

## Chapter 1141 Rage Of The Earth

Liam was initially so fixated on the wreckage and body parts at the mountain's base that he was completely blindsided by the unexpected arrival of the group of strangers approaching him.

Luckily for him, he was powerful. Although taken by surprise, he quickly regained his composure and fought back with fierce determination.

With a ranking of only one star at the sixth level, these people were clearly no match for Liam. Liam was confident he could easily defeat them.

Without hesitation, he struck with lightning speed and precision, unleashing a powerful punch that sent one of the attackers crashing to the ground, spitting blood and lying motionless.


The others also didn't stand a chance against him.

At that moment, Liam was a force to be reckoned with, a predator among prey, and his foes were utterly outmatched.

With swift and merciless efficiency, he killed all his enemies, the brief battle ending in a decisive triumph.

After that, Liam's expression turned thoughtful, his brow furrowing in a hint of concern.

He noticed something unusual. The blood of the fallen individuals was an unsettling sight, its unusual hue a sickly

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mix of green and yellow, rather than the typical crimson  
red.

The peculiar blood coloration suddenly made sense to Liam. These individuals must have hailed from diverse races.

Their faces were just as unusual.

However, Liam's focus lay elsewhere, these peculiarities mere trivialities compared to the greater mystery that drove him.

Their strength was what really left Liam shocked.

Although they were only rated as one-star, sixth rank, their power was astonishingly on par with those at the three-star, sixth rank.

Liam narrowed his eyes as he whispered to himself, "They're not ordinary. Their power is fearsome, a formidable force."

As the truth sank in, Liam swiftly dispelled any lingering underestimation. The intensity of the battlefield required his absolute best!

Liam checked his scorekeeper to see his current points.

He saw he had eight points now.

However, compared to his lofty goal of one hundred thousand points, eight seemed a paltry sum, a tiny droplet in a vast sea.

Liam let out a soft sigh, knowing that to claim a more substantial reward, he would have to confront and defeat formidable foes far stronger than those he had already vanquished. Only a tenfold bonus could help him reach his goal.



With a resolute shake of his head, Liam dispelled all distractions and steeled himself for the arduous ascent up the mountain.

Thirty minutes later, he reached a plateau on the mountain, its challenges tailored to his current level of skill and strength.

He had fought his way up to here, his body marked with the colorful blood of the figures from different tribes he had defeated.

Now pitted against foes as skilled as himself, Liam, despite his impressive abilities, struggled to gain the upper hand.

Although his true combat prowess greatly eclipsed that of these tribes, they all had the Origin Technique. Their natural strength, already substantial, was dramatically amplified by the Origin Technique.

This was the true source of Liam's concern.

Amidst the frenzied clashes, he had suffered a lot, emerging with a multitude of wounds.

His possession of the Heart of Life fragment, with its potent healing properties, was the only reason he could still stand, his injuries otherwise being too severe to bear.

Despite his resilience, he remained discontent with his performance. At this pace, even if he fought tirelessly for ten consecutive days and nights without respite, he would barely scratch the surface of the points he required.

He was still a long way off from achieving his goal of one hundred thousand points.

With a ferocious strike, Liam obliterated his opponent,

unleashing a gruesome explosion of blood and gore, his appearance transformed into a terrifying visage reminiscent of a demon from the depths of hell.

Then, it dawned on Liam.

He suddenly realized the rules weren't about accumulating points all at once.

After all, everyone had their limitations. If Liam continued to hoard points without investing in upgrades, his progress would soon plateau, and his current strength would only take him so far.

"I've got it!" Liam exclaimed, his eyes shining with excitement. "It's about using each battle to fuel my strength, making me more prepared for the next one! I must continually reinvest the points I earn to enhance my strength and abilities. By getting stronger, I'll earn rewards and points more easily."

Armed with his new approach, Liam opened the points store.

His eyes gleamed with anticipation as he explored the store's selection.


More than anything, he coveted an Origin Technique.

He quickly turned his attention to the Origin Techniques in the points store.


He carefully curated a collection of Origin Techniques, strategically allocating his points to maximize his growth and potential.

After careful consideration, he identified the perfect Origin Technique for his needs, one that offered the ideal balance of power and affordability.



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Liam's chosen Origin Technique was a power of the earth  
element called "Rage of the Earth".

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