

## L. Wyatt 951

### Chapter 951: The First Treasure

"We thought you'd decided not to come, old immortals."

No sooner had the man in grey and the ten young men and women appeared than the two old men in the sky above the valley reacted, one of them looking at the man in grey and speaking indifferently.

"Hmph! If you two old immortals are here, how could I not come?"

The man in grey snorted, then looked down into the valley, where a deep and impenetrable grey light barrier enveloped the center of the valley floor, obscuring the view inside.

"Everyone, go in."

The man in grey's murky eyes lit up, his voice authoritative.

"Yes."

As soon as the man in grey finished speaking, the ten young men and women leapt into the air, their bodies plummeting towards the grey light barrier.

A moment later, seven young men and two young women passed through the grey light barrier and disappeared from the sight of the three old men.

The only one left, a young man who looked almost forty, landed on the grey light barrier. He was stopped in his tracks, and at the same moment, the grey light barrier trembled.

"You... you concealed your true age?!"

Witnessing this scene, the man in grey's expression changed drastically.

The brows of the other two old men also furrowed involuntarily.

Before the young man had the chance to react, the air around him rippled as if it were being drained.

Bang!!

A loud explosion resounded, and the young man's body burst open without warning, turning into a rain of blood that vanished from the world.

"People over forty still dreaming of entering the 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure'... Naive!"

One of the other two old men couldn't help but sneer.

Above the vast plain.

Whoosh!

A streak of purple lightning flashed across the sky, heading in the northwest direction.

"It's been almost a month... hasn't this grassland come to an end yet?"

The person traveling above the grassland was Wyatt Barnes, with a frown on his face and a hint of bewilderment.

"With my speed... all this time should have been enough to get me back to the 'Five Elements Sect' south of the Northern Desert. But the real 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure', it seems, is still beyond reach."

Wyatt Barnes smiled wryly.

"Just how vast is the 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure' that the Martial Emperor powerhouse opened up? It can't be bigger than the 'Northern Desert,' can it?"

This thought filled Wyatt Barnes with trepidation.

The Martial Emperor Secret Treasure was an underground facility located beneath the Northern Desert.

If its area was larger than that of the Northern Desert, it would undoubtedly stretch under the entirety of the Northern Desert. Should it collapse, the whole region would be hit by a massive earthquake.

Three days later.

"Is that... the end of the grassland?"

Traveling tirelessly, Wyatt Barnes, who had grown somewhat numb to the journey, instantly spotted the 'dark fog' that had appeared in the distance ahead, separating the grassland.

At that moment, seeing this 'dark fog,' Wyatt Barnes felt an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

He knew he had reached the end of the grassland.

As long as he entered the dark fog, he would reach the true 'Martial Emperor Secret Realm.'

Wind sweeps the fallen leaves!

Without any hesitation, Wyatt Barnes sped up, turning into a gust of wind as he blew into the dark fog.

Entering the dark fog, everything went dark before Wyatt Barnes' eyes. As he continued to glide forward, a tiny light appeared in the pitch-black environment.

"The Martial Emperor Secret Treasure!"

Wyatt Barnes knew that the small light spot must be the entrance to the true 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure.' Now his task was to pass through and reach the real 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure.'

"The treasures within the 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure'... ordinary Pill Medicine and spiritual weapons hold no allure for me."

The small light spot in front of Wyatt Barnes grew larger and larger as he thought to himself, "Unless there are some special treasures... I am only interested in that 'Ougi Fragment'!"

As the thought passed, Wyatt Barnes reached the entrance to the true 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure,' a hole just big enough for one person to pass through. On the other side of the hole, it was as bright as day.

"Enter!"

Without any doubt, Wyatt Barnes flew through the 'entrance.'

Almost at the same time, the message left by the Martial Emperor powerhouse once again reached Wyatt Barnes' ears, "Remember this place... This is not only the entrance for you to enter the 'Martial Emperor Secret Treasure' but also the exit for when you leave."

"As you pass through the 'entrance,' the 'Inscription Array' at the entrance will record your breath... From this moment on, only you can enter and exit through this entrance."

The message from the Martial Emperor powerhouse stopped abruptly there.

"Only I can enter and exit through this entrance?"

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but look back at the entrance behind him. The other side of the entrance was a hazy grey, blending seamlessly with the surrounding cave walls.

If not observed carefully, it would be impossible to detect its presence.

Sifting through the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, Wyatt Barnes quickly understood the principle behind this kind of 'Inscription Array.' It was similar to a 'Storage Ring' that has recognized a master—it would not acknowledge a second master unless the first one died.

Yet the 'Inscription Array' that spread across this entrance was different; even if the recognized person died, it would not allow a second person to enter or exit.

"So, after getting enough benefits from the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure', I can only leave through this 'cave entrance'. It's the same for everyone else; each person has their own exclusive entrance and can only leave through that way."

Wyatt Barnes quickly came to his senses.

Once he awoke, he began to examine his surroundings. What came into his view was a hollow cave, as if it had been forcibly emptied out by someone.

Though this cave was underground, it lacked no brightness and was as luminous as daylight.

"There must be an 'Inscription Array' around here, inscribed and arranged using 'Night Pearls'."

Wyatt Barnes easily guessed the reason.

The cave was large, the ground area as big as a standard football field on Earth where Wyatt had lived in his previous life. There were four exits, each leading to different directions.

After searching the cave for a while without finding any treasure, Wyatt casually picked an exit and shot forth from it.

Immediately afterward, Wyatt found himself in another cave, which was different from the previous one in the same way that a hall differed from a room.

The previous cave had only four exits, but standing in this one, Wyatt could see over a dozen different exits, all leading to different places.

"This place... is practically a maze!"

Wyatt shook his head with a wry smile, then once again randomly chose an exit and shot forth.

Wyatt continued to traverse without stopping.

An hour later, not only had Wyatt failed to find any 'treasure', he hadn't even seen a shadow of another person, and he hadn't encountered any danger.

"There's no 'Attack Inscription Array'?"

Wyatt was somewhat surprised.

As soon as the thought crossed his mind, Wyatt propelled himself into an even larger cave.

This cave looked like a vast 'Martial Arts Performance Field'. Standing inside, looking around the cavernous space, Wyatt felt incredibly small.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, as if sensing something, Wyatt abruptly lifted his head to look up at the center of the cave ceiling.

There, embedded was a delicate box, with half of it exposed.

"I've finally encountered one."

Wyatt's eyes gleamed with excitement. Though he wasn't certain he would be interested in the contents of the delicate box, it was still the first treasure he had found since entering the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure'.

It was a good start.

Like a whirlwind sweeping away the leaves!

Without any hesitation, Wyatt leapt forward, intending to retrieve that delicate box.

However, just as he soared into the air, seemingly sensing something amiss, Wyatt's expression instantly changed drastically, and with a swift move, he hastily retreated, transforming into a purple lightning that returned to where he had previously stood.

Whoosh!

Almost at the same moment, a streak of yellow lightning shot across the sky, passing through the space where Wyatt had just been, stirring up a series of piercing whooshing sounds.

Eventually, the yellow lightning struck the ground and disappeared, leaving behind a hole that looked as if penetrated by a sharp arrow, deep and bottomless.

Wyatt sucked in a breath of cold air, breaking out in cold sweat from the fright.

Luckily, he had reacted quickly, or else his head would have been pierced through just now.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

While Wyatt was still feeling a little shaken, a series of loud booms reached his ears.

At the same time, he felt the ground beneath him tremble, and the entire cave began to shake violently, as if the earth itself was in upheaval.

"This is not good!"

Stretching his spiritual power outward, Wyatt immediately noticed a number of 'Inscription Arrays' around him surging with intense energy, clearly having been activated.

With this realization, Wyatt's complexion changed.

In a moment, vast streams of yellow energy rose from various places on the floor of the cave, gradually taking shape, and eventually turned into numerous yellow puppets.

In no time, over a hundred yellow puppets appeared. Their eyes sparkled with yellow flames as they immediately focused on Wyatt, locking onto him firmly.

"How extravagant!"

Seeing the hundred yellow puppets before him, Wyatt couldn't help but marvel.

Through the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor, he knew.

Inside each of these yellow puppets was a 'Fragment of Earth Realm', which was one of their sources of power.

Of course, their power wasn't limited to the 'Earth Realm'; they also had Origin Force.

Inside their bodies were 'Inscription Arrays' made up of varying amounts of original stones, providing them with Origin Force, allowing them to combat their enemies with the together 'Earth Realm' and 'Origin Force' like ordinary warriors.

"These puppets are different from the Earth puppets I encountered in the 'Sword Emperor's Treasure Vault'... The latter could hardly utilize the power of the 'Fragment of Earth Realm' embedded within them; the former, however, can fully display the power of the 'Fragment of Earth Realm' embedded within them!"

Wyatt looked solemnly at the hundred puppets that were encircling him.

He was well aware that he was now facing a group of beings whose strength was no less than that of 'Transforming Void Realm warriors'.

"The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind!"

Unknown to Wyatt, in a corner of the cave, a figure was lurking

Chapter 952: The Sparrow Stalks the Praying Mantis

Boom!

Quickly, a brown puppet kicked the ground with its legs and sprinted like the wind, charging straight towards Wyatt Barnes.

On its body, a surge of creamy-white Origin Force burst forth, immediately merging with the rising 'Earth concept' to form a rolling brown power, wrapping around its body and boosting its speed to the extreme.

Whoosh!

Meanwhile, above the head of the brown puppet in the void, first appeared the phantom images of a hundred ancient Horned Dragons, followed by another two hundred.

"The Origin Force of the Seventh Order of the Cave Void Realm? The First level high-order Earth concept?"

Seeing this scene, Wyatt Barnes breathed a sigh of relief.

Just now, he had indeed been worried that the group of puppets in front of him contained 'fragments of Earth concept' of higher than the Seventh Order. If that had been the case, he would have been destined for bad luck today.

The puppet that charged at Wyatt Barnes first, shrouded in brown power, soon resonated with the entire land, at this moment, no longer distinguishing between you and me.

Whoosh!

Above the void, beside the three hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, another hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms appeared.

"To actually borrow 'the power of Earth' with 'Earth concept'... apart from lacking spiritual intelligence and the ability to use spiritual weapons, how are they any different from human warriors?"

Staring blankly at the four hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms rushing towards him, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but show a bitter smile.

Swoosh!

At the same time, the brown puppet arrived in front of Wyatt Barnes, its speed unaffected by its seemingly cumbersome body.

It threw a punch, smashing towards Wyatt Barnes's forehead like a cannonball!

Wrapped around the puppet's fist were strands of vast brown power, rolling out with an earth-shattering force, compressing the air and creating a series of piercing blast noises.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

The power comparable to that of four hundred ancient Horned Dragons, accompanied by the continuous blasting noise, swept over in an instant, about to land on Wyatt Barnes.

"Hmph!"

Wyatt Barnes, who had been ready for this, met the punch head-on without any fear, his whole body bursting with Origin Force, and the four 'concepts' following him like a shadow, unleashing the power comparable to eight hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Bang!!

With Wyatt Barnes's fist meeting the puppet's, a huge noise spread out.

Wyatt Barnes stood in place, unmoved.

In contrast, the puppet's fist showed cracks spreading rapidly, soon extending throughout its entire body.

The next moment, the puppet crashed to the ground, turning into a pile of rubble, amidst which a 'brown fragment' was particularly conspicuous.

"A First Level Earth concept fragment!"

Wyatt Barnes extended his hand, and a strand of Origin Force reached out, wrapping around the fragment and lifting it, then stowed it away into his Storage Ring.

Although the 'First Level Earth concept fragment' was of little use to him, at the end of the day it was still a 'concept fragment' of extraordinary value, which might be useful in the future.

"So strong!"

The person hiding in the corner of the cave, a young man dressed in blue, witnessed the scene of Wyatt Barnes punching the puppet to pieces, and his face couldn't help but change dramatically.

"That puppet, wrapped in full power, could unleash the strength of four hundred ancient Horned Dragons... yet it was still blasted apart by his bare fist in a head-to-head clash! Is he a disciple of the North Nether Sect? Since when did the North Nether Sect have such a character?"

The youth in blue took a deep breath, his brows filled with wariness as he secretly guessed the identity of the young man in purple.

"It seems I can only go for the box that contains the 'treasure' when he is being besieged by the remaining puppets... Otherwise, if he discovers me, I am as good as dead!"

The youth in blue made up his mind.

All this, naturally, Wyatt Barnes was unaware of.

After killing one puppet, his attention landed on the remaining group of puppets.

At this time, the rest of the puppets also took action.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

As Wyatt Barnes tensed up, a group of puppets charged towards him from all directions, their speed not inferior to the one Wyatt Barnes had just shattered.

Even among these puppets, there were quite a few whose strength far exceeded that puppet's.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Accompanied by a group of hundreds of puppets surrounding him, tens of thousands of ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, with fangs bared and claws dancing from all directions, pounced towards Wyatt Barnes with overwhelming momentum.

Each puppet's eyes blazed with brown flames, watching Wyatt Barnes with a relentless tenacity, as if they were determined to fight him to the death.

Wyatt Barnes knew that against these puppets that lacked human spiritual intelligence, there was only one most straightforward and direct method – to completely destroy them.

Only then could he resolve the current crisis.

Somehow, a sword appeared in Wyatt Barnes's hand, a sword emitting waves of a destructive aura—the Emperor Grade spirit sword he had originally obtained from the 'Sword Emperor's treasure hoard'.

Although, among the puppets that pounced on him, the strongest still not exceeding the strength of seven hundred ancient Horned Dragons after borrowing 'the power of Earth'.

The problem, however, was that he wasn't facing one or two puppets, but over a hundred.

Their powers might not be able to combine, but once they came crashing down from all directions, if they gained the upper hand, not even ten lives would be enough for him to die.

What he needed to do now was to break out of the encirclement and then defeat these puppets one by one.

If he went head-to-head with them, that would definitely be courting death!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Hundreds of puppets pounced toward Wyatt Barnes, simultaneously throwing punches that compressed the air, setting off a series of noisy, piercing blast sounds that were incessant and unending.

Not only that, as the sound of the blasts spread, the air currents in the atmosphere were quickly compressed, releasing invisible waves of force that stirred up mighty gusts of wind, filling the large cave with dust.

Nine Dragons Flash!

Facing the siege of hundreds of puppets, the prepared Wyatt Barnes kept his gaze fixed on one side, his entire body darting out as he flicked his Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand, unleashing a vast force through it.

Instantly, three solidified Divine Dragons roared forth, with three pairs of eyes bursting with brilliance, shooting out six extreme flashes of light that killed six puppets on that side.

When six puppets fell, a small gap appeared in the encirclement.

Like a Whirlwind!

Seizing this opportunity, Wyatt Barnes executed his movement martial skill, transforming into a gust of wind and blowing swiftly through the gap, evading the surround of the group of puppets.

However, after he left the encirclement, a group of puppets still chased after him. Although they lacked intelligence, they seemed to regard Wyatt Barnes as a foe they wouldn't stop pursuing until he was dead.

It was as if their movements would never cease until Wyatt Barnes was dead.

"Hmph!"

Wyatt Barnes, who had broken out of the encirclement, faced the attack of hundreds of approaching puppets with a cold snort, his figure flickering like the wind as he dashed toward more than a dozen puppets not far on one side.

Nine Dragons Flash!

Sword Drawing Technique!

The sword in Wyatt Barnes's hand, with every swing, either unleashed three Divine Dragons, firing six ultimate flashes of light, or transformed into a bolt of lightning that destroyed a puppet.

"I didn't expect his strength to be this formidable... we can't wait any longer! If we keep waiting, he will definitely wipe out all the remaining puppets."

The youth in blue clothes hiding in a corner clenched his teeth and made up his mind.

Seeing that Wyatt Barnes's attention was not on the ceiling at the center of the cave, the youth in blue took a deep breath and leaped into the air, becoming a streak of lightning that made for the ceiling.

Wyatt Barnes, who was one-sidedly crushing a group of puppets, was wholly invested in the battle and naturally did not notice someone appearing, let alone someone trying to take the delicate box at the ceiling of the cave's center.

That delicate box was precisely where the treasure left behind by the Martial Emperor powerhouse was stored.

The hundreds of puppets Wyatt Barnes was now facing were exactly the trial one had to overcome to obtain the 'treasure.'

While Wyatt Barnes was here dealing with the trial, someone was scheming to stealthily take the treasure.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

Wyatt Barnes's sword strikes were as quick as lightning and as deadly as a venomous snake, every swipe easily destroying one or several puppets, with not a single one surviving under his sword.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

One by one, the thoughtless puppets, without any fear despite their comrades being killed, continued to viciously lunge at Wyatt Barnes.

To the death!

However, their fate was invariably destruction.

At the same time, the figure of the youth in blue had already approached the center of the cave ceiling. He moved lightning fast, taking down the delicate box that was embedded there.

Looking at the delicate box in his hand, a bright smile appeared on the face of the youth in blue.

Success!

"After he exhausts himself killing all the puppets, to then find out that the 'treasure' has been taken by someone else... he would probably vomit blood in frustration, wouldn't he?" the youth in blue thought to himself, smirking as he glanced in Wyatt Barnes's direction.

But that one glance nearly split his eyes with rage!

Because he discovered that the moment he took the delicate box from the cave ceiling, the puppets that were originally heading toward Wyatt Barnes all suddenly stopped moving and turned their heads to look at him.

The earthen yellow flames in their eyes rose steadily, as if declaring their rage.

"Run!"

Seeing that the group of puppets was about to abandon Wyatt Barnes and charge at him, the youth in blue's complexion greatly changed. Not daring to hesitate, he darted away toward a distant place.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

Almost the moment the youth in blue made a move, the remaining dozens of earthen yellow-colored puppets abandoned Wyatt Barnes and pursued him.

"What's going on?"

The actions of the group of puppets made Wyatt Barnes pause in surprise; he then instinctively turned his head to look.

With just one glance, a layer of frost appeared on his face.

"Trying to take something that belongs to Wyatt Barnes?"

The next moment, Wyatt Barnes's figure moved, transforming into a purple streak of lightning, following the group of puppets.

Chapter 953: Seventh-Order Emperor Realm Earth Mystique Fragment

Whoosh!

The young man in blue moved quickly. As he fled, four hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms emerged above the void, rushing forth as swift as the wind.

A warrior of the Transforming Void Realm at the First level!

Realized the "First Layer of Transforming Realm"!

"Did he come from another entrance?"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes turned cold as he rapidly chased after him, quickly surpassing a group of earth-yellow puppets, and easily caught up to not far behind the young man in blue.

Like a whirlwind!

With another move, Wyatt caught up with the young man in blue. His hand shook the 'Emperor Grade Spirit Sword,' transforming it into a streak of lightning that flashed by, the sound of the sword ringing out momentarily like the blooming of an evening flower.

"Cough..."

The young man in blue hadn't even reacted before a clear sword mark appeared on his throat. As he coughed, the sword mark blossomed, and bright, dazzling blood sprayed out.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Following this, the young man in blue fell to the ground along with the box that held the treasures, sliding along the ground due to inertia. His body scraped the ground and flew out for several tens of meters before finally stopping.

Meanwhile, the exquisite box also fell to the ground and 'snap' opened.

A fragment emanating deep earth-yellow energy appeared in front of Wyatt Barnes.

"The... Earth Mystique fragment?!"

Seeing the fragment, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but narrow his pupils, and immediately, with a look of urgency, he raised his hand to attract the fragment from the exquisite box into his own hand with Origin Force.

"Bad news!"

Almost at the moment he grasped the fragment, Wyatt Barnes's extended spiritual force sensed a familiar aura on the box— the aura of an Inscription array.

"Congratulations, young man... This 'Emperor Grade Earth Mystique Fragment of the Seventh-Order', is yours."

The voice of that Martial Emperor came from inside the exquisite box, the sound traveling far and wide, mixed with an extremely terrifying penetrating force.

"It's an improved 'Sound Gathering Array'!"

Wyatt Barnes's brow furrowed.

A Sound Gathering Array, even when activated, would only spread the sound within a hundred meters radius.

However, the improved 'Sound Gathering Array' possessed an extremely terrifying penetrating force that could spread sound to an area with a radius of ten thousand meters in a short amount of time, reaching the ears of everyone within that area.

"It must have been that Martial Emperor who did this on purpose."

This, Wyatt Barnes could be sure of.

As for the purpose, it was simply to not make it too easy for whoever obtained the treasure.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

At some unknown time, the remaining several dozens of earth-yellow puppets caught up and surrounded Wyatt Barnes, their stone fists breaking through the air, smashing toward Wyatt.

"Hmph!"

With a cold expression, Wyatt Barnes shook his Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand, displaying the 'Nine Dragons Inch Flash' and 'Sword Drawing Technique', instantly destroying nearly half of the puppets.

"Kill!"

As killing intent rose in Wyatt's eyes, the remaining puppets, without exception, all died by his hand.

When all the puppets had fallen, Wyatt Barnes's eyebrows raised as if he sensed something.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Three figures, from three different directions, sprinted towards him and soon arrived not far from Wyatt Barnes, each halting their steps and revealing their true faces.

These were three young men who looked at each other before fixing their gazes on Wyatt Barnes.

"Emperor Grade Earth Mystique Fragment of the Seventh-Order!"

Three pairs of eyes shot out intense and greedy looks, converging on Wyatt Barnes.

The debris of the puppets turned to stone and was completely ignored by them.

As for the dead body of the young man in blue, completely crushed under the stones, they didn't notice it either.

"Hand over the 'Mystique Fragment' you got... or die!"

Among the three young men, the one whose face always carried a cold harshness glanced at Wyatt Barnes and coolly said.

The other two young men, although silent, were also glaring greedily at the fragment in Wyatt's hand that flashed with earth-yellow energy.

They knew—it was the 'Emperor Grade Earth Mystique Fragment of the Seventh-Order'!

Just now, that voice of the Martial Emperor had reached them from far away, entering their ears.

They had rushed over following the sound at the first opportunity.

"None of you came in with me."

Wyatt Barnes glanced around at the three young men who had surrounded him and immediately discovered that none of them had entered from entrance number two with him.

"Which entrance did you come through?"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flashed as he directly asked.

"Number one!"

The eternally cold-faced young man said.

"Entrance number one?"

Wyatt Barnes realized, and then asked, "Are you also from the Northern Desert?"

"You're from the Northern Desert too?"

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, another young man raised his eyebrows and asked in a condescending tone, not mincing his words.

Despite such a tone, Wyatt Barnes simply chose to ignore it.

Now, he had confirmed their origins from their words.

"You all want this 'Mystique Fragment'?"

Wyatt Barnes weighed the fragment in his hand and asked in a calm tone.

"Nonsense!"

The young man who had just questioned Wyatt Barnes retorted matter-of-factly.

"But there are three of you... to whom should I give this mystique fragment?"

Wyatt Barnes glanced at the three men with interest and inquired.

"It doesn't matter to whom; you just need to hand it over first!"

The young man with a stern face said, his tone filled with certainty.

"Then to whom should I deliver it?"

Wyatt Barnes asked again.

"Give it to me!"

The young man who had questioned Wyatt Barnes spoke up.

"I have no objections."

The young man who hadn't spoken yet also said.

"The minority submits to the majority."

The previous young man looked at the one with the stern face and said with a smile.

"Hmph! Don't think I don't know you are all 'Emerging Cloud Sect disciples'... The 'Emerging Cloud Movement Technique' you used when you arrived already revealed your identities."

The stern-faced young man said disdainfully.

"So... are you from the North Nether Sect?"

The two young men who were playing off each other turned their gaze to the stern-faced young man and asked solemnly.

"Correct."

The latter nodded, not denying it.

"When people from our 'Emerging Cloud Sect' and the 'Impermanence Sect' entered, none from your 'North Nether Sect' were seen... It's unexpected that you managed to arrive just in time."

The unpolished Emerging Cloud Sect disciple sneered.

"Emerging Cloud Sect! Impermanence Sect! North Nether Sect!"

After hearing the conversation between the two young men, Wyatt Barnes's pupils shrank.

Before he left the Five Elements Sect, he hadn't heard of these three sects.

However, during the one month he traveled toward the southwest of the Northern Desert to reach the secret 'entrance' of the Martial Emperor, he learned quite a bit about 'Land of the Northern Desert' from Brady Yellow and Noel Walton's discussions.

In the Land of the Northern Desert, aside from the eastern, southern, and western areas being held in esteem by a collection of 'Third-Rate Powers,'

at the center of the Northern Desert and to its north were three powerful 'Second Tier Powers,' sects that had been in existence for thousands of years.

Center area of the Northern Desert, Emerging Cloud Sect.

Northern area beyond the Northern Desert, North Nether Sect.

Besides these two sects, there is another sect located at the border of the central area of the Northern Desert and the northern area, the Impermanence Sect.

"They are disciples of the Emerging Cloud Sect and the North Nether Sect?"

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath, somewhat enlightened, "No wonder they are so powerful... Turns out they are young elites from the 'Second Tier Powers'!"

"Senior Brother Adams, why waste words with him... Let's kill him first and then go snatch the 'mystique fragment' from that kid!"

Another Emerging Cloud Sect disciple suggested.

"Agreed!"

The one called 'Senior Brother Adams' from the Emerging Cloud Sect, his eyes lighting up, immediately leapt into action, rushing toward the stern-faced disciple of the North Nether Sect.

The other Emerging Cloud Sect disciple quickly followed.

Whew!

Hum!

The two men, one with a sword and the other with a blade, attacked forcefully from both sides aiming for the North Nether Sect disciple who stood in the distance, seemingly frozen in fear.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Above their heads in the void, over five hundred ancient Horned Dragon illusions appeared, displaying their full strength.

Both were 'Transforming Void Realm First Level warriors,' their Origin Force exploding, comparable to the strength of two hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Both wielded 'Second Grade spirit weapons,' able to amplify their strength based on their Origin Force by 'seventy to eighty percent,' nearing the strength of an additional one hundred and fifty ancient Horned Dragons.

Additionally, both had comprehended the 'First Level Transforming Void Realm,' which, once executed, matched the strength of two hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Together, that amounted to the force of over five hundred fifty ancient Horned Dragons!

"So it turns out... the blue-robed young man earlier, who clumsily tried to take the 'Seventh-Order Emperor Grade Earth Mystique Fragment' from behind, might also be from the Emerging Cloud Sect, the North Nether Sect, or the Impermanence Sect?"

Wyatt Barnes, momentarily overlooked by the two Emerging Cloud Sect disciples and one North Nether Sect disciple, couldn't help but recall the blue-robed young man he had killed with a single sword strike.

The opponent was also a 'Transforming Void Realm First Level warrior,' had comprehended the 'First Level Transforming Void Realm,' and had not entered through the same Number 2 entrance as him.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

...

Just then, the sound of clashing metal rang in his ears, a gust of wild wind hitting his face, snapping Wyatt Barnes back to reality.

He saw the North Nether Sect disciple facing the coordinated attack of the two Emerging Cloud Sect disciples unflinchingly, effortlessly parrying their attacks with a pair of iron fists.

Of course, the North Nether Sect disciple was not bare-handed; he utilized a 'Second Grade spirit weapon gauntlet' on his hands, easily countering the spirit blade and spirit sword of his opponents.

Seeing this scene, Wyatt Barnes's expression remained unchanged, seemingly not surprised at all.

Whoosh!

Above the head of the North Nether Sect disciple, the number of ancient Horned Dragon illusions soared again, climbing to over eight hundred thirty, ferociously lunging at the two Emerging Cloud Sect disciples.

"Transforming Void Realm Second Layer, comprehended the 'Second Layer Transforming Void Realm'... I wonder if this North Nether Sect disciple is the 'number one' among the young generation of the North Nether Sect today."

Wyatt Barnes muttered, "If not... how strong must the 'number one' of the current young generation of the North Nether Sect be?"

#### Chapter 954: Unstoppable

North Nether Sect disciples, at first, did not use their full power but merely contended with the two Emerging Cloud Sect disciples with comparable strength.

Seeing this, the two Emerging Cloud Sect disciples quickened their pace of attack even further.

Just as the two were getting increasingly closer to the North Nether Sect disciple, the successfully 'lured into the deep' North Nether Sect disciple's already cold face revealed an even more chilling coldness.

In an instant, he unleashed all his power, and the strength of over eight hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons burst forth from his iron fist, whipping up gusts of wind and the sound of explosions, striking one of the Emerging Cloud Sect disciples like a meteor falling from the sky.

His fist struck with the force of a collapsing mountain, the power to shatter stones and shock the heavens!

Boom!

A loud crash sounded as the North Nether Sect disciple sent the spirit knife flying from the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple's hand. His fist, piercing across the sky, transformed into a massive hammer, continuing to slam down onto the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple's forehead.

Thump!

An explosive sound spread, the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple's head burst like a watermelon, with red and white matter splashing in all directions, the headless body collapsing thunderously to the ground.

"You... you actually hid your strength?!"

The other Emerging Cloud Sect disciple, who wielded a sword and who had been speaking disdainfully all along, saw his fellow disciple's head being blown open by the suddenly erupting North Nether Sect disciple. His face changed color in an instant.

Right after that, without any hesitation, he turned and fled!

What a joke!

He had exerted his full strength, with only a bit more than five hundred and fifty ancient Horned Dragon's strength, while his opponent had the strength of eight hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons. There was no way he could defeat the other.

However, all he could think about now was 'flight,' without considering whether he could escape under the eyes of the North Nether Sect disciple.

No sooner had the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple fled more than ten meters than he was caught up by the North Nether Sect disciple. In great shock and horror, his head was punched to pieces, following the footsteps of his fellow disciple.

In the blink of an eye, after killing two Emerging Cloud Sect disciples, the North Nether Sect disciple's expression remained unchanged. After collecting their 'Storage Rings,' his gaze finally settled on Wyatt Barnes.

"Kid... you are quite clever."

The North Nether Sect disciple, with his cold face, looked at Wyatt Barnes and said lightly, "Lucky for you, you did not flee... otherwise, you would have died before them! But now, it's your time to join them."

Towards the end, as the North Nether Sect disciple looked at Wyatt Barnes, a chilling intent to kill emanated from his eyes.

The intent to kill on his body soared to the sky!

"If I give you this 'Mystique Fragment'... will you still kill me?"

Wyatt Barnes narrowed his eyes, a flash of keen interest briefly sparkled through them, as he asked with curiosity.

"Of course!"

The North Nether Sect disciple said as a matter of course, "If you live, spread the news of me obtaining this 'Seventh-Order Emperor Realm Earth Mystique Fragment'... wouldn't I then become the target of everyone's arrows?"

"Only the dead cannot speak."

No sooner had he spoken, than above the void over the North Nether Sect disciple's head, the phenomenon of heaven and earth wavered, and the illusion of the eight hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons grew more tangible, ready to strike at any moment.

"Thank you for the reminder."

Wyatt Barnes's narrowed eyes suddenly flew open, revealing a bright smile on his face as his gaze fell on the North Nether Sect disciple.

"What do you mean by that?"

Seeing the smile on Wyatt Barnes's face, the North Nether Sect disciple felt a tingle in his heart and couldn't help but ask in a deep voice.

"Only the dead cannot speak!"

Wyatt Barnes repeated the words the North Nether Sect disciple had just said. Almost at the moment his words ended, his figure moved, shooting out swiftly.

The wind swept the fallen leaves!

Wyatt Barnes transformed into a whirlwind, sweeping towards the North Nether Sect disciple with unrivaled force.

On Wyatt's body, earthen yellow power vibrated, accompanied by streaks of purple lightning, entwined with the vast azure energy, extending all the way to the Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand.

The sword howled, and the Emperor Grade spirit sword gained an incredibly sharp aura, as if it could tear through anything.

When Wyatt made his move, it was with all his might, without any reservation.

Whoosh!

As Wyatt's figure swept out, the Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand vibrated, and above the void over his head, the power of heaven and earth surged, forming a magnificent spectacle.

A thousand ancient Horned Dragon shadows roared out, baring their teeth and claws as they charged towards the North Nether Sect disciple.

The North Nether Sect disciple felt only a flash before his eyes before that purple figure was already not far in front of him. The sight of those thousand ancient Horned Dragon phantasms arising from the void shocked him to his core.

"A... a thousand ancient Horned Dragons' strength!"

The North Nether Sect disciple was greatly alarmed.

He had never imagined that this young man in purple, who looked to be about twenty-five years old, possessed such formidable strength.

Those two 'Emerging Cloud Sect disciples' before had clearly never seen the young man in purple.

Furthermore, with the Emerging Cloud Sect disciples saying they had entered with 'Impermanence Sect disciples,' if the young man in purple was an Impermanence Sect disciple, even if they did not recognize him, surely they would recognize his affiliation.

Therefore, the young man in purple was neither an 'Emerging Cloud Sect disciple' nor an 'Impermanence Sect disciple.'

Since he was a North Nether Sect disciple, he could almost confirm that the young man in purple was not one of their North Nether Sect.

"Earlier in his speech, he hinted that he was also from the 'Northern Desert'... The strongest in the Northern Desert land are the three 'Second-Rate Powers,' which are our 'North Nether Sect,' along with the 'Emerging Cloud Sect' and the 'Impermanence Sect'!"

In that instant, thoughts raced through the North Nether Sect disciple's mind.

"Could it be he is from a Third-Rate Power?"

A thought suddenly surfaced in the disciple of the North Nether Sect, and in that moment, his face involuntarily betrayed an expression of disbelief.

Since when had such a powerful young warrior appeared among third-rate powers?

Whoosh!

The sound of the sword whistling through the air brought the North Nether Sect disciple fully back to his senses, and in a panic, he threw a punch to meet the fleeting glint of the lightning-fast sword light.

"Somewhat interesting."

Seeing the North Nether Sect disciple daring to skirmish with the edge of his almost Emperor Grade spirit sword, a chill crept onto Wyatt's lips, and suddenly, the sword he had originally intended to dodge with quivered.

Whoosh!

The brilliance of the almost Emperor Grade spirit sword surged, then met the iron fist of the North Nether Sect disciple head-on, thrusting directly forward, its sword light sweeping out ruthlessly, sparing no mercy as it plunged into the fist of the North Nether Sect disciple.

"Ha!"

Upon seeing this, the North Nether Sect disciple suddenly shouted, his strength increasing as the power of over eight hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons surged out of his fist, holding nothing back.

Boom!!

A loud noise emerged as the strength contained in Wyatt's sword light clashed with the force of the North Nether Sect disciple's fist, briefly coming to a standstill.

In that instant, a vast shockwave, like ripples spreading, surged out from the epicenter of their clash.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

A series of explosive sounds reverberated, stirring up fierce winds that blew out in all directions, filling the entire cave with dust.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

...

A series of crisp sounds followed, as terrifying cracks appeared in the ground beneath the feet of the North Nether Sect disciple, spreading and extending like a giant spiderweb.

In contrast, not a single crack appeared beneath Wyatt's feet.

This made it evident that the current clash exerted no pressure on Wyatt.

Boom!

In the next instant, the power from the sword in Wyatt's hand fully released.

The strength of one thousand ancient Horned Dragons completely and effortlessly overpowered the North Nether Sect disciple's eight hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons, scattering the strength from his punch.

And that wasn't all.

Splash!

The almost Emperor Grade spirit sword, wielded by Wyatt, went through the North Nether Sect disciple's Grade Two spirit glove that was on his fist, ruthlessly entering his arm and with a sudden sweep, shredded his entire arm to pieces.

"Hmph!"

A muffled grunt mingled with pain escaped from the mouth of the North Nether Sect disciple.

Immediately after, he was sent flying backward and crashed heavily onto the ground, utterly disheveled.

As for Wyatt, he stood there, sword in hand, looking down at the North Nether Sect disciple with a cold gaze, like an Undefeated War God.

"Quite spirited."

A hint of surprise flickered in Wyatt's eyes. His sword had followed the North Nether Sect disciple's fist and entered his entire arm, completely shredding it to pieces.

The pain endured was far greater than if his arm had simply been chopped off.

Yet this North Nether Sect disciple had only let out a single grunt from beginning to end, catching his breath shortly after being tossed away, which was startling.

Then, the North Nether Sect disciple's next action made Wyatt's pupils involuntarily constrict.

Hum!

The North Nether Sect disciple lifted his left hand, forming a blade with his palm, Origin Force shining, turning into a white blade light that, in a decisive move, cut off his mangled arm which was beyond recovery.

"Hmph!"

Grunting once more, the North Nether Sect disciple used his Origin Force to stem the bleeding and swallowed a Pill Medicine for healing, which brought a touch of color back to his extremely pale face.

"So ruthless towards oneself... this man is terrifying!"

Seeing this unfold, Wyatt's eyes grew colder, and a rising urge to kill could hardly be suppressed.

A person who can be so ruthless to himself would be even more merciless towards others.

Nevertheless, deep inside, Wyatt still had some admiration for the disciple of the North Nether Sect.

But he showed no mercy.

As the other had said, only dead men tell no tales.

"Your sword... what exactly is it? Even a Grade One spirit sword shouldn't have been able to destroy my glove!"

The North Nether Sect disciple took a deep breath and stared at Wyatt, his eyes filled with wariness.

"Good eye," Wyatt spoke lightly. "This sword in my hand, how could it be comparable to mere Grade One spirit swords? Not to mention your mere Grade Two spirit glove, if I wish, I could destroy a Grade One spirit weapon just the same!"

An almost Emperor Grade spirit weapon, breaking the shackles of ordinary spirit weapons, besides having 'one-fold' enhancement strength, also possesses an unstoppable and formidable nature.

The most difficult part about crafting an almost Emperor Grade spirit weapon isn't the technique but rather, the 'material'.

Chapter 955: Rey Jones

The materials for refining a 'Sub-Emperor Grade Spirit Instrument' included many that even the 'instrument fire' of a Grade One Artifact Refiner would struggle to smelt.

It was precisely for this reason that a Sub-Emperor Grade Spirit Instrument could be imbued with the property of destroying ordinary spirit instruments, including 'Grade One Spirit Instruments'.

Even Grade One Spirit Instruments can be destroyed?

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, the pupils of a North Nether Sect disciple contracted involuntarily, surprise spreading across his face as he asked in a heavy tone, "Who on earth are you?"

"A nobody."

Wyatt Barnes responded indifferently, while at the same time, the Sub-Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand slowly lifted, ready to strike down the North Nether Sect disciple at a moment's notice.

"I am a disciple of the North Nether Sect... If you dare to kill me, the North Nether Sect will absolutely not let you off!"

The North Nether Sect disciple threatened solemnly.

Confronted with the subtle murderous intent in the eyes of the purple-robed youth before him, he didn't flee because he knew he couldn't.

The other's strength was far superior to his own.

"There isn't a third living person here... Do you think, if you die here, anyone would know it was I who killed you?"

After hearing the North Nether Sect disciple's words, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but laugh, then gave him a look as if he were an idiot.

Whoosh!

Immediately after, before the other could react, Wyatt Barnes unsheathed his sword and eradicated him.

After killing the North Nether Sect disciple, Wyatt Barnes took his 'Storage Ring', and then proceeded to remove the 'Earth Mystique fragments' from the bodies of over a hundred puppets.

Once hundreds of 'Earth Mystique fragments' were collected into Wyatt Barnes's Storage Ring, he transformed into a gust of wind and vanished within the expansive cave that was as wide as a Martial Arts Performance Field.

For a time, the vast cave was left with only piles of broken rocks scattered around, and three corpses that were a shock to the senses.

"Seventh-Order Emperor Realm Earth Mystique fragments... Not bad."

As Wyatt Barnes sped forward, he weighed the Earth Mystique fragments in his hand, which were flickering with yellowish-brown energy, and muttered to himself, "Together with the 'Third-Order Emperor Realm Wind Profound Mystery fragments', 'Third-Order Emperor Realm Thunder Profound Mystery fragments', and 'Third-Order Emperor Realm Sword Profound Mystery fragments' that I already possess... all the Mystery fragments I can use are now complete."

"The pressing matter is to find a Mystery fragment that I have no use for to hand over to the Sect."

Wyatt Barnes put away the Earth Mystique fragments flickering with yellowish-brown energy and his eyes flashed with determination as he continued his search.

Along the way, he also encountered young powerhouses from other factions.

Besides those young disciples of other factions who had entered from entrance No. 2, he encountered many unfamiliar faces, "These people must be the disciples from second-rate forces who entered from entrance No. 1."

Through his journey, Wyatt Barnes witnessed many conflicts.

Some were fighting over 'Grade Two Spirit Instruments', 'Grade One Spirit Instruments', or for Seventh-Order or above 'Mystique fragments', leading to brutal battles with young powerhouses falling from time to time.

However, Wyatt Barnes did not intervene.

Neither 'Grade Two Spirit Instruments' nor 'Grade One Spirit Instruments' interested him.

As for the 'Mystique fragments', he was only lacking a 'Ninth-Order Earth Mystique fragment', but he did not encounter any, and he had no interest in the others either.

"Hmm?"

As he passed a vast cavern, Wyatt Barnes seemed to sense something and abruptly stopped.

Hum!

Almost simultaneously, the sound of a blade's hum entered Wyatt Barnes's ears.

Wyatt Barnes turned his gaze in response to the noise and saw a robust young man leisurely killing another young man with the spirit blade in his hands.

After a successful strike, the robust young man scanned the two other young men not far away, who looked somewhat uneasy, and said scornfully, "Now, do you two still covet the 'Ninth-Order Earth Mystique fragment' in my hands?"

The two young men glanced at each other upon hearing this; for a moment, neither dared to harbor any thoughts of attacking the robust young man.

"Ninth-Order Earth Mystique fragment?"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes lit up; he had just been wondering when he would come across a 'Ninth-Order Earth Mystique fragment', and unexpectedly, he found one so soon.

In an instant, Wyatt Barnes extended his spiritual power to explore the large expanse of clothing on the robust young man.

"Transforming... Transforming Void Realm Third Layer?!"

After probing the other's cultivation, Wyatt Barnes's pupils constricted, and a look of shock crossed his face.

The previous North Nether Sect disciple, with his 'Second Layer Transforming Void Realm' cultivation, had already surprised him.

And now, he had encountered an even more powerful individual, a young powerhouse of the 'Third Layer Transforming Void Realm'.

Meanwhile, Wyatt Barnes started to seriously assess the robust young man.

Dressed in green robes, the robust young man possessed a common appearance, with thick brows and large eyes that, while making him seem simple and unrefined on the surface, flickered with exceptional wisdom.

Clearly, he was not as simple as he appeared to be.

"Transforming Void Realm Third Layer... If he fully unleashes his strength, it's comparable to the force of over four hundred ancient Horned Dragons! The spirit blade in his hand is a 'Grade Two Spirit Blade'. Although its power amplification isn't as high as the spirit instrument I refined, it's also not low, at least amplifying 'seventy to eighty percent' of his strength,"

After gauging the other's cultivation, Wyatt Barnes began to ponder internally, "With an amplification of 'seventy to eighty percent' on top of the power of over four hundred ancient Horned Dragons, it equates to additional strength of more than three hundred ancient Horned Dragons."

"So, he doesn't need to use 'realm' and can still unleash the strength of over seven hundred and ten ancient Horned Dragons! As long as the 'realm' he comprehends is above the 'Second Layer' of the 'Transforming Void Realm'... in terms of strength, I am no match for him."

With this thought, Wyatt Barnes drew in a cold breath.

When he gave his all, the strength he could exert with the 'near Emperor Grade spirit sword' in his hand was comparable to the strength of a thousand ancient Horned Dragons.

Once his opponent comprehended the 'Second Layer Transforming Void Realm,' and gave it his all, he could unleash the power of one thousand and ten ancient Horned Dragons.

If it were just this, Wyatt Barnes wouldn't fear him and could fight him on equal grounds.

But if his opponent comprehended the 'Third Layer Transforming Void Realm,' or even a higher level of the 'Transforming Void Realm,' Wyatt Barnes admitted to himself that he was far from being his opponent's match.

After all, his opponent was a 'Third Level Transforming Void Realm Martial Artist,' so none of this was out of the realm of possibility.

However, to just give up on the 'Seventh-Order Earth Mystique fragment' like this, he felt a bit reluctant.

"If you have a 'Seventh-Order Blade Mystique fragment' in your possession, I'd be very willing to exchange the 'Seventh-Order Earth Mystique fragment' I just obtained with you... If you don't, then get lost!"

Just then, the voice of the burly young man reached Wyatt Barnes's ears once again, causing his eyes to light up instantly.

Seventh-Order Blade Mystique fragment?

He happened to have one on him.

It was precisely the one he won from betting with the Sect Leader of the Sun and Moon Sect before entering the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure.'

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two young men standing to one side, who originally had faces filled with anxiety, breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing the burly young man's words. Not daring to linger, they quickly left and disappeared inside the cave in the blink of an eye.

For a moment, the entire cave was left with only Wyatt Barnes and the burly young man.

"What, you also want to snatch the 'Seventh-Order Earth Mystique fragment' from my hands?"

Upon discovering Wyatt Barnes's presence, the burly young man's eyebrows raised slightly as he spoke indifferently, "Don't say I didn't warn you... Sometimes, one wrong decision could very well cost you your life!"

Hearing the words of the burly young man, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

This person did not seem to have a violent disposition, possessing an air of 'if others do not offend me, I do not offend them.'

At the same time, Wyatt Barnes felt more at ease.

"You just said... the 'Seventh-Order Blade Mystique fragment' could be exchanged for the 'Seventh-Order Earth Mystique fragment' you have on hand?"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes narrowed as he straightly asked.

"Indeed!"

The burly young man nodded and seemed to remember something, his eyes lighting up, "Brother... by saying that, do you by any chance have a 'Seventh-Order Blade Mystique fragment'?"

As he spoke, excitement filled the eyes of the burly young man.

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes raised his hand, and there appeared a fragment in his grasp—the 'Seventh-Order Blade Mystique fragment' he had recently won from the Sect Leader of the Sun and Moon Sect.

"Seventh-Order Blade Mystique fragment!"

Seeing the fragment taken out by Wyatt Barnes, the burly young man's face showed an excited smile. He then produced a profound earthen-yellow fragment—the Seventh-Order Earth Mystique fragment.

"Young brother, let's exchange."

As if deeply afraid that Wyatt Barnes would change his mind, the burly young man quickly tossed the 'Seventh-Order Earth Mystique fragment' to Wyatt, seemingly not the slightest bit worried that Wyatt might take his mystique fragment and renege on the deal.

Wyatt Barnes didn't expect the burly young man to be so straightforward, and he couldn't help but feel a surge of goodwill. As he caught the 'Seventh-Order Earth Mystique fragment,' he also tossed the 'Blade Mystique fragment' to the other party.

The burly young man caught it eagerly as if he had obtained a treasure and swiftly stored it in his Storage Ring. Then he looked back at Wyatt Barnes and grinned, "My name is 'Rey Jones,' a disciple of the Impermanence Sect... May I ask how to address brother?"

The Impermanence Sect, one of the three great 'second-rate powers' in the Northern Desert.

Wyatt Barnes, already quite fond of Rey Jones, smiled back in response, "Wyatt Barnes, disciple of the Five Elements Sect."

"Five Elements Sect?"

Hearing this, Rey Jones's eyes flickered with surprise, "Is that the Five Elements Sect from the region south of the Northern Desert?"

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"I've heard my master mention your Five Elements Sect before... It's said that your sect once had an exceptionally talented martial artist with the potential to become a 'Martial Emperor'! Unfortunately, he got injured over twenty years ago and has since fallen from grace."

Rey Jones said.

Hearing Rey Jones's words, Wyatt Barnes was startled and naturally guessed that the person Jones referred to was 'Callen Spacewood,' the Peak Master of the Wood Peak from the Five Elements Sect.

However, what he did not expect was that 'Callen Spacewood' had such a renowned reputation, to the point where even people from the 'second-rate forces' in the Northern Desert knew of him.

"He is the Peak Master of our Five Elements Sect's Wood Peak."

Wyatt Barnes replied with a smile.

Rey Jones nodded and then added, "Elder Brother Ling Tian, I'm delighted to have met you today... If there's a chance in the future, I must find you so we can have a few good drinks! Also, within this 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure,' dangers lurk everywhere. If you're not entirely confident, it's best not to actively try to snatch 'treasures' from others."

## Chapter 956: Three Spiritual Fruits

Hearing Rey Jones's reminder, Wyatt Barnes felt a warmth in his heart.

Their relationship was nothing more than a fair exchange, but Rey Jones's actions showed that he was a friend worth making.

"Hmm."

Wyatt Barnes nodded with a smile.

"Then I'll be going first... take care of yourself."

Rey Jones nodded to Wyatt, greeted him, and then flew away.

After Rey Jones had left, Wyatt also departed.

However, his direction was not the same as Rey Jones's.

This cave had seven exits, each leading to a different place, he simply chose a different one from Rey Jones's.

Inside one of the thousands of caves in the Martial Emperor's secret treasure.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

In a cave overgrown with vegetation and extremely humid, a series of powerful impact sounds and air explosion sounds came continuously, without pause for a long time.

Two figures interweaved constantly, colliding and separating at times, seemingly equally matched.

At some point, fearsome cracks appeared on the ground where they stood, crisscrossing densely like a huge spiderweb.

"Is there any point in continuing like this? How about I give you a 'Seventh-Order realm fragment' and you let me have the second mystical fruit?"

One of the figures suggested while retreating.

"You give it to me, and I'll give you an 'Eighth-Order realm fragment'."

The other figure spoke disdainfully and continued to charge at their opponent, with the power of Origin Force and 'realm' fused within him surging towards the other, ferociously.

"Hmph! Then there's nothing more to say."

The former snorted coldly, shot forward, and once again engaged in battle with the latter.

The two continued to fight here, the air explosions from their clashes swept out, stirring up violent winds that nearly toppled a trembling plant in the humid cave.

This plant was peculiar; not the usual green of ordinary plants, but three other colors.

Its slightly exposed roots were golden.

Its stem was purple.

Its leaves were red.

Most importantly, hanging from this plant were three mystical fruits of different colors: gold, purple, and red.

If Wyatt had been here, he would have been greatly surprised to see this plant.

One plant bearing three different colored mystical fruits was extremely bizarre.

Moreover, these three fruits were not of the same kind.

This means that a warrior could consume these three fruits simultaneously to enhance their cultivation without any diminishing effects.

Now, the two young powerhouses fighting within the cave had started fighting precisely because they both discovered these three fruits.

The deep colors of these three fruits indicated that they had just ripened.

Now was the best time to consume them.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

...

The two young men continued to weave past each other, their spirit weapons colliding and emitting piercing sounds, daunting to the soul.

Above their heads in the void, more than five hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantasms appeared.

Both were First-Level warriors of the Transforming Void Realm who had comprehended the 'First-Level Transforming Void realm.'

Their spirit weapons were 'Second-Grade' with a 'seventy-eight percent' power amplification.

The reason they were fighting was because of those three mystical fruits.

If there had been only two fruits, knowing that the other's strength was equal to their own, they would have stopped fighting long ago, happy to take one each.

But the problem was, there were three fruits.

Now, they were fighting to decide the ownership of the fruits based on their abilities, with the loser bound to face certain death, while the winner would get all three fruits.

However, they had been fighting for a long time and still couldn't determine a winner.

"I don't think we should continue like this... If someone else comes and wants a share, it will do neither of us any good!"

One of the young men flew back, speaking in a deep voice.

"Agreed! But, of the three mystical fruits, I must have two."

The other young man nodded, however, he stated a condition that the other could hardly accept.

"Hmph! Since you're so greedy, then let's continue."

The former's expression darkened, and after a snort of anger, he engaged with the other again in battle.

Time quietly slipped away.

"Hmm?"

Outside the cave, a white figure swept in, pausing at one of the cave's entrances, his gaze landing on the two battling within.

"They're fighting here... it must be over some profit."

The owner of the white figure, a young man in white, watched the two fighting inside the cave and muttered to himself,

"Lucky you, Marshall Tyler."

Just then, deep within the mind of the young man in white, a sinister, hoarse, and aged voice suddenly rang out, causing him to freeze momentarily.

The young man in white was indeed Marshall Tyler, who had previously fallen from the stand below the entrance of the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Realm'. Although he should have fallen to his death into the 'Endless Abyss', he was, in fact, very much alive.

Not only that, but he had also entered the true 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure'.

"Elder Ghostly, what have you found?"

Upon hearing the 'Ghostly Fire's' words in his mind, Marshall Tyler's eyes lit up.

"Look inside that cave... See that tricolored plant? Do you see it?"

The voice of Ghostly Fire echoed in Marshall Tyler's mind.

At those words, Marshall Tyler immediately focused his gaze into the cave, and at just a glance, he saw the tricolored plant with three distinctly colored fruits hanging from it, particularly eye-catching.

"Mystical fruits?!"

Marshall Tyler's eyes flashed, and his breathing became rapid.

"Although I don't know what kind of mystical fruits those are... my soul force can sense that they are not of the same type, and their potency lies between the 'Cave Void Realm-specific Mystical Fruits' and 'Transforming Void Realm-specific Mystical Fruits'."

The voice of Ghostly Fire continued to resonate in Marshall Tyler's mind.

"What do you mean?"

Upon hearing Ghostly Fire's words, Marshall Tyler looked puzzled.

"What I mean is... those three mystical fruits, whether for Cave Void Realm martial artists or Transforming Void Realm martial artists, are consumable! Moreover, if a Cave Void Realm martial artist consumes them, the effect is even greater."

Ghostly Fire explained.

"Mystical fruits that can be consumed by both Cave Void Realm and Transforming Void Realm martial artists?"

Marshall Tyler's eyes shone brightly, his already rapid breathing quickened further, struggling to calm down.

The potency of mystical fruits consumable by Transforming Void Realm martial artists would naturally be strong.

He was merely a 'Cave Void Realm Seventh-Order Martial Artist', but once he consumed these three mystical fruits, wouldn't his strength skyrocket?!

His two comprehended realms were already at 'Transforming Realm', so there was absolutely no worry about failing to step into the 'Transforming Void Realm' after a rapid breakthrough to 'Cave Void Realm Ninth-Order'.

"These three mystical fruits are mine," Marshall Tyler declared, his eyes flashing with disdain as he glanced at the two men still fighting. With that, he leaped into the cave, not bothering to conceal his presence from the combatants.

"Who is that?!"

As soon as Marshall Tyler appeared, he was spotted by the two young men who were fighting. Instantly, they stopped their actions, united in their scrutiny of Marshall Tyler.

"Those three mystical fruits, I, Marshall Tyler, am taking them..."

Marshall Tyler glanced at the two young men and spoke indifferently. He paused for a moment, but his tone was unmistakably firm.

Upon hearing Marshall Tyler's words, the faces of the two young men changed dramatically, and they angrily retorted, "In your dreams!"

At that moment, with a pause and a cold glint in his eyes, Marshall Tyler's voice grew colder, "As for you two... none of you will survive!"

None of you will survive!

It must be said, Marshall Tyler's words were domineering and completely infuriated the two young men.

"Go to hell!"

One of the young men, his eyes bursting with murderous intent, spoke coldly as if his voice emerged from an icy cavern.

"Who kills this kid gets two mystical fruits... how about that?"

The other young man took a deep breath and asked the former.

"Agreed!"

The former did not decline, nodding firmly.

Immediately, the two young men's gazes toward Marshall Tyler became even more fierce and savage, ready to strike.

"Kill!"

The next moment, in perfect sync, the two men struck, rushing at Marshall Tyler.

Their bodies fused with the 'Origin Force' and 'realms', transforming into vast and rolling forces, combined with the 'Spirit Instrument' in their hands, mercilessly aimed at Marshall Tyler.

Above their heads in the void, the forces of heaven and earth churned and rolled, eventually converging into more than five hundred and fifty images of ancient Horned Dragons.

In total, over eleven hundred images of ancient Horned Dragons, claws bared and teeth flashing, lunged at Marshall Tyler.

"Like trying to stop a chariot with a mantis arm!"

Facing two 'Transforming Void Realm First level Martial Artists', Marshall Tyler, a 'Cave Void Realm Seventh-Order Martial Artist', showed no fear. A sneer appeared at the corner of his mouth, and a seven-foot spear materialized in his hand.

As the two young men charged, without any reservation, a cold light flashed in Marshall Tyler's eyes, and he shook his spear, fiercely sending it shooting forward with tremendous momentum.

Whoosh!

Where the spear pointed, flames coiled around the shaft, transforming into a fire dragon that moved continuously around the spear. Beside the fire dragon, a strand of blue Momentum Wind quickly appeared, piercing into the body of the fire dragon.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the fire used the wind's momentum, and the fire dragon surged in size.

Simultaneously, as Marshall Tyler's seven-foot spear swept out like lightning from his hand, in the void above him, eight hundred seventy-eight images of ancient Horned Dragons swept forth.

The Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm, his full burst of Origin Force, was comparable to the strength of one hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Enhanced by the 'Second-grade Spirit Spear', it could be elevated to one hundred seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragons' strength!

Add to that, comparable to four hundred ancient Horned Dragons' strength from the 'Fourth-Higher Order Wind Realm' and two hundred ancient Horned Dragons' strength from the 'First-Higher Order Wind Realm', further improved by a hundred ancient Horned Dragons' strength through the 'Fire uses Momentum Wind'.

Now, Marshall Tyler, putting forth his full effort, could exhibit the strength of eight hundred seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragons...

"This is bad!"

Seeing the eight hundred seventy-eight images of ancient Horned Dragons in the void, converging towards Marshall Tyler, the two men's faces paled dramatically.

#### Chapter 957: Another Exquisite Box

Alas, by the time the two young men reacted, it was already too late.

They never would have thought that this white-clothed youth who appeared even younger than them could possess such formidable strength, utterly crushing them.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Marshall Tyler's hand shook his seven-foot spear, and two beams of spear light swiftly passed by, like winds and flames, twin dragons emerged, effortlessly killing the two overly confident young men.

In a single encounter, he killed two 'First level Transforming Void Realm warriors'!

Such an achievement, taking place on a 'Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm warrior', would have astounded any third person present, to the point of being speechless or dumbfounded.

Because in the eyes of ordinary people, this was nearly impossible.

A Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm warrior killing two 'First level Transforming Void Realm warriors' in one encounter is something that no one would believe, taking it for nothing but a tall tale, a huge joke.

"Two pieces of trash!"

Marshall Tyler, who had just put his seven-foot spear into the Storage Ring, swept a disdainful glance at the corpses of the two young men, "Transforming Void Realm warriors... Nothing special after all!"

At this moment, Marshall Tyler seemed to have completely forgotten.

Not long ago, he was indeed forced by a Transforming Void Realm warrior to abandon the 'Demon Sealing Monument shard' and flee down into the 'Bottomless Abyss' to save his own life.

Otherwise, he would have become a corpse by now.

"Three spirit fruits... all mine for the taking," Marshall Tyler declared.

Marshall Tyler approached the colorful plant at the very end of the damp cave and reached out to pluck the three spirit fruits, each a different color, holding them in his hand and examining them closely.

"According to my judgment... any one of these three spirit fruits should be enough to help you leap directly from 'Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm' to 'First level Transforming Void Realm'!"

At the same time, a voice sounded in Marshall Tyler's mind—it was Ghostfire.

"So potent?!"

Hearing Ghostfire's words, Marshall Tyler couldn't help but be shocked.

You see, he was only at the 'Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm', three levels away from the 'First level Transforming Void Realm'.

A single spirit fruit, enough to help him break through three levels consecutively?

In an instant, Marshall Tyler's breathing became incredibly rapid.

"Of course... any one of these three spirit fruits, even for a Transforming Void Realm warrior, as long as they aren't above the 'Fourth level', once consumed, can elevate at least one level in their cultivation."

Ghostfire stated matter-of-factly.

"Good, good... Even if I only consume one of these spirit fruits, once I break through to the 'First level Transforming Void Realm', my strength will surpass that of Wyatt Barnes!"

Marshall Tyler's eyes gleamed as he said through gritted teeth, "Wyatt Barnes, I will kill you and take back the 'Demon Sealing Monument'... When that time comes, I, Marshall Tyler, will soar to the skies! You are destined to be trampled under my feet."

"About seeking revenge on Wyatt Barnes, there's no rush... First, find a secluded place, consume a spirit fruit and properly cultivate, raising your level to 'First level Transforming Void Realm'—that's the right path," Ghostfire instructed.

"Right."

Marshall Tyler nodded in agreement with Ghostfire's words and began to look around for a secluded cave, ready to consume the recently acquired 'spirit fruit' to enhance his cultivation.

Wyatt Barnes, of course, knew nothing of these events.

Wyatt Barnes didn't know that Marshall Tyler whom he thought would have perished falling into the 'Bottomless Abyss' was still alive, nor did he know that Marshall Tyler had obtained three spirit fruits that could be considered 'precious treasures', with the potential to surpass him at any moment.

Currently, Wyatt Barnes was shuttling from one cave to another, trying to ascertain the direction that would lead him to determine the location of the palace left in the central region of the 'Martial Emperor's secret realm' by a Martial Emperor.

According to that Martial Emperor, his palace—where he rested after his life ended—was situated in the central region of the 'Martial Emperor's secret realm'.

"Emperor Realm Mystique fragments!"

Wyatt Barnes's goal was the 'Emperor Realm Mystique fragment' inside the remains of that Martial Emperor, as well as two other 'Emperor Realm Mystique fragments'.

In the entire 'Martial Emperor's secret realm', apart from those three 'Mystique fragments', there were only five more 'Mystique fragments'.

Now, he had acquired one of them, a 'Seventh-Order Emperor Realm Earth Mystique fragment'.

Finding the remaining four was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Even obtaining one, in Wyatt Barnes's view, was already due to good luck; otherwise, it wasn't guaranteed at all.

"To think I haven't encountered a single living disciple of the Five Elements Sect."

As Wyatt Barnes moved swiftly from place to place, his expression slightly darkened.

Along the way, although he encountered several disciples of the Five Elements Sect, without exception, they were all corpses, and they had all been dead for quite some time.

He wanted to avenge them but couldn't find the murderer.

Within a spacious cave, the movements of two swift figures suddenly came to a halt.

Around their bodies, countless broken stones were piled up, and among these stones were scattered many red fragments—'Fire Mystique fragments,' well over a hundred of them.

Surrounded by 'Fire Mystique fragments on the ground, neither of them bothered to collect them.

Their gazes converged, involuntarily, on the delicate box at the cave's ceiling in the middle.

Half of the delicate box was embedded in the cave ceiling, conspicuously holding the 'treasures' left by the Martial Emperor strongman.

The eyes of the two young men soon left the delicate box.

"Dior Mullins, I didn't expect your strength to have increased this much... It seems your 'Impermanence Sect' came well-prepared this time with no small ambition," one of the young men said to the other, his voice grave.

"And your 'Emerging Cloud Sect' isn't the same?"

The disciple known as 'Dior Mullins' from the Impermanence Sect sneered with a pair of sharp eyes, "Pace Chase, we once fought during the 'Three Sects Martial Meet'... I was defeated by you then! Today, I will not only wash away the disgrace but also kill you and monopolize the treasure."

"Well, we'll see if you have the skills," Pace Chase retorted.

Pace Chase responded indifferently.

Almost the instant Pace Chase's words ended, Dior Mullins made his move, opting to strike first and heading straight toward Pace Chase.

In his hands, a soft sword as thin as the wings of a cicada materialized out of thin air.

Whoosh!

With a sinister chill, the soft sword cleaved through the air, emitting a series of whistling sounds, aiming straight for the vitals from the start, targeting Pace Chase's brow.

Rustle!

Above Dior Mullins's head, within the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred, and with it, a phenomenon formed.

A multitude of ancient Horned Dragon phantoms appeared above the void over Dior Mullins's head.

A total of more than eight hundred and thirty.

Dior Mullins, possessing a 'Transforming Void Realm Second Layer' cultivation, released all of his Origin Force, comparable to the power of three hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

With the amplification of a second-rank spiritual weapon, he could enhance his power to match that of more than two hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons.

Furthermore, Dior Mullins had also comprehended the 'Second Layer High-order Sword Realm,' equivalent to the power of three hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Therefore, when Dior Mullins exerted his full strength, it was comparable to the power of over eight hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons!

A sword imbued with the power of more than eight hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons swept through the air, its sword's cry echoing, causing air currents to sweep through and setting off a series of minor sonic booms.

Whoosh!

The sword aimed for Pace Chase's brow, intending to kill him with a single strike.

Seeing Dior Mullins take the initiative and display such power, Pace Chase's expression became slightly solemn, yet there was not a trace of fear in his eyes as he stepped forward to meet the attack.

Hum!

In his hands, a similarly thin narrow knife appeared, its blade radiating a series of incomparably sharp auras, meeting Dior Mullins's sword.

Rustle!

Above the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred once more, with phenomena taking shape and turning into phantoms of ancient Horned Dragons.

In the blink of an eye, the number of ancient Horned Dragon phantoms rose to over eight hundred.

"Kill!"

Facing Pace Chase, who was approaching, Dior Mullins's eyes brimmed with cold light, his soft sword's brilliance rampaging as it met Pace Chase's approaching knife, as if determined to settle the fight with a direct clash.

However, his confidence quickly froze on his face.

He clearly saw the number of ancient Horned Dragon phantoms above Pace Chase's head surge to over nine hundred and thirty in a blink, a full one hundred more than his number.

"No!!"

Dior Mullins's face drastically changed.

He had never imagined that Pace Chase had been hiding his true strength from the very beginning.

As it turned out, Pace Chase, who was on par with him in cultivation and also wielded a second-rank spiritual weapon, had comprehended the 'Third Layer Knife Realm,' utterly crushing his 'Second Layer Sword Realm'!

Clang!

The sound of metal clashing spread, ear-piercingly loud.

Boom!

At the same time, the two forces collided, creating a loud explosion that set off a ripple-like shockwave, stirring a fierce wind.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

...

Under Dior Mullins's feet, the floor shattered, numerous ferocious cracks spreading in all directions, turning into a massive spider web.

Boom!

Almost simultaneously, Dior Mullins's sword brilliance was crushed by Pace Chase's knife aura.

In a moment, Dior Mullins was enveloped by Pace Chase's knife aura, his body severed into two pieces.

Dior Mullins's mutilated body hit the floor, blood staining the ground, forming a stream that flowed slowly, glaringly vibrant.

Dior Mullins, who had advanced into the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure' among the Impermanence Sect disciples, was strong enough to rank within the top five among the ten young disciples who entered this time.

Yet he had died, slain by the hand of the 'Emerging Cloud Sect' disciple Pace Chase.

"You're still too green to fight with me, Dior Mullins," Pace Chase sneered, striding forward two steps and squatting down, ready to take the Storage Ring off Dior Mullins's hand.

However, before he could reach out, his body stiffened.

Whoosh!

Without any hesitation, Pace Chase hurriedly turned around, his face wary as he looked at the young man who had appeared behind him at an unknown time, his expression darkening slightly, "Who are you?"

The young man paid no attention to Pace Chase, his gaze fixated on the exquisite box embedded at the top of the cavern, shimmering with a fervent glow.

"You should leave... I don't want to kill you," the young man finally said, looking at Pace Chase with a cold voice, his face remaining stern throughout.

"Who exactly are you?" Pace Chase asked again.

"Heartbreak Sect, Flame Graham."

The young man with the stern countenance spoke in a terrifyingly calm tone.

Chapter 958: Ninefold Emperor Realm, Fragments of the Fire Mystique

"Heartbreak Sect?"

Upon hearing Flame Graham's words, Pace Chase couldn't help but pause, and after a moment of contemplation, he finally asked, "Is it the 'Heartbreak Sect' from the southern region of the Northern Desert, a Third-Rate Power?"

Flame Graham's face remained stern, not answering Pace Chase.

However, Pace Chase confirmed it himself and looked at Flame Graham again, his face showing a mocking smile, "A disciple from a Third-Rate Power dares to speak boldly in front of me, Pace Chase? Ridiculous! Do you know who I am?"

Flame Graham still did not speak.

"I'll tell you! I, Pace Chase, am a disciple of the 'Emerging Cloud Sect', one of the top three Second-Rate Powers of the Northern Desert! You, a disciple of a Third-Rate Power, are no more than an ant, yet you dare to act arrogantly in front of me, Pace Chase?"

As he said this, a chilling glint flashed in Pace Chase's eyes, and he coldly shouted, "Today, you will undoubtedly die!"

As soon as the words fell, Pace Chase wasted no more words, his figure moving swiftly towards Flame Graham. The narrow knife in his hand transformed into a venomous snake, quickly striking at a vital spot on Flame Graham's body.

Whoosh!

Above the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred, and celestial phenomena reappeared.

A total of nine hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragon shadows once again appeared above the void over Pace Chase's head, diving towards Flame Graham's location with ferocious momentum.

Pace Chase, a disciple of the Emerging Cloud Sect.

Among the ten young disciples of the Emerging Cloud Sect who entered the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure' this time, his strength ranked in the 'top three'.

For this reason, Pace Chase had strong confidence in his own abilities.

In his view,

A mere disciple from a Third-Rate Power was but an ant in his presence, needing only a confrontation to completely erase him from this world.

Facing the fierce Pace Chase, Flame Graham's expression remained unchanged, but his eyes grew completely cold, his hands swiftly stretching out.

In an instant, on Flame Graham's hands, a pair of gauntlets appeared, crafted from an unknown material. The moment the gauntlets appeared, a chill emanated from them.

"Ice Realm?!"

Noticing the chill emanating from Flame Graham's hands, Pace Chase's gaze sharpened, a hint of surprise crossing his face.

The Ice Realm was regarded as one of the most powerful Natural Intents; unless one had extraordinary talent and opportunity, it was almost impossible to comprehend.

However, when he saw that only two hundred ancient Horned Dragon shadows appeared above the void over Flame Graham's head, Pace Chase couldn't help but reveal a mocking smile, "So, it's just a 'First level high-order Ice Realm'."

In his view,

A First level high-order Ice Realm posed no threat to him!

However, his expression quickly changed.

It was because, while a terrifying chill was emanating from Flame Graham's hands, Origin Force also rose up, turning into streaks of rampant flames, perfectly merging with the chill.

In an instant, streaks of blue flame burst from Flame Graham's hands, emitting waves of scorching and simultaneously icy aura, an oxymoronic combination that brought an intangible pressure.

Whoosh!

Simultaneously, over Flame Graham's head in the void, alongside those two hundred ancient Horned Dragon shadows, another three hundred shadows were added.

Two hundred of those ancient Horned Dragon shadows represented the 'First level high-order Fire Realm',

The Fire Realm, born from the Ice Realm.

This technique was part of the marvelous methods from Flame Graham's cultivation of the Supreme Forgetful Love Scripture.

As for the additional one hundred ancient Horned Dragon shadows, they were influenced by Flame Graham's own cultivation in the Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm.

Almost at the same time, another seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragon shadows appeared, precisely the 'amplification power' of the second-grade spirit gloves on Flame Graham's hands.

A total of five hundred and seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragon shadows!

However, this was not the end.

"Dual Realm of Ice and Fire!"

As Flame Graham spoke with a cold tone, the blue fire and ice combined on his hands suddenly surged, emitting an intimidating presence.

In an instant, on one side of the five hundred and seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragon shadows above the void over Flame Graham's head, another four hundred shadows appeared.

A total of nine hundred and seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragon shadows!

If the Sect Leader of Heartbreak Sect, Magnus Patel, were here, he would be shocked by this scene.

Because this indicated that his direct disciple, Flame Graham, had mastered the advanced 'Dual Realm of Ice and Fire', which could double the power when ice and fire combined!

The Dual Realm of Ice and Fire, a technique from the Supreme Forgetful Love Scripture, 'minor achievement' could increase the combined power of ice and fire by half, and 'major achievement' could double it.

Now, Flame Graham had mastered the 'major achievement' of the 'Dual Realm of Ice and Fire'!

"How is this possible?!"

The reason Pace Chase's color changed was that he saw this unbelievable scene.

The nine hundred and seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragon shadows above the void over Flame Graham's disciple from Heartbreak Sect had completely surpassed the more than nine hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragon power he could display at full strength.

At the same time, the narrow knife driven by Pace Chase towards Flame Graham, due to the tumult in his mind, showed a sign of slowing down.

And just then, the figure emanating a vast blue ice flame turned and swiftly met Pace Chase, causing Pace Chase's face to drastically change.

Hum!

Pace Chase dared not hesitate any longer, his narrow knife surged with power as he directly charged towards Flame Graham, as if intending to cleave Flame Graham into two.

"Hmph!"

A cold snort escaped from Flame Graham's mouth, followed swiftly by his hand, which engulfed like a giant fan, pressing down at lightning speed onto the blade of the knife Pace Chase held.

Crack!

With a slap, Flame Graham knocked the knife off its initial trajectory, his hand still clinging to the knife.

In an instant, a layer of frost covered the knife, sweeping and spreading rapidly across Pace Chase's body, causing a slight pause in his movement as he attempted to dodge.

Rustle!

At that moment, Flame Graham's other hand, wrapped in blue ice flames, struck out like lightning, aiming directly at Pace Chase's forehead like the aforementioned giant fan.

"No!!"

Seeing the hand enveloped in blue ice flames, containing the strength of nine hundred and seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragons descending upon his forehead, Pace Chase's face drastically changed.

He wanted to counter and defend, but he found his body slightly sluggish due to the cold transmitted by Flame Graham's palm, and he couldn't manage to defend in time.

Crack!

Flame Graham's palm landed on Pace Chase's head, cracking it open like a watermelon, the splattering red and white matter completely frozen by the ice, leaving not a speck on Flame Graham.

Pace Chase's corpse hit the ground, raising a cloud of dust, and his knife clattered beside him with a 'clang'.

Flame Graham raised an eyebrow and casually took Pace Chase's 'Storage Ring' and 'Second Grade Spirit Knife', storing them in his own Storage Ring.

Then, he also took the 'Storage Ring' and 'Second Grade Spirit Sword' from the long-dead Dior Mullins, along with the scattered 'Fire Realm fragments' all around.

The Fire Realm fragments totaled over a hundred, and as he collected them all, a rare smile crossed Flame Graham's lips.

"Not a bad haul."

Flame Graham raised an eyebrow, his eyes showing a hint of joy.

This time, he had indeed 'lain in wait for the mantis while the sparrow lurked behind,' reaping the benefits of a fisherman.

Soon, Flame Graham's eyes fixed on a delicate box at the center of the cave ceiling, and he leaped up, taking the box down.

"Wonder what's inside."

Curious, Flame Graham lifted his hand and opened the delicate box.

In a moment, a shard emitting a profound fiery red energy appeared before him, dazzling his eyes and quickening his breath.

"This isn't a 'realm shard'! Could it be an 'Oath Shard'? Or a 'Fire Oath Shard'?"

Flame Graham inhaled sharply.

Almost simultaneously, a familiar yet strange voice emanated from within the box, reaching Flame Graham's ears and spreading with tremendous penetrating power in all directions.

"Congratulations, young man... This 'Ninth-Order Emperor Realm Fire Oath Shard' is yours now."

Quickly, Flame Graham realized that this was the voice of the Martial Emperor who had left behind the 'Martial Emperor's secret hoard.'

"This box contains a 'focusing array'... But that voice just now seemed to have a very strong penetrating power. It must have already spread throughout the surrounding area by now, hasn't it?"

With this thought, Flame Graham's pupils constricted.

No sooner had he realized this, Flame Graham heard three swift swooshing sounds as three figures darted into the cave.

In a moment, three figures appeared before him.

"Junior Brother Liu!"

One of the figures, a young man in black, saw Dior Mullins's corpse on the ground and his expression changed dramatically.

Clearly, he, like Dior Mullins, was a disciple of the Impermanence Sect.

"Senior Brother Pace!"

The other two young men looked at Pace Chase's corpse, their expressions changing dramatically as well, their eyes now filled with a hint of terror as they looked back at Flame Graham.

After exchanging glances, they seemed to have reached an understanding, quickly turned around, intending to flee.

What a joke!

The man who had killed Senior Brother Pace was not someone they could contend with.

"Since you're here, don't leave."

Flame Graham's voice rang out coldly, his hand sweeping out, sending two vast sweeps of blue ice flames chasing after the two disciples of the Emerging Cloud Sect, engulfing and annihilating them.

Two bodies hit the ground, making two soft thuds, kicking up a cloud of dust.

"Ice Realm? Fire Realm?"

The black-clad Impermanence Sect disciple's face tightened slightly, his eyes gleaming coldly as he stared at Flame Graham, "Your strength is indeed good, able to kill Junior Brother Liu and Emerging Cloud Sect's 'Pace'... But in front of me, you're still not up to par!"

The words of the Impermanence Sect disciple had barely fallen before his figure shot out, speeding towards Flame Graham like an arrow from the bow.

In his hand the spirit weapon appeared, Origin Force and 'realm' following suit, merging into the spirit weapon.

At the same time, above his head in the void, over nine hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragon apparitions appeared, all charging towards Flame Graham.

"Flame Graham?"

As the Impermanence Sect disciple charged at Flame Graham, a figure resembling a sprite amidst fire silently emerged within the cave.

Chapter 959: Level Eight High-Level Fire Realm!

This was a woman with a stunning beauty that could overthrow states, standing there as if making everything around her lose its color.

Her body was clad in a red garment that moved without wind, and her graceful figure triggered endless imaginations, giving people the urge to rush up and hold her in their arms with pity.

However, the woman's appearance was so stealthy that it failed to alarm Flame Graham and the black-clad disciple from the Impermanence Sect.

"Transforming Void Realm Second Layer? Mastering the 'Triple Transforming Void Realm'?"

Flame Graham, who originally wore a solemn expression, couldn't help but reveal a mocking smile after seeing the manifestation of heaven and earth caused by the Impermanence Sect disciple's move.

He had thought that the other party dared to utter those words because he truly had a strength surpassing that of the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple 'Pace Chase' whom he had killed earlier.

Now, it seemed that the other's strength was only on par with Pace Chase.

"Perhaps, in his impression... Pace Chase did not have comparable strength to his."

Flame Graham thought silently.

Pace Chase, who had strength on par with this Impermanence Sect disciple, died at the hands of Flame Graham in one encounter, so this disciple from the Impermanence Sect would naturally be no exception.

In just one encounter, Flame Graham's hands emitted icy flames, instantly killing him!

"Ice and fire fused?"

Just as Flame Graham killed the Impermanence Sect disciple, collected his 'Storage Ring' and 'Spiritual Weapon,' and was about to leave, a soft and pleasant voice suddenly reached his ears.

This voice was not unfamiliar to Flame Graham, causing his expression to change slightly.

"When did she appear?"

Flame Graham's mind was filled with incredible thoughts. He then turned around and looked toward the woman standing not far away, who seemed to have transformed into a spirit of fire, Winnie Romero.

Winnie Romero was not unfamiliar to Flame Graham.

Several months ago, during the 'Decade Martial Gathering' held at Grimm Wolf Fortress, Winnie Romero had demonstrated considerable strength.

But that strength was miles away from his and not worth mentioning!

Flame Graham never expected that, several months later, Winnie Romero would possess the strength to appear silently behind him.

If Winnie Romero had struck him, he could hardly imagine the consequences.

For a moment, cold sweat slightly beaded on Flame Graham's forehead.

"Winnie Romero?"

Flame Graham faced Winnie Romero calmly, confronting this woman who was fond of Wyatt Barnes without any slackening of his guard.

The fact that she could appear silently behind him had already proved that she was drastically different from before.

"Hand over the 'Nine Emperor Realm Fire Mystery Fragment,' and you can leave."

Winnie Romero stood there, looking at Flame Graham. Her beautiful face was filled with calmness, as if not harboring any other emotions.

She slowly spoke up, directly demanding the 'Mystery Fragment' from Flame Graham.

Clearly, she was also attracted by the message left by the potent Martial Emperor.

"If you want me to hand over the 'Mystery Fragment,' then you need to prove whether you have the ability!"

Flame Graham's eyes hardened, and he spoke coldly.

If it were the Winnie Romero of the past telling him this, he would find it a huge joke.

But now, he didn't dare think so.

Winnie Romero could appear silently behind him, which indirectly meant: her current strength was at least as strong as his, perhaps even stronger.

Whoosh!

Facing Flame Graham's provocation, Winnie Romero's autumn eyes hardened, her red garment stirring, making her appear like a true spirit of fire, particularly eye-catching.

Suddenly, strands of milky-white Origin Force rose from Winnie Romero's body, winding around her body like milky-white flames, gently undulating.

In that instant, above her head in the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred, quickly condensing into a new heavenly phenomenon.

As Winnie Romero held a red spiritual whip in her hands, the heavenly phenomenon above her changed again, adding several ancient Horned Dragon illusions.

"This..."

Looking at the heavenly phenomenon above Winnie Romero's head, Flame Graham's stern face slightly stiffened.

It wasn't that the heavenly phenomenon was too frightening, but it was too unexpected!

First, sixty ancient Horned Dragon illusions appeared above her head, followed by forty-two more.

Cave Void Realm Level Four?

Third-grade Spiritual Whip?

"A third-grade Spiritual Artifact that amplifies 'seven-tenths' of power?"

Soon, Flame Graham's attention shifted, focusing on the red spiritual whip in Winnie Romero's hands, his eyes filled with surprise.

A third-grade Spiritual Artifact, enhancing 'seven-tenths' of power, among many third-grade Spiritual Artifacts, was considered top-notch.

Flame Graham couldn't imagine.

Which Artifact Refiner could have crafted such an 'abnormal' third-grade Spiritual Artifact.

"No!"

Quickly, Flame Graham came back to his senses, his eyes intensifying, "How could she simply be a 'Cave Void Realm Level Four Martial Artist'... If she were just a Cave Void Realm Level Four Martial Artist, she definitely couldn't have appeared behind me without me noticing!"

That much, Flame Graham could assert.

For a moment, when Flame Graham saw the milky-white flames around Winnie Romero's body turn into a fiery red, he finally got an answer and resolved the confusion in his heart.

At that moment, the milky-white flames on Winnie Romero's body surged into a fiery red, turning into genuine flames that enveloped her whole body, emitting a daunting aura.

At this very moment, Winnie Romero, with flames rising around her, levitated into the air, her graceful figure suspended, surrounded by the vast flames, transforming into a true fire spirit.

Whoosh!

In the void above Winnie Romero's head, beside the one hundred and two ancient Horned Dragon illusions, the power of heaven and earth stirred once again, gathering into a new heavenly phenomenon.

In an instant, two hundred ancient Horned Dragon illusions appeared before Flame Graham.

"First-level high-ranking realm of fire?"

Seeing this scene, Flame Graham's pupils constricted.

Soon, his pupils constricted repeatedly and eventually he became somewhat numb.

Heavens!

What did he see?!

He saw, above Winnie Romero's head in the void, the celestial phenomena climbing continuously, escalating to one thousand and two ancient Horned Dragon illusions before the force of heaven and earth in the void disappeared, allowing the void to return to calm.

"Le... Level Eight high-ranking realm of fire!"

The scene before him completely shattered the stern expression on Flame Graham's face, shocking him into speechlessness.

Level Eight high-ranking realm of fire, comparable to the force of nine hundred ancient Horned Dragons!

Such a "realm", manifesting in a Fourth Layer Cave Void Realm martial artist, made Flame Graham feel as if he were dreaming.

In his view, this was nearly impossible!

Fourth Layer of the Cave Void Realm, comprehending the "Level Eight Transforming Void Realm".

If he had not seen it with his own eyes, he would never believe it was real.

"No wonder you asked me to hand over the 'Secret Fragment' after seeing my strength... It turns out your strength is so formidable!"

Flame Graham spoke in a low tone, his gaze towards Winnie Romero intense once again.

Whoosh!

Almost the moment Flame Graham's words ended, a surge of raging and ravaging flames also rose from him.

Unlike the red flames on Winnie Romero's body, the flames on his body were blue.

Ice flames!

Within the ice flames, bursts of scorching heat and waves of cold air paradoxically combined, causing the air around Flame Graham's body to tremble, followed by faint sounds of air bursts.

Boom!

Suddenly, Winnie Romero moved, her speed so fast that only a blaze of fiery red remained, and a vast heatwave enveloped Flame Graham's position.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

...

The long whip in Winnie Romero's hand, like a red spiritual serpent, swiftly lashed out, transforming into a sky full of fire rain falling down on Flame Graham at an incredible speed, like lightning strikes.

Flame Graham's expression became extremely grave, his hands trembling violently, dancing swiftly in front of him.

Finally, he condensed a thick shield in front of him, entirely forged from surges of ice flames.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

The sky full of fire rain created by Winnie Romero's long whip swept over and fell onto Flame Graham's shield, causing it to tremble tremendously.

Finally, it could no longer resist and was completely shattered!

Whoosh!

Almost in the instant the shield was shattered, Flame Graham retreated rapidly, not daring to hesitate.

"I can only fight it out!"

Taking a deep breath, Flame Graham's eyes chilled as he stared at the red-clad woman approaching from a distance, who was wrapped in raging flames, giving him an intangible sense of oppression.

Swish!

Seeing the red-clad woman once again whip her red long whip, Flame Graham didn't retreat but advanced to meet her.

In the next moment, Flame Graham's hands, wrapped in streams of ice flames, reached out like lightning towards the red long whip.

Crack!

A loud sound ensued, as the red long whip fiercely struck Flame Graham's palms, the overwhelming power of fire sweeping out and bearing down on him.

"Ah!!"

Flame Graham's internal energy surged, his throat turned sweet, and he directly spat out a mouthful of dazzling, eye-catching blood.

However, although his internal organs were damaged, Flame Graham still firmly grasped Winnie Romero's Tier-3 Spiritual Whip.

Simultaneously, from his hands, a chilling aura swept out, intending to suppress Winnie Romero's "realm of fire" using the "Ice Realm".

Water quenches fire.

Ice, formed from water, is colder than water.

Thus, ice is much stronger than water in quenching fire.

Waves of chilling aura spread from Flame Graham's hands, traveling through Winnie Romero's Spiritual Whip, enveloping her entire body.

For a moment, the surging flames on Winnie Romero's body paused slightly, seemingly suppressed.

Seeing this scene, Flame Graham's eyes brightened.

However, his pupils soon involuntarily constricted again, his expression drastically changing.

Boom!

Winnie Romero's flames, after a brief pause, suddenly exploded, quickly melting and expelling the cold enveloping her, the raging flames flowing into the red long whip, endowing it with even greater power.

With a flick of the whip, the flames surged, shaking Flame Graham's hands apart and then unleashing a torrential blaze, transforming into a giant flame beast pouncing towards Flame Graham with ferocious momentum.

"Not good!"

Faced with this scene, Flame Graham's expression drastically changed, his pupils shrinking to the extreme.

Chapter 960: Winnie Romero's 'Mutation

Flame Graham's "Ice Realm", perhaps, could counter "Fire Realm", but only when their powers were nearly equal.

Now, facing Winnie Romero's mastery of the "Level Eight High-Order Fire Realm", Flame Graham's "Ice Realm" was insignificant and easily shattered.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Facing the surging flames rising from Winnie Romero's whip, Flame Graham braced himself and struck out with both palms, unleashing the strength of 978 ancient Horned Dragons.

However, facing the vast flames rolling off Winnie Romero's whip, containing the strength of thousands of ancient Horned Dragons, his power still fell slightly short.

Boom!

A loud explosion spread, accompanied by a series of piercing blasts. The "Flame Beast" formed by the flames engulfed Flame Graham, only gradually fading away and disappearing after a moment.

In contrast, Flame Graham was sent flying backward, a sweetness rising in his throat before he spat out a mouthful of clotted blood, his face extremely pale.

"Take this!"

Seeing Winnie Romero continue to rocket towards him, Flame Graham's expression darkened slightly. As he raised his hand, he threw the "Seventh-Order Emperor Realm Fire Fragment" he had earlier retrieved from an exquisite box.

Smack!

Winnie Romero caught it, her eyes flashing coldly as she fixed Flame Graham with a glare, her murderous intent palpable.

"Not good!"

Seeing the murderous look in Winnie's eyes, Flame Graham's face blanched.

Only then did he realize that Winnie Romero, in order to keep him from spreading the word about her acquiring the "mystic fragment", clearly intended to take his life.

Escape!

Without any hesitation, covered in blue ice flames, Flame Graham turned into a bolt of blue lightning and fled, not looking back.

After escaping for a while and detecting no sounds of pursuit, Flame Graham finally slowed down a bit.

At the same time, cold sweat still dripped from his forehead.

"Why hasn't she chased after me?"

"Could it be that I am overthinking?"

Shaking his head, Flame Graham's figure flickered again, then he disappeared into another cave, vanishing completely.

Because Flame Graham escaped quickly, he did not notice the 'transformation' occurring on Winnie Romero after his departure.

When Winnie Romero caught the "Ninth-Order Emperor Realm Fire Fragment" thrown by Flame Graham, she had indeed intended to kill him to prevent the news of her acquiring the "mystic fragment" from being spread.

If the news of her acquisition leaked, it would pose many problems for her.

Although she wasn't afraid of troubles, she didn't like them either.

However, as she was about to act against Flame Graham, she found that the "mystic fragment" in her hand seemed to resonate with some kind of power inside her body, causing the Origin Force within her to uncontrollably surge.

At that moment, she could only watch helplessly as Flame Graham escaped from her sight, while she hurriedly tried to regulate her technique to suppress the agitated Origin Force within her.

"Is it the power from the 'Fire Spirit Physique' acting up again?"

This was not a hard guess for Winnie Romero.

Moments later, a bitter smile inevitably surfaced on her lips.

"Hmm?"

Once she had managed to calm the restless Origin Force within her, Winnie Romero's eyes flashed as she noticed the "mystic fragment" in her hand emitted a red chilly glow, slicing open her palm.

Instantly, blood spurted from her palm, continuously flowing and staining half of her hand.

Drip! Drip!

...

Drops of blood fell from Winnie Romero's hand onto the ground, creating a series of crisp sounds.

Just as Winnie Romero's face showed a slight change, ready to use Origin Force to stop the bleeding,

she discovered that the "mystic fragment", flickering with fiery red energy, suddenly softened bizarrely, then turned into a pool of fiery red liquid, seeping into her body through the wound on her palm.

At the same time, she found the wound on her palm healing on its own, leaving no trace but the bloodstains which might have made her think that everything was just an illusion.

"Where is that 'mystic fragment'?"

Coming to her senses, Winnie Romero couldn't help but look alarmed.

She then remembered that the "Ninth-Order Emperor Realm Fire Fragment" had just seemed to merge into her palm, entering her body.

Meanwhile, Winnie Romero seemed to sense something, her eyes involuntarily narrowing.

At this very moment, she could clearly feel a fiery warm current, starting from her palm, merging into her arm and then spreading throughout her body.

Not only that, the power belonging to the "Fire Spirit Physique" that lurked within her, upon sensing this fiery warm current, instantly became agitated.

It was as if an enthusiastic 'host' was welcoming the arrival of a 'guest'.

After a moment, Winnie Romero seemed to sense something, and with a thought, towering flames surged from her body, burning fiercely and emitting an intensely hot aura.

"This is... the 'Ninth-Order High-Level Realm of Fire'?"

Almost as soon as the flames rose, Winnie subconsciously looked upwards towards the void above her head, where a celestial phenomenon had already taken shape.

A thousand ancient Horned Dragons circled there, winding down and ready to strike.

At that moment, without using any Origin Force or spiritual weapons, she communicated with the heavenly power using only the 'Realm of Fire,' which triggered such a celestial phenomenon.

Unknowingly, the 'Realm of Fire' she had comprehended had progressed further, from the 'Level Eight Transforming Realm' to the 'Ninth-Order Transforming Realm'!

"No... I feel like it could be even stronger."

At that moment, Winnie seemed to sense something again, shook her head in confusion, and her thoughts moved once more.

Boom!

Almost as soon as Winnie's thoughts shifted, the flames entwined around her body surged even higher and took on a deeper color.

At the same time, the heavenly power above the void stirred again, finally gathering into the fledgling form of a thousand ancient Horned Dragons. Unfortunately, before it could fully form, it dispersed again.

"Ah!!"

When the fledgling form of the thousand ancient Horned Dragons dispersed before having a chance to solidify, Winnie's pretty face suddenly contorted in immense pain, and she couldn't help but cry out.

Just now, as she attempted to enhance the 'Realm of Fire' further, she felt as if her whole body was burning uncontrollably, with an inexplicable scorching power surging inside her, almost tearing her apart!

Because of this, she hastily stopped the enhancement of the 'Realm of Fire.'

At the same time, the mysterious scorching power that had spread throughout her body and almost torn her apart finally quieted down.

"That is a power emanating from my 'Fire Spirit Body,' but it seems there was additional power... Right, it's the power transformed from that 'Ninth-Order Emperor Realm Fragment of Fire's Profound Truth'!"

Winnie's face turned pale. She had never expected that the 'Fragment of Profound Truth,' which mysteriously transformed into a liquid within her and merged into her body, would cause such a drastic 'transformation.'

First, the 'Realm of Fire' inexplicably advanced to the 'Ninth-Order High-Level.'

Then, when she communicated with the 'Ninth-Order High-Level Realm of Fire,' she vaguely felt that she could continue to enhance the 'Realm of Fire.'

The 'Realm of Fire' after the boost was twice as strong as the 'Ninth-Order High-Level Realm of Fire'!

Perhaps, it was no longer just the 'Realm of Fire.'

"Isn't that the power one would possess only after comprehending the 'First Order Emperor Realm of Fire's Profound Truth'?"

Thinking this, Winnie couldn't help but take a sharp intake of breath.

The First Order Emperor Realm of Fire's Profound Truth is indeed twice as strong as the 'Ninth-Order High-Level Realm of Fire,' and when activated, it equals the power of two thousand ancient Horned Dragons!

"Can I communicate with and invoke the 'First Order Emperor Realm of Fire's Profound Truth'?"

Thinking of what had just happened, Winnie's face froze, and her eyes filled with disbelief.

With a thought, Winnie began to introspect and examine the inside of her body.

Immediately, a deeply colored, fire-red fragment appeared before her eyes, the 'Fire Realm Fragment' that had condensed in her body after comprehending the 'High-Level Realm of Fire,' which was now a 'Ninth-Order Fire Realm Fragment.'

"Huh."

Soon, Winnie discovered that her 'Ninth-Order Fire Realm Fragment' differed from the typical realm fragments; there was a small notch on it.

This small notch was flickering with strands of fiery-red energy, eager to escape.

"Isn't this the energy that flickers on the surface of the 'Fragment of Profound Truth'? My 'Ninth-Order Fire Realm Fragment' actually shows tendencies of transforming into a 'First Order Emperor Realm Fragment of Fire's Profound Truth'?"

Winnie's eyes widened in disbelief once more.

"However, although I can now communicate with and invoke the 'First Order Emperor Realm of Fire's Profound Truth,' it triggers the power from my 'Fire Spirit Body,' nearly causing my body to burst!"

"Just now, if I hadn't promptly withdrawn the 'Fire's Profound Truth,' my body would probably have burst in no time... By then, I wouldn't need to wait until I'm thirty to be blown to ashes by the power of the 'Fire Spirit Body'!"

Thinking this, Winnie took another sharp breath, her heart pounding with residual fear.

"What exactly is going on?"

Thinking of the 'transformation' that had occurred in her body, Winnie could only give a wry smile.

After a short pause to suppress the fluttering in her heart and recalling the causes and effects, Winnie quickly found the answer:

"It's that 'Ninth-Order Emperor Realm Fragment of Fire's Profound Truth'! The power of the 'Fire Spirit Body' within me must have caused it to liquify and merge into my body, then triggered the 'transformation'."

Having confirmed the reason, Winnie sighed, "I don't know whether it's a curse or a blessing... The Realm of Fire was smoothly comprehended up to the 'Ninth-Order High-Level.' Moreover, I could risk my body bursting to forcibly communicate with and enact the 'First Order Emperor Realm of Fire's Profound Truth'!"

A single 'Fragment of Profound Truth' led to such consequences, which Winnie had never anticipated.

"Let it be... After all, if my cultivation doesn't break through to the 'Transforming Void Realm' in a few years, I am doomed to die anyway."