Saint Mark Engraving, he never expected his teacher to be a Seven-Star Saint Mark Engraver!

"Do you know why I was so confident in our wager a month ago?"

Trevor Baillie asked.

"Wasn't it because you could engrave Saint Markings even on heavenly-grade saint artifacts?"

Wyatt replied.

"Then do you know why I was confident in being able to engrave Saint Markings on heavenly-grade saint artifacts?"

Trevor asked again.

"It should be your inscription pen, right?"

Wyatt thought for a moment and said.

The materials used to forge heavenly-grade saint artifacts are extraordinarily robust. Naturally, engraving would be impossible if the inscription pen were subpar.

"Exactly, it's the inscription pen!"

Trevor nodded, his eyes shimmering as he explained, "Generally speaking, for a Three-Star Saint Mark Engraver to possess a Four-Star inscription pen is already considered remarkable... However, a Four-Star inscription pen at best can only engrave Saint Markings on low-grade earthly saint artifacts."

"A Four-Star inscription pen can only engrave Saint Markings on low-grade earthly saint artifacts? So there's such a distinction?"

Wyatt was shocked.

"Of course."

Trevor nodded. "Inscription pens are classified into nine tiers. The worst is the One-Star inscription pen, and the best is the Nine-Star inscription pen... Of course, this tier system is merely the conventional wisdom within the Martial Dao Sacred Land. According to my teacher, there are inscription pens even more advanced than Nine-Star ones here in the Martial Dao Sacred Land."

Wyatt nodded in realization.

Though he had already connected Saint Markings and Inscriptions and mastered the method to convert from one to the other, he wasn't particularly knowledgeable about inscription pens within the Martial Dao Sacred Land.

Now, hearing Trevor Baillie's explanation, he finally understood how intricate inscription pens were.

"One-Star inscription pens correspond to low-grade human saint artifacts and can at most engrave Saint Markings on low-grade human saint artifacts; Two-Star inscription pens correspond to mid-grade human saint artifacts and can at most engrave Saint Markings on mid-grade human saint artifacts."

"Three-Star inscription pens correspond to high-grade human saint artifacts; Four-Star inscription pens correspond to low-grade earthly saint artifacts... and so on. Nine-Star inscription pens correspond to high-grade heavenly saint artifacts."

Trevor explained all this in one breath, giving Wyatt a comprehensive understanding of inscription pens.

"So... Elder Baillie, the inscription pen in your hand is above Seven-Stars?"

Wyatt asked in surprise.

A month earlier, Trevor had said he could engrave Saint Markings on heavenly-grade saint artifacts.

Now, with more knowledge about inscription pens, Wyatt could deduce this much with ease.

"Correct."

Trevor nodded and retrieved his inscription pen, murmuring to himself, "This inscription pen is one left behind by my teacher, whom I've never met in person. It is a 'Nine-Star inscription pen!' Using this pen, I can even engrave Saint Markings on high-grade heavenly saint artifacts."

"Now, you should understand why I was so confident a month ago, correct?"

Saying this, Trevor looked at Wyatt while recalling the bet they made a month ago. He couldn't help sighing. "I just never expected that the saint artifact in your possession would turn out to be what's above the high-grade heavenly sainthood—a 'Super Saint Artifact'!"

"Super Saint Artifact" was Trevor's description of Wyatt's "Sunshot Bow."

What Trevor didn't know was that Wyatt's Sunshot Bow wasn't just any Super Saint Artifact; it was a broken treasure originating from the celestial realm.

However, a camel that has died of starvation is still larger than a horse. Even in its damaged state, as a celestial treasure, its hardness was far beyond what any mere Super Saint Artifact could achieve.

Nine-Star inscription pen!

When Trevor revealed that his inscription pen was a "Nine-Star inscription pen," Wyatt was so shocked that he stood frozen, not hearing the subsequent words Trevor spoke.

Nine-Star inscription pen—the best inscription pen known in the Martial Dao Sacred Land!

Though Wyatt previously guessed that Trevor's inscription pen was above Seven-Stars, he merely assumed it to be a Seven-Star pen... He would never have expected that Trevor's pen turned out to be a Nine-Star inscription pen!

"Elder Baillie, didn't you say your teacher is a Seven-Star Saint Mark Engraver? Then why would he own a Nine-Star inscription pen?"

Wyatt asked in astonishment, staring at Trevor.

"This, my teacher didn't mention in the jade slip he left behind, so even I don't know."

Trevor shook his head.

"You didn't ask him?"

Wyatt was taken aback.

"Ask him?"

Trevor appeared momentarily stunned, then bitterly smiled. "Wyatt, I've already mentioned that I've never once met my teacher... The inheritance I received came from a storage ring he left behind. Inside were some materials for engraving Saint Markings, two jade slips, and the Nine-Star inscription pen in my possession."

"I don't even know which era of the Martial Dao Sacred Land my teacher belonged to."

As he finished speaking, Trevor sighed deeply.

"I see."

Wyatt finally understood. It turned out Trevor Baillie's Saint Markings inheritance wasn't personally taught by his teacher but rather extracted from the belongings left behind in a storage ring.

"Since that predecessor isn't around, why would you say you wish to take me as his disciple?"

Wyatt asked in confusion.

"In the jade slip left by my teacher, there were instructions. If my own talent for Saint Markings was found to be average and I encountered someone whose talent in Saint Markings greatly exceeded mine to an extraordinary degree, I was to take them as my master's disciple and pass on his legacy, the forbidden alternative Inscription technique, 'Alternative Markings'!"

As Trevor spoke, his face grew solemn and resolute.

"Alternative Markings?"

Wyatt was surprised. "What is that? Does it relate to Saint Markings?"

"According to my teacher, Alternative Markings is an unconventional engraving method within the field of Saint Markings. It emphasizes engraving Saint Markings that are identical in quality to traditional methods but using the cheapest materials... The Saint Markings come out the same, but the cost of materials is drastically different, sometimes by several magnitudes."

Trevor explained.

Chapter 1478: The Inheritance of the 'Mysterious Pattern Technique

"It's a pity that my talent is limited and I ultimately couldn't master the 'Art of Ghost Marks' from the inheritance left behind by my teacher... If not for the orthodox Saint Marking cultivation method included in the inheritance, I wouldn't have achieved what I have today."

Speaking to this point, Trevor Baillie sighed regretfully, his face dimming.

Not being able to master the 'Art of Ghost Marks' from the inheritance left behind by the teacher he never met had always been a sore spot in his heart.

Over the years, he had met some Saint Marking artisans with good talent in Saint Markings.

However, none of them could learn the Art of Ghost Marks.

The Art of Ghost Marks revolves around the word 'ghost.'

For Saint Markings with the same effect, the materials required by the Art of Ghost Marks are often less than half of those needed by orthodox Saint Marking techniques.

Its miraculous nature lies in its demanding requirements for mental power.

Of course, the high requirement for mental power here does not refer to its level, but to its application... Only those who can wield mental power at an extraordinary level can master the Art of Ghost Marks.

Some people are born with strong mental power, allowing their spiritual energy to follow their thoughts effortlessly.

This phenomenon is referred to as 'Soul Moves at Will.'

Unfortunately, Trevor Baillie does not belong to this category, and he is destined to have no connection with the Art of Ghost Marks in his lifetime.

And this had always been a knot in Trevor Baillie's heart.



When he received the inheritance of that Seven-Star Saint Mark artisan, he understood how much the artisan yearned to find a successor for the Art of Ghost Marks. Hence, he had always hoped to help find a qualified inheritor.

Although he had never seen that Seven-Star Saint Mark artisan, he regarded the artisan as his 'teacher.'

After all, if it weren't for the artisan, he wouldn't be where he is today.

Over the years, Trevor Baillie had relied on Saint Marking techniques to amass a significant amount of cultivation resources, enabling his current achievements.

Otherwise, with his talent alone, he would never have come this far.

Trevor Baillie is someone who values loyalty and gratitude, someone who always seeks opportunities to repay favors.

And now, he realizes that his chance to repay kindness has arrived.

Wyatt Barnes is precisely the person he had been searching for—the one who could inherit his teacher's Art of Ghost Marks.

Over the recent period, as Wyatt Barnes inscribed Saint Markings, Trevor Baillie could clearly sense Wyatt's extraordinary application of mental power, which far exceeded his own skills.

Typically, a Saint Marking artisan requires a minimum cultivation of Entering the Saint Realm.

Yet Wyatt Barnes could inscribe Saint Markings while still in the Transcending Mortal Realm.

"The Art of Ghost Marks..."

Hearing Trevor Baillie describe the Art of Ghost Marks, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but feel intrigued.

The orthodox Saint Marking techniques of the Martial Dao Sacred Land were indeed similar to the Inscription Techniques of the Cloud Skies Continent, but the Art of Ghost Marks was distinct from the latter, piquing his curiosity.

"This Jade Slip contains the recorded techniques of the Art of Ghost Marks... I believe you are the most suitable person for this."

Trevor Baillie raised his hand and produced a Jade Slip, solemnly handing it to Wyatt Barnes.

At the same time, he spoke seriously, "Wyatt Barnes, I know you already have a mentor... However, if you truly inherit the Art of Ghost Marks, I hope you can recognize my teacher as your teacher as well."

"It's only proper."

Wyatt Barnes didn't refuse Trevor Baillie's offer of the Jade Slip. He was eager to learn about the Art of Ghost Marks and wouldn't miss this opportunity.

Receiving the inheritance of that Seven-Star Saint Mark artisan and recognizing the artisan as 'teacher' seemed entirely reasonable.

Moreover, the artisan's era was unknown, and there was no guarantee that the artisan was still alive.

Thus, Wyatt Barnes didn't need to hesitate.

An opportunity presented on a silver platter—only a fool wouldn't take it.

"From today onward, you are now my junior brother, Wyatt Barnes."

Trevor Baillie chuckled, "From now on, don't call me Elder Baillie anymore. Just call me senior brother."

"Senior brother."

Wyatt Barnes, not one to be overly formal, promptly changed his address.

Hearing Wyatt call him senior brother, Trevor Baillie's face beamed with a brilliant smile, "Even if our teacher is no longer in this world, if he knew I found someone as talented as you to be his pupil, he would surely be overjoyed."

"Senior brother, let's not celebrate too early. Whether I can master the Art of Ghost Marks is still uncertain."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head, smiling.

"With your application of mental power, if even you cannot master the Art of Ghost Marks, then no one under the heavens can."

Trevor Baillie had tremendous confidence in Wyatt Barnes.

Thus, before Wyatt even entered the Moon Radiance Sect's Inner Sect, he had already gained a senior brother among the Inner Sect elders.

And this Inner Sect elder was no ordinary one.

As a Three-Star Saint Mark artisan, Trevor Baillie's status in the Moon Radiance Sect surpassed that of several Vice Sect Leaders, even subtly exceeding their authority.

Moreover, even the Sect Leader and other Saint Realm experts treated him with great courtesy when dealing with him.

"Junior brother, I heard you hail from Hill Mountain City?"

Trevor Baillie asked.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, his origins in Hill Mountain City no longer a secret in the Moon Radiance Sect.

"I'll personally pay Evander Mullins a visit and make him understand that my junior brother Trevor Baillie is not someone he can mess with!"

Trevor Baillie's eyes flashed sharply, his tone domineering.

Evidently, he was aware of the conflict between Hill Mountain City's people and Evander Mullins.

Trevor Baillie's goodwill was something Wyatt Barnes naturally wouldn't decline.

However, he understood that even if Evander Mullins feared his senior brother, at most, he would restrain himself outwardly... Secretly, Evander Mullins would still view him as a thorn in his side.

Unless he could eliminate Wyatt Barnes, Evander Mullins would not find peace.

"This works out well... at least on the surface, Evander Mullins will hold back, which will be a good thing for Baer Bear and Ralph Cloud."

Wyatt Barnes silently reflected.

"Senior brother, the one-month period is up—I should be returning now."

Wyatt Barnes politely bid farewell to Trevor Baillie.

"Junior brother, leave your bow behind... I'll inscribe two more Three-Star Saint Markings on it for you. My current limit is to inscribe up to three Three-Star Saint Markings on a piece of sacred equipment; anything beyond that exceeds my capabilities."

Trevor Baillie said to Wyatt Barnes.

Now that Wyatt Barnes was his junior brother, he naturally wanted to help him as much as he could.

If helping Wyatt beforehand had a trace of reluctance, now he was wholeheartedly willing to inscribe more Saint Markings for him.

"Thank you, senior brother."

Wyatt Barnes's eyes lit up as he hurriedly expressed his gratitude. If his bow—Sunstrike Bow—could bear three Three-Star Saint Markings, its power would undeniably escalate, proving immensely helpful to him.

Though Wyatt Barnes had already integrated Saint Markings with Inscription Techniques, achieving parity in Saint Marking expertise with Trevor Baillie,

His limited mental power made it possible for him to inscribe only One-Star Saint Markings for now.

Three-Star Saint Markings, according to Trevor Baillie, would require Wyatt to at least reach Entering the Saint Realm's Small Perfection stage to inscribe them with difficulty.

"Additionally, from now on, you should live in my residence."

Trevor Baillie told Wyatt Barnes, "I'll arrange a tranquil courtyard for you—it's sure to be better than your current one in the Outer Sect."

"Senior brother, I appreciate your generosity... but for now, I'd prefer remaining in the Outer Sect. Once I join the Inner Sect, I'll come to stay in your residence."

Wyatt Barnes smiled as he replied.

"You said it—when you join the Inner Sect, you must move here!"

Trevor Baillie said seriously.

"Absolutely."

Wyatt Barnes promptly nodded in agreement.

Having handed over the Sunstrike Bow to Trevor Baillie, Wyatt Barnes took his leave.

He was eager to dive into studying the Art of Ghost Marks. If he could truly master it, the efficiency of earning Holy Stones in the future would undoubtedly be over twice that of typical Saint Marking artisans!

After all, artisans specializing in the Art of Ghost Marks required less than half the materials compared to orthodox Saint Marking artisans for creating markings of the same quality.

However, Wyatt Barnes vaguely sensed that the true marvel of the Art of Ghost Marks might extend beyond material efficiency.

Since Trevor Baillie hadn't mastered the Art of Ghost Marks, his understanding revolved solely around the discrepancy in material consumption.

Of course, this was merely Wyatt Barnes's intuition.

Whether it was true or not still required his own investigation.

Just as Wyatt Barnes left the Inner Sect territory, a piece of news spread like wildfire within those grounds.

The Moon Radiance Sect's only Three-Star Saint Mark artisan and Inner Sect elder, Trevor Baillie, had publicly declared that starting today, he would accept Outer Sect disciple Wyatt Barnes as his junior brother on behalf of their shared teacher.

From now on, Wyatt Barnes was Trevor Baillie's junior brother!

This news swept through the Inner Sect territory like a hurricane, shaking it to its core as if a massive earthquake had struck.

"Elder Baillie recognizes an Outer Sect disciple as his junior brother? Is this some kind of joke?"

"Who is this Outer Sect disciple? How extraordinary must they be to have Elder Baillie call them his junior brother?"

...

Many Inner Sect disciples who had not paid much attention to the Outer Sect were shocked and flustered by this news.

"You're kidding, right? You don't know who Wyatt Barnes is?"

"Wyatt Barnes has practically become a household name in the sect recently, and you guys are clueless?"

...

Those Inner Sect disciples who were already aware of Wyatt Barnes began recounting his various feats and accomplishments, instantly spreading his name throughout the Inner Sect.

Even these informed disciples were astounded by the news of Wyatt Barnes becoming Elder Baillie's junior brother.

Some even investigated the truth behind the claim and confirmed it.

Wyatt Barnes had indeed become Elder Baillie's junior brother!

As this news rocked the entirety of the Inner Sect, Evander Mullins inevitably heard of it as well.

Upon hearing it, Evander Mullins crushed the teacup in his hand into powder, shouting, "That Wyatt Barnes! Who in the world is he? How could he make that old man Trevor Baillie call him 'junior brother'?! Damn it! Damn it!!"

To Evander Mullins, Wyatt Barnes, whom he regarded as a thorn in his side, suddenly had an imposing backer. Learning of this made Evander Mullins feel worse than swallowing a fly.

#### Chapter 1479: The Domineering Trevor Baillie

"Wyatt Barnes, taken as a disciple by Elder Baillie on behalf of his master, has now become Elder Baillie's junior martial brother?"

Outside the grand courtyard where Evander Mullins resided, Kai Simmons, who initially intended to visit him, abruptly halted his steps upon hearing Evander's furious roar.

A complex expression flickered in his eyes.

Yet, the corners of his lips curled into a faint, elusive smile.

At the same time, he stopped approaching Evander and turned away.

He understood Evander's temper well; seeking him out at this moment would undoubtedly be a self-inflicted ordeal.

In the days that followed, the news spreading within the Inner Sect quickly reached the Outer Sect, shocking everyone there.

If certain outstanding disciples from the Outer Sect were secretly taken as personal disciples by Inner Sect elders, few would find it surprising.

Such occurrences were not uncommon in the history of the Moon Radiance Sect.

However, for an Outer Sect disciple to be recognized as a junior martial brother by an Inner Sect elder—this was unprecedented in the sect's history.

The most crucial detail was that the Inner Sect elder who acknowledged the Outer Sect disciple as his junior martial brother was no ordinary elder.

"Elder Baillie accepted Wyatt Barnes as a disciple on behalf of his master and recognized him as his 'junior martial brother'? Is this true?"



"The news came from within the Inner Sect and has been confirmed by people at Elder Baillie's residence... There's no way this information is false."

"Wyatt Barnes is incredible! For most Outer Sect disciples, being accepted as a disciple by an Inner Sect elder is an enviable achievement... But he went a step further and became the elder's junior martial brother. He's practically on par with an Inner Sect elder."

"What's more, the elder who recognized Wyatt is Elder Baillie... And who doesn't know that Elder Baillie is our Moon Radiance Sect's only 'three-star Saint Markings Master'?"

"In the Nine-Sect Alliance, among the nine major sects, only our Moon Radiance Sect and one other sect have a three-star Saint Markings Master. The other seven sects don't have one and must come to us or the other sect to request a three-star Saint Markings Master."

"Even the Sect Leader shows great respect when meeting Elder Baillie. If Elder Baillie were to leave the Moon Radiance Sect out of displeasure, it would be an enormous loss for the sect."

...

As the news spread, the entire Outer Sect erupted in turmoil.

Almost everyone who wasn't in closed cultivation—Outer Sect elders, stewards, or disciples—heard the news immediately.

In a secluded residence located in a corner of the Outer Sect, Grand Elder Pov Easton nearly spat out the tea he had just sipped upon hearing the news. "Wyatt Barnes was recognized as Elder Baillie's junior brother?"

Swallowing the tea down, Pov Easton sucked in a sharp breath, his face brimming with shock.

As Grand Elder of the Outer Sect, Pov Easton's status within the Moon Radiance Sect was indistinguishable from that of an Inner Sect elder, and in fact, it even surpassed the average Inner Sect elder.

However, even Pov Easton, though he didn't need to be overly deferential, still had to maintain a polite and respectful demeanor in front of Elder Baillie.

All of this was not only due to Elder Baillie's formidable strength but even more so because Baillie was a 'three-star Saint Markings Master'!

Within the sect, Pov Easton's fearsome figure was second only to the Saint Realm powerhouses, including the Sect Leader himself—and that fear extended to Elder Baillie.

But now, Pov Easton was hearing that Elder Baillie had recognized Wyatt Barnes as his junior martial brother?

"Elder Baillie isn't someone who acts without consideration. Why would he recognize Wyatt Barnes as his junior martial brother?"

This puzzle troubled Pov Easton for a long time, yet he couldn't come up with an answer.

Finally, he could only resort to speculation.

"Perhaps Wyatt revealed his true identity to him, and Elder Baillie recognized him as a junior martial brother to divert suspicion and protect him?"

Aside from this, Pov Easton truly couldn't think of another plausible reason.

He found it hard to believe Wyatt Barnes and Elder Baillie had known each other for long.

If Wyatt already had a relationship with Elder Baillie before, then during his life-and-death duel with Sail Fenning, why would he spend four- and five-grade Holy Stones to enlist Pov Easton himself as a 'witness'?

Thus, Pov Easton was certain that Wyatt and Elder Baillie had only recently crossed paths.

While Pov Easton was stunned by the news of Elder Baillie recognizing Wyatt Barnes as his junior martial brother, elsewhere, in one of the Outer Sect's independent courtyards, Holden Yellow also heard the news.

Smash!!

The moment Holden Yellow learned of it, his expression darkened, and he struck out with his palm, causing thunderous vibrations as the stone table before him shattered into dust.

"Is this news true?"

Glowing, Holden demanded an answer from the Outer Sect disciple who had reported it.

"It's true. Even Elder Baillie's residence staff have acknowledged it," the disciple confirmed, nodding.

"Leave now,"

Taking a deep breath, Holden waved his hand impatiently.

After the messenger disciple departed, Holden gritted his teeth and cursed under his breath, "So I'm supposed to just let this matter with Wyatt Barnes go? My thirty-thousand-plus merit points wasted for nothing?"

He refused to accept this!

Finally, Holden exhaled deeply and muttered with a grim look, "Wyatt Barnes, now that you have Elder Baillie backing you up, I indeed cannot touch you within the sect... But if you dare set foot outside it, I will make you regret it for the rest of your life!"

Evidently, Holden was unwilling to let the matter slide completely.

Meanwhile, in another corner of the Outer Sect, steward Vein Weber also heard the earth-shaking news. His face turned extremely grim, "How could Wyatt Barnes possibly deserve Elder Baillie's favor, much less become his junior martial brother?"

The prospect of vengeance suddenly seemed dauntingly dim.

"Forget it, forget it... The conflicts between us stemmed initially from Uriel. Now, with such a powerful backing, it isn't worth continuing this feud! Otherwise, if Elder Baillie traces anything back to me, I'll be dead for sure!"

Unlike Holden Yellow, Vein chose to compromise.

"I must notify Uriel of this right away... He should abandon any grudge he holds against Wyatt Barnes."

Acting swiftly, Vein wrote a letter, sending it directly to his family, the Weber Family.

He didn't want Uriel's unresolved grudge with Wyatt to bring catastrophe upon their clan.

"Elder Baillie? Moon Radiance Sect's sole three-star Saint Markings Master?"

In another isolated courtyard, Mandy Wood's reddened eyes and grave expression revealed her turmoil, "Wyatt Barnes, Wyatt Barnes... Were you truly born to suppress me, Mandy Wood? I won't accept this! I refuse!!"

Her muttering soon escalated into an enraged growl.

At this moment, she felt an overwhelming sense of rivalry and fate akin to 'why must I be born in the shadow of another?'

Elsewhere, Center Montes also heard the news, letting out a long sigh, "I just hope my uncle can let this go... Though that's unlikely. Elder Baillie is not someone even my master, the Deputy Sect Leader of the Moon Radiance Sect, would dare provoke."

His master, though a Deputy Sect Leader and one who had reached half-step Saint Realm, was ultimately only evenly matched with Elder Baillie.

This was only due to Elder Baillie wielding a top-grade Earth Saint Artifact inscribed with three three-star Saint Markings. Although Baillie's cultivation was merely at the peak of

entering Saint Realm, the artifact made it possible for him to challenge those at the half-step Saint Realm with remarkable ease.

Finally, Center clenched his teeth and left the Outer Sect, heading toward the Inner Sect.

No matter what, Evander Mullins was his uncle, and he intended to personally advise him.

"Understood,"

When Center Montes spoke earnestly to persuade his uncle, Evander gave him an indifferent response.

Though Center discerned his uncle's perfunctory tone, he also knew there was only so much he could do. "Uncle, now that Wyatt Barnes is Elder Baillie's junior martial brother, even my master would hesitate to make an enemy of him."

"I understand."

Again, Evander gave a bland acknowledgement. "If there's nothing else, you may leave."

Realizing this was his uncle's way of subtly dismissing him, Center sighed inwardly and left.

Whether this matter resolved or worsened, he had already made his attempt, and it would suffice as an answer to his mother, who had passed away years ago.

After Center had departed, Evander sneered coldly, "Let it go? Impossible! I swore long ago that anyone from Hill Mountain City would either die or submit to me... Wyatt Barnes is no exception!"

Five days later, Evander Mullins' residence received an uninvited guest.

"Elder Baillie,"

Upon seeing the visitor, Evander's face displayed an unnatural tension, though he courteously bowed. Despite being an Inner Sect elder himself, the status difference between them within the Moon Radiance Sect was worlds apart.

"Elder Mullins,"

The visitor, none other than Trevor Baillie, Wyatt Barnes' senior martial brother, spoke. "I am not one to beat around the bush. My visit today is to remind you of one thing... Wyatt Barnes is my junior martial brother. Anyone who tries to harm him is slapping me in the face!"

His tone remained calm but struck with overbearing authority.

"Elder Baillie's bond with your junior martial brother is so strong it's truly enviable,"

Suppressing his inner fury while taking a deep breath, Evander struggled to force a faint smile.

"I've said my piece. Take care of yourself."

With a flick of the sleeve and an indifferent glance at Evander, Trevor Baillie turned and left, moving as swiftly as the wind, entering and exiting Evander's territory with unrestrained ease.

Once Trevor was gone, Evander's face turned completely sinister—not bothering to conceal his vengeful thoughts. "Wyatt Barnes, so long as you live, I refuse to rest! Unless you stay forever in the Moon Radiance Sect, I'll ensure your death is inevitable!"

With that, Evander left his own residence, departing the Inner Sect and even the Moon Radiance Sect itself.

Leaving the sect behind, Evander headed north.

The northern direction happened to lead toward Thames River City.

Thames River City was the largest and most prosperous settlement within the Nine-Sect Alliance region and served as its central hub, where the alliance headquarters resided.

Due to its bustling nature, it became a gathering place for all walks of life from within the Nine-Sect Alliance."

#### Chapter 1480: Two More 'Three-Star Saint Markings

"It has been ten days now... My senior brother should have inscribed the other two 'Three-Star Saint Markings' onto my Sunshot Bow by now, right?"

After leaving the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower, Wyatt Barnes exited his room, left the courtyard, and departed from the outer sect area.

Ten days later, he once again stepped into the inner sect region.

"Did you see that? That's Wyatt Barnes!"

Unlike before, this time, Wyatt was recognized shortly after entering the inner sect area.

Wherever he passed, inner sect disciples were all casting their gazes toward him.

"No wonder those outer sect disciples were looking at me so differently when I left the courtyard earlier... It seems senior brother has spread the news of taking me as his junior disciple on behalf of his master."

Ten days earlier, after returning from Trevor Baillie's residence, Wyatt had secluded himself.

He spent a month on the second floor of the Seven Treasures Jewel Tower, which equated to ten days outside, before emerging again.

Recalling the awe he felt from the gazes of outer sect disciples he encountered along the way, coupled with the complex glances from inner sect disciples before him now, Wyatt deduced a few things.

It didn't take long before Wyatt arrived at Trevor Baillie's residence again.

"Young Master Wyatt, please come inside."

The attendants of Trevor Baillie's estate now treated Wyatt with utmost respect, clearly viewing him as the "second master" of the estate.

"Junior brother."

From afar, Trevor Baillie approached with warmth and enthusiasm upon seeing Wyatt.

"Senior brother."

Wyatt responded with a smile.

"Mission accomplished."

After meeting Wyatt, Trevor took out the 'Sunshot Bow' belonging to Wyatt and returned it to him.

Wyatt accepted the bow and immediately focused on its bowstring, quickly noticing two newly added Saint Markings. "Senior brother, what are the additional Three-Star Saint Markings you engraved on this bow for me?"

"These two Three-Star Saint Markings are the 'Explosive Flame Saint Marking' and the 'Erosion Saint Marking.'"

Trevor explained with a smile, "They're specifically chosen to work with the 'Piercing Saint Marking' and yield exceptional effects."

"I'm eager to hear more."

Wyatt's curiosity was piqued.

"Explaining too much is pointless... Let's leave the sect and test it out on some savage beasts."

Trevor proposed.



"Sounds good."

Wyatt agreed; after all, practical experience beats theoretical explanations.

Soon, Wyatt and Trevor left the inner sect and departed the Moon Radiance Sect entirely, heading outside of its territory.

This marked Wyatt's first time leaving the Moon Radiance Sect since arriving nearly four months ago.

"Hmph! Consider yourself lucky to have Trevor Baillie with you."

Shortly after Wyatt and Trevor had left, a figure loomed faintly near the Moon Radiance Sect's mountain gate. From afar, it blurred into obscurity, as if it were an optical illusion.

Up close, however, the figure was discernibly human.

Were there any outer sect disciples present, they'd recognize this individual at a glance—it was none other than the outer sect elder, Holden Yellow.

Holden Yellow, despite merely being an outer sect elder and having a lower cultivation level than Trevor Baillie, had previously acquired a secret technique for concealing his presence during his younger years.

With his current cultivation at Small Perfection within the Entering the Saint Realm stage, anyone below the Saint Realm would be incapable of detecting his movements.

Naturally, Trevor hadn't noticed him.

Recently, Holden had volunteered to manage the mountain gate rotation. Typically, aside from several outer sect disciples, one outer sect elder was required for this duty.

The true reason Holden had volunteered for this role, of course, was due to ulterior motives.

His target was Wyatt Barnes!

If Wyatt dared to leave the Moon Radiance Sect without a strong protector, Holden would follow him immediately.

Once in a location far from the sect's territory, Holden would kill Wyatt, seize Wyatt's Storage Ring, and take his crystal card.

Holden's aim was to reclaim the merit points he'd lost to Wyatt and avenge his humiliation!

Unbeknownst to Wyatt, aside from Evander Mullins, there was yet another person in the sect plotting his demise.

At this moment, Wyatt had accompanied Trevor to an isolated area far from the Moon Radiance Sect's grounds.

This place was notable not only for its remoteness but also for the sheer number of savage beasts present.

Savage beasts were creatures in the Martial Dao Sacred Land devoid of sentience.

They were akin to the beasts of ordinary mortal territories, engaging in mutual slaughter with survival of the fittest as their law.

Each powerful savage beast would claim its own territory. Should any intruders encroach upon its domain, the beast would fight to its last breath to defend its absolute control.

"This area is the territory of a savage beast in the early Entering the Saint Realm stage."

Trevor informed Wyatt.

Wyatt nodded.

Prior to this, Trevor had briefed Wyatt about the area.

This region was called 'Beast Ridge.'

Here, every savage beast above the Entering the Saint Realm stage had its own territory, where it reigned as the absolute authority.

Boom!!

As Trevor struck downward, an invisible force descended fiercely, blasting the ground below and targeting a massive tree. The impact obliterated the tree entirely, leaving behind a deep crater.

"Stay alert—it's coming."

Trevor indicated, "Once it appears, shoot it with an arrow at full strength... but don't aim for its vital parts."

"Not the vital parts?"

Wyatt asked in confusion. "Then how are we supposed to kill it?"

"Just follow my instructions. However, even if you aren't aiming at its vital parts, be sure to activate all three Saint Markings simultaneously—missing even one won't do."

Trevor advised.

Wyatt nodded.

Shortly thereafter, along with a series of enraged beastly roars, a massive creature appeared before Wyatt's eyes.

It was a savage beast, its size rivaling that of a small mountain. Its mere presence caused the ground to quake as if struck by a severe earthquake.

The savage beast had a bizarre appearance, leaving Wyatt unable to pinpoint the words to describe it.

It possessed a triangular head, with an enormous eye at each corner, all glaring menacingly at Wyatt and Trevor.

BAM!!

With a deafening boom, the colossal savage beast stomped the ground, propelling itself skyward like a massive cannonball, lunging toward Wyatt and Trevor.

In that instant, lightning and thunder danced through the air, and Wyatt narrowed his left eye as the Mysterious Eye quietly activated.

In Wyatt's left-eyed vision, the beast's movements seemed slightly slowed, though still astonishingly quick. Its advance was accompanied by relentless rumbling winds and resonating thunder.

Wyatt raised his left hand to grip the Sunshot Bow, while his right hand conjured a True Energy arrow, anchoring it upon the bowstring.

As Wyatt drew back the bowstring, streams of True Energy surged out from his Qi Sea, coursing through over seventy Saint Veins, and, within an instant, merged into the bowstring and activated the three Saint Markings engraved on it.

Piercing Saint Marking!

Explosive Flame Saint Marking!

Erosion Saint Marking!

All three were Three-Star Saint Markings.

As Wyatt nocked the arrow onto the taut bowstring, his left eye locked firmly onto the savage beast's lower abdomen.

That particular area was certainly no vital part.

"Even with the 'Piercing Saint Marking,' this arrow would likely pierce through the beast's body... But as it's not a vital area, even if it penetrated, it would only injure the beast, not kill it."

Despite his doubts, Wyatt chose to trust Trevor's judgment.

SWISH!!

At the moment Wyatt released the arrow, the True Energy arrow in his grip transformed into a streak of green lightning, tearing through the void and shooting forward like a comet.

Owing to the 'Piercing Saint Marking,' the arrow shattered through the air, resembling a meteor ripping the fabric of space.

In the blink of an eye, accompanied by the beast's agonized howls, the True Energy arrow pierced through the beast's thick scale-covered lower abdomen and emerged on the other side, revealing its arrowhead.

"Pay close attention!"

At precisely that moment, Trevor's voice echoed sharply in Wyatt's ears, sounding like a burst of thunder.

With Trevor's reminder, the scene before Wyatt's eyes crystallized distinctly within his vision.

The True Energy arrow had penetrated the beast's body.

The arrowhead now protruded from its back.

The entire sequence transpired in mere fractions of a second.

In the next moment, Wyatt's eyes widened in shock.

The True Energy arrow, which had effortlessly pierced through the beast's body due to the 'Piercing Saint Marking,' suddenly erupted into dazzling green flames.

Soon after, the radiant green flames flared out like an inferno.

BAM!!

With a deafening explosion, the green True Energy flames detonated, leaving a massive hole in the beast's lower abdomen—large enough for two grown adults to step through simultaneously.

"Explosive Flame Saint Marking?"

As the beast emitted anguished cries, the first thing to cross Wyatt's mind was these four words.

The sight before him wasn't due to any innate power of his.

This could only be attributed to the power of the Saint Markings.

"And also the Erosion Saint Marking."

Almost as if confirming Wyatt's thought process, the savage beast's body began emitting black smoke from the cavity in its abdomen.

The black smoke spread rapidly, and wherever it reached, everything dissolved into nothingness.

The gaping hole in the beast's lower abdomen expanded quickly.

Around the edges of the hole, wherever the black smoke traveled, the beast's flesh and blood were corroded, as if doused with concentrated sulfuric acid or instant dissolving powder.

The beast's anguished cries grew weaker and weaker.

Soon, they stopped altogether.

At the same time, the beast's body disintegrated entirely, fully devoured by erosion. Only a wisp of black smoke arose, before dissipating into nothingness, leaving no trace.

Wyatt stood in stunned silence.

Mere moments ago, a living, breathing savage beast in the early Entering the Saint Realm stage had now completely vanished from existence.

Saint Markings akin to the Erosion Saint Marking existed in the memories of the Martial Emperor of Reincarnation.

In fact, he had even used similar markings before.

However, those markings were only capable of dealing with weak adversaries—not those with any significant cultivation level.

Now, with a marking reminiscent of those, an entire savage beast in the early Entering the Saint Realm stage had been utterly annihilated.

The sight had left Wyatt profoundly shaken.