

L. Wyatt 961

Chapter 961: Tricolor Pill

Winnie Romero sighed softly, her delicate and touching appearance invoking pity.

Although, even now, she still didn't know why the "Nine Layers Emperor Realm Fire Mystic Fragment" had turned into a liquid and merged into her body, resonating with the power from her "Fire Spirit Body."

But in her view, none of that mattered anymore.

"Brother Barnes..."

Before she knew it, an image of a young man in purple appeared in Winnie's mind, a youth who always wore purple garments, with sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, outstandingly handsome.

"Even if that 'prophecy' isn't real... in my lifetime, I, Winnie Romero, will never regret knowing you," she muttered to herself, her cheeks blushing a shade of crimson as if she could bleed, her shy look enough to captivate anyone.

Unfortunately, Wyatt Barnes was unable to see Winnie's coy demeanor.

At the moment, he was passing through caves one after another, continuing to search for the direction of the "Martial Emperor's Secret Hoard," intending to reach the 'palace' in the central area.

That place was the main event on the treasure-seeking path of the "Martial Emperor's Secret Hoard."

In terms of value.

The "Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment" within the body of that Martial Emperor surpassed the combined total of all other treasures, including the seven "Emperor Realm Mystic Fragments."

"No matter what... I must obtain that 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment'!"

The preciousness of the "Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment" was something Wyatt, who had merged with the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, knew better than anyone else.

"Even in the 'Big Treasure' left by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, there was only one 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment'... and it wasn't his. He had used his own 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment' during his reincarnation cycle."

Through the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, Wyatt knew that one of the conditions for each reincarnation cycle in the cultivation of the Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture was the burning of one's own 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment.'

Therefore, the Reincarnation Martial Emperor's own 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment' was not left behind.

"The 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment' left by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor was only a 'First Layer Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment,' and it was one that I couldn't use."

An idea struck Wyatt, "Perhaps the 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment' within the Martial Emperor who left this secret hoard is precisely what I can use."

With that thought, Wyatt's desire to find it grew even more urgent.

Whoosh!

Meanwhile, Wyatt quickened his search pace, as if he were hurrying to be reincarnated.

Time quietly passed by.

Wyatt continued to search tirelessly.

Along his path, the corpses of the Five Elements Sect disciples appeared before his eyes, causing his expression to turn somewhat grim.

Some of these disciples, moreover, were from the familiar 'Niklaus Woodson's disciples.'

Before entering the "Martial Emperor's Secret Hoard," these disciples of Niklaus Woodson had treated him with great respect, addressing him as 'Brother Wyatt' again and again.

It must be admitted, each time a group of Niklaus Woodson's disciples called him 'Brother Wyatt,' he felt somewhat secretly pleased.

After all, those disciples were all older than him.

And now, they had all turned into corpses.

"Winnie, Walter Simmons, Brother Graham, Brady, Noel Walton... you guys should be alright, right?"

As several images flashed across his mind, Wyatt couldn't help but feel worried.

Up to this point, what he was most grateful for was that along the way, none of the bodies he had seen were those of people he knew well, which made him somewhat relieved.

Time, once again, flowed quietly.

A month quickly passed by.

Wyatt continued travelling through various caves within the "Martial Emperor's Secret Hoard," occasionally encountering some foolhardy young powerhouses who took the initiative to attack him.

Without exception, they all died by his hand.

So far, the strongest young powerhouse Wyatt had encountered was the disciple from the Impermanence Sect, 'Rey Jones.'

Of course, Wyatt also knew that within this Martial Emperor's Secret Hoard, there must be young powerhouses whose strength could match or even exceed Rey Jones.

Rey Jones hailed from the second-rate force "Impermanence Sect," and among the young powerhouses who entered the "Martial Emperor's Secret Hoard," there were people from two other second-rate forces.

Among the young powerhouses of those two second-rate forces, those at the top would definitely have someone who could match or even surpass Rey Jones.

Along the way, almost anyone who took the initiative to attack Wyatt was killed by him in an encounter!

"It's just a pity that I haven't encountered the other four 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragments.'"

At this thought, Wyatt couldn't help feeling a bit disappointed, but soon he came to terms with it.

At the same time, he couldn't help but laugh at himself, "I'm being too greedy... having obtained one 'Emperor Realm Mystic Fragment,' I still want the other four."

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes's figure moved swiftly, and he soon entered a cave, where he immediately saw two corpses lying on the ground.

The bodies had already decayed, emitting waves of nauseating stench.

Wyatt didn't cover his nose, nor did he show any signs of disgust.

In his previous life on Earth, as the 'Weapon King', he'd encountered many similar scenes, having experienced even more revolting sights, he had long become immune to the decay.

"Hmm?"

Originally, this cave was merely a place Wyatt passed by casually, having encountered many similar scenes along the way, none of which were surprising to him.

But now, just as he was about to dart towards another exit of the cave, his movement abruptly ceased as if he had discovered something particularly unusual.

At this moment, Wyatt's gaze was completely captivated by a plant at the back of the cave.

It was an extremely unique plant that was not the ordinary green of mundane flora, but three different colors.

Its slightly exposed roots were golden.

Its stem was purple.

Its leaves were red.

Upon seeing this distinctive plant, Wyatt subconsciously felt it was no simple matter and couldn't help but search through the memories of his past life as the Three Life Reincarnation Martial Emperor, trying to find an answer.

He quickly found one.

"Three... Three-Colored Tree?"

In an instant, Wyatt's pupils constricted, his face covered with shock, his eyes shining as if beholding some precious treasure.

But quickly, Wyatt's expression turned solemn.

The reason being, he noticed three small notches on the plant.

"It seems that the Three-Colored Tree has already borne 'Three-Colored Fruit'... The three-colored fruit is not a single spiritual fruit, but a collective term for three fruits, each of a

different color and with undiminishing medicinal strength. Their potency is mild, even a Cave Void Realm warrior can consume them."

"Warriors below the fourth layer of the Transforming Void Realm, any single one of them would be enough to help in breaking through a layer! If a warrior at the first level of the Transforming Void Realm were to consume all three, they could even leap across three layers in a short period of time and step into the fourth layer of the Transforming Void Realm."

Wyatt took a deep breath, and furrowed his brows, "Who could it be? To be blessed with such luck."

"Judging by the marks on the notches of the tree, the fruits have been picked for at least a month."

Soon, Wyatt observed the Three-Colored Tree carefully, murmuring to himself, "If I were that person, after obtaining the three spiritual fruits, I would definitely look for a secluded place to consume the fruits and cultivate."

"After all, in this 'Martial Emperor's Secret Cache', only the strong survive longer, only they can obtain more precious treasures."

With that thought, a flash of insight gleamed in Wyatt's eyes, "Maybe, I can search nearby for the traces of the person who obtained the three spiritual fruits... Surely they are cultivating somewhere secluded nearby."

"In such a short period of time, it's impossible for them to have consumed all three fruits."

Of course, Wyatt had also considered that perhaps the three fruits were acquired by three different people and had already become part of the inner energy within those individuals.

However, after a careful examination of the two corpses inside the cave, he discovered that both had been killed with the same weapon and technique, clearly by the same person.

"It should be one person... Even if it's not, I am willing to take the gamble! If I'm right, I will get at least one spiritual fruit. If I'm wrong, I'm merely wasting some time."

Soon, Wyatt made up his mind.

Even though he had decided, Wyatt didn't hurry to leave.

His eyes rested on the Three-Colored Tree, a faint smile forming on his lips, "It seems that the person who took the 'Three-Colored Fruit' doesn't recognize its worth... This 'Three-Colored Tree', while not as precious as the three spiritual fruits, can still be used to refine 'Tricolor Pills' that can slightly boost one's cultivation, when combined with certain medicinal ingredients."

The Three-Colored Tree appeared to be unremarkable.

Even when probed with spiritual energy, its uniqueness remained undetected.

Nevertheless, the memories of the Three Life Reincarnation Martial Emperor told Wyatt that, as the bearer of the 'Three-Colored Fruit', the tree had absorbed a substantial amount of inner energy from heaven and earth over the years.

This inner energy had perfectly merged with the Three-Colored Tree, indistinguishable from the tree itself.

Only a special alchemical method could mobilize the spiritual energy accumulated within the Three-Colored Tree, combining it with the tree itself to refine 'Tricolor Pills'.

"Tricolor Pills are not so difficult to refine... Any Grade Three alchemist could do it if they knew the method, let alone myself, a Grade One alchemist."

A smile appeared on Wyatt's face, and he already had plans to refine the 'Tricolor Pills'.

As it happened, he possessed the other medicinal ingredients needed for refining the 'Tricolor Pills'.

"If it were merely the potency of a 'Tricolor Pill', it wouldn't be enough to help me break through... However, the potency of a Tricolor Pill can indeed stimulate the dominant potency of the 'Nirvana Pill', helping me to break through to the 'Second Layer of the Transforming Void Realm' is not a difficult task."

Now, Wyatt harbored this very intention.

The potency of the 'Nirvana Pill', after he stepped into the Transforming Void Realm, had indeed begun to release more quickly than that of an ordinary warrior of the same realm, but it was still limited.

To fully unleash the domineering effect of the 'Nirvana Pill', he needed the potency of a spiritual fruit to activate it.

Of course, a pill similar to a spiritual fruit, like the 'Tricolor Pill', could also serve the purpose.

Chapter 962: The Eighth Change!

Now, the main medicinal guide 'Tricolor Tree' needed for refining 'Tricolor Pills' was right before his eyes, and Wyatt Barnes had other medicinal ingredients required to refine the 'Tricolor Pills' at his disposal.

Therefore, he decided on the spot:

Refine the 'Tricolor Pills'!

Regarding their grade, 'Tricolor Pills' belonged to 'Grade Three Pill Medicine,' which only alchemists of Grade Three or above could successfully refine.

If not a Grade Three alchemist or higher, even if one knew the method of refinement, it would be useless.

As Wyatt Barnes, having merged with the lifelong memories of the Martial Emperor and inherited all his alchemy techniques and experience, he was qualified as a Grade Three alchemist and Above.

Now, having broken through to the 'Transforming Void Realm First Level,' with the lifelong alchemy techniques and experiences of Martial Emperor, he could directly condense 'Grade One red flame.'

Thus, he now was a 'Grade One alchemist'!

A Grade One alchemist, even looking at the outside territory, was an extremely rare existence, generally only found within some 'first-rate powers', and in very limited numbers.

For first-rate powers, having a 'Grade One alchemist' in residence was already extremely rare.

Some first-rate powers even lacked a 'Grade One alchemist' in residence.

Usually, if they wanted 'Grade One Pill Medicine,' they could only seek external 'Grade One alchemists' and request medicine, incurring a considerable cost.

However, even so, they still flocked to them!

The preciousness of 'Grade One Pill Medicine' was incomparable to that of Grade Two, not to mention those below Grade Two.

Regardless of Wyatt Barnes's achievements in the Martial Dao.

Just the fact that he had become a 'Grade One Artifact Refiner' before reaching thirty was enough to scare quite a few people.

"However, with the 'red flame' I currently control, it is necessary to have a 'Grade One spirit medicine tripod' to refine pill medicines... After all, ordinary medicine tripods simply cannot withstand my red flame."

As Wyatt Barnes raised his hand, a strand of purple flame ignited in his palm, surrounded by a golden edge.

Purple-gold red flame!

That was indeed 'Grade One red flame.'

Only a Grade One spirit medicine tripod could contain the Grade One red flame.

A lower-quality spirit medicine tripod, enveloped by the Grade One red flame, would instantly melt into a pool of liquid.

Not to mention refining pill medicine.

"Refining a Grade One spirit medicine tripod is not a difficult task for me now... However, it seems I don't have enough materials to create a Grade One spirit medicine tripod."

Thinking of this, Wyatt Barnes furrowed his brows.

Since breaking through to the 'Transforming Void Realm', he could not only condense 'Grade One red flame' with his Origin Force but also 'Grade One artifact fire.'

As someone who had merged with the lifelong memories of Martial Emperor and inherited his techniques and experience in alchemy and artifact refinement.

From the moment he could condense both 'Grade One red flame' and 'Grade One artifact fire', he was indeed qualified as both a 'Grade One alchemist' and 'Grade One Artifact Refiner.'

Moreover, having inherited the lifelong techniques and experiences of Martial Emperor in alchemy and artifact refinement, even among the group of 'Grade One alchemists' and 'Grade One Artifact Refiners' on the Cloud Skies Continent, he was considered a top-tier existence.

First, regarding alchemy.

He could refine 'Grade One Pill Medicine' with a purity of 'Above 90%.' Could other Grade One alchemists do that?

Next, regarding artifact refinement.

He could easily refine a Grade One spiritual weapon with an amplification force of '90%.' Could other Grade One Artifact Refiners do that?

To Wyatt Barnes, who had merged with the memories of Martial Emperor, once he started refining pill medicines and spiritual weapons, it was as if Martial Emperor had been reborn, and he could effortlessly create the best of the best.

"I do have quite a few 'Storage Rings'... I haven't opened many of them to see what's inside. Perhaps, I could find the materials required to create a Grade One spirit medicine tripod inside them."

Motivated, Wyatt Barnes took out a bunch of Storage Rings from the one he held and dripped blood to claim ownership, intending to find the materials needed for the medicine tripod within these Storage Rings.

These Storage Rings were all spoils of war from his past, casually thrown into the Storage Ring, and he barely bothered to check them.

After searching through more than thirty Storage Rings, Wyatt Barnes stopped his actions because he had gathered all the materials needed to create a Grade One spirit medicine tripod.

"In the future, when I have some free time, I should also claim ownership of the remaining Storage Rings and take out the things inside... Otherwise, I won't know what's inside during critical moments."

Learning from this 'lesson,' Wyatt Barnes made a decision.

Now that he had gathered the materials, Wyatt Barnes began to refine the Grade One spirit medicine tripod without specifically searching for a secluded place.

With his mastery of artifact refinement inherited from Martial Emperor, combined with his status as a 'Grade One Artifact Refiner,' he could somewhat disregard external disturbances.

Even if there were disturbances from the outside world, at most, they would affect the quality of the medicine tripod he refined.

A Grade One spirit medicine tripod, being an 'auxiliary spiritual weapon' rather than an 'attack spiritual weapon,' does not require very high quality.

Generally speaking, the higher the quality of the spiritual medicine tripod, the higher the chances of successful pill formation.

However, Wyatt Barnes, who had integrated the memories of the Martial Emperor and inherited his lifelong Artifact Refining techniques and experience, didn't need to concern himself with the quality of the spiritual artifact.

Even if the quality of the medicine tripod was poor, during alchemy, he could make Pill Medicine with a hundred percent success rate!

All of this was because he had not only inherited the Martial Emperor's lifelong Artifact Refining techniques and experience but also his alchemy techniques and experience.

The Martial Emperor had lived through two lifetimes, achieving peak mastery in both the paths of Artifact Refining and Alchemy on the Cloud Skies Continent.

Having merged with his memories, Wyatt was naturally no less capable than him.

"Begin!"

Wyatt's eyes flashed as he took out the previous medicine tripod, and, combining it with a pile of Artifact Refining materials, began to craft a Grade One spiritual medicine tripod.

One by one, the materials melted into pools of liquid, suspended in the air under Wyatt's guidance.

At the same time, Wyatt's hands moved as fast as lightning, effortlessly executing the most profound Artifact Refining techniques, so rapidly that ordinary people couldn't see his movements clearly.

Soon, all the liquids fused together.

As time passed, a rough shape of the spiritual medicine tripod began to appear, which swiftly took form under Wyatt's further refining.

Throughout, Wyatt had only spent three hours.

This speed of Artifact Refining, if witnessed by other 'Grade One Artifact Refiners' of the Cloud Skies Continent, would likely shock them into a stupor, unable to snap back to reality for a long while.

A typical Grade One Artifact Refiner would take at least three to five days to craft a medicine tripod of this grade.

If crafted meticulously, taking about ten days wouldn't be surprising.

However, Wyatt had crafted a Grade One spiritual medicine tripod in just three hours. Since no one had disturbed him, the quality of the medicine tripod was extremely high.

Phew!

With a lift of his hand, Wyatt, holding the medicine tripod, glanced at it and then looked toward the cave's several exits, murmuring to himself, "It seems that there aren't many 'living people' left in the Martial Emperor's secret treasure now... An entire three hours have passed and yet not another person has come here."

In the Martial Emperor's secret treasure, there were many treasures capable of driving a group of young powerhouses crazy.

Simultaneously, a group of young powerhouses naturally couldn't avoid some battles, with deaths and injuries being inevitable.

Along the way, Wyatt had seen no fewer than fifty corpses.

"They came for the treasures, surely harboring great fantasies when they first arrived... However, dreams are beautiful, and reality is cruel; in the end, they all lost their lives here."

Thinking of the bodies he had seen along the way, Wyatt couldn't help but sigh.

Soon, Wyatt's gaze returned to the Grade One spiritual medicine tripod in his hands, a smile appearing on his face, "Now, I can start making the 'Tricolor Pill.'"

With a thought, Wyatt slowly pulled out the 'Tricolor Tree,' cleaned the dirt off it, and directly mashed it into a lump before tossing it into the medicine tripod.

At the same time, Wyatt also took out some other ingredients, all rather common.

Although the Tricolor Pill was a decent 'Grade Three Pill Medicine,' because of its low grade and reliance mainly on the 'Tricolor Tree,' the other ingredients were not rare items.

With all the ingredients gathered, a thread of purple-gold flame ignited in Wyatt's hand, the "Grade One red flame."

As a 'Grade One alchemist,' crafting a Grade Three Pill Medicine like the Tricolor Pill was naturally effortless for him.

Following the memories of the Martial Emperor, Wyatt's hands grew faster, appearing like two intercrossing flashes of lightning, even causing the air currents around to ripple and sway.

Slight explosive sounds began continuously, the compressed air currents sweeping out, causing gusts that made the plants and grass in the moist cave sway.

Even if another 'Grade One alchemist' were crafting a Grade Three Pill Medicine like the Tricolor Pill, it would take at least three to four hours.

But Wyatt, this 'Grade One alchemist,' was naturally not comparable to other 'Grade One alchemists.'

He spent just an hour before he ceased the red flame.

Snap!

As Wyatt's hands touched the medicine tripod, a pill shot out instantly from inside it, a pill that looked extremely peculiar.

The reason it was peculiar was that its surface blended three colors.

Gold, purple, and red.

The three colors of the 'Tricolor Tree.'

Tricolor Pill!

Without any hesitation, Wyatt hurriedly threw the 'Tricolor Pill' into his mouth and immediately sat cross-legged in the air, closing his eyes to begin cultivating.

When Wyatt was in the 'Cave Void Realm,' he was practicing the Seventh Transformation 'Sword Dragon Transformation' from the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique.

The Sword Dragon Transformation, besides helping him grasp the "realms of the sword," also included a set of high-grade heavenly sword techniques called 'Nine Dragons Inch Flash,' an extremely domineering set of sword techniques.

And now, Wyatt's cultivation had broken through to the 'Transforming Void Realm;' naturally, he was no longer practicing the Seventh Transformation 'Sword Dragon Transformation' from the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique...

He was now starting to practice the 'Eighth Transformation' of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique!

Chapter 963: Transforming Void Realm Second Layer!

Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, eighth transformation, Roaming Dragon Transformation!

Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force circulated within his body following the mental method of the Roaming Dragon Transformation, completing a full cycle in a moment.

At the same time, the medicinal power of the Tricolor Pill melted into his body along with his throat, beginning to interact with his Origin Force.

The domineering medicinal strength of the Nirvana Pill, lying dormant within Wyatt Barnes's dantian, seemed to sense something and suddenly burst forth, merging into the Origin Force and converging with the medicinal power of the Tricolor Pill.

In an instant, the speed of the Origin Force circulating within Wyatt Barnes's body quickened, like a swift streak of lightning, circling several cycles through the mental method of the Roaming Dragon Transformation in the blink of an eye.

Gradually, Wyatt Barnes's mind began to immerse in cultivation.

Of course, his mental power was vigilant of the outside world at all times.

Should anyone approach, he would awaken immediately and strike at the comer.

Watching the Origin Force in his body circulate according to the mental method of the Roaming Dragon Transformation, everything proceeding on the right track, Wyatt Barnes finally had time to ponder other matters.

"Dragon Across Nine Heavens is a high-level Heaven-Grade bodily martial art that accompanies the eighth transformation 'Roaming Dragon Transformation' of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique... Its foundation is the Spiritual Snake Body Method and Wind Rolls the Remaining Clouds," Wyatt Barnes thought to himself as he murmured, "However, I'm still lacking something to cultivate the Dragon Across Nine Heavens to the Minor Achievement Realm with Wind Rolls the Remaining Clouds as the foundation."

Like ordinary martial arts, Dragon Across Nine Heavens is divided into four realms: 'Beginner', 'Minor Achievement', 'Major Achievement', and 'Perfection'.

If it's only the Beginner Realm of Dragon Across Nine Heavens, it is even inferior in speed to the Perfection Realm of Wind Rolls the Remaining Clouds that Wyatt Barnes possesses; therefore, he did not switch to cultivating Dragon Across Nine Heavens directly.

In the recent period, following the memories left by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor, he has been more intent on mastering the Minor Achievement Realm of Dragon Across Nine Heavens with Wind Rolls the Remaining Clouds as the foundation!

At that time, his speed will become even more rapid, easily surpassing the strength of more than a dozen ancient Horned Dragons.

Moreover, the eighth transformation of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, Roaming Dragon Transformation, has a significant feature – it emphasizes nurturing 'fire' with 'wind', understanding the realm of 'fire' with the realm of 'wind'.

Once the realm of 'fire' is comprehended, one can also master the technique of 'fire borrowing the strength of wind', enhancing the power of the realm of 'fire' greatly.

Fire borrowing Momentum Wind isn't alien to Wyatt Barnes.

Marshall Tyler, his former arch-enemy, had mastered such a technique, which could enhance the power of the realm of 'fire' by half, similar to the way the realm of 'earth' utilizes the 'strength of earth'.

Before he knew it, there emerged a fragment in each of Wyatt Barnes' hands.

One was a profound cyan fragment, the other a deep violet fragment.

They were the 'First Cordon high-grade fragments of the realm of wind' and 'First Cordon high-grade fragments of the realm of thunder', originating from inside the Sect Leader of the Crimson Moon Sect, one of the three major forces in the region east of the Northern Desert.

After the Sect Leader of the Crimson Moon Sect was killed together by the Sect Leader of the Five Elements Sect, Grini Clifford, and Niklaus Woodson, the Peak Master of the Wood Peak, the two fragments of the realm passed into Callen Spacewood's hands, and he then bestowed them upon Wyatt Barnes.

At this moment, with the two realm fragments in hand, Wyatt Barnes simultaneously comprehended both 'realms' while silently circulating the mental method of the Eight Transformation of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, Roaming Dragon Transformation, for cultivation.

"Hmm?"

Before long, Wyatt Barnes noticed an issue.

It was the fact that while cultivating, he found the enhancement of the 'realm of wind' somewhat enigmatic, completely beyond his expectations, advancing much quicker than ever before.

Initially, Wyatt Barnes thought that he had experienced an epiphany.

But soon, he realized that it wasn't about him having an epiphany at all.

The situation arose because of the mental method of the Eight Transformation of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, Roaming Dragon Transformation, that he now mastered.

When the Origin Force in his body circulated according to it, the speed of comprehending the 'realm of wind' was much faster compared to before.

At this point, he thoroughly confirmed it.

The Roaming Dragon Transformation of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, apart from aiding the comprehension of 'the realm of fire' with 'the realm of wind' to a certain extent, was even more conducive to his understanding of 'the realm of wind'.

"This point is not even recorded in the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor... Although the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique was created by the Reincarnated Martial Emperor over two lifetimes, he never truly cultivated it," Wyatt Barnes murmured to himself, then completely immersed himself in a state of cultivation.

His cultivation level rapidly improved.

The realm of wind and the realm of thunder were also quietly enhancing.

Boom!

It was unclear how much time had passed when a muffled sound came from Wyatt Barnes's body, indicating that the Origin Force, drawn by the domineering medicinal strength of the

Nirvana Pill, had broken through the bottleneck toward the Second Layer of the Transforming Void Realm.

After the 'bottleneck' was breached, his cultivation base broke through to the Second Layer of the Transforming Void Realm!

At the same time, the domineering medicinal strength of the Nirvana Pill retracted back into Wyatt Barnes's dantian, and as for the medicinal strength of the Tricolor Pill, it had long been exhausted.

With just the medicinal strength of the Tricolor Pill, it would have been impossible for Wyatt Barnes to achieve a breakthrough in such a short period of time.

Wyatt Barnes opened his eyes, and a flash of brilliance passed in a blink.

"It feels like both 'the realm of wind' and 'the realm of thunder' are about to break through as well... This time, the gains are not bad," he said.

Feeling the transformed Origin Force inside his body, Wyatt Barnes also probed the progress of 'the realm of wind' and 'the realm of thunder', and for a moment, a satisfied smile appeared on his face.

"With these four 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragments,' I wouldn't need to go out of my way to search for 'realm fragments.'"

Somehow, two more 'realm fragments' had appeared in Wyatt's hand.

They were the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragment of Earth' and the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragment of Sword.'

Wyatt weighed the four 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragments' in his hand, his smile growing more radiant.

"Senior Brother Wilson, they're 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragments'!"

Suddenly, an urgent and grating voice clearly reached Wyatt's ears, jolting him into alertness and causing him to pocket the four 'realm fragments' immediately.

"I see, four 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragments.'

Another indifferent voice followed, laced with a hint of greed.

Upon hastily rising to his feet, Wyatt saw two young men had appeared inside the cave, eyeing him like tigers stalking their prey.

Among the pair, the lean young man stood at the forefront, with a grotesquely fierce-looking youth standing slightly to his right and behind, his appearance extremely ugly.

"Kid, there's no need to hide anymore... We've already seen the four 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragments' you were weighing in your hands just now."

The fierce-looking young man grinned at Wyatt, but his smile was hideously ugly, worse than crying, and his voice was extremely unpleasant.

This was the owner of the first voice.

Hearing the words of the fierce-looking young man, Wyatt raised an eyebrow slightly but didn't pay any attention to the other person.

Simultaneously, he extended his spiritual power to probe the cultivation levels of the two young men.

"Ha-ha... Senior Brother Wilson, look how scared stiff he is."

Sensing no reaction from Wyatt, who remained motionless, the grotesque-faced young man laughed triumphantly, his laughter growing wilder, "Senior Brother Wilson, leave this kid to me... After I kill him, I just want the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Fragment of Fire' from his hands. You can have everything else."

As he spoke, the grotesque-faced youth looked at the strapping young man submissively.

"Mm."

The strapping young man referred to as 'Senior Brother Wilson' nodded faintly, he hadn't deigned to give Wyatt a proper glance from the beginning, as if he simply didn't consider Wyatt worth his attention.

Of course, this was also because Wyatt appeared to be only about twenty-five years old, hence, it was inevitable for others to underestimate him.

When the strapping young man gave his assent, the eyes of the fierce-looking young man lit up. He raised his hand, and suddenly, he was holding a thick and heavy Wolf's Tooth Club, wreathed with Origin Force that then wrapped in flames.

"Kid, being killed by me should be considered a blessing from your past life!"

As the fierce-looking young man set his sights on Wyatt, he burst forward as if transforming into a swiftly fired cannonball, his body enveloped in vast flames, and viciously hurtling towards Wyatt.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Wherever he passed, the flame-wrapped Wolf's Tooth Club swung through the air, compressing the airflow around, which then exploded, creating a series of thunderous blast sounds.

With each blast sound, waves of scorching air morphed into fierce winds, blowing in all directions, raising the temperature within the entire cave by several degrees.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the fierce-faced young man arrived in front of Wyatt, swinging the flame-wrapped Wolf's Tooth Club at him as if it were a falling meteor.

At the same time, above the fierce-faced young man's head in the void, over five hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms opened their jaws and claws, lunging aggressively towards Wyatt.

Transforming Void Realm, First Level!

First Layer high-grade Fire realm!

Second-grade spiritual weapon!

This was the strength of the grotesque-faced young man.

Crack!

Just when the fierce-faced young man thought he was going to kill Wyatt with one blow, he was shocked to find that his fierce swing of the Wolf's Tooth Club was stopped midair.

When he focused his gaze forward, he witnessed a scene he would never forget.

Heavens!

What did he see?!

The purple-robed young man, who had been ignored by him all along, had at some unspecified time raised a hand and caught the swinging Wolf's Tooth Club in his grasp, halting it forcefully.

It was to be noted that the blow had been imbued with the power of over five hundred ancient Horned Dragons!

"How... How is that possible?!"

The fierce-looking young man's face turned pale, and his gaze became sharp as he exerted force, trying to pull back his Wolf's Tooth Club, which the purple-robed young man held in hand.

Above in the void, the phantoms of over five hundred ancient Horned Dragons thrashed, and despite his full strength, he found his Wolf's Tooth Club rooted in the other's hand as though it had grown there.

Chapter 964: Wyatt Barnes's Strength

Long before the terrifying-looking young man made his move, Wyatt Barnes had already gauged his cultivation level and had no fear whatsoever.

Watching as the terrifying-looking young man greedily coveted the "Nine Layers Realm Fragments" in his own hand and made a move against him.

Wyatt Barnes did not get angry but instead, a cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

The Wolf's Tooth Club swinging in the hand of his opponent, although containing the power of more than five hundred ancient Horned Dragons and coming forcefully like a meteor falling from the sky.

But Wyatt Barnes had no fear at all!

The power of more than five hundred ancient Horned Dragons was nothing in his eyes now.

He simply lifted his hand and caught the Wolf's Tooth Club swung toward him with no pressure at all.

"You..."

Just as Wyatt Barnes easily caught the terrifying-looking young man's Wolf's Tooth Club, and the other party, using all his strength, could not wrench it back, his face underwent a drastic change.

Wyatt Barnes then made another move.

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes, holding the Wolf's Tooth Club, simply flicked his wrist and effortlessly swung both the club and the young man holding it.

The next moment, a terrible power blossomed in Wyatt Barnes's hand and swept forth.

"No!!"

Seeing this scene, the terrifying-looking young man's face changed dramatically, and he hastily released his grip on the Wolf's Tooth Club, attempting to escape.

At that moment, in his eyes, the purple-clad young man was a killing god, one who could take his life at any moment.

Boom!

A loud bang resonated, but it was a force tinged with green energy, a yellowish-brown strength that swept out and instantly engulfed the terrifying-looking young man, blasting him to death.

After the young man was killed, his body continued to fly out like an arrow off its string.

Bang!!

The corpse hit the distant cave wall, leaving behind a pool of glaring, dazzling blood, then crashed down with a thunderous noise, dead beyond doubt.

Whoosh!

At the same time, above Wyatt Barnes's head, within the void, an extraordinary convergence of heaven and earth formed, with a total of seven hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantasms coiling down, lifelike in their descent.

"Awesome!"

Wyatt Barnes exhaled a breath of air, feeling a surge of exhilaration in his heart.

Just now, he had only used two types of 'realms,' the Second Layer high-rank Wind Realm and the Nine Layers mid-rank Earth Realm.

Of course, the combined power of these two realms was comparable to the strength of four hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

However, aside from using these two 'realms,' Wyatt Barnes also deployed the Origin Force of the Transforming Void Realm Second Layer, his Origin Force that had not long ago undergone transformation.

The moment the Origin Force of the Transforming Void Realm Second Layer was unleashed, it gave Wyatt Barnes a completely new sensation, as if the hot blood in his body boiled over in that moment.

"I've underestimated you."

Just then, an indifferent voice reached Wyatt Barnes's ears.

Wyatt Barnes heard the sound and looked intently, his gaze falling on a robust young man standing not far away, the terrifying-looking young man's 'senior brother.'

The death of the terrifying-looking young man at Wyatt Barnes's hands did not incite anger or sorrow in the robust young man; he did not even show a hint of agitated emotion.

It was as if the one who had just died in Wyatt Barnes's hands was not his 'junior brother,' but someone unrelated to him.

"He's actually not running away?"

Seeing the robust young man's cold gaze fixed on him, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but be taken aback.

Just now, without using any 'spirit sword,' he had displayed a strength comparable to seven hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

This 'Transforming Void Realm Second Layer martial artist,' having witnessed his move, wasn't scared at all?

Long before he had assessed the cultivation level of the terrifying-looking young man, Wyatt Barnes had also gauged the cultivation of the robust young man: Transforming Void Realm Second Layer.

In his view.

Transforming Void Realm Second Layer martial artists typically only comprehend one or two Layers of 'Transforming Void Realm.'

Even if they have comprehended the 'Second Layer Transforming Void Realm,' without using a spirit sword and with their full Origin Force, they could exhibit a strength of at most six hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Nowhere near his strength of seven hundred ancient Horned Dragons!

For this reason, Wyatt Barnes felt puzzled.

On what basis did this robust young man exhibit such confidence after witnessing his power?

Whoosh!

Quickly, as the powers of heaven and earth stirred above the robust young man's head in the void, converging into an extraordinary vision, Wyatt Barnes got his answer.

The robust young man's body was surrounded by rampant Origin Force, which then transformed into waves of yellowish-brown strength, the perfect fusion of the Earth Realm and Origin Force.

Following that, the rolling yellowish-brown strength around the robust young man's body seemed to resonate with the entire cave, the color becoming even deeper, as if acquiring an additional wisp of destructive aura.

Meanwhile, above the robust young man's head in the void, first appeared the phantasms of three hundred ancient Horned Dragons, followed by four hundred more.

Finally, two hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantasms appeared.

The Transforming Void Realm Second Layer, fully unleashed Origin Force, comparable to the strength of three hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

The Third Layer high-rank Earth Realm, comparable to the force of four hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

The Earth Realm, borrowing the 'power of the earth,' gained an extra half its strength, that is, two hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Without using a spirit sword, the robust young man's own strength was comparable to nine hundred ancient Horned Dragons, utterly surpassing the seven hundred ancient Horned Dragons power Wyatt Barnes had just displayed.

"So that's how it is..."

Seeing the robust young man's displayed strength, Wyatt Barnes had an epiphany and finally understood why the other man was so confident.

The opponent had actually comprehended the "Third Layer of the Transforming Void Realm"!

And it was the "Earth Realm" at that.

However, as the robust young man displayed such formidable power, Wyatt Barnes's expression didn't change at all; instead, he murmured with interest, "Quite intriguing."

"Die!"

Just then, the robust young man shot Wyatt a cold glance and with a cold shout, took a step forward.

With that step, a three-foot green blade appeared in his hand.

As the earthen yellow Origin Force from his body poured into the green blade, it quivered as if endowed with life, resounding with the clear ringing of a sword.

Whoosh!

In an instant, beside the nine hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms above the robust young man's head in the void, another two hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms appeared.

Clearly, the three-foot green blade in his hand was a "Second Grade spirit sword." Based on the Second Layer of Transforming Void Realm Origin Force, it amplified his power by "seventy-eight percent," comparable to the strength of more than two hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons.

That is to say.

Right now, the Second Grade spirit sword in the hands of the robust young man contained the strength of more than one thousand one hundred and thirty ancient Horned Dragons!

Swish!

Almost at the instant the Second Grade spirit sword emitted its sword cry, the robust young man moved, streaking out like a shadow, closing in on Wyatt Barnes.

If it had been before Wyatt broke through to the "Second Layer of the Transforming Void Realm," he might have been panicked, wary, or even unable to compete with the robust young man.

But the Wyatt of now showed no panic; his expression was as calm as still water.

Whoosh!

Somewhere along the line, a sword—one radiating an aura of destruction—appeared in his hand. It was the "Emperor Grade spirit sword."

The next moment, Wyatt's Origin Force surged dramatically, transforming into strands of earthen yellow force, resonating with the robust young man's and the entire cave itself.

On the surface of this earthen yellow force soon flashed profound purple lightning bolts and gusts of sharp green energy, emitting a series of intimidating auras.

The earthen yellow force, entwined with lightning bolts and energy, rushed into the Emperor Grade spirit sword like decay meeting ruinous force, causing its sword light to surge and the sound of sword cries to rise.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye.

When the forces of heaven and earth above Wyatt's head began to stir, the robust young man had already charged sword in hand to within an inch of Wyatt.

Swish!

A sword thrust from the west, filled with extreme coldness and fierce sword energy that raged as if cold winds were blowing against Wyatt's face, causing him to squint involuntarily.

Sword Drawing Technique!

Without any hesitation, Wyatt flicked his sword, turning it into a flash of lightning and blocking it before him.

Clang!

At the same time, the robust youth's "Second Grade spirit sword" collided with Wyatt's "Emperor Grade spirit sword," the tip hitting the blade of the Emperor Grade spirit sword.

"Hmph!"

A cold snort came through, laced with a hint of wariness. The robust young man's attack having failed, he quickly retreated backward to a safer distance.

The whole movement was smooth and decisive, clean and sharp.

Whoosh!

At the same time, the heavenly phenomenon above Wyatt's head finally took shape, appearing before the eyes of the robust young man, startling him as his pupils constricted slightly.

Above the void above Wyatt's head, one thousand two hundred and fifty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms swirled, poised and bringing with them an immense sense of oppression.

"Impossible!"

The robust young man quickly regained his composure, his expression changing to one of disbelief.

"There's nothing impossible about it."

Just as the robust young man's expression changed, Wyatt moved, like a specter darting toward the robust young man, his Emperor Grade spirit sword following closely with the attack.

Escape!

Facing the ferocious onslaught of Wyatt and seeing the one thousand two hundred and fifty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms above the void overhead, the robust young man's complexion changed again, completely devoid of the will to fight, turning to flee.

"Think you can escape?"

Seeing the scene unfold before him, Wyatt laughed, a laugh unrestrained.

Swish!

At the same time, the Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand shot out towards the front.

Nine Dragons Inch Beam Flash!

A torrent of ferocious power surged forth, morphing into three earth-yellow Divine Dragons wrapped in lightning and green energy.

With a single flash from each of the three Divine Dragons' eyes, six ultimate inch beams shot out.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

...

The six ultimate inch beams broke through the air, their speed so fast it was frightening to hear!

It must be said, the robust young man's reaction was swift, almost at the moment Wyatt drew his sword, the robust young man momentarily faced him again, his Second Grade spirit sword sweeping out in defense.

Clang!

He blocked one of the ultimate inch beams, but the impact caused his Second Grade spirit sword to fall from his hand, the base of his thumb splitting open, blood streaming.

However, he had no chance to stop the bleeding.

At this moment, five vital points on his body each bore a horrifying, gaping blood hole.

Chapter 965: Level Eight Emperor Realm Wind Profound Mystery Fragment

Pu! Pu! Pu!

...

Five blood arrows shot forth from vital points on the robust young man's body. His eyes, previously gleaming, now dimmed completely. His body trembled before teetering on the brink of falling.

Boom!

His body finally collapsed, hitting the ground hard, and became utterly silent.

Meanwhile, three earth-yellow Divine Dragons, entwined with purple lightning and cyan energy winds, likewise vanished into thin air, as if they had never existed.

Wyatt Barnes put away the Emperor Grade spirit sword in his hand, his gaze landing on the muscular young man's corpse. A glint sparked in his eyes briefly before he muttered to himself, "Had I not broken through to the 'Second Layer of Transforming Void Realm,' I would not have been his match."

Of this, Wyatt Barnes was certain.

Of course, even though he was certain of that, Wyatt Barnes didn't feel any fear.

Even if he wasn't the opponent's match, even without any means to escape from his hands, the one who would die wouldn't be him.

In his hands, he held two extremely terrifying talismans, left to him by his foster father, Lanni Barnes. Killing a martial artist of the Second Layer of Transforming Void Realm was not a difficult task.

That was exactly why he was fearless!

In his view, for his own life and property, it wouldn't be a big deal to waste a talisman.

After all, nothing external was more important than one's own life.

"These two... must also be from a 'Second-Tier Force.'"

After collecting the muscular young man and the terrifying-looking youth's Storage Rings and spiritual weapons into his own Storage Ring, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but speculate silently.

If it wasn't for being a 'Second-Tier Force,' they couldn't have been this strong.

That was why Wyatt Barnes speculated.

"Their strength... even among the young disciples from their forces, they must be considered among the top."

Wyatt Barnes speculated again.

"Now, it's time to find the person who found the 'Three-Colored Fruit'... if indeed a person found those three spiritual fruits, he would have at most consumed one by now."

With that thought, Wyatt Barnes began to expansively search in all directions with the damp cave as the center, only to find the individual who obtained the 'Three-Colored Fruit'.

If that was a person, once found by him, he could gain a significant opportunity.

"If I could obtain two of the 'Three-Colored Fruits,' with the medicinal power of those two fruits stimulating the domineering potency of the 'Nirvana Pill'... I might be able to break through to the 'Fifth Layer of Transforming Void Realm'!"

Of this, Wyatt Barnes had no doubt.

The medicinal strength of the 'Three-Colored Fruit,' known through the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, was crystal clear to him.

The Three-Colored Fruit, sufficient to assist him in breaking through to the 'Fourth Layer of Transforming Void Realm' in one fell swoop!

Add on the domineering medicinal potency of the 'Nirvana Pill,' it was nearly certain he could break through to the 'Fifth Layer of Transforming Void Realm,' and perhaps even have a fair chance of advancing to the 'Sixth Layer of Transforming Void Realm'.

"Transforming Void Realm Fifth Layer... Transforming Void Realm Sixth Layer..."

Considering this, Wyatt Barnes felt a surge of excitement, quickening his pace.

"I hope there really is only one person who has obtained the 'Three-Colored Fruit'... and that he indeed found a secluded place nearby to cultivate, giving me a chance to find him, and even to seize the remaining spiritual fruits from him."

As he searched in all directions in a carpet-style, Wyatt Barnes silently prayed in his heart.

And in a secluded cave not far from the damp cave, within a small, dark, gloomy cavern, there sat a person cross-legged in complete silence, immersed in cultivation.

This cavern was hidden within a crevice at the corner of the secluded cave's ceiling, extremely concealed.

Most people passing by here would likely miss this spot.

Observing the ceiling's crevice, which was not shabby, it was clear that it had been artificially created not long ago.

At some point, a sigh of relief could be heard within the dark and gloomy cavern.

"Finally, I've broken through to the 'First Layer of Transforming Void Realm'!"

A voice filled with excitement and joy resounded.

The owner of the voice was none other than Marshall Tyler, who had obtained the three spiritual fruits a month ago.

A month previously, after acquiring the three spiritual fruits, Marshall Tyler had sought a secluded place to cultivate.

After a long search, he still couldn't find a suitable place until he stumbled upon this inconspicuous, secluded cave. In a nondescript corner on one side of the cave ceiling, he carved out this small cavern.

The tiny cavern was backlit, with not a single ray of light able to penetrate inside.

Outsiders, unless intentionally conducting a thorough search, would almost never discover this small cavern created by Marshall Tyler.

Therefore, Marshall Tyler had been securely practicing inside it all this time.

A month passed, and he finally digested the medicinal potency of one of the spiritual fruits, smoothly advancing from the 'Seventh-Order of the Cave Void Realm' to the 'First Layer of Transforming Void Realm'.

"Hurry, consume the other two spiritual fruits and absorb them... only by doing this can you make a mark in this 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasure!' Otherwise, even if my spirit has possessed your body, you might not be able to handle those prominent young disciples from second-tier forces."

A sinister, hoarse, and aged voice echoed in Marshall Tyler's mind, reminding him.

"Yes, Elder Ghostly."

Upon hearing the voice, Marshall Tyler respectfully responded without any delay, hastily taking out another spiritual fruit to consume for cultivation.

Soon, he again immersed himself in cultivation, his cultivation level rising rapidly.

At this moment, Marshall Tyler did not know that his arch-rival, 'Wyatt Barnes,' was centered around the damp cave where he had discovered three spirit fruits a month ago, initiating a carpet search in all directions.

It wouldn't be long before they reached here.

The Martial Emperor's secret treasure was within a vast cave, as wide as a Martial Arts Performance Field.

Boulders and rocks were scattered all over the floor of the cave.

Mingled among the rocks were hundreds of green shards, all of which were 'Wind Profound Mystery fragments.'

Inside the cave, three groups of people stood facing each other in a standoff.

At this moment, the gaze of most of those present fell on the partly exposed exquisite box on the cave's ceiling directly above the center, clearly curious and desiring the treasure it contained.

"Brady, are you confident?"

At this time, a red-clad youth standing next to a tall and burly young man took a deep breath and asked in a low voice.

A third youth, nearly middle-aged, stood aside, his eyes watching the other two groups, clearly rising with a hint of dread.

"We can only try."

The tall and burly young man was none other than the disciple of the Five Elements Sect, 'Brady Yellow,' who appeared as if he were facing a great enemy, his expression solemn.

Standing by Brady Yellow's side were the Blade and Sword Sect disciples, 'Walter Simmons' and 'Brian Graham,' who had become friends through a common acquaintance.

"Since everyone wants that treasure... let's fight for it!"

At that moment, one of the groups shouted explosively, surging forward toward the other group.

In the blink of an eye, the three people from the former group effortlessly overpowered the two from the latter, quickly endangering the life of one among them.

"Not good!"

Brady's group of three had not expected the other trio to be so powerful; they completely surpassed the other duo and also outmatched them.

If the other pair were to be killed, their fate would be easily guessed.

"We'll help you!"

Brady and his two companions leapt into battle, aiding the other two against the slightly more powerful trio, which momentarily put their opponents at a disadvantage.

"Hmph!"

Soon, a blue-clad youth among the trio, who hadn't been very active earlier, suddenly exploded with power, displaying a Level Nine mastery of the Cave Void Realm and a mid-Stage Nine Earth Profound Mystery, turning the tide of battle.

Instantly, the struggle between the three on his side and Brady's group of five became a stalemate.

However, because there was a martial artist among the trio who had reached the mid-stage nine Earth Profound Mystery of the Cave Void Realm, Brady's group gradually fell into a disadvantage.

"Damn it!"

The expressions on the faces of Brady and the eight others were extremely grim.

Ultimately, they were forced to retreat far away, staring at the distant trio with faces full of reluctance.

But even if they were reluctant, they had no choice but to comply, since they were no match for the opponents.

"Hmph!"

The strongest young man among the trio disdainfully glanced at Brady's group and immediately flew up to retrieve the exquisite box from the center of the cave's ceiling.

Under the jealous gazes of Brady's group, the young man opened the exquisite box.

A shard, emanating green energy, was revealed to the eyes of all present.

"Could it be..."

Brady's eyes widened, "A realm shard? But it doesn't quite look like one... Do realm shards usually flicker with some kind of energy?"

"Could that be a 'Profound Mystery shard'?"

Brian swallowed heavily, his face filled with shock.

Profound Mystery shard?

Upon hearing Brian's words, Brady and Walter stood frozen like statues.

"It indeed is a 'Profound Mystery shard'."

At that moment, one of the two young men standing next to Brian's group spoke up.

Right then, his gaze was tightly fixed on the shard flickering with green energy inside the distant exquisite box, as if it had taken root there.

"Congratulations, young man... the 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Wind Profound Mystery shard' is yours."

As Brian and his companions wondered curiously who this young man, evidently from an unknown force, was and how he recognized the 'Profound Mystery shard,' a familiar yet unfamiliar voice entered their ears.

The voice came from the opened exquisite box and, mixed with enormous penetrating power, carried far and wide.

"Level Eight Emperor Realm Profound Mystery shard?!"

Brady's pupils constricted, his gaze towards the young man holding the exquisite box filled with murderous intent, yet quickly his face showed a trace of helplessness.

Aside from mastering the 'Earth Profound Mystery' much like himself and harnessing the 'Power of Earth,' his opponent was also a 'Level Nine martial artist of the Cave Void Realm.'

Therefore, he was no match for his opponent.

"Damn it! It's actually a 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Profound Mystery shard'!"

The expressions on the faces of the two men standing beside Brady and his group drastically changed.

Chapter 966: Seeing the Exquisite Box Again!

At this moment, even Walter Simmons and Brian Graham were completely stunned.

The fragments of the profound mystery had already filled them with immense surprise.

After all, even the worst 'fragment of the profound mystery' was nurtured within the body of a Martial Emperor.

For them, a Martial Emperor was an entity of legends, unreachably distant.

Now, as the voice of the Martial Emperor who left behind this 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure' reached their ears, it also reminded them that the 'fragment of the profound mystery' was not an ordinary 'Emperor Realm profound mystery fragment'.

Level Eight Emperor Realm profound mystery fragment!

The Emperor Realm profound mysteries are divided into nine levels, with each level being stronger than the previous.

A First Level Emperor Realm profound mystery fragment can help a martial artist at the ninth layer of the Transforming Void Realm comprehend the corresponding 'Second Layer Transforming Void realm' and achieve the Martial Emperor Realm, becoming a Martial Emperor powerhouse.

A Level Eight Emperor Realm profound mystery fragment, in addition to helping a ninth layer Transforming Void Realm martial artist achieve the Martial Emperor Realm, could also rapidly elevate their comprehension of the 'profound mystery' to 'Level Eight' after breaking through to the Martial Emperor Realm.

The preciousness of a Level Eight Emperor Realm profound mystery fragment can be imagined.

"Hahahaha..."

The young man holding the exquisite box, whose gaze never strayed from the 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Wind Profound Mystery fragment' inside it, couldn't help but burst into laughter.

After a moment, his laughter ceased, and he looked intently at the five members of Brady Yellow's group, whose faces were ashen. His gaze ultimately settled on the two young men beside Brady, Walter Simmons, and Brian Graham.

"The people from the Impermanence Sect are truly useless!"

The young man slowly spoke, his words filled with mocking amusement.

"You!!"

The two disciples of the Impermanence Sect whose faces had changed drastically were so enraged that they couldn't speak for a long while.

Impermanence Sect?!

Upon hearing the young man's words, Brady Yellow and the others were shocked, having not expected that the people they had just helped were disciples of the Impermanence Sect. No wonder both of their abilities were so strong.

"Even 'second-rate forces' have shown up?"

Brady Yellow and the others exchanged glances and could see a nameless shock in each other's eyes.

While they knew that there were other 'entrances' to the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure', they didn't know who had come in from those 'entrances'.

Now it seemed that even people from 'second-rate forces' were present.

"The people from the Impermanence Sect are useless... your 'Emerging Cloud Sect' isn't much stronger."

Suddenly, an indifferent voice spread throughout the cave.

A figure appeared silently before everyone's eyes.

This was a young man in black clothing, with a sinister appearance, an indifferent face, and a pair of seemingly lifeless eyes that actually harbored lethal intent, giving off an invisible pressure.

No one knew when the young man in black had appeared.

It wasn't until the young man in black spoke that everyone, including Brady Yellow, noticed him.

"Who are you?!"

The Emerging Cloud Sect disciple holding the exquisite box couldn't help but change his expression, then looked at the young man in black with a wary face and asked in a deep voice.

"Dead men don't need to know who I am."

The young man in black spoke again, his voice still as indifferent, and before everyone had time to react, his figure moved, disappearing from sight.

"Where did he go?"

While Walter Simmons, Brian Graham, and Brady Yellow looked on in astonishment, they only saw a blur before their eyes.

Boom!

The sound of a heavy object hitting the ground reached their ears.

Then, they saw it.

For reasons unknown, the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple who had held the box containing the 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Wind Profound Mystery fragment' had fallen, with no signs of injury on his body.

But everyone, including Brady Yellow, could tell that he was utterly lifeless, clearly having been killed.

Next to the corpse of the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple, the young man in black stood there, his face as calm as if the disciple's death had nothing to do with him.

The exquisite box that was previously in the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple's hand was now in his, and the 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Wind Profound Mystery fragment' inside it flickered with bursts of green energy.

"So fast!"

When Brady Yellow and the others looked at the young man in black again, their pupils shrank, and their faces were filled with shock.

When the young man in black had killed the Emerging Cloud Sect disciple, they hadn't caught any traces of action from start to finish, simply because his speed was just too fast.

"Even for a martial artist at the First or Second Layer of the Transforming Void Realm... their speed couldn't possibly be this fast, could it?"

Brady Yellow thought to himself.

Soon, Brady Yellow's face changed drastically, as he noticed that after the young man in black had put away the exquisite box, his cold gaze swept over their group.

Lethal intent flashed!

For a moment, everyone, including Brady Yellow, felt as if they were facing a great enemy.

"If you can survive my strike without dying... you may live."

Just then, the young man in black spoke, his voice as cold as ever, but it threw Brady Yellow and the others into panic.

Before they had time to react, the young man in black lifted his right foot and then kicked towards the ground like lightning, as if he had a deep grudge against it.

Bang!!

As the young man in black's foot came crashing down, a loud noise spread, causing Brady Yellow and the others' faces to change dramatically.

Slap!!

The next moment, everyone saw that from the spot where the young man in black landed as the center, countless cracks spread out in all directions, as if forming a huge spider web.

As the numerous cracks spread, they contained seven extremely terrifying forces that surged along with the cracks, heading towards the seven people, including Brady Yellow.

"Not good!"

Brady Yellow and Brian Graham's faces changed drastically, as they were warriors who had comprehended the 'Earth realm' and hence had a keen perception of it.

They could clearly sense that those seven forces were indeed the 'Earth realm'!

Moreover, it was the 'High-order Earth realm,' not a low level.

In the instant their expressions changed, they only had time to hastily mobilize and control the 'Earth realm' they had comprehended, achieving a certain resonance with the earth, intending to resist that domineering 'Earth realm'.

"Walter Simmons, fly up!"

The moment Brady Yellow moved, he suddenly roared, reminding Walter Simmons.

Upon hearing what the young man in black said, Walter Simmons had already subconsciously tensed up. Now, hearing Brady Yellow's urgent shout, he did not hesitate and hastily launched himself into the air.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Almost at the moment Walter Simmons leaped up, a series of explosions erupted.

Walter Simmons only felt a terrifying impact from beneath his feet, pushing him towards the cave's ceiling, causing him to hit it with an unguarded 'bang,' his head spinning.

As for Brady Yellow and Brian Graham, they had timely utilized the 'Earth realm' to communicate with the earth and received its protection, and thus were not greatly affected, only shaken to the point of spitting out a mouthful of blood.

As for the remaining two disciples of the Emerging Cloud Sect and the two from the Impermanence Sect, they were not so lucky.

Their bodies exploded, leaving behind nothing but corpses and blood scattered all around.

"You're lucky."

The indifferent voice sounded again, devoid of any emotion, and reached the ears of the three, including Brady Yellow.

It was the young man in black's voice.

No sooner had he spoken than the figure of the young man in black disappeared from the sight of Brady Yellow and the others.

"Damn it! Once I, Brady, surpass his strength, I definitely won't let him off!"

Brady Yellow was somewhat frantic.

"What exactly happened?"

Having barely steadied himself, Walter Simmons descended from mid-air and looked at the five huge pits that had appeared on the wide cave floor, asking with widened eyes.

"That guy just now used his 'Earth realm' to attack us... Apart from Brian Graham and me, who timely used the 'Earth realm' to communicate with the earth and got its protection against his 'Earth realm,' the 'Earth realm' that swept towards you all has been detonated."

Brady Yellow spoke warily.

"I was scared stiff just now... Luckily, Brady, you gave Walter Simmons timely warning, or else his fate could have been the same as theirs."

Looking at the corpse-strewn and bloodstained ground, Brian Graham was filled with lingering fear.

"Brady, thank you."

Walter Simmons sincerely thanked Brady Yellow. Just now, indeed, it was Brady Yellow's warning he heard that allowed him to timely take to the air and avoid that exploding 'Earth realm'.

"Don't thank me. It was just a subconscious reminder... What's more important is that you were able to react immediately and take to the air in time! Otherwise, even with my warning, you would have had trouble escaping the disaster."

Brady Yellow shook his head.

Towards the end of his words, Brady Yellow's face darkened, "What kind of person is that guy? He doesn't take our lives seriously at all! He got the 'Profound Mystery fragment,' and he still wants to kill us."

Hearing this, Walter Simmons and Brian Graham didn't look too good.

That young man in black, within a few words, had controlled their fates in his hands.

That feeling was very unpleasant to them.

Within another cave, extremely far from the one where Brady Yellow and the others were, a series of loud noises spread, and after a long while, silence fell.

Inside the cave, two young men stood there.

Around their bodies, the ground was littered with rock fragments, among which were mixed over a hundred blue fragments—the 'Water realm pieces.'

If Wyatt Barnes were here, he would certainly recognize at first glance:

These two young men were the surviving disciples of the Sun and Moon Sect.

Leonel Cruz, John Graham.

"Leonel Cruz, a treasure guarded by so many puppets... It must be extraordinary, right?"

John Graham looked up towards the center of the cave ceiling, where a delicate box was embedded, clearly holding an extraordinary treasure.

"Why not just take it down and see?"

Leonel Cruz spoke indifferently, his figure moving as he intended to retrieve the delicate box.

Whoosh!

At that moment, the air carried a breath of extreme cold and scorching heat, a paradoxical combination that stopped Leonel Cruz and caused both him and John Graham to change color.

Shortly after, a figure appeared before them.

"It's you!"

Seeing the young man before them, both Leonel Cruz and John Graham's faces darkened.

This young man was not a stranger to them.

It was the leader of the group of young disciples from the Heartbreak Sect, Flame Graham.

Chapter 967 Marshall Tyler Didn't Die

"So it's you guys."

Flame Graham gazed coldly at the two disciples of the Sun and Moon Sect standing before him, speaking indifferently, "You two are quite lucky to have encountered an 'Ice Mystery Fragment.'

Ice Mystery Fragment?

Upon hearing Flame Graham's words, both Leonel Cruz and John Graham couldn't help but shrink their pupils, their expressions turning somewhat dazed.

After a moment, Leonel Cruz was the first to recover, staring intently at the exquisitely embedded box at the center of the cave ceiling, and muttered, "You mean... the treasure stored inside that exquisite box is an 'Ice Mystery Fragment'?"

"Whether it contains an 'Ice Mystery Fragment' has nothing to do with you guys anymore."

In response to Leonel Cruz's question, Flame Graham continued, his voice as calm as ever, hollow and devoid of any emotion.

"Why?"

John Graham, who had just regained his senses, asked somewhat bewilderingly.

"Because... the dead don't need to know that much."

Flame Graham spoke again, calm as before, and as he finished speaking, he moved. He suddenly lifted both hands, arms bent back, and his spine trembled.

His arms and back were like a strong bow drawn taut.

The trembling spine was like a fully drawn bowstring, slightly quivering, ready at any moment to shoot the arrows resting on it.

"Big talker!"

Upon hearing Flame Graham's words, John Graham fully awoke, and Leonel Cruz let out a cold laugh, Origin Force swirling around him, the realm acting like a shadow.

Whoosh!

Soon, in his hand appeared a three-foot green blade, the 'Second Grade spirit sword' he carried with him.

Whiz!

Leonel Cruz's gaze turned cold, his body transformed into a swift breeze, and he struck mercilessly at Flame Graham with his sword.

Above the void, the forces of heaven and earth stirred, converging into more than six hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, which clawed and lunged towards Flame Graham with ferocious momentum.

Transforming Void Realm, First Level!

Second Layer, Advanced Sword Realm!

This was the true strength of Leonel Cruz as the top youth of his generation in the Sun and Moon Sect.

Hum!

The moment Leonel Cruz acted, John Graham also snapped back to reality, a 'Second Grade spirit dagger' materializing in his hand, Origin Force running rampant, the realm integrating into it.

Without any hesitation, he joined forces with Leonel Cruz, attacking Flame Graham together.

Above John Graham's head in the void, there were over five hundred ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, exactly one hundred less than Leonel Cruz.

Transforming Void Realm, First Level!

First Level, Advanced Dagger Realm!

John Graham, the second among the contemporary youth in the Sun and Moon Sect, possessed strength just below that of Leonel Cruz.

Leonel Cruz and John Graham dashed forward, one with a sword and the other with a dagger, aiming directly at Flame Graham's vital points without any mercy.

With hands turned into palms and arms pulled back, making him resemble a strong bow, Flame Graham's spine trembled slightly, and blue flames started to surround the 'Second Grade spirit gloves' on his hands.

The coexistence of scorching heat and icy cold created a contradictory combination, compressing the air currents around, involuntarily causing a series of slight explosions that echoed continuously.

Whoosh!

Just as Leonel Cruz and John Graham's Second Grade spirit sword and spirit dagger struck at Flame Graham, the turbulent forces of heaven and earth above Flame Graham's head finally converged into an extraordinary celestial phenomenon.

Nine hundred seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragon phantoms swirled down, poised to strike, imparting an extremely intense sense of oppression.

"No!!"

Leonel Cruz and John Graham, who were initially confident that they could kill Flame Graham, changed color upon seeing the celestial phenomenon appear above Flame Graham's head, with John Graham screaming in horror.

Boom! Boom!

As the expressions of Leonel Cruz and John Graham drastically changed and John Graham shouted in alarm, Flame Graham finally made his move.

His arms, tense like a drawn bow, suddenly shook, his spine stopping its trembling; his palms surged with skyrocketing blue flames, sweeping down to meet the fierce attacks of both men.

Among them, Leonel Cruz was the strongest.

Even so, when Leonel Cruz exerted his full strength, his power was only comparable to that of over six hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

Such power, when facing the overwhelming assault of Flame Graham's nine hundred plus ancient Horned Dragon strength, was easily predictable.

Bang! Bang!

Amid the flashes of lightning, both Leonel Cruz and John Graham were unsurprisingly smashed by Flame Graham.

After being blown away, their bodies still carried momentum as they flew out like arrows off the string and crashed against the distant cave wall, raising a cloud of dust.

From then on, all disciples from the Sun and Moon Sect who entered the 'Martial Emperor's Secret Treasury' were wiped out.

After killing both Leonel Cruz and John Graham, Flame Graham, as if nothing had happened, casually stepped into the air and took down the exquisitely embedded box from the center of the cave ceiling.

He did not rush to open the box.

His gaze, almost as if he was possessed, involuntarily fell upon the hundreds of 'Ice Realm Fragments' mixed among the rubble on the cave floor.

"According to my previous experiences... the 'Ice Mystery Fragment' inside this box should be a 'Water Ice Mystery Fragment'."

Thinking this, Flame Graham's breathing became rapid.

Ice Mystery Fragments, useless to him.

However, the fragment of the Ice Mystery was of significant meaning to him, as he could use it in the future to comprehend the "Water Mystery."

After all, having practiced the Supreme Forgetful Love Scripture, he could easily turn "water" into "ice" and revert "ice" back into "water."

For him, comprehending the Ice Realm and Ice Mystery was equivalent to comprehending the Water Realm and Water Mystery.

Taking a deep breath, Flame Graham opened the delicate box.

Almost the instant the box was opened, Flame Graham's eyes involuntarily sharpened.

A fragment shimmering with water-blue energy appeared before him.

"Young man, congratulations ... This 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Water Mystery Fragment' is now yours,"

At the same time, a familiar yet strange voice reached Flame Graham's ears, carrying an extremely terrifying piercing power that traveled far and wide.

"This is bad!"

Hearing the voice, Flame Graham did not dare to delay and hastily fled, leaving the cave immediately.

From his past experience, he did not dare take any risks.

Previously, he had barely managed to acquire a 'Fire Mystery Fragment', only for it to end up in Winnie Romero's hands due to her sudden appearance.

As the saying goes, "once bitten, twice shy"; to avoid repeating the same mistake, Flame Graham fled at the first opportunity!

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Just as Flame Graham had left, two figures, ghost-like, appeared in the cave at the same time.

Looking at the scattered 'Water Realm Fragments' on the ground, the two simultaneously furrowed their brows.

"Is the 'Water Mystery Fragment' with you?"

Then, in perfect accord, they looked at each other and spoke in unison.

The two shared a deep gaze once more before departing to search for the person who had acquired the 'Level Nine Emperor Realm Water Mystery Fragment.'

In a certain cave within the Martial Emperor's secret treasure.

Whoosh!

A figure, swift as purple lightning, rushed into the cave, meticulously scanning the surroundings without missing any detail, as if searching for something.

The owner of the figure was none other than 'Wyatt Barnes'!

More than ten days had passed since the day he advanced to the 'Second Layer of the Transforming Void Realm.'

During this time, Wyatt Barnes held two 'realm fragments', comprehending two different 'realms' while methodically searching in all directions to find the person who had acquired the Three-Colored Fruit.

"Now, even if I find that person... they have probably already consumed the two spiritual fruits."

After searching the cave for a while and confirming there was nothing to be found, Wyatt Barnes swiftly left and entered another cave.

Wyatt Barnes searched from one cave to another with great patience.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes entered a rather secluded cave and began searching all over again, not overlooking any corner.

In an inconspicuous corner on one side of the cave ceiling, within a small, dark cave, a young man in white was sitting cross-legged, quietly practicing.

"Marshall Tyler, you and this Wyatt Barnes really are destined rivals!"

Suddenly, a sinister, hoarse, and elderly voice rang in the mind of the young man in white, snapping him out of his practice immediately.

"Wyatt Barnes?!"

The young man in white was indeed 'Marshall Tyler.' Hearing the voice in his mind, his eyes gleamed menacingly in the darkness.

Wyatt Barnes, a name he was naturally familiar with.

From the early days in Royal Country to now, that man seemed to be his fated rival, always appearing before him no matter where he went or how high he stood.

Furthermore, in their numerous confrontations, he had always been the one to fall short, which was extremely frustrating.

Once possessed by a powerful 'remnant soul', he could wield great power, yet he was consistently thwarted by a stone monument in the other's hands, driving him nearly mad!

"Wyatt Barnes, it is indeed you!"

Sitting in the darkness of the small cave, Marshall Tyler's gaze immediately focused on the purple figure outside, filled with ferocity.

"Hm?"

Almost the moment Marshall Tyler fixed his gaze on Wyatt Barnes, Wyatt Barnes frowned, feeling as if he was being watched.

At the same time, he suddenly looked up toward a secluded corner on the side of the cave ceiling.

A small, dark entrance large enough for one person appeared before him.

Just as Wyatt Barnes was about to use his psychic abilities to probe inside, a white figure suddenly emerged from the cave, gently landing before him.

"Marshall Tyler!"

Seeing the young man in white before him, Wyatt Barnes's pupils contracted, his shock evident, "You... you are still alive?!"

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes was immensely shocked.

Back when they had just entered the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure,' Marshall Tyler had ambushed him on that high platform, and both had fallen into the 'Bottomless Abyss,' where they had fought.

In that battle, using the strength of a thousand ancient Horned Dragons, he had almost overpowered Marshall Tyler, who wielded the power of eight hundred and seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragons.

At the crucial moment, Marshall Tyler had pulled out a fragment of the lost Demon Sealing Monument, distracting him and throwing himself into the Bottomless Abyss.

Wyatt Barnes had thought him certainly dead.

But who would have thought, not only was Marshall Tyler not dead, but he also appeared here, right before his eyes!

Chapter 968: Overpowering Marshall Tyler

"You haven't died yet, how could I, Marshall Tyler, possibly be dead?!"

Marshall Tyler sneered, "Wyatt Barnes, it seems we really are bound by a fateful enmity, to meet even here... Today, I, Marshall Tyler, will settle all our past grudges with you!"

"I, Marshall Tyler, want you to have no place to be buried today!"

As he spoke, Marshall Tyler's face was filled with confidence and his eyes burst with a murderous intent.

In that instant, he transformed into a bloodthirsty beast, ready to pounce at Wyatt Barnes at any moment.

No place to be buried?

Marshall Tyler's confident words caused Wyatt Barnes to be taken aback for a moment, wondering where such confidence came from.

It was not until his spiritual power reached out that he got the answer he was looking for.

"Transforming Void Realm First Level... has this Marshall Tyler actually broken through to the 'Transforming Void Realm First Level'?!"

Upon discovering Marshall Tyler's level of cultivation, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but inhale sharply, his eyes revealing a hint of barely perceptible horror.

He knew Marshall Tyler's level of cultivation.

Back when they had first entered the 'Martial Emperor's Secret', although Marshall Tyler had displayed considerable strength, it was mainly reliant on two types of 'Void Realm' mastery.

His level of cultivation was only at the 'Cave Void Realm Seventh-Order'.

How long had it been, and Marshall Tyler had leaped across three levels to break through to the 'Transforming Void Realm First Level'?

"That's not right!"

Just as Wyatt Barnes felt an inexplicable shock, a sudden insight flashed in his mind, thinking back to the 'reason' he found this place.

"This Marshall Tyler, hiding in such a secluded little cave... was he cultivating there?"

"To leap across three levels in such a short time and break through to the 'Transforming Void Realm First Level'! Could it be that he got the 'Three-Colored Fruit'?"

At this thought, Wyatt Barnes's pupils couldn't help but contract.

Could it really be such a coincidence?

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but recall, in the damp cave where he found the 'Tricolor Tree', the wounds on those two corpses had been made by the same person.

The weapon used by the assailant was a spear!

And Marshall Tyler used a 'spear'.

"It seems, it really is such a coincidence... Not only are Marshall Tyler and I bound by a fateful enmity, but even the thing I've been searching for over a dozen days is with him."

Thinking this, Wyatt Barnes's gaze toward Marshall Tyler grew a few degrees colder.

"You want to see me with nowhere to be buried, just bring it on! I will show you that just as I made you flee desperately that day, today I can still kill you."

Wyatt Barnes sneered back in response to Marshall Tyler's provocation, his face filled with disdain.

"Haha... Wyatt Barnes, do you really think I'm still the same as I was?"

Seeing the disdain on Wyatt Barnes's face, Marshall Tyler couldn't help but laugh wildly, the laughter escalating into something chillingly ferocious toward the end.

"Today, let me, Marshall Tyler, send you off! Wyatt Barnes, in your next life, remember well not to provoke me, Marshall Tyler!"

As Marshall Tyler spoke sharply, the moment the words fell, a seven-foot-long spear appeared in his hand, his Second-Grade spirit spear.

No sooner had the spirit spear appeared than it was enveloped by milky white Origin Force intertwined with the 'Power of Fire', transforming into a vast flame that appeared as a fire dragon roaming around the spear.

Soon, the 'Momentum Wind' transformed into a gale that surged into the fire dragon, causing it to grow in size and emit an even stronger aura.

Fire borrowing the wind's strength!

Whoosh!

Above the void, the power of heaven and earth stirred, a celestial phenomenon occurred, eventually gathering into more than one thousand and fifty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, winding down with an imposing momentum.

Back when Marshall Tyler was at the 'Cave Void Realm Seventh-Order.'

He could, by using the 'Third High-Level Momentum Wind', the 'First High-Level Power of Fire', and the method of 'Fire borrowing the wind's strength', in conjunction with the Second-Grade spirit spear, exert the strength of eight hundred seventy-six ancient Horned Dragons.

Now, with his cultivation breaking through to the 'Transforming Void Realm First Level', unleashing all his Origin Force, it was comparable to the strength of two hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

This was an increase of a hundred ancient Horned Dragons in strength compared to when he was at the 'Cave Void Realm Seventh-Order'.

Adding the '78%' amplifying power of the Second-Grade spirit spear, he had an extra one hundred seventy-eight ancient Horned Dragon strength compared to before.

Thus, with Marshall Tyler's cultivation having broken through to the 'Transforming Void Realm First Level', his full-force attack now was comparable to the strength of more than one thousand and fifty ancient Horned Dragons!

With the Second-Grade spirit spear in hand, Marshall Tyler's face was brimming with confidence.

In his view, when Wyatt Barnes went all out in the past, it was just comparable to the strength of one thousand ancient Horned Dragons, which was an entire fifty-plus ancient Horned Dragons less than he had now.

He could kill Wyatt Barnes easily!

"Wyatt Barnes, die!"

Marshall Tyler's eyes turned cold, his face filled with murderous intent as he bellowed, and the Second-Grade spirit spear in his hand, entwined with the forces of wind and fire, suddenly shook and thrust at Wyatt Barnes.

Swish!

As Marshall Tyler's figure flashed out, the spirit spear vibrated, and a vast spear light enveloped him like a meteor shower, directly targeting Wyatt Barnes.

"You are not the you from before... could it be, you think I am still the me from before?"

Facing the overwhelming spear light sweeping toward him, Wyatt Barnes remained calm, speaking indifferently, unflustered even with calamity falling before him.

"Just bluffing!"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes unfazed by his own strike containing the power of more than one thousand and fifty ancient Horned Dragons, a sharp gleam flickered in Marshall Tyler's eyes, and the power on his Second-Grade spirit spear surged anew.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

The sky full of fire-wind spear light, like rain pouring down, completely enveloped Wyatt Barnes in its clutches, clearly intent on annihilating him.

"Whether I am bluffing or not, you will soon find out!"

A mocking smile played at the corners of Wyatt's lips as he raised his hand to reveal a sword, a sword faintly emitting a destructive aura, an Emperor Grade spirit sword.

The moment the Emperor Grade spirit sword appeared, Wyatt's Origin Force surged, instantly transforming into a mix of purple lightning and blue winds wrapped around an earthy yellow force, entirely merging into the Emperor Grade spirit sword.

Hum!

In an instant, the sword light on the Emperor Grade spirit sword soared, emitting a series of clear, ringing sword cries.

At the same time, the force between heaven and earth above Wyatt's head in the void stirred, starting to brew and condense into a celestial phenomenon.

Before the celestial phenomenon could fully take shape, Marshall Tyler's overwhelming spear light attack had already arrived, striking directly towards Wyatt with ferocious momentum.

As the spear light passed, it triggered not only a series of piercing wind howls but also stirred up countless rolling air waves, causing a fierce windstorm inside the cave and filling the air with dust.

The violent wind surged out, making Wyatt's purple clothes flutter elegantly.

Facing the incoming tempest, Wyatt remained unfazed.

His gaze was fixed on the overwhelming spear light falling towards him.

At that moment, in his eyes, the world seemed to consist only of these spear lights.

"Die!"

Just as Wyatt was enveloped by the myriad spear lights and about to be obliterated, a reckless smile emerged on Marshall's face as he yelled excitedly, his second-grade spirit lance continuing to surge with force!

However, the next moment, the smile on his face completely solidified.

He clearly saw that, faced with his barrage of spear lights, Wyatt moved, his sword flashing out like lightning, and wherever the sword passed, the spear lights were completely shattered.

"Impossible!!"

Seeing this, Marshall shook his head in panic, unwilling to believe what was happening before his eyes.

When he inadvertently saw above Wyatt's head in the void, the now fully-formed phantom of twelve hundred ancient Horned Dragons.

He was stunned, completely taken aback.

He had never imagined that within such a short period of time, Wyatt's improvement would surpass his own!

The strength Wyatt now displayed was, compared to the last time, equivalent to an additional two hundred Horned Dragons' force, far beyond his own progress.

Of course, Marshall was unaware that Wyatt, now displaying the force of twelve hundred Horned Dragons, was still holding back.

Otherwise, if he were to borrow the "Power of the Earth" using the Ground realm, he could add another fifty Horned Dragons' force, which was half the power of his current mastery of the Ground realm.

Whoosh!

With one sweep of his sword, without using any martial techniques, Wyatt effortlessly shattered spear lights that were overwhelming him from every direction, as if it were child's play.

In the face of absolute power, even the most sophisticated martial techniques are useless!

At this moment, the power contained in Wyatt's sword was a full one hundred and forty more ancient Horned Dragons' force than Marshall's entire strength.

The two were not on the same level.

"Marshall!"

Having annihilated the myriad spear lights, Wyatt's Emperor Grade spirit sword continued swiftly towards Marshall without reduction, still without using any martial techniques.

Whoosh!

A sword came from the west, bearing the force of twelve hundred ancient Horned Dragons, causing the air around it to tear and creating a series of piercing explosive sounds, air waves, and fierce winds sweeping around.

Whoosh!

Facing Wyatt's sword, Marshall dared not be negligent, his face tensed as he met it with his lance.

The forces of wind and fire surged on his lance, the lance light sweeping out like a Divine Dragon opening its maw wide, attempting to swallow Wyatt's sword.

Clang!

Finally, Wyatt's sword collided with Marshall's lance, and the two terrifying forces collided, releasing a fearsome boom.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

A series of thunderous explosive sounds erupted, stirring up rolling air waves, with fierce winds sweeping in all directions, ravaging the entire cave without exception.

Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap!

...

Marshall's face turned extremely pale, his body suddenly trembling, and from where he stood, numerous cracks spread out, resembling a fearsome spider web.

Conversely, Wyatt stood low in the sky, his face calm, casually resting his Emperor Grade spirit sword against the tip of Marshall's second-grade spirit lance.

"Get lost!"

Suddenly, Wyatt bellowed, the force in his Emperor Grade spirit sword surged instantly, overwhelming and engulfing Marshall completely.

Boom!

The next moment, Marshall, along with his spear, was sent flying, harshly crashing into the cave's wall.

After hitting the ground, he barely managed to steady himself by propping his spirit lance on the ground.

Chapter 969: Wyatt's Fury

"Elder Ghostly!"

Even with a second-grade spirit spear propped against the ground, Marshall Tyler was still kneeling on one knee, continuously vomiting mouthfuls of blood.

The blood splattered and formed a glaring, eye-catching little stream on the ground before him.

Now, he felt as if all the strength in his body had been drained away, leaving him powerless to combat Wyatt Barnes.

In such dire straits, his only hope lay in the 'Ghost Fire' that lurked within his body.

However, this time the Ghost Fire did not respond to Marshall Tyler.

"Elder Ghostly, Elder Ghostly..."

Marshall Tyler continued to call out, his voice filled with urgency, but the Ghost Fire still did not respond to him, as if it had completely disappeared.

At this point, Marshall Tyler sensed that something was amiss.

For a moment, he couldn't help but struggle to lift his head, looking towards the purple-clad youth who was steadily approaching him.

When he saw that the youth now held a stone monument, chipped at the edges, he trembled with realization why the Ghost Fire was ignoring him.

Wyatt Barnes had taken out the 'Demon Sealing Monument,' which naturally meant that the Ghost Fire would not come out to help him.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Staring at the purple-clad youth standing not far in front of him, looking down at him, Marshall Tyler couldn't help but grit his teeth with hatred, his eyes filled with anger and a bitter taste.

He knew that he was done for!

Given the hatred between him and Wyatt Barnes, even if he begged for mercy, Wyatt Barnes would never let him go!

It was precisely because of this that Marshall Tyler, relying on the second-grade spirit spear, managed to stand up completely, his eyes glaring at Wyatt Barnes with hatred, "Wyatt... Wyatt Barnes! Even if I die, I won't let you go! I, as a ghost, will not let you off!!"

With one hand holding the 'Demon Sealing Monument' to guard against the suspected Martial Emperor's remnant soul inside Marshall Tyler, and the other wielding a sword, Wyatt Barnes was already looking at Marshall Tyler with cold eyes.

With just a swing of the sword in his hand, Marshall Tyler would certainly die!

Now, hearing Marshall Tyler's words, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but laugh mockingly. Then, looking down dismissively, he said, "Marshall Tyler, do you really think... I'm not afraid of you while you're alive, so I would be afraid of you when you're dead?"

"Hahahaha..."

Just then, Marshall Tyler let out a sinister laugh, wild and unreserved.

"What are you laughing about?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned, staring coldly at Marshall Tyler.

Eventually, Marshall Tyler's laughter subsided, but his face was still covered with a cold, sinister smile.

Then, looking at Wyatt Barnes as if he were already a dead man, Marshall Tyler sneered, "Wyatt Barnes, what does it matter if you kill me?"

"As long as the upper echelons of Grimm Wolf Fortress know the 'Demon Sealing Monument' is in your hands, they'll never let you go! On the Netherworld Path, I'll be waiting for you, I will definitely be waiting!!"

By the end, Marshall Tyler was laughing again, as if he had already foreseen the scene of Wyatt Barnes being killed by the higher-ups of Grimm Wolf Fortress soon after.

"Then you just keep waiting!"

Wyatt Barnes sneered, raising his hand, and the sword swept out, stabbing towards Marshall Tyler.

This thrust, bringing a change in the expression of Marshall Tyler who had just shown a sense of relief, made him grunt with pain.

Wyatt Barnes didn't directly kill Marshall Tyler; his sword landed on the wrist of Marshall Tyler's right hand and shook violently.

Spurt!

Blood flew as Wyatt Barnes's sword severed Marshall Tyler's tendons, causing Marshall Tyler, now with only one hand, to stagger.

Fortunately, Marshall Tyler was able to still grasp his second-grade spirit spear with his other hand.

Otherwise, he would have surely crashed to the ground fiercely, face-first.

Whoosh!

Regrettably, as Wyatt Barnes's second sword stroke landed, severing the tendons in Marshall Tyler's remaining hand, Marshall Tyler could no longer hold on and crashed down with a bang, looking utterly defeated.

"Wyatt Barnes, if you're a man, give me a swift end! If you don't give me a swift end, you're nothing but a son of a bitch!"

Marshall Tyler grunted again, barely lifting his head to glare at the overlooking Wyatt Barnes, and shouted harshly, trying to provoke Wyatt Barnes to grant him a quick death.

No sooner had Marshall Tyler finished speaking than Wyatt Barnes's eyes suddenly covered with a bloody red sheen.

It was acceptable for others to curse him.

But to curse his mother was something he couldn't tolerate!!

"You wish for a quick, painless death, but I will not grant your desire! I will make you die slowly and in agony..."

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes's voice was chilling to the extreme, as if it came from the depths of a frozen cave, sending shivers down the listener's spine.

Marshall Tyler, having wanted to infuriate Wyatt Barnes but instead backfiring, suddenly turned pale with shock.

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes's sword descended again, dancing in an arc, slowly crippling one of Marshall Tyler's legs, and during this process, Marshall Tyler could no longer hold back, screaming in agony.

"Wyatt... Wyatt Barnes, you... you're a... you're a devil! You're a devil!!!"

Only after Wyatt Barnes retracted his sword did Marshall Tyler catch his breath and roared out loud.

Whoosh!

Quickly, Wyatt Barnes's sword struck down once more.

Marshall Tyler's other leg was crippled, and he continued to scream, his face turning ghostly pale until he managed to stop the bleeding of his wounds with Origin Force, then his complexion eased slightly.

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes's face was expressionless, a glint in his eyes as his sword descended once again, brutally crippling Marshall Tyler's core energy centre.

"Ahh!!"

This time, Marshall Tyler screamed tragically before losing consciousness entirely.

Meanwhile, the Origin Force that had been stopping the bleeding on Marshall Tyler's body dissipated, and fresh blood incessantly poured from his limb wounds, quickly turning into a river that submerged his entire body.

Even at this moment, the fierce light in Wyatt Barnes's eyes showed no sign of fading.

In his past life on Earth, he had been an orphan with neither father nor mother.

In this world, he had a mother named 'Christina Lee,' whose love for him was so complete that he regarded her as his biological mother without any reservation.

If one were to ask whom he cared about the most in this world, without a doubt, it would be Christina Lee, the mother of his present life.

A dragon has its reverse scale, and touching it means certain death!

His mother, she was his 'reverse scale.'

And just a moment ago, Marshall Tyler had insulted his mother, driving Wyatt to the brink of fury, a rage so intense that he could barely contain it.

Whew!

Seeing that Marshall Tyler would soon die from excessive blood loss in his unconscious state, Wyatt's eyes flashed fiercely as he raised his hand and took out an unopened jar of wine from his Storage Ring.

He removed the seal from the jar, and Wyatt poured the wine over Marshall Tyler's head.

The cold wine made Marshall Tyler shudder violently, jolting him back to consciousness.

However, the newly awakened Marshall Tyler could only feel heart-wrenching pain all over his body and continued to 'wail' miserably, nowhere near his previously carefree demeanor.

Having his cultivation destroyed, Marshall Tyler no longer had the means to summon Origin Force to stop the bleeding; he could only watch helplessly as his blood kept spilling out.

Suddenly, Marshall Tyler's eyelids flipped, and he fainted once again.

Wyatt patience poured the wine over Marshall Tyler's head time and time again, causing him to wake up repeatedly and emit a series of soul-piercing screams before passing out once more.

"Wyatt... Wyatt Barnes... just... just grant me a quick death!"

"I beg you! Please... please!!"

...

As time passed, the now pale and feeble Marshall Tyler kept pleading.

"From the moment you insulted my mother... you should have known there would be such consequences!"

However, Wyatt did not pay any attention to Marshall Tyler and continued to torment him.

It was only after half an hour, when Marshall Tyler's head jerked and he slammed heavily onto the ground, dying from excessive blood loss, that the ordeal finally ceased to make any sound.

Marshall Tyler was dead, completely dead!

As Marshall Tyler died, the rage in Wyatt began to dissipate, and though his eyes still glinted with cold light, the deep-seated vengeance from before was no longer present.

Gazing at Marshall Tyler's corpse, Wyatt's eyes seemed somewhat distant.

At this moment, he couldn't help but recall the first time he had met Marshall Tyler years ago.

Back then, Marshall Tyler had descended upon the summit of Heavenly Pivot Peak in the Seven Stars Sword Clan of the Royal Country of Green Forest, riding a Flying Beast Demon Beast, with intentions of taking liberties with his fiancée 'Keer.'

After that, disputes arose between Wyatt and Marshall Tyler, and they made a 'two-year agreement.'

During the two-year agreement, Wyatt defeated Marshall Tyler, who was several levels above him in cultivation, with ease using the 'Soul Technique' called 'Thousand Illusions.' This left Marshall Tyler unwilling to leave in defeat.

The next time Wyatt saw Marshall Tyler was during the 'Martial Contest of the Great Turdo Dynasty,' where their contention deepened further.

...

After giving Marshall Tyler's corpse a dismissive glance, Wyatt casually collected Marshall Tyler's Storage Ring.

Hiss!

Right after that, a wisp of purple flame edged with gold sprang to life in Wyatt's hand, ready to be cast onto Marshall Tyler's corpse, erasing him completely from this world.

"Wait... wait!!!"

Just at that moment, an urgent, hoarse, and ancient voice reached Wyatt's ears, filled with anxiety, "Wyatt Barnes, don't burn it yet, hold off!!"

"What... old man, are you afraid?"

Wyatt's eyes flickered as a cold smirk appeared at his lips, and he said indifferently.

"Wyatt Barnes, if you are willing to spare me and let me temporarily reside in your body, I'll definitely help you in the future! With me around, you in the future will surely..."

This voice, naturally, belonged to the remnant soul of the Martial Emperor suspect hidden within Marshall Tyler, also known as 'Elder Ghostly.'

Now witnessing his host 'Marshall Tyler' being killed, he was eager to find a new host.

Otherwise, his remnant soul would completely disperse.

However, he was cut short, pausing for a moment in immense panic, he cried, "You... what are you doing?! Don't! Don't!! No..."

Unfortunately, Elder Ghostly's plea was doomed to remain unfinished.

For at the very moment his voice hesitated, Wyatt had already sprinkled the flames onto Marshall Tyler's corpse, igniting the strong alcohol covering him.

The flames surged, engulfing Marshall Tyler and preventing Elder Ghostly from continuing his plea, causing him to disappear from this world as well.

Marshall Tyler, Elder Ghostly, both dead!

From the beginning to the end, Wyatt's face wore an expression of indifference.

He had clearly heard Elder Ghostly's voice, but he paid it no heed.

He knew nothing about 'Elder Ghostly' and inviting such an unknown spirit to reside within him posed untold risks for the future.

Therefore, he didn't dare to take the risk.

"That spirit fruit..."

Regaining his composure, Wyatt claimed ownership of Marshall Tyler's Storage Ring with his blood.

Chapter 970: The Last 'Mystery Fragment' on the Periphery

Just as Wyatt Barnes had guessed before, of the three mystical fruits that grew on the "Tricolor Tree," now only one remained.

Marshall Tyler had consumed two.

"Marshall Tyler could only have had time to digest the power of one mystical fruit... Otherwise, once he had digested the power of the second fruit, his cultivation level would inevitably have risen to the 'Transforming Void Realm Second Layer'!"

Thinking of this, Wyatt Barnes felt somewhat relieved.

Had Marshall Tyler broken through to the 'Transforming Void Realm Second Layer,' he would undoubtedly have been a formidable foe for him!

Just now, it was because he possessed the power that could completely overwhelm Marshall Tyler that he was able to heavily injure him in a single encounter; otherwise, it wouldn't have been so smooth.

"If I hadn't come here because I discovered the 'Tricolor Tree,' or if Marshall Tyler had taken all three mystical fruits along with the Tricolor Tree... I would not have possibly arrived here in time to encounter him, lying hidden in this place!"

With these thoughts, fear involuntarily flashed in Wyatt's eyes, "Once Marshall Tyler absorbs and digests those three mystical fruits, his entire cultivation would surely break through to the 'Transforming Void Realm Third Layer'..."

"By then, if I encounter him, defeat is certain! To kill him, I would have to resort to using a 'talisman'."

The more Wyatt Barnes thought about it, the more alarmed he became. Once he calmed down, a trace of relief inevitably appeared on his face.

Lucky he had saved a talisman left by his cheap old dad.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes's attention shifted elsewhere.

Looking at the fruit in his hand, red as if it could drip blood, Wyatt's eyes flickered, "After consuming this mystical fruit and further advancing my cultivation... I'll continue searching for that 'central area'."

With that thought, Wyatt unconsciously looked towards one side of the cave's roof of this secluded cave.

That inconspicuous corner with a black hole was exactly where Marshall Tyler was previously lurking.

"I'll cultivate here."

Wyatt Barnes leaped and flashed into the black hole, only to discover that it was spacious enough to comfortably accommodate his entire body.

"This small cave was clearly excavated not long ago... It seems to be the handiwork of that 'Marshall Tyler'."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

The death of Marshall Tyler also allowed Wyatt Barnes to breathe a sigh of relief.

Otherwise, it would be like a fishbone in his throat!

"And that Elder Ghostly, truly too cunning... Fortunately, I also eradicated him, so he no longer poses any threat to me."

Wyatt's eyes flickered as he thought to himself.

"This time, all twenty disciples from Grimm Wolf Fortress died by my hand... It also counts as retrieving a bit of 'interest' for myself from Grimm Wolf Fortress! If those Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress knew about all this, they would probably be so angry they'd cough up blood,"

Wyatt thought, feeling a secret thrill.

Originally, the people from Grimm Wolf Fortress, coveting the 'Demon Sealing Monument' he possessed, nearly killed him and caused an innocent person to die for him.

From that moment on, his hatred for Grimm Wolf Fortress had taken deep root in his heart.

In the future, once his own strength improved, he would definitely head to the Ancient Desert City to settle scores with Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Not to mention others, the four Vice Fort Masters who led the team to chase him, were undoubtedly doomed!

"Dangelo Morgan, Yael Zafar, Joe Davies, Thiago Relief."

Wyatt Barnes slowly said, uttering each of the names of these four Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress, his eyes brimming with intense coldness.

After a moment, catching his breath, Wyatt stuffed the red mystical fruit into his mouth and swallowed it.

The medicinal power turned into a warm current that instantly merged into his body.

Soon, the Origin Force within him began to stir, and the domineering medicinal power of the 'Nirvana Pill' hidden deep in his dantian arose, completely merging with the Origin Force.

"Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Roaming Dragon Transformation!"

For a while, Wyatt Barnes was completely immersed in cultivation, his cultivation level elevating at an extremely terrifying pace under the dual impact of the mystical fruit's medicinal power and the domineering medicinal power of the 'Nirvana Pill'.

Meanwhile, in a cave on the perimeter of the Martial Emperor's secret treasure.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Constant loud noises spread, the entire cave enveloped by gusts of wind, dust flying, making it hard to see the inside clearly.

Inside the cave, two figures were continuously crossing paths, evenly matched!

One of them, every sweep of his blade encapsulated a domineering blade light, carrying the momentum of 'cleaving Mount Hua.'

The other, wearing mystical gauntlets, each punch wrapped in purple lightning, every strike like thunder exploding.

"Rey Jones, hand over that 'Profound Fragment'... Otherwise, today I will definitely kill you!"

The muscular young man throwing punches like thunder, with thick eyebrows and large eyes, spoke loudly.

"Ledger Leigh, big talk is cheap! If you have the ability, kill me and then snatch the 'Profound Fragment' from my hands. However, although the 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Thunder Profound Fragment' in my hand is suitable for you..."

"As far as I know, your 'Emerging Cloud Sect' has no shortage of high-ranking individuals who have comprehended the 'Ninth Layer High-Tier Thunder Realm.' Even if you obtain this 'Profound Fragment,' it's merely making a wedding dress for others... Why bother putting yourself through all this?"

The young man, constantly unleashing domineering blade light from his hand, faced Ledger Leigh's threat with indifference, instead "advising" Ledger.

If Wyatt Barnes were here, he would definitely recognize him.

This young man was none other than Rey Jones, a disciple of the Impermanence Sect who had once encountered Wyatt and had a transaction with him.

The situation was quite obvious now.

Rey Jones had obtained one of the fragments of the Martial Emperor's secret treasure on the outskirts, specifically the "Level Eight Emperor Realm Thunder Profound fragment," which had attracted the disciple of the Emerging Cloud Sect, "Ledger Leigh," who wished to contest it with him.

He and Ledger Leigh were evenly matched, neither able to best the other.

After another fight, Ledger also seemed to realize that he could not defeat Rey Jones. His tone changed, becoming softer, "Rey Jones, as far as I know, none of your high-ranking

Impermanence Sect elders have comprehended the 'Ninth Layer High Rank Thunder realm'! Even if you take it back, your sect's higher-ups won't be able to use it."

"Here's the deal... name your price... so long as you are willing to hand over this 'Level Eight Emperor Realm Thunder Profound fragment' to me, whatever our Emerging Cloud Sect can do, I will agree to it."

By the end of his speech, Ledger's tone was urgent, desperately wanting to obtain the "profound fragment" in Rey's possession.

"Unless you can help me obtain the 'profound fragment' needed by our high-ranking sect members and exchange with me... otherwise, the idea of getting the 'Thunder Profound fragment' from me is utterly impossible!"

Rey Jones said lightly.

What a joke!

His "Impermanence Sect" and Ledger's "Emerging Cloud Sect" had been at each other's throats for many years.

If he gave up the "Thunder Profound fragment," it would undoubtedly allow the Emerging Cloud Sect to produce another 'Martial Emperor powerhouse,' eventually overpowering his Impermanence Sect.

Hence, even if no one in his Impermanence Sect could currently utilize the "Thunder Profound fragment," he couldn't possibly transfer it to someone from the Emerging Cloud Sect.

Hearing Rey's words, Ledger's face darkened slightly, and with a swift movement, he rapidly retreated.

Seeing Ledger backtrack, Rey did not pursue, standing in place with a calm expression watching Ledger.

"Rey Jones, I can agree to that."

Ledger took a deep breath and promised, "From this moment on... you and I will join forces to seek and contest for the second 'profound fragment'!"

Upon hearing this, a smile appeared on Rey's face.

Ledger Leigh, the second most powerful among the young generation of the Emerging Cloud Sect, was just as strong as him.

With Ledger as his ally, they would definitely be able to sweep through all obstacles and secure the 'profound fragment' needed by the Impermanence Sect.

"However, from now on, besides continuing to search and contest for other 'profound fragments' on the periphery... we also need to start determining the direction to the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure' central region, and head towards the central area,"

Rey Jones said.

Following that, the makeshift team of Rey Jones and Ledger quickly started moving around the outskirts.

Unfortunately, their dream of finding the other four 'profound fragments' on the periphery was difficult to realize.

Those four 'profound fragments' already had their own owners.

While Rey and Ledger were searching for the direction of the central region of the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure,' a group of survivors from within the Martial Emperor's secret treasure were doing the same.

The central area of the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure' was the resting place of the Martial Emperor who left this treasure, according to the words left by that Martial Emperor, his body was located there.

Not to mention the various 'treasures' that might exist there, just the three 'profound fragments' inside the body of that Martial Emperor were enough to attract people eagerly, even to the point of madness!

One Emperor Realm profound fragment, two Emperor Realm profound fragments.

As the people inside the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure' began their journey towards the central region, Wyatt Barnes was still deeply immersed in his cultivation, as if he had forgotten the time.

"Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Roaming Dragon Transformation!"

His Origin Force circulated rapidly through his meridians in accordance to the "Roaming Dragon Transformation" technique, swiftly enhancing his cultivation.

It was hard to tell how much time had passed.

Wyatt Barnes opened his eyes, a gleam of sharp light flashing through his eyes hidden in the darkness.

"It's still not enough."

After the domineering power of the Nirvana Pill returned to his core, Wyatt woke up and did not continue to cultivate.

As for the power of that red spiritual fruit, it had been completely consumed by him.

Now, Wyatt's cultivation had successfully broken through to the 'Transforming Void Realm Level Three,' and the bottleneck leading to 'Transforming Void Realm Level Four' was also appearing, teetering on the edge.

"Wind!"

Suddenly, within the small, dark cave, a rapid wind howled, growing louder and louder over time.

"Third Layer High Rank Wind realm... finally comprehended."

Wyatt murmured to himself, and as soon as the words fell, his entire being transformed into a gust of wind, blowing out of that small dark cave and appearing in the brightly lit spacious cave outside.

"Now, it's also time to continue searching for the direction of the central area of the 'Martial Emperor's secret treasure'."

Wyatt murmured again, and as soon as the words fell, he had disappeared.