

## L. Wyatt 1481

Chapter 1481: Wyatt Barnes's 'Art of Cunning Patterns

Now, Wyatt Barnes finally understood why Trevor Baillie advised him not to target the vital points of the Savage Beast... because Trevor knew that even without targeting its vital points, he could still kill it.

Whether it was the "Explosive Flame Saint Mark" or the "Corrosion Saint Mark," they were both crafted by Trevor Baillie.

Trevor knew their power better than anyone else.

"The Explosive Flame Saint Mark and the Corrosion Saint Mark, though both are three-star Saint Markings with considerable power... however, with the True Energy of your Small Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm cultivation level, they can, at most, deal with beings in the early stages of Entering the Saint Realm."

Trevor Baillie appropriately reminded Wyatt Barnes.

Saint Markings require True Energy to activate them.

Only when the True Energy is strong enough can the full power of a Saint Mark be unleashed.

If the energy is insufficient, only a part of the Saint Mark's power can be activated.

For example, one-star Saint Marks can achieve remarkable effects in battles between two individuals on the same cultivation level.

But if one plans to cross levels and defeat stronger opponents, it is almost impossible.

Two-star Saint Marks, on the other hand, can allow a cultivator to defeat someone at a higher level.

Of course, this assumes that the opponent's strength hasn't reached a level where they can also defeat stronger foes across levels.

Take Wyatt now; he's at Small Perfection in the Transcending Mortal Realm.

Even if he doesn't use the Mysterious Eye or Saint Markings, martial artists or Taoist cultivators at the late stage of the Transcending Mortal Realm, even with two-star Saint Marks, wouldn't stand a chance against him.

Because even without relying on the Mysterious Eye or Saint Markings, he is someone capable of easily defeating opponents above his level.

As for three-star Saint Markings, they allow cultivators to surpass two levels in effectiveness.

For instance, the True Energy of a Small Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm cultivator can activate a three-star Saint Mark, which can act on beings in the early stages of Entering the Saint Realm. Of course, it can only work up to the early Entering the Saint Realm stage.

To affect those in the middle stage of Entering the Saint Realm, one must first break through to the "Great Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm."

For Saint Markings, everything depends on the level of your True Energy.

The higher the level of True Energy, the stronger the power.

Of course, no matter how formidable the power, there are still limits, which depend on the quality of the Saint Mark—whether it's one-star, two-star, or three-star.

For example, a two-star Saint Mark can at most threaten half-step Saint Realm beings but cannot threaten those in the Saint Realm... Only three-star Saint Markings can threaten Saint Realm powerhouses.

However, to use a three-star Saint Mark to threaten a Saint Realm powerhouse, you must first be in Small Perfection in Entering the Saint Realm yourself.

From Small Perfection in Entering the Saint Realm to the Saint Realm, there are two levels in between.

Half-step Saint Realm is essentially the Great Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm; it's only referred to as "half-step Saint Realm" because it's close to the Saint Realm.

The Saint Realm is a watershed.

The gap between the "Saint Realm" and the "non-Saint Realm" is even more exaggerated than the gap between the "Transcending Mortal Realm" and the "Innate Realm."

"With the True Energy I have now, a three-star Saint Mark can only be effective against beings in the early stages of Entering the Saint Realm?"

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, thinking to himself, "It seems I still need to focus on raising my cultivation level as soon as possible... Currently, I am not far from breaking through to the 'Great Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm.' Once I break through, I'm confident I can defeat even beings in the middle stages of Entering the Saint Realm!"

Of course, this is under the premise of not using the Mysterious Eye to defeat those in the middle stage of Entering the Saint Realm.

As for those in the later stages of Entering the Saint Realm, Wyatt dared not even imagine it.

Beings in the later stages of Entering the Saint Realm have already mastered the technique of 'True Energy Weapon Manifestation.' Even if he used the Mysterious Eye, it would likely exhaust all his mental strength to affect them for only a fleeting moment... and in that moment, he may not be able to defeat them.

The technique of True Energy Weapon Manifestation could completely block his counterattack in that fleeting moment.

"The later stages of Entering the Saint Realm and the middle stages of Entering the Saint Realm are another 'watershed line.'

Wyatt was well aware of this distinction in his heart.

"Thank you, Senior Brother."

Wyatt put away the Sunshot Bow and expressed gratitude to Trevor Baillie. The effects of those two three-star Saint Markings alone were enough to show Trevor's meticulous care.

Those two Saint Markings, combined with the Penetration Saint Mark, would undoubtedly produce extraordinary results!

"Senior Brother, there's no need for thanks between us."

Trevor Baillie shook his head with a smile, then asked with eager anticipation, "Junior Brother, in these past ten days, how much progress have you made on mastering the 'Mysterious Inscription Technique'?"

"I should now be able to engrave Saint Markings using the Mysterious Inscription Technique."

Wyatt responded with a confident smile.

Trevor Baillie was momentarily dumbstruck upon hearing this.

Ten days ago, he had only just handed over the Jade Slip containing the Mysterious Inscription Technique to Wyatt.

Ten days later, Wyatt claimed he could already engrave Saint Markings using the Mysterious Inscription Technique?

How could this not astonish him?

"Junior Brother, come, let's head back right away!"

With a wave of his hand, Trevor Baillie's invisible force enveloped Wyatt, swiftly carrying him back to the Moon Radiance Sect, back to the Inner Sect area, and back to his personal residence.

He was eager to witness Wyatt's application of the Mysterious Inscription Technique firsthand.

The Mysterious Inscription Technique was something Trevor could only dream of acquiring mastery over, and throughout his lifetime, he had failed to grasp even its basics.

But Wyatt, whom he had personally accepted as a brotherly disciple just ten days prior, had managed to master it within such a short span of time.

In Trevor Baillie's residence, there was a dedicated quiet chamber specifically designed for engraving Saint Markings.

Engraving Saint Markings required complete focus and could not tolerate even the slightest disturbance, or the efforts would be wasted.

Currently, the quiet chamber contained only Wyatt Barnes and Trevor Baillie.

At the center of the chamber stood a stone table, upon which rested a sword—a clear Saint Artifact.

Beside the sword, there was a container holding a mysterious liquid.

The liquid appeared dark yellow and occasionally bubbled as if boiling.

"Junior Brother, do you really believe that the 'Inscription Ink' you prepared with just those minimal materials is adequate for engraving the 'Shimmering Light Saint Mark'?"

Trevor Baillie eyed the dark yellow liquid in the container skeptically.

The Shimmering Light Saint Mark was a type of one-star Saint Mark.

Trevor was intimately familiar with it, as it was an exceedingly common one-star Saint Mark he had practiced on countless times when he first became a one-star Saint Mark Engraver.

He knew the required materials for engraving this mark inside and out.

Every material was indispensable.

Yet Wyatt, preparing to engrave the same Shimmering Light Saint Mark, had drastically reduced the materials—cutting the costs by nearly two-thirds.

While Trevor was aware that the hallmark of the Mysterious Inscription Technique was its ability to significantly reduce material expenses, this level of economy was still beyond belief.

"Senior Brother, just watch and see."

Wyatt replied with a slight smile, his words full of unwavering confidence.

The next moment, he extended his right hand and grasped Trevor's "Nine-Star Inscription Pen." Taking a deep breath, he picked up the sword on the table with his left hand.

This would be his first time engraving a Saint Mark using the Mysterious Inscription Technique.

Of course, over the past ten days, he had practiced it countless times in his mind, becoming intimately familiar with every step.

Thus, what followed was a seamless execution.

With a flick of his right hand, Wyatt moved like a streak of lightning, directing the Nine-Star Inscription Pen toward the "Inscription Ink."

Inscription Ink is a general term for the liquid forged from the materials necessary for engraving Saint Markings.

The Nine-Star Inscription Pen shot forward like lightning, its sharp tip delicately dipping into the Inscription Ink, lifting a single droplet before it was guided toward the sword in Wyatt's left hand, touching down on the blade's surface.

Immediately, a mark began to etch itself onto the sword's body.

As Wyatt's right hand moved quickly, intricate and interconnected patterns emerged on the sword.

The droplet of Inscription Ink flowed naturally along the carved patterns, as effortlessly as water traveling down a stream.

Each movement Wyatt made was like smooth water flowing through clouds, completely natural and unforced.

However, Trevor Baillie, standing nearby, had long been left in a state of utter astonishment.

Wyatt's current speed at engraving Saint Markings was noticeably faster than his own. "Is this truly the Mysterious Inscription Technique? For this level of speed, his command of using mental strength must be absolutely unimaginable. My Junior Brother is undoubtedly a peerless candidate for mastering the Mysterious Inscription Technique!"

At this moment, Trevor's heart trembled slightly with excitement.

Fast!

Too fast!

Watching Wyatt's flawless execution, only one word echoed in Trevor Baillie's mind.

"So this is the contrast between traditional Saint Mark Engraving techniques and the Mysterious Inscription Technique?"

After a long while, Trevor finally snapped out of it, his emotions in turmoil.

"Done."

While Trevor Baillie had been lost in thought, Wyatt Barnes had stopped and begun to stand upright. "Senior Brother, please check the effectiveness of this Shimmering Light Saint Mark. See if there's been any compromise."

"Done?"

Hearing Wyatt's words, Trevor Baillie was completely stunned.

It was worth noting that even now, with his skill as a three-star Saint Mark Engraver, he would still need no less than half an hour to complete the engraving of a Shimmering Light Saint Mark.

Yet Wyatt had only taken about a quarter of an hour.

It hadn't even taken him half as much time.

And Trevor was a three-star Saint Mark Engraver!

Taking a deep breath to suppress the indescribable shock in his heart, Trevor took the sword from Wyatt to test the one-star Saint Mark, "Shimmering Light," engraved on its surface. His expression grew increasingly complicated after his assessment.

"The effect hasn't been compromised."

After a moment, Trevor sighed and muttered, "The Mysterious Inscription Technique, truly the craft of supernatural geniuses! Ah, but with my limited aptitude in mental power, I fear I'll never grasp this method in my lifetime."

The use of mental power depends entirely on innate aptitude.

And Trevor Baillie evidently lacked such talent in this area.

Not just Trevor alone—very few among Saint Mark Engravers had this talent.



Hearing Trevor's admission, Wyatt sighed in relief.

The Mysterious Inscription Technique had been simulated countless times in his mind, but this was his first time practicing it in reality.

Despite his confidence, some uncertainty lingered beneath.

"Senior Brother, here's your Inscription Pen."

While Trevor Baillie was absentmindedly stroking the "Shimmering Light Saint Mark" on the sword's surface, Wyatt called out to him, simultaneously offering his Nine-Star Inscription Pen back.

But though Trevor raised his head to look at the pen, he didn't reach out to take it.

His gaze wavered, and after a moment of apparent internal conflict, he clenched his jaw as if making a monumental decision.

"Junior Brother, take this Nine-Star Inscription Pen and use it... I'll get myself another one from Thames River City later."

Looking at Wyatt, Trevor's deep eyes faintly revealed reluctance as he said, "You've inherited the Mysterious Inscription Technique from the teacher. By all rights, this Inscription Pen should belong to you."

"Senior Brother, if it weren't for you, I would never have come into contact with the teacher's Mysterious Inscription Technique... This Nine-Star Inscription Pen is your fated tool. If I were to take it from you, I wouldn't deserve to call myself your Junior Brother."

Wyatt unshakeably refused, shaking his head firmly.

Chapter 1482: Evander Mullins' Whereabouts

Wyatt Barnes had his own principles.

He admitted that he greatly desired the inscription pen in his hand.

A Nine-Star Inscription Pen—is there anyone who wouldn't want it?

However, as the saying goes, a gentleman does not seize what others love. From Trevor Baillie's hesitation earlier, Wyatt could see that Trevor was reluctant to part with this inscription pen.

Therefore, both emotionally and logically, Wyatt knew he shouldn't take the inscription pen for himself.

Otherwise, it would be far too selfish.

Sensing Wyatt's staunch refusal to accept the inscription pen no matter what, Trevor had no choice but to take it back. As he did, he said resolutely, "Junior Brother, I know you don't want to take something your Senior Brother treasures... But I'll temporarily keep this inscription pen for now, on one condition—you must promise me this."

"Senior Brother, please speak."

Wyatt replied.

"When you become a Three-Star Saint Markings Master someday... at that time, you must accept this inscription pen! If you don't, I'll insist that you take it today."

Indeed, Trevor was reluctant to part with the Nine-Star Inscription Pen in his possession.

But that was only human nature.

Even within the Martial Dao Sacred Land, Nine-Star Inscription Pens are exceedingly rare.

Moreover, Trevor had used the pen for so long—having to give it up so suddenly was understandably difficult.

Still, he knew he couldn't afford to be selfish.

This inscription pen had been left behind by his unseen teacher.

Although Trevor had come to possess it, his teacher had hoped to find a successor capable of inheriting his craft of "tricky markings." And Wyatt happened to be that successor.

Trevor was convinced that if his teacher were present, the Nine-Star Inscription Pen would most likely be handed over to Wyatt.

"No problem."

Seeing Trevor's "If you don't agree, I won't let this go" demeanor, Wyatt accepted the condition without hesitation.

In his mind, the future was unpredictable.

Who knows? By the time he became a Three-Star Saint Markings Master, he might already have left the Moon Radiance Sect.

After chatting idly with Trevor for a while longer, Wyatt bid farewell and left, heading back to the Outer Sect.

Along the way, everyone he passed offered him nods of acknowledgment, as though his face carried some extraordinary charm.

"Fame really does come with its burdens," Wyatt thought, chuckling bitterly to himself.

When he passed by the Hall of Merit, Wyatt paused briefly, mumbling softly to himself, "For now, there doesn't seem to be much left in the Hall of Merit worth exchanging for... I'll use the remaining merit points to get some Taoist Talismans for self-defense."

In the end, Wyatt kept aside the merit points earmarked for Ling Yun, reserved ten thousand for himself, and spent the rest on Taoist Talismans.

To him, Taoist Talismans were life-saving tools.

As for the ten thousand merit points he kept, they were for emergencies.

What if the materials needed to repair the third layer of the Jewel Tower appeared on the Inner Sect disciples' trading floor again in the Hall of Merit?

If he didn't have merit points by then, who could he turn to for help?

Of course, he could approach his Senior Brother Trevor, but knowing how much Trevor had already helped him, Wyatt was reluctant to impose on him further.

After purchasing the Taoist Talismans, Wyatt went to the Hall of Merit's first floor and began wandering around.

However, after making a full round, and despite Elder Fire keeping an eye outside for him, Wyatt still didn't find the materials needed to repair the Jewel Tower's third layer.

"Looks like my luck has finally run out."

Wyatt laughed self-deprecatingly, and under the watchful gaze of a group of Inner Sect disciples, left the Hall of Merit.

"Senior Brother said there are inscription pens for sale in Thames River City? Thames River City is the largest city within the Nine Sect Alliance's jurisdiction, and the Alliance's headquarters is located there... Perhaps it's time to take a trip there."

On his way back to the Outer Sect, Wyatt made up his mind to visit Thames River City.

He had already heard much about it.

Moreover, he was indeed in need of an inscription pen now.

"Besides the inscription pen, I can take a look to see if the materials for repairing the Jewel Tower's third layer are there... Now, fully repairing the third layer isn't far off. Once completed, my cultivation speed will become significantly more efficient!"

Thinking about this, Wyatt firmly decided to set aside some time to travel to Thames River City.

The Jewel Tower's third layer held an immortal treasure, though with his current strength, he couldn't utilize it.

But its cultivation environment was profoundly significant to him.

Five days inside equaled only one day outside.

"In eight months, I'll need to return to Crescent Island to accompany the two girls as they give birth... If I can repair the Jewel Tower's third layer by then, my strength will surely surge! On the journey back, I'll also have stronger self-preservation abilities."

Thinking about Keer and Jovie Lee, Wyatt felt an immense surge of motivation.

"When I finally find Father and Mother, I'll bring them to the Martial Dao Sacred Land as well... And at that time, I'll make sure to give the girls a grand wedding celebration!"

Thinking about his two fiancées brought an unmistakable happiness to Wyatt's expression.

Despite his deep affection for them, he had yet to formally give them a title.

Of course, it wasn't because of unwillingness, but because he hadn't found his parents yet. Without them, he couldn't proceed with the marriage.

The girls' parents were gone, but his were still alive and well. Marriage, after all, required the presence of both parents.

"Perhaps, by the time I find them, my two children will already be speaking their first words... When my parents realize they've become grandparents, I can only imagine their joy."

Wyatt's face was filled with boundless smiles.

Witnessing this carefree joy, many Outer Sect disciples couldn't help but be baffled.

What had Senior Brother Barnes so elated?

Could it be that Elder Baillie had given him some additional boon?

At this thought, envy flickered across their gazes, though they understood that Wyatt's good fortune was beyond their reach.

Wyatt Barnes, they acknowledged, was destined to become someone they could only look up to.

"Baer Bear, has Evander Mullins' faction been bothering you recently?"

When Wyatt next encountered Baer Bear, he asked this question.

"Senior Brother Barnes, now that everyone knows you're Elder Baillie's Junior Brother, I doubt Evander has the nerve to trouble us anymore."

Baer Bear grinned broadly, adding, "By the way, congratulations, Senior Brother!"

Despite Baer Bear's optimism, Wyatt remained unconvinced.

He didn't believe Evander Mullins would stop targeting him just because of Trevor Baillie's presence.

At this point, Evander was likely planning his schemes from the shadows instead.

And that, Wyatt thought, posed an even greater danger.

Still, Wyatt had no regrets about silently allowing Trevor to publicize their brotherly relationship.

At the very least, Baer Bear and Ling Yun were safe under this pretense.

It was clear that Evander Mullins wouldn't dare openly trouble them anymore.

"Nonetheless, Senior Brother is certainly intimidating... the moment he arrived, he didn't hesitate to warn Evander off."

Trevor had previously shared with Wyatt his confrontation with Evander Mullins, leaving Wyatt astonished.

Who would have thought his Senior Brother could be so fearless and protective?

Trevor's unwavering stance essentially declared: should Evander dare act against Wyatt, his fate would be sealed!

The Moon Radiance Sect had rules in place prohibiting internecine killing among disciples.

Yet who was Trevor Baillie?

Even the Sect's Saint Realm powerhouses wouldn't dare display arrogance before him.

If Trevor wanted to kill someone, whether justified or not, none of them would dare hold him accountable.

Trevor's significance to the Moon Radiance Sect was extraordinary.

Over the years, the other seven sects in the Nine Sect Alliance—seven sects lacking Three-Star Saint Markings Masters—had persistently sent people to secretly entice Trevor to join their ranks... and the Moon Radiance Sect's Saint Realm powerhouses were fully aware of this.

So far, Trevor had spurned their offers because he enjoyed his time in the Moon Radiance Sect.

If the Sect ever caused him dissatisfaction, whether he'd reject those seven sects again would be anyone's guess.

For a seven-grade sect like the Moon Radiance Sect, a Three-Star Saint Markings Master was akin to a "pillar of support."

"Baer Bear, I'm transferring Ling Yun's merit points to you. Pass them on to him later... In the days ahead, we likely won't meet."

Wyatt took out a crystal card and handed it to Baer Bear.

"Senior Brother, are you planning to go into seclusion?"

Baer Bear asked.

"Yes."

Wyatt nodded, though he had no intention of revealing his plans to visit Thames River City—not even to Baer Bear or Trevor Baillie.

He was acutely aware that in the mere four months since joining the Moon Radiance Sect, he'd already made several enemies.

If word got out that he was leaving the Sect's protective perimeter, those foes wouldn't hesitate to pursue him for an ambush.

That said, Wyatt had no plans for an immediate departure.

"I'll break through to Transcending Mortal Realm Perfection first, then head to Thames River City."

With that resolve, Wyatt began preparing.



What Wyatt didn't realize, however, was that while he retreated to the Jewel Tower's second layer for secluded cultivation, Inner Sect Elder Evander Mullins had already arrived in Thames River City.

In his arrival, Evander Mullins appeared so thoroughly disguised that even his direct disciple, Quentin Campbell, would scarcely recognize him.

In the bustling streets of Thames River City, Evander soon navigated his way into secluded alleys, vanishing completely from public sight.

It wasn't until deep nightfall that Evander re-emerged.

Thames River City's western fringes at night were eerily devoid of human activity.

Sitting there was a seemingly ordinary independent estate, secluded near the city walls—so inconspicuous it barely attracted any attention.

During the day, almost no one entered or exited.

Yet under cover of darkness, spectral figures would frequently pass through this estate.

Evander Mullins arrived outside this estate. A cold glint flashed in his eyes as he strode directly inside.

Passing countless ghostly figures in the courtyard, Evander entered a dimly lit room with its doors wide open.

As soon as he stepped inside, the room was illuminated, and the door snapped shut.

"I want to buy someone's life!"

Evander declared, his voice hoarse and low, deliberately disguised.

Chapter 1483: The Mantis Stalks the Cicada

Wyatt Barnes had often imagined what it would be like to break through to the Peak of the Mortal Realm, pondering how many Sacred Veins he could open, wondering if he would be able to open all of them.

All of the Sacred Veins added up to ninety-nine in total.

Yet, when he truly broke through to the Peak of the Mortal Realm, he suddenly became calm.

"Sacred Veins..."

After opening the Sacred Veins he had intended, Wyatt began to look inward, observing the Sacred Veins within his body.

Now that he had broken through to the Peak of the Mortal Realm, it also meant that the Sacred Veins in his body were completely formed—they would never increase again, hence the heaviness in his heart.

It was precisely because of this heaviness that, while opening the Sacred Veins, he hadn't actually counted how many additional Sacred Veins he had created after reaching the Peak of the Mortal Realm.

Had he counted, he would have already known and wouldn't have felt so apprehensive now.

But when he finally counted the total number of Sacred Veins within his body, the burden pressing against his heart abruptly disappeared.

"Nine... ninety-nine! This... this..."

The first time he counted the number of Sacred Veins inside him, Wyatt was overwhelmed with joy.

This was something he had often dreamt about during countless sleepless nights, something he had longed for in his heart.

Now that it had come to pass, he felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted.

Ninety-nine Sacred Veins—Wyatt understood full well what that implied.

It meant that the number of Sacred Veins within him had reached the ultimate limit.

Even the legendary Great Sage Equal to Heaven, the "Monkey King," or the one who had once suppressed the Monkey King beneath Five Finger Mountain, had not managed to form as many Sacred Veins as Wyatt had.

"Let's count again."

After his initial excitement, Wyatt still felt as if he were dreaming. He counted again immediately: "No mistake! It's ninety-nine! Let's count once more..."

After counting several times in succession, Wyatt finally confirmed it—he had indeed opened ninety-nine Sacred Veins!

"Elder Fire!"

Wyatt took a deep breath, suppressing the excitement in his heart somewhat, and then went to find Elder Fire.

When Elder Fire heard that Wyatt had opened ninety-nine Sacred Veins, he was momentarily dazed, even uncharacteristically uncertain as he asked, "Are you sure you've opened ninety-nine Sacred Veins?"

Since Wyatt had known Elder Fire, it was the first time he had seen him so shaken.

For a moment, Wyatt couldn't help but feel amused internally.

"Elder Fire, do you want to verify it yourself?"

Wyatt asked with a smile.

Elder Fire didn't stand on ceremony. His hand moved like lightning to clasp Wyatt's wrist, and before Wyatt had a chance to react, he withdrew his hand, muttering, "It really is ninety-nine Sacred Veins... Are you even human?"

In the end, Elder Fire looked at Wyatt as if he were staring at some kind of monster.

At this moment, Wyatt's attention was elsewhere.

Moments ago, when Elder Fire's hand touched his wrist, Wyatt felt as if an electric current had surged through his entire body. That current dissipated before he could fully register it.

At the same time, Elder Fire retracted his hand.

Elder Fire's power left Wyatt once again in awe.

"What a pity that Elder Fire cannot leave the Jewel Tower, nor can he intervene with anything outside the Jewel Tower... Otherwise, he would be a tremendous ally of mine!"

Wyatt felt regretful in his heart.

After opening ninety-nine Sacred Veins, Wyatt had formed all the Sacred Veins he intended to form.

Now, not only had his hearing improved, but so had his eyesight and even his sense of smell, enhanced to an incredibly exaggerated degree.

Having opened ninety-nine Sacred Veins, Wyatt was confident that even without relying on Saint Markings, the Mysterious Eye, or Sacred Artifacts, he could reign supreme within the Mortal Realm.

The power granted to him by ninety-nine Sacred Veins was not something to be underestimated.

"With my current strength, I now have a degree of self-preservation... It's time to leave the Moon Radiance Sect and see the outside world."

Wyatt mused to himself.

On the very night he made this decision, in the dead of night, Wyatt quietly departed his courtyard, left the outer sect area, and ultimately left the Moon Radiance Sect's premises.

Whoosh!

After leaving the sect grounds, Wyatt unleashed his speed, transforming into a streak of lightning that shot toward the distance.

His destination was Thames River City.

A month had passed since he first contemplated going there, and now that he had finally broken through to the Peak of the Mortal Realm, he was on his way to leave the Moon Radiance Sect.

From start to finish, he hadn't told anyone. Everything proceeded in secrecy.

However, despite Wyatt's discreetness, someone had still taken notice.

This observer was none other than Holden Yellow, an elder of the outer sect.

"After waiting patiently for so long, the prey has finally delivered itself... Wyatt Barnes leaves at night, all alone, likely without even Elder Baillie knowing!"

Near the Moon Radiance Sect's mountain gate, Holden Yellow chuckled sinisterly, merging into the wind to pursue Wyatt.

Holden Yellow had mastered the art of concealing his trail, and even though Wyatt had been Earth's most formidable Weapon King in his previous life with unparalleled counter-tracking skills, he failed to notice Holden Yellow's pursuit and continued rushing forward.

Not until the sound of a rapid wind reached his ears did Wyatt realize something was amiss, his expression shifting dramatically.

In the instant his face changed, Wyatt suddenly noticed a figure appearing ahead, blocking his path. This was someone Wyatt was all too familiar with.

"Holden Yellow!"

Seeing the person in front of him, Wyatt's expression darkened—he hadn't expected his secretive departure to still be detected.

Holden Yellow was one of the people Wyatt had crossed in the Moon Radiance Sect.

"Wyatt Barnes."

With Wyatt's face clouded in gloom, Holden Yellow greeted him with a gleeful smile. "I've waited over two months and finally caught you leaving alone... Last time, you had Elder Trevor Baillie with you, and I couldn't act. But this time, you're dead for sure!"

As Holden Yellow finished speaking, True Energy surged above him. One coalesced into a massive blade, while the other transformed into a hulking beast that seemed neither leopard nor tiger.

Buzz!

The giant blade hovered in the air to Wyatt's left, emanating an edgy aura.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

...

The beast stomped forward, each step shaking the void like thunderclaps exploding.

In the blink of an eye, the beast stood to Wyatt's right, glaring at him menacingly, as if ready to pounce and devour him whole.

"True Energy Weapon Formation, True Energy Beast Formation."

Seeing this unfold, Wyatt's expression turned grim as he murmured under his breath.

"You're quite perceptive, to recognize my True Energy Weapon Formation and Beast Formation techniques,"

Holden Yellow sneered. "But after today, the so-called 'First Genius of the Outer Sect' praised for your Martial Dao talent will transform into mere dust within the Martial Dao Sacred Land... In a year or two, perhaps no one will even remember you."

"Holden Yellow, as I recall, there's no deep hatred between us, is there?"

Wyatt narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "Our dispute only stems from a gamble we had back then... A gamble that I never forced you into; you placed your bet willingly. You lost—that's your problem. What does it have to do with me?"

"It's pointless to talk about this now."

Holden Yellow replied coldly, "After tonight, Wyatt Barnes will forever vanish from this world... No one will know I killed you. If you have another life, remember this: some people you cannot afford to provoke."

"If I return your thirty-plus thousand merit points to you, would you spare my life?"

Wyatt asked sharply.

"Hahahaha..."

Hearing Wyatt's words, Holden Yellow laughed loudly, looking at Wyatt as if he were some naive fool. "Wyatt Barnes, you're far too innocent! After killing you, your crystal card will be mine, and I'll have however many merit points I want!"

"Besides, you're now Elder Baillie's junior disciple. Surely he's gifted you a Sacred Artifact engraved with three-star Saint Markings? Let me guess... This Sacred Artifact in your possession has at least two three-star Saint Markings, correct?"

At this moment, Holden Yellow's gaze toward Wyatt resembled more that of someone eyeing a priceless treasure than a fellow human being.

Staring back at Holden Yellow, Wyatt's expression remained icy.

What he had said earlier was merely a test of Holden Yellow's intentions.

He didn't have thirty-plus thousand merit points in his possession.

The crystal card in his hand contained only ten thousand merit points for emergencies.

"Holden Yellow, you guessed wrong."

Wyatt said coolly.

"Wrong?"

Holden Yellow sneered, "Wyatt Barnes, at this point, what kind of trick do you think you can pull? Do you honestly believe you'll escape alive after tonight?"

"What trick could I have up my sleeve?"

Wyatt replied, "I merely want to tell you that the Sacred Artifact I hold doesn't just have two three-star Saint Markings—it has three... But even if you took it, would you dare use it?"

As he finished speaking, Wyatt smirked mockingly.

Holden Yellow's eyes had been filled with greed ever since Wyatt mentioned the Sacred Artifact with three three-star Saint Markings.



Upon hearing Wyatt's last line, Holden Yellow scoffed, "Do you think, after killing you and obtaining this Sacred Artifact, I would still have a reason to remain in the Moon Radiance Sect?"

"Even if I stayed temporarily, it would only be to divert suspicion... In the end, I would leave for sure."

A Sacred Artifact engraved with three three-star Saint Markings was enough to make Holden Yellow decide to leave the sect entirely.

Holden Yellow had made up his mind.

"It seems that you've been planning this for quite some time, even preparing your 'escape route.'"

Wyatt looked at Holden Yellow deeply and said calmly, "But are you really so sure you've got me cornered today?"

Chapter 1484: Panicked Holden Yellow

As soon as the words fell, Wyatt Barnes held a piece of talisman paper in his hand.

"This 'Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman', its speed rivals that of Entering the Saint Realm under Great Perfection... Holden Yellow, do you really think you can catch up to me after I activate the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman?"

Wyatt looked at Holden and flashed an utterly confident smile.

However, contrary to Wyatt's expectations, Holden didn't show any surprise when Wyatt revealed the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman.

For a moment, Wyatt's heart sank as a foreboding feeling crept over him.

"Activate!"

Although Wyatt couldn't pinpoint the source of his unease, he didn't dare take risks. Without hesitation, he roared and activated the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman in his hand.

Instantly, the talisman vanished, and a mysterious, unfathomable force surged into Wyatt's body.

In the blink of an eye, Wyatt moved, disappearing from Holden's sight.

Even though Holden and the massive blade and beast formed from his True Energy blocked Wyatt's paths from multiple directions, Wyatt slipped away effortlessly, unaffected.

This was because Holden, whose cultivation was only at Entering the Saint Realm under Small Perfection, had no time to react.

The speed of Entering the Saint Realm under Great Perfection was far beyond what Entering the Saint Realm under Small Perfection could match.

Yet, despite seeing Wyatt vanish from sight, Holden didn't show panic. Instead, he swiftly raised his hand, revealing another piece of talisman paper.

"Activate!"

With Holden's shout, the talisman paper disappeared, and he too vanished from his original position.

Of course, he didn't actually disappear, but his speed was so extreme that it created the illusion of vanishing.

"Wyatt Barnes, do you think you're the only one with a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman?"

Because Wyatt had slowed slightly after fleeing a certain distance, Holden quickly caught up. He appeared not far behind Wyatt.

Hearing Holden's voice from behind, Wyatt's expression changed drastically.

"Holden Yellow even has a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman!"

This was the first thought that arose in Wyatt's mind.

At this moment, he didn't have time to ponder how Holden could afford such a talisman.

Logically, Holden had lost to him with so many merit points; he shouldn't have had enough left to purchase a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman.

The wealth held by Outer Sect Elders was ultimately limited.

But what Wyatt didn't know was this:

Within the Moon Radiance Sect, there were many Inner Sect Elders who specialized in lending 'high-interest loans.' Holden had approached one of these Inner Sect Elders, borrowing 200,000 merit points as a high-interest loan. Coupled with his remaining merit points, he had spent his entire fortune on a single Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman.

He had done all this because of Wyatt—more precisely, because of the immense wealth Wyatt possessed.

Holden had witnessed Wyatt's battle with Center Montes, during which Wyatt had used a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman.

Moreover, Holden knew that Center Montes had returned another Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman to Wyatt.

Knowing that Wyatt possessed a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman, Holden spared no expense in borrowing high-interest loans to obtain one for himself.

All of this was for this exact moment—to kill Wyatt Barnes and seize his wealth.

Holden believed this was an absolutely lucrative deal!

Whoosh!

After discovering Holden also had a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman, Wyatt hastily accelerated. At this moment, he even regretted slowing down earlier.

But earlier, Wyatt had slowed deliberately, thinking he had escaped Holden's range of perception.

He hadn't anticipated that Holden had a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman too!

Nor had he anticipated Holden catching up!

As Wyatt pushed his speed back to its peak, Holden had already caught up to him, running side by side.

"Wyatt Barnes, I told you—after today, you will leave this world forever... Allow me to send you off on your final journey!"

Holden sneered coldly, and above him, two distinct flows of True Energy emerged, reconfiguring into weapons and beasts.

Vroom!

A massive blade slashed through the air like a streak of light, aiming directly at Wyatt with astonishing momentum, as though intending to cleave him in two.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

A gigantic beast emerged from the void, opening its bloody maw to bite down on Wyatt.

"Activate!"

Seeing Holden launch an attack, Wyatt's expression darkened as he murmured coldly.

At the same time, the Taoist Talisman he had just grabbed disappeared in his hand.

"Hmm?"

As Holden heard Wyatt's low shout, he furrowed his brows.

Then, Holden noticed a layer of golden energy rising on Wyatt's surface—a golden shell that completely enveloped Wyatt like an impenetrable egg.

Just then, Holden's True Energy-conjured blade and beast struck the golden shell, disintegrating instantly.

As for the golden shell, it remained entirely intact.

"A Three-Star Golden Energy Talisman!"

Seeing the scene unfold, Holden's expression turned fiercely dark. He hadn't expected Wyatt to possess not only the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman but also the Three-Star Golden Energy Talisman.

"Wyatt Barnes, it seems you're truly afraid to die... Not only do you have a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman, but a Three-Star Golden Energy Talisman as well!"

Holden mocked sourly.

"Afraid to die?"

Wyatt sneered at Holden's remark, "From your tone, Holden, are you saying you're fearless? Weren't you trying to kill me? Go ahead!"

The Three-Star Golden Energy Talisman, once activated, could form a defensive shield around the user's body.

This defense was equivalent to that of an Entering the Saint Realm under Great Perfection cultivator.

Like the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman, it remained effective for fifteen minutes.

The defense equivalent to Entering the Saint Realm under Great Perfection was something Holden, at Entering the Saint Realm under Small Perfection, couldn't hope to break.

"Wyatt Barnes, don't get cocky!"

Holden's face darkened further. "When fifteen minutes pass and your Three-Star Golden Energy Talisman loses its effect, you'll be nothing but meat on the chopping block, at my mercy! By then, your Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman will have worn off as well."

"Let's wait and see,"

Wyatt shot Holden a calm, sidelong glance and then deliberately slowed down until coming to a full stop.

Holden halted as well.

He was well aware of Wyatt's intentions—since Wyatt couldn't shake him off, Wyatt thought there was no point in maintaining the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman's speed. He had merely decided to stop and accept the inevitable outcome.

At this moment, Holden's heart bled.

The Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman he had purchased for 300,000 merit points was wasted after just a brief moment's use.

However, when Holden thought about Wyatt's immense wealth, he felt at ease.

In his eyes, once Wyatt died, the hundreds of thousands of merit points Wyatt possessed would be his for the taking.

At that point, wouldn't he be able to buy as many Three-Star Divine Travel Talismans as he wanted?

Wyatt remained standing, his body surrounded by the golden 'shell,' his expression calm as he observed Holden.

Holden stared back at Wyatt, waiting for the Three-Star Golden Energy Talisman's protection to wear off completely...

That was the moment he would strike and finish Wyatt once and for all.

Anticipation boiled within him.

And so, a peculiar scene unfolded: Wyatt and Holden stood there, glaring at each other, neither willing to make a move.

Time quietly passed.

From the moment Wyatt had activated the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman, fifteen minutes quickly elapsed.

The effects of Wyatt's Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman dissipated first.

Shortly after, Holden's Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman also wore off.

"Holden Yellow, your Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman's effect should have dissipated by now, correct?"

Breaking the silence, Wyatt spoke.

"So what? The disappearance of my Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman means your Three-Star Golden Energy Talisman will lose its effect soon too... And once it does, your death will be inevitable!"

Holden sneered.

"Holden, I'm curious... How were you able to afford a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman after losing more than 300,000 merit points to me? Logically, you shouldn't have had enough wealth left to purchase one, right?"

Wyatt asked.

Faced with Wyatt's inquiry, Holden merely snorted lowly without reply.

He certainly had no intention of revealing the truth.

Was he supposed to admit he'd borrowed from an Inner Sect Elder, taking out a high-interest loan of 200,000 merit points with a monthly interest of '20,000 merit points?'

"I suppose you don't have a second Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman, do you?"

Wyatt squinted at Holden.

"Do you have one?"

Startled by Wyatt's remark, Holden reflexively asked.

At the same moment, Holden caught sight of the smile curving at the edges of Wyatt's lips, triggering an overwhelming sense of dread.

"Holden Yellow, I'll remember today's events well,"

Wyatt said, fixing Holden with a deep gaze before pulling out another Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman. Just as the golden 'shell' around him began fading, Wyatt yelled, "Activate!"

In an instant, Wyatt vanished from Holden's sight once more.



"Impossible!"

Holden's face contorted in shock, "How does he have another Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman? How can he be so afraid to die, carrying this many talismans?"

At that moment, Holden felt on the verge of losing his mind.

No matter how meticulously he had planned, he hadn't accounted for Wyatt possessing yet another Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman.

How could he continue the pursuit?

Although Holden could pinpoint the direction Wyatt had fled in that brief moment, he couldn't be certain Wyatt was still heading that way now.

Even if Wyatt was, Holden couldn't catch up.

Holden had managed to pursue Wyatt earlier only because he too had a Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman and had caught up before Wyatt could change direction.

"Now that I've failed to kill Wyatt Barnes, I can never return to Moon Radiance Sect... Chances are Wyatt has already made his way back to Moon Radiance Sect, seeking out Trevor Baillie. With Trevor's standing within the sect, he could easily claim my life!"

Taking a deep breath, Holden's expression alternated between pale and grim, "Leaving is my only choice... At least, I won't have to repay the loan to that Inner Sect Elder!"

Holden knew he had no other option but to distance himself from the Moon Radiance Sect.

Returning to the sect was a surefire path to death!

Not only could Trevor kill him with proper justification, but even without it, no one would object if Trevor decided to take his life.

Trevor Baillie's unique position in Moon Radiance Sect afforded him unparalleled authority.

Holden, as a mere Outer Sect Elder, wouldn't stand a chance—even against an Inner Sect Elder. Incurring Trevor's wrath spelled inevitable doom!

#### Chapter 1485: The Sparrow Stalks Behind

"Wyatt Barnes, you'd better not fall into my hands in the future... otherwise, I, Holden Yellow, will make you wish you were dead!"

Thinking of the "culprit" who forced him to leave the Moon Radiance Sect, Holden Yellow clenched his teeth in hatred, nearly grinding them to pieces.

In his eyes, all of this was Wyatt Barnes' fault!

If Wyatt hadn't refused to return his gambling stakes back then, he wouldn't have hated Wyatt, nor would things have escalated to this point.

Yet Holden never considered that it was entirely his own greed that led him to participate in Wyatt's setup of a gamble.

Meanwhile, far away from Holden, Wyatt Barnes had been flying at full speed for a quarter-hour, only stopping once the power of the Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman dissipated from his body.

"Luckily, I still have a second Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman in hand; otherwise, I'd be dead for sure today!"

Wyatt muttered.

Thinking back to the earlier scene, he remained somewhat shaken by fear even now.

"Even if you have a third Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman in hand, you'll undoubtedly meet your death today!"

A raspy voice, seemingly coming from all directions, entered Wyatt's ears, causing his face to change drastically as he shouted, "Who?!"

At the same time, a figure cloaked entirely in black robes appeared, ghost-like, not far from Wyatt.

The figure concealed beneath the black robe revealed only a pair of cold, piercing eyes, staring at Wyatt. "Who I am is irrelevant. All you need to know is that I've come to claim your life... No wonder you're worth so much; you really do have an abundance of 'trump cards' on you."

As the black-robed figure spoke, they seemed to murmur to themselves, almost in a tone of awe.

Judging by the black-robed figure's remarks, it was evident they'd been keeping a close eye on the conflict between Wyatt and Holden.

As the saying goes, "The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind." And this black-robed figure was clearly the final "oriole."

"You're an assassin?"

The murmur from the black-robed figure reached Wyatt's ears, making his expression shift again.

"You're quite clever. But unfortunately, smarter people than you have died at my hands,"

The black-robed figure sneered sinisterly. "Kid, blame it on your bad luck... Huh? You really do have a Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman? Wait, is that a Grade Three Golden Energy Talisman? It seems your trump cards are far from ordinary."

Wyatt had just taken out another Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman and a Grade Three Golden Energy Talisman when the black-robed figure caught sight of them.

"Kid, don't mistake me for that worthless Holden Yellow just now,"

The black-robed figure sneered coldly. "Do you think these Grade Three Divine Travel and Grade Three Golden Energy Talismans can help you escape right under my nose? I'll let you see just how naive and laughable that idea is!"

Almost as soon as the black-robed figure finished speaking, their black robe suddenly surged like a city being pressed under dark clouds.

Simultaneously, three vast, rolling streams of True Energy surged out from their body. One transformed into a massive scythe, another into a gaunt, skeletal Savage Beast,

while the last swept across the surroundings.

This final stream of True Energy spread out rapidly, enveloping the area within a hundred-meter radius of the black-robed figure, encompassing Wyatt as well.

At the edges of this hundred-meter radius, faint streaks of pale cyan energy appeared.

"True Energy Domain!"

Seeing this, Wyatt's face paled. "You... you're at 'Entering the Saint Realm, Small Perfection'!"

Initially, when the black-robed figure caught up with him, Wyatt assumed the figure had also used a Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman to close the distance.

Now, he realized the figure was an undeniable master who had reached the completion stage of Entering the Saint Realm!

If True Energy condensing weapons marked the late stage of Entering the Saint Realm, and True Energy condensing beasts marked Small Perfection,

then True Energy condensing a domain was the hallmark of the Saint Realm's completion stage!

The True Energy Domain enveloped an area within a hundred-meter radius of the master.

Each completion-stage Saint Realm cultivator's domain was unique...

Some domains were 'Gravity Domains'—once activated, the gravity within the hundred-meter radius of the domain would intensify drastically, escalating to terrifying levels.

Of course, the master of the Gravity Domain would remain unaffected.

Some domains were 'Wind Domains'—once activated, they transformed the space into a realm of wind.

Within it, the wind was entirely under the master's control, capable of morphing into wind blades for attacks or creating furious gusts from all directions, overwhelming their opponent.

Other domains might be 'Sword Domains'—once activated, countless swords materialized within the domain.

These swords were entirely under the master's command.

Additionally, there were myriad other forms of domains.

"Otherwise, why do you think I said even if you had a third Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman, you'd still die today?"

The black-robed figure sneered ominously.

"How many Holy Stones did the person who hired you pay? If you'd spare me, I can offer you Holy Stones that would tempt you even more!"

Realizing the black-robed figure was a completion-stage Saint Realm master, Wyatt felt a wave of despair.

Just as the figure mentioned,

Grade Three Divine Travel and Grade Three Golden Energy Talismans were utterly useless against someone of this caliber.

The speed granted by the Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman was merely comparable to an average completion-stage Saint Realm cultivator's speed.

Likewise, the defense provided by the Grade Three Golden Energy Talisman was similar.

These talismans might achieve miraculous results against warriors or cultivators below the completion stage.

But before someone at the peak stage, they were insignificant.

"Kid, in our business, we live by a code... Plus, once you're dead, everything on you will belong to me—without breaking any rules."

The black-robed figure continued to laugh sinisterly.

Above their head, the black scythe transformed into a blood-red crescent moon, suspended high, its blade pointing directly at Wyatt.

Meanwhile, the skeletal Savage Beast fixed its unyielding gaze on Wyatt, remaining fiercely vigilant.

Although the beast was a product of True Energy condensing, it appeared vivid and lifelike.

"The Holy Stones that would tempt you aren't on me... But if you spared me, I'd swear upon my oath-bound Thunder Tribulation, promising to deliver the Holy Stones to you without fail!"

Wyatt took a deep breath and made his offer to the black-robed figure.

Wyatt didn't fear death in itself.

Yet in such a perilous moment, his thoughts didn't dwell on his life.

His concern was for his two fiancées and the unborn children they carried.

If he died, they'd lose their father upon birth. That thought weighed heavily on him.

So he didn't want to die.

As long as he saw a glimmer of survival, he would cling to it fiercely.

In his current life, he held onto connections before unseen...

In his previous life, he was alone, free from attachments, and could face death with tranquility.

Now, he carried too many bonds with him.

"Kid, enough with the pointless chatter... Do you think someone in this line of work wouldn't have sworn a Thunder Tribulation oath before entering the field, pledging never to break the 'code?'"

The black-robed figure sneered. "Even if you promised me ten thousand Grade One Holy Stones for sparing you, it wouldn't matter... If I broke the rules, the Thunder Tribulation would immediately descend, unleashing the ninety-nine bolts to strike me dead!"

Hearing this, Wyatt's complexion changed drastically, his eyes filled with unwillingness as he clenched the two talismans tightly.

Was today truly his day to die?

Wyatt's thoughts whirled in turmoil.

"Activate!"

"Activate!"

Without hesitation, Wyatt shouted twice, activating the Grade Three Divine Travel and Grade Three Golden Energy Talismans in his hands.

Instantly, a golden shell enveloped his entire body.

At the same time, the power of the Grade Three Divine Travel Talisman fused into his body, granting him speed rivaling that of a completion-stage Saint Realm cultivator.

Clearly, even faced with a near-certain death scenario, Wyatt had no intention of going down without a fight.

Surrender was not in his nature.

In an instant, Wyatt transformed into a stream of light streaking toward the distance.

The black-robed figure stood still, watching Wyatt utilize the Grade Three talismans, mocking him with a contemptuous smile. "A futile attempt."

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, the domain covering the hundred-meter radius came alive.

The domain, originally a pale cyan, rapidly shifted into a crimson hue, laced with tendrils of black mist, emitting a vicious and malevolent aura.

At the same time, along Wyatt's path, the intertwined crimson and black mist began to churn violently, eventually taking humanoid form as it condensed into a giant.

That giant, composed entirely of the black mist, stood like an indomitable barrier, blocking Wyatt's way.

"Hmph!"



Wyatt let out a cold snort and, with a flick of his wrist, sent out a Grade Two Attack Talisman.

Accompanied by its activation command "Activate," an attack at the late Saint Realm stage struck the giant.

At this moment, Wyatt used whatever he had, not bothering about conserving resources.

It was a matter of life or death now; conserving anything would be pointless.

Once he was dead, nothing would matter anymore.

However, when Wyatt saw the giant remain entirely unscathed after being struck by the Grade Two Attack Talisman, his face turned ashen. "What kind of monster is this?!"

Without hesitation, he immediately turned the other way, trying to escape from another direction.

But another identical giant promptly appeared to block that route.

Soon, no matter which direction Wyatt tried to flee, an identical giant appeared to obstruct his way.

These giants, formed entirely from black mist, emitted sinister crimson hues and an oppressive aura, weighing heavily on Wyatt's already distraught mind.

"Kid, within my 'Blood Devil Domain,' you still think you can escape? Foolish!"

The black-robed figure chuckled darkly.

Chapter 1486: Third Floor of the Seven-Jewel Jewel Tower

"Blood Demon Domain? Is this the power of 'True Energy Manifestation'?"

Hearing the words of the man in the black robe, Wyatt Barnes' pupils contracted, and his face turned grim. "Could this really be the day I, Wyatt Barnes, meet my end here? I refuse to accept this... I won't accept it!"

He refused to accept it!

He had yet to see his two unborn children.

He had yet to find his parents.

He had yet to return to Earth to exact his revenge.

He still had so many, so many things left undone.

As the colossal giants surrounding Wyatt dissipated, they dissolved once more into black mist tinged with a crimson aura.

The black-robed man instantaneously appeared before him. From beneath the shrouding cloak, a pair of eyes gleamed with a spectral light.

Only now could Wyatt clearly see the man's eyes. They scarcely appeared human.

"Boy, it's all over."

As the black-robed man spoke in a cold, detached tone, the massive scythe looming above his head in the void, along with the emaciated savage beast, began to slowly descend toward Wyatt. Their speed was deliberate, as if intentionally giving Wyatt a chance to breathe.

This was the black-robed man's way of killing.

When he killed, he never took his opponent's life with a single strike.

He enjoyed watching his prey struggle in despair as they faced death.

To him, it was a kind of mental gratification, a twisted pleasure.

But, Wyatt's behavior would undoubtedly disappoint him.

Wyatt suddenly raised his head and looked at the black-robed man. The earlier despair on his face was gone, and the unwillingness in his eyes vanished. Instead, a peculiar smile spread across his face. "You... are a Demon Cultivator?"

"Boy, you're quite perceptive to recognize I'm a Demon Cultivator just from my 'Blood Demon Domain.'"

Although Wyatt's strange smile annoyed him, the black-robed man snorted disdainfully. "Even in the Moon Radiance Sect, aside from a few Saint Realm experts, the only ones stronger than me are the select few who are half a step into the Saint Realm!"

"To die at my hands is a privilege you shouldn't take lightly."

The black-robed man let out a sinister chuckle.

"Let's see who dies today!"

Wyatt's lips curled into a grin, and a sharp gleam flashed in his eyes. Before the black-robed man could react, Wyatt raised his hand and took out a chipped stone tablet.

Black mist coiled ominously around the tablet, radiating an intimidating aura.

Seeing the stone tablet, an ominous feeling arose in the black-robed man's heart. "Boy, what is that?"

"As a Demon Cultivator from the Martial Dao Sacred Land... surely, you must know that among the 'Top Ten Sacred Artifact List,' there's one supreme artifact designed to suppress Demon Cultivators, correct?"

Wyatt's face lit up with a radiant smile, and the despair from before was completely gone.

""Top Ten Sacred Artifact List'? A supreme artifact that suppresses us Demon Cultivators?"

Hearing Wyatt's words, the black-robed man was momentarily stunned. Then, as if realizing something, his face paled. "It's... the..."

"That's right! The 'Demon Sealing Monument'!"

Wyatt let out a thunderous shout, startling the black-robed man so much that his body trembled and his focus wavered. Seizing this moment, Wyatt swung the chipped stone tablet directly at the black-robed man with all his might.

There was no profound technique in this swing, no martial arts—just a simple, unadorned strike.

And yet, this very strike became the black-robed man's death sentence.

The chipped stone tablet, none other than the 'Demon Sealing Monument,' one of the Top Ten Sacred Artifacts in the Martial Dao Sacred Land, emanated an intense black light when hurled. As if infused with boundless energy, its speed accelerated rapidly.

Before the black-robed man could fully react and take any action, the Demon Sealing Monument had already smashed into him with relentless force.

Bang!!

A deafening boom resounded, and the black-robed man's body trembled violently as he was sent flying backward.

In that instant, the spectral light that had glimmered in the black-robed man's eyes was extinguished, leaving only a void of darkness that merged seamlessly with his shadowy cloak.

From that moment on, the black-robed man made no sound.

His soul had been devoured and suppressed by the Demon Sealing Monument.

At the same time, the enormous scythe formed from True Energy and the skeletal savage beast—both manifestations of the black-robed man's techniques—vanished without a trace, as if they had never existed.

Additionally, the 'Blood Demon Domain' that enveloped a hundred-meter radius disintegrated into nothingness.

Following the black-robed man's demise, the Demon Sealing Monument returned to Wyatt's hand.

"What a close call... Thankfully, he was a Demon Cultivator. Otherwise, today would have surely been my doom!"

Wyatt let out a deep breath, calming his turbulent emotions. He still felt a lingering fear as he spoke.

The Demon Sealing Monument worked exclusively on Demon Cultivators.

With Wyatt's cultivation at the Transcending Mortal Realm, as long as his opponent wasn't a Saint Realm Demon Cultivator, he could activate the Demon Sealing Monument and effortlessly suppress them.

"He probably never imagined... that this insignificant boy he dismissed would possess the very artifact that all Demon Cultivators in the Martial Dao Sacred Land fear and dread—the 'Demon Sealing Monument.'"

Wyatt leaped through the air, landing beside the black-robed man's corpse. He squinted as he murmured softly to himself.

He reached out and pulled back the black robe, revealing the man's ghastly appearance.

Even though Wyatt had experienced two lifetimes and possessed steely resolve, he couldn't help but frown at the sight.

The black-robed man's face was grotesquely decayed, bearing no semblance to a human visage.

An ordinary person would likely have thrown up at the horrific sight.

Rummaging through the corpse, Wyatt found the man's Storage Ring and pocketed it.

With the black-robed man dead, the Storage Ring had become ownerless.

After claiming ownership of the ring, Wyatt looked inside and couldn't help but be astounded. "As expected of a peak-level Entering the Saint Realm powerhouse—the wealth he accumulated is overwhelming... These mountains of what seem to be 'Sixth-grade Holy Stones' likely number in the millions!"

Even with just a cursory glance, Wyatt estimated the mountainous pile of sixth-grade Holy Stones to be over a million.

Besides sixth-grade Holy Stones, there were also a fair number of seventh-grade Holy Stones, though nowhere near as many.

The disparity seemed unusual, but for Wyatt, it was undoubtedly a bountiful haul.

"Ordinary peak-level Entering the Saint Realm practitioners wouldn't amass such an extravagant amount of wealth... His bounty must be tied to his 'assassin' identity."

Wyatt was certain of this.

In his previous life as a mercenary, some of his work mirrored that of an assassin—killing for hire.

Of course, Wyatt killed with principles.

The target had to be someone who deserved to die.

No matter what, he had been trained as part of the formal special forces of H Kingdom and upheld his moral boundaries.

In addition to over a million sixth-grade Holy Stones and tens of thousands of seventh-grade Holy Stones, the Storage Ring also contained various items.

There were Saint Artifacts inscribed with Saint Markings and an assortment of Taoist Talismans.

"Three-star Divine Travel Talismans, Three-star Golden Defense Talismans... so many?"

"And... is this a Three-star Offensive Talisman?"

As Wyatt examined the Taoist Talismans in the Storage Ring, he discovered two Three-star Offensive Talismans that didn't exist even in the Moon Radiance Sect.

Three-star Offensive Talismans, once activated, could unleash attacks comparable to the full power of a peak-level Entering the Saint Realm practitioner.

For a moment, Wyatt's breath quickened in excitement.

"Two Three-star Offensive Talismans... What a treasure!"

Although the quantity of Three-star Offensive Talismans was far fewer than the Divine Travel Talismans and Golden Defense Talismans, obtaining two of them still put Wyatt in an excellent mood.

When he realized the black-robed man was a Demon Cultivator, he had regretted wasting the Divine Travel and Golden Defense Talismans.

These talismans were useless against Demon Cultivators of the black-robed man's caliber.

More importantly, though, the man was a Demon Cultivator.

To deal with Demon Cultivators below the Saint Realm, Wyatt didn't need to go through so much trouble. Summoning the Demon Sealing Monument was enough.

Just the power of the Demon Sealing Monument alone was sufficient to suppress the black-robed man.

But now, seeing the abundant talismans the black-robed man left behind, his disappointment disappeared as he not only made up for what he had spent but also gained even more.

Most importantly, he acquired two additional Three-star Offensive Talismans.

As for Two-star Talismans, there were even more.

However, there weren't any One-star Talismans.

"Given his strength, he probably couldn't be bothered with One-star Talismans."

Wyatt understood this well.

Judging by the black-robed man's words, he was clearly a peak-level Entering the Saint Realm practitioner.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have boasted that besides the Saint Realm experts and a handful of half-step Saint Realm powerhouses in the Moon Radiance Sect, no one else could defeat him.

After examining the talismans in the Storage Ring, Wyatt turned his attention to the pile of Saint Artifacts.

The finest of these was only inscribed with two Three-star Saint Markings.

Such Saint Artifacts held little appeal for Wyatt.

"What a joke!"

"My Sunshoot Bow has three Three-star Saint Markings inscribed on it. These Saint Artifacts can't even begin to compare."



In terms of value, even if all the Saint Artifacts in the black-robed man's Storage Ring were combined, they couldn't match Wyatt's Sunshoot Bow.

"Hm? Quite a lot of raw materials here... I wonder if these include the materials needed to repair the third layer of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda."

Wyatt's thoughts flickered as he noticed the pile of materials in the Storage Ring.

Currently, he was almost obsessively fixated on repairing the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda because unlocking the third layer held immense significance for him.

He dreamed of opening the third layer of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda.

"Elder Fire."

Wyatt immediately called out to Elder Fire within the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda as he emptied the black-robed man's materials, spreading them out for Elder Fire to inspect.

Elder Fire examined the materials for a long while without saying a word.

"Elder Fire, are there any usable materials?"

Eventually, Wyatt couldn't resist asking.

"Your luck's not bad. There are several materials here that are useful... With these, the remaining parts of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda's third layer can be fully repaired."

Elder Fire finally spoke.

Hearing Elder Fire's words, Wyatt stood stunned for a moment, feeling as though he were dreaming.

It took him a while to recover, his eyes glinting with excitement. "Amazing! The Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda's third layer can finally be fully restored... Next time I go into seclusion for cultivation, I can directly train in the third layer!"

#### Chapter 1487: Nine Curves Mountain Range

Once the third level of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda is repaired, it will mean Wyatt Barnes has gained an exceptional cultivation environment.

According to Elder Fire.

The cultivation environment of the third level of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda is far superior to that of the second level. Coupled with the slower flow of time, the benefits to Wyatt are extraordinary.

"Once the third level of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda is repaired, we can begin repairing the fourth level of the pagoda... When the fourth level of the pagoda is repaired, the space inside the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda will stabilize completely."

Wyatt's heart stirred, and his eyes lit up.

Once the space inside the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda stabilizes, it means he can hide inside it when faced with mortal danger.

Just like today.

Fortunately, that black-robed man was a Demon Cultivator; otherwise, he would have certainly died!

If the space inside the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda were stable, even if the black-robed man were not a Demon Cultivator, he wouldn't have been afraid.

Because he could hide inside the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda, transforming the pagoda into a speck of dust and concealing himself.

He could wait for the black-robed man to leave and then re-emerge.

Repairing the third level of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda is a necessary step toward repairing its fourth level.

Now that he could completely repair the third level of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda, Wyatt was thrilled.

"Elder Fire, go ahead and start repairing the third level of the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda... I'll continue on my journey. By the time I reach 'Thames River City,' the repair should be complete."

Wyatt tossed the materials into the Seven Treasures Exquisite Pagoda and eagerly urged Elder Fire.

Elder Fire acknowledged, then got busy.

Wyatt gathered the remaining materials on the ground and resumed his journey toward 'Thames River City.'

After enduring obstacles caused by Holden Yellow, an outer sect elder of the Moon Radiance Sect, and the black-robed assassin, the rest of his journey went smoothly.

Half a month later, Wyatt successfully arrived near 'Thames River City.'

Before coming, he made sure to gather details about Thames River City, learning its exact location and the surrounding regions.

"This should be the 'Nine Curves Mountain Range' south of Thames River City."

Wyatt hovered in the air, gazing at the sprawling mountain range in front of him, murmuring.

This mountain range stretched for tens of thousands of miles, disappearing into the horizon. To pass through, one would have to traverse its interior.

"They say the gravity inside the 'Nine Curves Mountain Range' exceeds that of the outside... Even ordinary Martial Artists or Taoist Cultivators at the Entering the Saint Realm struggle to fly within it."

This was Wyatt's understanding of the Nine Curves Mountain Range.

"I wonder if it's true."

Looking at the expansive mountain range ahead, Wyatt's eyes revealed a hint of doubt. He flew closer, curious.

He couldn't imagine how a mere mountain range could possess such immense gravity!

As he approached the Nine Curves Mountain Range and even before entering it, he began to feel a subtle pressure in the void settling onto him, forcing him to lower his flight altitude.

This pressure was somewhat similar to the effects of a 'forbidden aerial formation,' but it wasn't a forbidden formation.

In areas covered by a forbidden aerial formation, those with insufficient cultivation couldn't fly at all.

However, Wyatt was only forced to lower his altitude under the current pressure; he could still continue flying.

"The closer I get to the Nine Curves Mountain Range, the greater this pressure becomes... It seems the gravity inside the Nine Curves Mountain Range is indeed extraordinary!"

By the time Wyatt was outside the mountain range, the pressure had already forced him to move on foot. While he could still fly, he had to exert himself fully, and even then he couldn't fly for long.

At this point, attempting to fly meant challenging the gravity within the Nine Curves Mountain Range!

The gravity inside the Nine Curves Mountain Range was a natural force of immense power, one that could only be ignored by those with sufficient strength.

Wyatt did not possess that strength yet.

"Looks like I'll have to traverse the Nine Curves Mountain Range on foot... The Nine Curves Mountain Range, reportedly teeming with savage beasts, includes those of the Entering the Saint Realm within. Once inside, I cannot afford to be careless."

Before entering the Nine Curves Mountain Range, Wyatt steeled himself for vigilance.

Following an entrance path ahead, Wyatt stepped into the Nine Curves Mountain Range.

Upon entering, he could feel the gravity intensifying with each passing step.

"Every step now is becoming laborious."

Wyatt was inwardly astonished.

Though he had heard about the formidable gravity of the Nine Curves Mountain Range, he hadn't truly grasped it. Experiencing it firsthand made him realize he had underestimated its might.

"Such powerful gravity... Unless one is at the Small Perfection stage of the Entering the Saint Realm or higher, it's impossible to soar freely here."

After gaining a true sense of the gravity's strength, Wyatt clicked his tongue in amazement.

Of course, using the 'Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman' could allow him to fly within the mountain range, but he had no intention of doing so.

Unless faced with mortal danger, he wouldn't consider activating the Three-Star Divine Travel Talisman.

The Nine Curves Mountain Range wasn't merely a place of immense gravity; it was full of uncharted dangers.

These dangers primarily came in the form of savage beasts.

The savage beasts inside the Nine Curves Mountain Range had lived there since birth, adapting to its intense gravity.

This constant gravitational oppression had honed them significantly.

Surviving in such a harsh environment naturally made them stronger than their counterparts outside the mountain range.

Thus, Wyatt advanced cautiously, alert to every surrounding detail.

"Roar!!"

Suddenly, a beast's roar erupted, followed by a massive beast that resembled a tiger but had the build of a bull, charging out from the bamboo forest nearby. It lunged straight at Wyatt, its gaping jaws seemingly intent on devouring him whole.

In an instant, Wyatt felt a wave of heat surging towards him.

Accompanying this wave was a repugnant stench—emanating from the creature's foul breath.

"Courting death!"

Wyatt's expression darkened as he roared. The Thousand Pound Saber that appeared in his hand seemingly out of nowhere suddenly trembled and swung toward the beast's open jaws.

The two-star Saint Markings, 'Thousand Pound Saint Markings,' activated.

Heaviness akin to a mountain!

With the Thousand Pound Saber in his hand, Wyatt struck with the force of a collapsing mountain, smashing directly into the beast's gaping jaws and pinning it to the ground.

"Roar roar~~"

The beast pinned to the ground growled in fury, its eyes crimson as lanterns, roaring incessantly.

The bull-like body wriggled desperately, clearly trying to free itself from the saber's immense pressure.

"You want to stand back up?"

Wyatt sneered. "If you're so eager to rise, let me grant your wish!"

Saying so, Wyatt retracted the Thousand Pound Saber with lightning speed.

Immediately, the beast's crimson eyes sparkled, and it braced its limbs against the ground in an attempt to stand.

Heaviness akin to a mountain!

However, Wyatt had no intention of allowing it. With a swift motion, he raised the saber high above his head and brought it crashing down, striking the beast squarely on the skull and killing it instantly.

Boom!

The beast's massive body slammed into the ground, kicking up a storm of dust before falling silent forever.

Its lantern-like eyes remained wide open, seemingly unwilling to accept its fate.

"This beast's cultivation level barely reaches late-stage Transcending Mortal Realm... Yet the strength it displayed rivals beasts at Small Perfection of the Transcending Mortal Realm! The savage beasts inside the Nine Curves Mountain Range are truly fearsome."

Having slain the late-stage Transcending Mortal Realm beast, Wyatt didn't feel any sense of triumph. Instead, his expression grew solemn.

This was merely the first beast he had encountered after entering the mountain range.

As he ventured deeper, the beasts he encountered were bound to be even more terrifying.

Thus, Wyatt proceeded carefully and vigilantly.

Along the way, Wyatt killed numerous late-stage Transcending Mortal Realm beasts and some at Small Perfection of the Transcending Mortal Realm.

As for the few beasts at Great Perfection of the Transcending Mortal Realm he encountered, Wyatt deliberately avoided them, doing his best not to provoke any conflict.

These beasts, at Great Perfection of the Transcending Mortal Realm, born and raised in the Nine Curves Mountain Range, were so formidable that even Wyatt had to muster his full strength against them.

Engaging them in battle would create significant noise.

That might attract even more Great Perfection beasts, or even stronger ones.

While Wyatt was confident he could kill these Great Perfection beasts, he chose not to act.

He only targeted beasts he could dispatch with a single strike.

Of course, this single strike didn't account for using the Sunpiercer Bow.



Equipped with three-star Saint Markings, the Sunpiercer Bow could kill even Great Perfection beasts in the Nine Curves Mountain Range with a single arrow...

However, the explosive force of the Sunpiercer Bow's Markings was too conspicuous, and Wyatt preferred not to use it unless absolutely necessary.

Thus, while crossing the Nine Curves Mountain Range, Wyatt kept a low profile.

"Huh?"

Wyatt, cautiously hurrying forward, suddenly heard the sound of a commotion up ahead—it was massive.

Upon approaching, he saw an elderly man engaged in fierce combat with a savage beast.

Both the elder and the beast were injured, yet neither showed signs of relenting, fighting as though prepared to die.

Furthermore, Wyatt noticed two individuals standing nearby.

One was a decently attractive young woman, the other an unremarkable, well-dressed young man.

Judging by the young woman's attire, her noble origins were apparent.

"Elder Thaddeus truly lives up to being a late-stage Entering the Saint Realm powerhouse of the Howard Family. He's managing to overpower this savage beast, which itself is at the late stage of the Entering the Saint Realm... And this beast hails from the Nine Curves Mountain Range, where creatures are uniquely formidable, far surpassing those elsewhere."

The well-dressed young man expressed admiration.

"Naturally."

The young woman's brows held a hint of pride. "The heritage of our Howard Family ranks among the finest throughout Thames River City."

Chapter 1488: Lucas Walker

Upon hearing the young woman's words, a glint of cold light inadvertently flashed through the eyes of the youth in luxurious garments.

This fleeting coldness was caught by Wyatt Barnes.

"Aren't they together? Why does it seem like there's some sort of conflict between them?"

Wyatt's face showed confusion, completely unaware of the situation.

Just then, the Savage Beast at the late stage of Entering the Saint Realm was finally slain by the old man at the same cultivation level.

The old man wielding the three-foot-long green blade pierced the Savage Beast right between the brows, pinning it to the trunk of a nearby tree. The beast's carcass dangled, causing the tree to shudder violently.

"Elder Thaddeus, you're incredible!"

The young woman walked joyously toward the old man, her eyes glowing with admiration.

"Wow!!"

As the young woman approached, the old man's face suddenly flushed red, and he spat out a mouthful of clotted blood. He dropped to one knee, shivering uncontrollably, clearly suffering from severe injury.

"Elder Thaddeus, are you hurt?!"

The young woman's expression drastically changed as she shouted a question that even Wyatt Barnes found ridiculous.

This woman — did she think the old man only suffered some minor injuries?

Naïve!

This was Wyatt's first impression of the young woman.

"Second Miss, return to Thames River City."

The old man struggled to lift his head and spoke to the young woman.

"Okay, okay."

The young woman nodded quickly before turning to the youth in luxurious garments, her brows furrowing. "Lucas Walker, why aren't you coming over to help support Elder Thaddeus?"

"Coming."

Lucas Walker forced an awkward smile and stepped forward, walking past the young woman and approaching the old man.

Suddenly, Lucas's gaze turned icy, his face contorting in a twisted expression.

"Thaddeus Howard!"

Lucas cried out sharply, startling the young woman beside him into a dazed stupor.

The kneeling Thaddeus Howard instinctively looked up, his bewildered expression directed at Lucas Walker.

But upon seeing Lucas raising his hand, a blade light tore through the void and shot toward him. Thaddeus's face abruptly transformed, revealing sheer terror and despair.

Though he was at the late stage of Entering the Saint Realm, the battle with the Savage Beast had worn him down to the last drop.

The move was executed by someone who, up until now, was nothing more than an early-stage Entering the Saint Realm Martial Artist — it was this strike he could no longer repel.

Crack!

The blade light fell, severing Thaddeus's head, which rolled away. His body crumbled in two on the ground, blood spurting out violently and staining the earth. The gruesome spectacle was blinding in its intensity.

Thick blood began to permeate the air.

"Lucas Walker, are you insane?!"

The young woman finally snapped back to her senses. Seeing the grisly scene unfold before her, her complexion shifted dramatically. "You... you... you actually killed Elder Thaddeus! You're finished! You're finished! Even your father won't be able to save you this time!"

"My father can't save me?"

Lucas laughed. "Eliel Howard, it seems you haven't grasped the situation yet, have you? With this old relic dead, do you think you'll live to make it back to report anything?"

"You... you're going to kill me?"

Eliel's face turned pale. "If you dare kill me, your Walker Family will face ruin!"

"And who will know that I killed you even if I did?"

Lucas sneered, "We happened to meet on the road midway. Who else knows we're traveling together? If you don't return to the Howard Family, they'll only assume you perished in the Nine Curves Mountain Range. How could anyone suspect Lucas Walker?"

Hearing Lucas's chilling words, Eliel's face turned ashen. She knew all too well that he was right.

"Lucas Walker, I've never wronged you... Why are you doing this?"

Eliel's voice trembled as she spoke. Born into privilege as a wealthy family's heiress, she had never faced such horror before, and her legs were shaking uncontrollably.

"Why am I doing this?"

Lucas's face grew twisted. "Of course, it's to have you! You, Eliel Howard, with the Howard Family's standing, have never considered me, Lucas Walker, worthy. All my life, I've sent you no less than a thousand love letters. Have you even read a single one?"

"You've always looked down on me, Lucas Walker, from the depths of your soul!"

As he continued speaking, Lucas began roaring like a madman.

Eliel was completely dumbfounded. She had never imagined Lucas's malice stemmed from this. It was unfathomable how warped someone's psyche had to be to act this way.

Her panic and fear intensified.

"Lucas Walker, that's not how it is... I did read your letters, every single one. It's just that I've never been in the habit of replying."

In an attempt to calm Lucas down, Eliel lied.

"No habit of replying?"

Lucas laughed, the sound deranged. "Then what about your replies to Colton Swayer's letters? Even now, you treat me like a fool, a pawn to toy with at your whims?"

Eliel's face turned pale. She hadn't expected Lucas to know about that.

"I've heard that the Swayer Family will soon propose marriage to the Howard Family, with Colton Swayer marrying you... and that your father has already agreed to it. For a long time, I've wondered how I could make you mine. Finally, fate has smiled upon me and given me this chance."

Lucas began closing the distance between himself and Eliel, his eyes gleaming wickedly.

"Lucas Walker, if you let me go, I swear I won't breathe a word of today's events to anyone. As for Elder Thaddeus, I'll claim he died protecting me."

Eliel pleaded desperately, overcome with fear.

"No need for promises! Once I take you and kill you, the matter will never come to light anyway. You have always feigned arrogance and nobility in front of me — now what? Where's your pride? Where's your nobility?"

Lucas roared maniacally, his tone nearing insanity.

At that moment, Eliel swiftly pulled out a Taoist Talisman and hurled it toward Lucas.

"Charge!"

Eliel cried out, initiating the talisman's power. Simultaneously, Lucas threw a Taoist Talisman of his own, releasing immense energy that collided with Eliel's talisman, neutralizing each other.

Both were two-star attack talismans; neither could gain the upper hand.

"Eliel Howard, stop resisting... Perhaps if you serve me well, I might leave you with an intact corpse. Otherwise, I'll carve you into eight pieces and feed each to different Savage Beasts."

Lucas grinned wickedly, his smile sinister and depraved.

Eliel Howard trembled, her face pale and her body shaking uncontrollably, unable to utter a single word.

Without hesitation, Lucas closed in.

Eliel resisted, but she stood no chance against Lucas Walker, who subdued her almost instantly.

She, a Small Perfection Transcending Mortal Realm Martial Artist, was utterly powerless before Lucas, an early-stage Entering the Saint Realm Martial Artist.

"Tch, what level of mental distortion must one reach to do something like this?"

Just as Lucas Walker prepared to violate the despairing Eliel Howard, Wyatt Barnes emerged from the shadows, his voice oozing amusement.

He had never been one to meddle unnecessarily.

Truth be told, Wyatt found Eliel's spoiled attitude thoroughly off-putting.

However, Lucas's behavior repulsed him on a deeper level.

Watching Lucas succeed in such vile actions was something Wyatt simply couldn't tolerate.

"Who's there?!"

Wyatt's voice startled Lucas, who turned his head abruptly, his expression changing when he spotted Wyatt. "Who the hell are you?"

"Who I am doesn't matter. What matters is that you've disgusted me,"

Wyatt replied, casually casting a glance at Lucas. "A man of seven feet, disgracing himself like this over a woman... Truly pathetic!"

"What trash are you to lecture me, Lucas Walker?"

Lucas sneered, raising his hand as a blade appeared, thin as a cicada's wing. Its sheen flashed, and an arc of blade light flew toward Wyatt with no warning whatsoever.

The speed was astonishing, nearly impossible to evade.

Having anticipated this, Wyatt moved swiftly, narrowly dodging the arc of blade light.

It was only because Lucas had struck casually that Wyatt managed to avoid being hit. Had it been a full-powered attack, escape would have been impossible.

Lucas Walker was, after all, an early-stage Entering the Saint Realm Martial Artist, his cultivation two full levels above Wyatt's.

"Help me! Help me!!"

When Wyatt dodged Lucas Walker's attack, forcing Lucas to release Eliel Howard while glaring at Wyatt with a grim face, Eliel quickly darted behind Wyatt, seeking protection.

Gone was her previously arrogant demeanor.

"If you save me, our Howard Family won't let you go unrewarded... Whatever you desire, so long as we can afford it, it will be yours."

Eliel spoke to Wyatt.

Though she wasn't speaking arrogantly, Wyatt still felt an underlying discomfort in her words.

Nonetheless, his decision was already made.

If an opportunity arose, he fully intended to squeeze the Howard Family for every ounce of benefit.



"Die!!"

Lucas shouted suddenly, lashing out with lightning speed. His blade, delicate as a cicada's wing, whizzed through the air — the blade technique honed to perfection, born from Saint-grade martial arts, aimed squarely at Wyatt.

The full might of an early-stage Entering the Saint Realm Martial Artist was displayed unreservedly!

No doubt remained: Lucas Walker's strength was formidable.

Additionally, Lucas's Sacred Sword bore three two-star Saint Markings, enhancing its terrifying power.

If Wyatt had relied solely on his heavy sword with the "Weighted like a Mountain" technique, he knew he wouldn't stand a chance.

Thus, he unveiled his trump card.

The Sun-Shooting Bow!

Arrow-Guided Movement!

Falling Star Strike!

With the Sun-Shooting Bow raised, Wyatt unleashed all three three-star Saint Markings inscribed on it. Apart from refraining from using the Mysterious Eye, he utilized nearly every ounce of his strength.

Whoosh!!

An arrow tore through the air, aimed directly at Lucas Walker's vital point.

"Reckless fool!"

Lucas sneered, trembling the Sacred Sword in his grip, forming a barrier of defense before him.

In his mind, an arrow formed of True Energy, shot by a mere Transcending Mortal Realm Martial Artist, could never penetrate his defense.

However, as Wyatt's arrow reached him, Lucas realized just how naïve he had been...

The arrow shattered the Sacred Sword in Lucas Walker's hand and drove into his shoulder.

#### Chapter 1489: Eliel Howard's Thoughts

Although shocked by the power of Wyatt Barnes' arrow, Lucas Walker breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the arrow seemed to be slightly deflected by his defense, aiming at his shoulder instead.

However, the next moment, his expression changed drastically.

The horror etched on his face in that instant would become the final image of his life.

Bang!!

At the same time, the arrow piercing Lucas Walker's shoulder suddenly exploded, turning his upper body into a mist of blood scattered across the sky.

Not only that, even his lower body was corroded completely, disappearing with nothing left behind.

In the blink of an eye, Lucas Walker's body was devoured by black smoke, vanishing entirely from the world, as though he had never existed.

Eliel Howard, who had been hiding behind Wyatt Barnes, witnessed this scene with eyes widened to their limits. Her body trembled violently in fear...

Just a moment ago, a living person had completely disappeared before her eyes in the blink of an eye.

The sight shook her to her core.

However, as a daughter of a prestigious family, Eliel Howard quickly recomposed herself and thanked Wyatt Barnes, "Thank you for saving me."

Wyatt Barnes glanced back at her indifferently but did not respond.

Even now, he felt no fondness for this woman.

Earlier, when he had stepped out of the shadows, it was solely due to his distaste for Lucas Walker's actions—nothing more than that.

If Lucas Walker had not attacked him first, Wyatt Barnes wouldn't have intended to kill him.

Seeing Wyatt meticulously collect Lucas Walker's storage ring, as well as Thaddeus Howard's storage ring, and casually stash them into his own, Eliel Howard's brow furrowed.

"That belonged to Elder Thaddeus Howard of the Howard Family. Shouldn't you—"

Unwilling to hold back, Eliel Howard spoke up.

But before she could finish, Wyatt Barnes interrupted, "That storage ring was loot taken by Lucas Walker, so it belongs to him... And I killed Lucas Walker, so now all of his possessions are my spoils of war."

His statement left Eliel Howard momentarily speechless in frustration.

Thinking it over, it did seem fair.

"Miss Howard, if I hadn't saved your life, then forget about whether these things originally belonged to me... Even your own storage ring would now be mine."

Wyatt Barnes cast Eliel Howard an indifferent glance and said.

Having said his piece, Wyatt no longer paid any attention to her and headed towards the other side of the Nine Curves Mountain Range on his own.

As for the so-called reward from the Howard Family that Eliel Howard had mentioned earlier, Wyatt had little interest.

Given her temperament, who could guarantee that, upon returning to the Howard Family, she wouldn't bite the hand that fed her?

He had merely been collecting his rightful spoils, yet Eliel Howard had the audacity to demand them back.

And in her words, she subtly hinted at using the Howard Family's influence to pressure him.

Is this how she treats her savior?

"Wait!"

Seeing Wyatt leaving her behind, Eliel Howard panicked immediately. Everyone knew how perilous the Nine Curves Mountain Range was—given her limited strength, encountering a Savage Beast would surely spell death.

Without delay, Eliel Howard chased after Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt ignored her, continuing forward on his own. If not for the need to proceed cautiously through the Nine Curves Mountain Range, he would have already sped off and left her behind.

"He's actually ignoring me!"

Realizing Wyatt had no intention of acknowledging her, Eliel Howard's face darkened.

As the only daughter of the Howard Family patriarch, the family's second miss, she was accustomed to being surrounded by adoring men growing up. Who among them didn't show admiration for her?

For the first time, a man of her age was treating her so indifferently.

In that instant, Eliel felt her pride being trampled underfoot by Wyatt's apparent disregard.

Looking at Wyatt's retreating figure, her eyes filled with anger.

Despite her fury, she didn't dare confront him, not even verbally.

She had already witnessed Wyatt's "coldness," and knew he was a man who showed no compassion or pity.

"Seriously, is he even a man? To treat a stunning beauty like me with such heartlessness,"

If Wyatt Barnes knew what Eliel Howard was thinking, he wouldn't be able to suppress a mocking laugh.

His two fiancées—each one surpassed Eliel Howard by a thousandfold!

"Huh... Is he also a Transcending Mortal Realm Martial Artist?"

On the way, after observing a few exchanges on Wyatt's part, Eliel Howard finally discerned the aura of True Energy emanating from him—it was unmistakably the energy of the Transcending Mortal Realm.

The True Energy of Entering the Saint Realm was distinctly different from that of the Transcending Mortal Realm.

And this distinction, Eliel Howard could clearly distinguish.

"A mere Transcending Mortal Realm Martial Artist, yet he managed to pierce through Lucas Walker's defense with an arrow and directly kill him... It seems the Saint Markings on his Saint Weapon are extraordinary."

Eliel Howard thought to herself.

Recalling the scene of Lucas Walker's instant demise, her heart remained unsettled.

"When that arrow was shot, it seemed to effortlessly pierce through Lucas Walker's defense... Without encountering much resistance at all! With the power of someone at the mere Transcending Mortal Realm, it's definitely impossible for him to achieve such a feat!"

Eliel Howard surmised inwardly, "Clearly, it's the power of the Saint Markings."

"The piercing capability of those Saint Markings couldn't possibly belong to a one-star Saint Marking, nor likely a two-star Saint Marking... Could it be a three-star Saint Marking? Among three-star Saint Markings, the 'Piercing Saint Marking' happens to have that exact characteristic."

At this thought, Eliel Howard's heartbeat quickened.

Three-star Saint Markings!

Even in the Howard Family, Saint Weapons engraved with three-star Saint Markings were rare, reserved only for the highest echelon decision-makers.

"Who exactly is he?"

Eliel Howard once again eyed Wyatt with intrigue.

"His background must be extraordinary! Even Colton Swayer likely can't compare... The Swayer Family is just like our Howard Family—an eighth-tier family. But him—he might hail from a seventh-tier force."

This notion caused Eliel Howard to view Wyatt in a new light, even actively trying to strike up friendly conversation.

Her demeanor shifted—she transformed into a gentle, refined lady.

If Wyatt hadn't already witnessed her haughtiness and arrogance, he might have been deceived.

"Why has Eliel Howard suddenly changed so much?"

Wyatt thought to himself, remaining cautious; the saying "A sudden display of goodwill often hides ulterior motives" was one he understood well.

"As expected."

Wyatt quickly discerned Eliel's intentions when he noticed her subtly probing into his background.

"Miss Howard, isn't it true you're about to marry someone from the Swayer Family?"

Wyatt asked flatly.

"That's just Lucas Walker's baseless speculation... As for Parker Swayer, he's nothing but a decadent playboy. I don't like him. I prefer men who are virtuous and morally upstanding."

Eliel Howard responded softly, intentionally gazing deeply at Wyatt, her eyes brimming with carefully feigned affection.

Wyatt smirked inwardly.

He certainly wouldn't naively believe that Eliel had fallen for him simply because he saved her from danger.

"This Eliel Howard is evidently no pushover... Has she uncovered something?"

Wyatt speculated, his vigilance against Eliel intensifying.

She was far more cunning than he had anticipated.

"You know my name, but I don't know yours... Doesn't that seem a bit unfair?"

Eliel Howard smiled, looking at Wyatt.

"Fair or unfair doesn't matter; after all, your name wasn't told to me by you."

Wyatt responded blandly, his cold and detached attitude frustrating Eliel but forcing her to suppress her irritation, maintaining a strained smile.

Wyatt's demeanor only intensified her belief that his origins were extraordinary.

"I hope that during this trip, I can break down his prejudice against me. If I manage to wrap him tightly around my finger, our Howard Family will surely benefit immensely from the forces behind him, achieving meteoric rise! By then, the Swayer Family will undoubtedly be crushed beneath our feet."

Eliel Howard's eyes gleamed brightly, as if already envisioning the Howard Family soaring to greatness.

This confidence stemmed from her assumption that Wyatt belonged to a seventh-tier force, and that he held a significant status within it.

Otherwise, how could he possess a Saint Weapon engraved with 'three-star Saint Markings' at the mere Transcending Mortal Realm?

After a few hours, as the suppressive gravity lessened around him, Wyatt couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. "Finally leaving this cursed place."

To Wyatt, the Nine Curves Mountain Range was nothing short of a nightmare.



Not only did he have to guard against Savage Beasts, but he also had to deal with the overly scheming Eliel Howard.

So, as soon as he exited the mountain range, Wyatt stepped into the air and sped away without a second thought.

"Wait for me!"

Seeing Wyatt about to leave her behind, Eliel Howard grew flustered. She quickly pulled out a one-star Divine Travel Talisman and uttered the command "Lin." Instantly, her speed matched that of an Entering the Saint Realm novice Martial Artist.

In the blink of an eye, she caught up with Wyatt.

"Hey! How can you be so rude? Leaving behind a helpless woman like me here—aren't you worried I might get hurt?"

Eliel Howard asked with a mix of indignation and embarrassment.

Helpless woman?

Hearing her statement, Wyatt instinctively sized her up, laughing coldly to himself.

If Eliel Howard qualified as a "helpless woman," then surely no such women existed in this world.

"Lin!"

Feeling utterly drained by Eliel, Wyatt promptly activated a two-star Divine Travel Talisman obtained from the belongings of the black-cloak Martial Artist, vanishing from her view in an instant.

Eliel Howard stomped her feet in fury. "Am I really that annoying?"

"Still, casually deploying a two-star Divine Travel Talisman confirms my earlier suspicions... His background is indeed extraordinary."

Soon, a smile returned to her face, her eyes narrowing as they gleamed with cunning.

"Judging by the direction he left in, he seems to be heading toward Thames River City."

Eliel Howard murmured to herself.

#### Chapter 1490: Thames River City

Thames River City, as the largest city within the Nine Sects Alliance's territory, spans an expansive area, making it the most impressive city Wyatt Barnes has seen in this lifetime.

The reason he refers to 'this lifetime,' is because the cities of this world cannot compare to those of his previous life.

The cities of his previous life were very different from those in this world.

The cities in this world are akin to ancient cities in his previous life.

But in his previous life, Wyatt lived in a modern society, where cities no longer had walls or clear divisions.

In the modern society of his previous life, a city referred to an entire region.

And not a walled city.

Even before getting close to Thames River City, Wyatt noticed that there were more and more people ahead. Judging by their direction, it was clear they were heading to Thames River City, just like him.

Thames River City, as one of the cities under the Nine Sects Alliance's management, had set up a 'Flight Restriction Formation.'

This detail was something Wyatt had learned about earlier.

The flight restriction formation in Thames River City, similar to the one at the Moon Radiance Sect's base, forbade martial artists and Taoist cultivators below the Saint Realm from flying.

Martial artists and Taoist cultivators above the Saint Realm, on the other hand, could fly freely.

Thus, upon arriving outside Thames River City, Wyatt had no choice but to honestly follow the flow of people into the city.

The streets inside Thames River City were larger than those in typical cities, and the bustling crowds broadened Wyatt's perspective.

"Compared to Thames River City, the other cities I've visited before... are completely like rural villages."

As he traversed through the city and marveled at its grandiose sights, Wyatt couldn't help but feel privately astonished.

Nonetheless, Wyatt did not forget the purpose of his visit to Thames River City.

After finding an inn to settle in, he began inquiring about matters within Thames River City.

Before coming to Thames River City, he had only gained a general understanding of the city.

As for the affairs within the city, he was not familiar with them.

But, as the saying goes, 'money can make the devil work.'

Wyatt enjoyed a hearty meal at a local tavern and handed out some Holy Stones, which allowed him to gain some understanding of what went on within Thames River City.

Thames River City was under the joint jurisdiction of the Nine Sects Alliance, benefiting from its protection.

The headquarters of the Nine Sects Alliance was located within Thames River City.

Almost all industries within Thames River City had been divided among the nine sects of the alliance, who delegated the management to local power factions in the city.

The local power factions within Thames River City were classified as 'eighth-rank powers.'

However, the strength of these eighth-rank powers was incomparable to the eighth-rank factions under the Moon Radiance Sect that managed the eighteen nearby cities.

The eighteen cities under the Moon Radiance Sect were considered eighth-rank powers due to their borrowed influence from the sect.

The eighth-rank powers within Thames River City, on the other hand, were deep-rooted factions with substantial heritage.

The strongest among them had several Small Perfection or Great Perfection Entering Saint Realm powerhouses overseeing their operations; the weaker ones still had several Small Perfection Entering Saint Realm cultivators governing them.

These factions—whether families or guilds—were the true local authorities of Thames River City.

"It seems the Howard Family, the Swayer Family, and this Lucas Walker's 'Walker Family' are all local authorities within Thames River City... Among them, the Howard Family and Swayer Family should stand at the top of the hierarchy."

"The Walker Family, however, appears to be slightly weaker."

Recalling the encounter he had with Eliel Howard and Lucas Walker earlier, Wyatt deduced this much without difficulty.

Aside from gaining some understanding of the local authorities within Thames River City, Wyatt also gathered information about places that sold inscription pens as well as locations where various rare and peculiar materials could be purchased.

His visit to Thames River City wasn't solely for leisure; he had two major goals.

The first was to purchase an inscription pen.

The second was to search for materials necessary to repair the Jewel Tower.

By the time he left the tavern, night was already descending, and Wyatt returned to the inn.

After securing the door to his room, Wyatt entered the Jewel Tower, where he found Elder Fire meditating with his eyes closed on the first floor.

He called out to Elder Fire a few times, but there was no response.

"It seems fully restoring the third floor of the Jewel Tower has taken a toll on Elder Fire."

Wyatt thought to himself.

"Let's go have a look at the third floor of the Jewel Tower."

Wyatt had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

Before traversing the Nine Curves Mountain Range, Elder Fire had informed him via a voice transmission that the third floor of the Jewel Tower had been fully restored.

If not for adverse circumstances, he would have already entered the Jewel Tower in a hurry.

Upon ascending to the second floor of the Jewel Tower, Wyatt did not linger and continued toward the third floor.

Still, while heading to the third floor, he cast a few extra glances at the second floor. "From now on, this place will likely be unused."

With access to a superior environment for cultivation, he had no reason to continue training on the second floor of the Jewel Tower.

"The third floor of the Jewel Tower!"

Upon entering the third floor of the Jewel Tower, Wyatt could distinctly sense the dense spiritual energy in the air—a density far surpassing that of the second floor.

The third floor of the Jewel Tower was vast and empty, with a giant boulder situated at its center.

The boulder resembled a small mountain, sprawling over an area comparable to a soccer field from Wyatt's previous life on Earth where the World Cup was held.

Flying onto the boulder, Wyatt noticed a long weapon piercing downward in front of him.

It was a halberd.

"Is this the 'Heaven-Piercing Halberd,' the celestial treasure Elder Fire mentioned before?"

Upon seeing the halberd, Wyatt's heartbeat accelerated involuntarily.

The Heaven-Piercing Halberd was one of the Seven Treasures within the Jewel Tower, ranking higher than the Splendid Fairy Sword on the second floor.

Although he knew he wouldn't be able to wield the Heaven-Piercing Halberd, Wyatt still decided to give it a try.

Even after exerting his full strength, the Heaven-Piercing Halberd remained motionless, and he finally gave up.

"I wonder when I'll truly be able to use celestial treasures."

Wyatt sighed bitterly with a wry smile.

Who could understand the turmoil in his heart?

The Sun-Shattering Bow, although also a celestial treasure, was incomplete. Its current power was even inferior to the weakest celestial treasures.

Meanwhile, the Splendid Fairy Sword on the second floor and the Heaven-Piercing Halberd on the third floor were both complete celestial treasures, possessing unfathomable might.

"According to Elder Fire... When I can wield any of the six celestial treasures within the Jewel Tower, there won't be a single person in this world who can challenge me."

Thinking this, Wyatt felt an insatiable yearning.

But no matter how intensely he yearned, there was nothing he could do. His strength was too feeble to lift the celestial treasures.

Although only half a day had passed outside, it had already been two and a half days inside the Jewel Tower.

Two and a half days were more than enough for Wyatt to further consolidate his Transcending Mortal Realm Great Perfection cultivation.

When the dawn of the next day graced the land, Wyatt exited the Jewel Tower.

After enjoying a hot bath and indulging himself, he left his guest room and headed out of the inn.

After leaving the inn, Wyatt went to purchase an inscription pen.

"This inscription pen is truly expensive... Even a 'Three-Star Inscription Pen' cost me as much as one hundred thousand grade-seven Holy Stones."

With the inscription pen in hand, Wyatt gasped inwardly.

After obtaining the inscription pen, Wyatt spent the rest of the day exploring the largest market in Thames River City.

"It's a pity Elder Fire hasn't recovered yet... Otherwise, he could have helped me identify whether there were other materials needed to repair the Jewel Tower here."

Despite this, Wyatt made some gains throughout the day, finding two of the materials Elder Fire had previously mentioned for repairing the Jewel Tower.

That evening, just as Wyatt returned to the inn, someone came looking for him.

"Young Master, I am the steward of the Howard Family. Our family head has requested your presence."

The visitor was an elderly man.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, sensing a subtle realization... The strength of this old steward was comparable to that of any external steward of the Moon Radiance Sect.

External stewards of the Moon Radiance Sect were typically at the late Entering Saint Realm stage.

Only a small number were at the mid Entering Saint Realm stage.