

L. Wyatt 101

Chapter 101: Cruelty

"I understand."

Westyn Morgan took a deep breath, his gaze firm.

He knew clearly.

These enemy soldiers, who had weathered the fires of war and were captured, had abandoned hopes of survival from the moment they were captured, and would never hold back when they attacked.

He could feel the pressure.

And even more so, the will to fight!

At this moment, the deputy commander of the Iron Blood Army, 'Kaiser Myers' looked at the group of teenagers who chose to stay and said:

"Good, you haven't disappointed me...If so, I announce, the Genius Camp assessment, officially begins!"

As Kaiser Myers' words fell, a group of Iron Blood Army soldiers brought forward a group of bound enemy soldiers, who stood on one side of the training ground.

In full force, they seemed like a dark cloud over the town.

These enemy soldiers had dull faces and had no vitality to speak of...

"Today, I give these captives a chance at life. Six at the ninth level of Body Tempering Realm, three at the first level of Condensed Pill Realm, and one at the second level of Condensed Pill Realm... If you can kill any one of them, I will grant you freedom!"

Kaiser Myers pointed to a group of boys, his gaze falling on the bodies of more than two thousand enemy soldiers.

In an instant.

The spirits of these enemy soldiers, who appeared like death, were shaken, their eyes displaying yearning...

A yearning for survival!

A yearning for freedom!

Their eyes then fell on the group of teenagers on the other side of the training ground, revealing a bloodthirsty killing intent.

Suddenly, several young boys in the group turned pale.

When had they ever faced such fierce men, their gazes seemed to tear them to shreds...

"These enemy soldiers, in a fight for their lives, absolutely will fight to the death!"

Wyatt Barnes sighed.

"Indeed, we must never slack off."

Remi Sinclair agreed deeply.

"Number 1, step forward."

A centurion stood out from behind Kaiser Myers, his gaze falling on a group of young boys.

Immediately, a young boy stepped forward, his face pale, his eyes showing some fear...

Seeing the boy like this, the centurion frowned and asked, "Are you taking the assessment alone, or with your companions?"

"I...I am taking the assessment with my companions."

The boy said somewhat flustered.

At this time, two more boys came forward, their faces also not looking good.

"Report your numbers."

The Centurion's voice was cold as he took out a pen and paper to record their responses.

"Number 2."

"Number 3."

The two boys took a deep breath, reported their numbers, and stood next to the first boy who had stepped forward.

"Free thirty prisoners to the field."

The Centurion looked towards a group of enemy soldiers in the front row.

The bonds of thirty enemy soldiers were loosened. They strode into the field while stretching their limbs, their faces revealing a crazy and grim smile.

Their sights were set on the three boys, their eyes gleaming with cold light, just like a pack of dogs noticing three bones...

"Begin!"

With the Centurion's word, thirty enemy soldiers and three boys moved.

"Kill!"

Thirty enemy soldiers shouted in unison, their voices as loud as thunder!

The three boys turned pale upon hearing this. Facing the thirty fierce beasts-like enemy soldiers, they froze on the spot out of shock, their legs leaden and immovable.

In an instant, the three young boys were torn to shreds by the thirty enemy soldiers!

Flesh and blood flew around, the stench of blood permeating the entire training field.

On one side of the training ground, over ninety percent of the boys turned pale with fright. Some could not bear it anymore and vomited out their breakfast.

For a moment, a strange smell pervaded the entire training field...

"It stinks."

Westyn Morgan, who turned pale, held his nose.

Remi Sinclair frowned deeply.

Only Wyatt Barnes, had no reaction. As a mercenary in his previous life, he had been in harsh environments much worse than this.

In his eyes, this was just trivial.

"Send them out of the city!"

The Centurion spoke up.

Immediately, a group of Iron Blood Army soldiers stepped forward.

"Thank you, sir."

The thirty enemy soldiers looked ecstatic, bowed to the ground, and after knocking their heads three times, they left.

The remaining enemy soldiers saw their thirty comrades regain their freedom so easily, one by one, their eyes shone with a desire, hoping they could enter the field as soon as possible...

At present, they looked at the group of teenagers in the distance, as if they were looking at a flock of lambs to be slaughtered.

"If you choose to take the test with your companions, the danger is greater! Three people face thirty enemy soldiers who are in cahoots, even if their strength is strong, it's hard to resist their encirclement."

Some teenagers had begun to figure it out.

Several teenagers who had planned to take the assessment with their companions dismissed the idea of joining forces.

"Looks like, I was far-sighted."

Westyn Morgan grinned.

"These enemy soldiers are so ruthless, I really hope I could partner with you... Morgan, are you sure?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned.

After more than a month of getting along, he had already considered Westyn Morgan as a friend.

"I'll give it my best shot."

Westyn Morgan's eyes showed a will to fight.

"Number 4!"

At this moment, the Centurion spoke again.

This time, only one young boy came forward.

Ten enemy soldiers were set loose, with their eyes on the young boy like a tiger eying its prey.

"Begin!"

The Centurion's voice just fell.

Whoosh!

The young man moved, his strength exploding all at once. Above his head, shadow images of three ancient elephants began to emerge.

A warrior in the second layer of the Condensed Pill Realm!

Admittedly, his martial arts techniques and speed were remarkable.

Even the fastest soldiers from the enemy nation in the second layer of the Condensed Pill Realm could only eat his dust.

"Surround him!"

Quickly, a soldier from the enemy nation in the second layer of the Condensed Pill Realm decisively shouted.

Instantly, the ten enemy soldiers split apart, cornering the young man with no chance of escape.

The young man's face changed. He targeted an enemy soldier in the ninth level of the Body Tempering Realm, shuddered, and pounced on him.

Boom!

A punch carrying the force of lightning, the surge of Origin Force, landed on the enemy soldier's head, instantaneously causing it to explode.

His face was splattered with brain matter.

"Good!"

A group of young spectators cheered loudly.

However, their voices came to an abrupt halt in the next instant.

The young man in the arena let out a shriek following the explosion of the enemy soldier's head, then began to violently vomit...

Clearly, it was his first time killing someone.

In the next moment, he was killed by the other nine incoming enemy soldiers.

The nine enemy soldiers had their freedom.

It goes without saying that learning the hard way is undeniably the best lesson.

After those numbered 1 to 13 were all killed, number 14, a young man in the second layer of the Condensed Pill Realm, finally made a resurgence, successfully killing the ten enemy soldiers.

"Number 14, you've passed the test!"

Upon hearing the Centurion's words, the young man took a deep breath, stepping out from a pile of corpses, his face pale.

Next was number 15.

After killing six enemy soldiers, he was completely drained and was killed by the other four enemy soldiers.

The killing continued.

Young men were getting killed one after another, and young men were passing the test...

In the end, these young prodigies from all over Swallow Mountain had almost become numb to the killing, able to freely execute their powers.

The number of people passing the test was increasing.

At this point, the faces of these enemy soldiers were rather unpleasant.

"It seems being placed later does have its benefits."

Westyn Morgan glanced at his nameplate reading 'Number 139', a smirk plastered on his face.

"Number 100!"

The moment the Centurion spoke, a black figure, like a ghost, darted into the arena.

It was Simon Davies!

Ten enemy soldiers initially glared at Simon Davies, but when they saw the power of the six ancient elephants form above his head, they were all taken aback.

"Condensed Pill Realm Fourth Layer!"

These soldiers understood that if they didn't fight, they would surely die. They all rushed frantically towards Simon Davies.

Nonetheless, Simon Davies merely stood there, and they struggled to break through his energy defense...

They were one by one killed by Simon Davies.

"This Simon Davies, though arrogant, does possess some capabilities."

Wyatt Barnes squinted his eyes.

Up until now, Simon Davies had passed the test with the greatest ease, attracting all attention.

"Well done, big brother Simon!"

Daisy Davies and three other young men from the Davies Family couldn't help cheering.

Simon Davies slowly walked back, his arrogant gaze falling onto a distant purplish figure, flickering with a brutal glint...

Wyatt naturally noticed Simon's gaze but didn't pay it any mind.

Whether it was in his past or present life, there were plenty of people who wanted him dead, but in the end, he was still alive and kicking...

Except for that time he was betrayed by his manager who he treated like a brother.

After Simon, and before Wyatt's turn, there were a few other young prodigies in the third layer of the Condensed Pill Realm who successfully passed the test for the Genius Camp.

"Number 137!"

Finally, it was Wyatt's turn.

As Wyatt stepped into the arena, he attracted much attention.

Many people present had a deep respect for this young man who dared to speak confidently in front of the Vice Commander of the Iron Blood Army.

The ten enemy soldiers that came onto the field with him relaxed a bit at the sight of Wyatt, who was younger than the others. Madness gleamed in their eyes.

In their eyes,

A boy who looked barely seventeen couldn't possibly be very powerful.

However, when they saw the image of the six ancient elephants emerging above Wyatt's head, they were completely taken aback...

Another warrior from the fourth layer of the Condensed Pill Realm!

Possessing the agility of a snake!

Wyatt moved like a bolt of lightning, directly rushing towards the ten enemy soldiers who were still in shock.

With a swing of his arm!

Like a colossal python swinging its tail, it was terrifyingly formidable!

Boom!

Immediately, six enemy soldiers were blown away by his arm, among them, three died instantly.

The remaining three were hanging by a thread and no longer had the strength to fight back.

"Damn! He's a monster!"

"He didn't even use any martial techniques, just casually swung his arm that seemed to carry the force of lightning... this Wyatt is too terrifying!"

"Turns out, he is also a warrior in the fourth layer of the Condensed Pill Realm, no wonder he dares to confront Simon."

"He's not even seventeen yet... Such a talent is incredibly shocking!"

...

A bunch of young men were dumbfounded, and only when they came to their senses did they start swearing.

"Good lad!"

Kaiser Myers's eyes lit up.

"Spread out!"

The face of an enemy soldier who was in the second layer of the Condensed Pill Realm turned extremely grim as he shouted.

Four enemy soldiers immediately dispersed to avoid being taken down by Wyatt at once...

Chapter 102: Walter Simmons

But, would it help if they separate?

The answer is no.

Wyatt Barnes stood there, as still as a mountain.

Great Transposition!

Instantly, the defensive energy shimmered around Wyatt Barnes, imbued with the glow of Origin Force.

Boom!

A foreign soldier of the Body Tempering Realm Ninth Layer, his face twisted in fierceness, unleashed the full force of an Ancient Giant Elephant. He punched, hitting directly on Wyatt Barnes's defensive energy shield.

Crack!

The sound of cracking bones echoed.

"Ah!"

The enemy soldier screamed, hurled backward, clutching his broken arm, cold sweat dripped down his face as he rolled around on the ground in agony.

At this moment, the attacks from the other three enemy soldiers arrived.

Without exception, they followed their predecessors.

Especially the martial artist at the Condensed Pill Realm Second Layer, his three Ancient Giant Elephant's power fully burst forth, he threw all his strength into a palm strike hitting Wyatt Barnes...

As a result, all the force was reversed and displaced. His arm was instantly shattered and blasted away, he collapsed unconscious.

"Stellar Shift Struggle?"

'Kaiser Myers,' the vice leader of the Iron Blood Army, a hint of surprise flashed across his face. An idea struck him, reminding him of an extremely precious Profound Level high-ranked defensive martial technique.

The surroundings of the drill ground, fell silent.

This scene, was even more shocking than when Simon Davies had taken the stage.

Simon Davies merely blocked the enemy soldier's attack with a defensive martial art technique...

But Wyatt Barnes, he not only blocked the enemy soldiers' attacks, but his defensive martial art technique was also able to launch a counterattack, returning all of the opponent's force back to them.

"What a terrifying defensive martial arts technique!"

"Yeah, this defensive martial arts technique, it's too powerful."

The crowd was buzzing, many of the younger individuals looked towards Wyatt Barnes with traces of reverence in their eyes.

But, there were a few young individuals whose eyes displayed a profound fighting spirit.

"Hmph!"

Simon Davies coldly snorted, feeling that Wyatt Barnes had stolen his thunder, the ruthless glint in his eyes deepened.

After Wyatt Barnes passed the test, he paced back.

As for those surviving enemy soldiers, they were each killed by the soldiers of the Iron Blood Army, their blood painting the scene.

From the moment they were defeated, their fate was sealed.

"Number 138!"

After Wyatt Barnes exited the field, it was Remi Sinclair's turn to enter.

When Remi Sinclair and Wyatt Barnes brushed past each other, a hint of surprise flashed across his eyes...

In his perspective, the defensive martial arts technique that Wyatt Barnes had just deployed was undoubtedly the "Stellar Shift Struggle," the defensive martial arts technique that he himself practiced.

He was somewhat curious, where did Wyatt Barnes learn the "Stellar Shift Struggle" from?

Moreover, it seemed like he had perfected the technique to the complete realm.

"Wyatt Barnes, can you also perform Stellar Shift Struggle?"

Westyn Morgan asked curiously.

Half a year ago, at the genius gathering in Aurora City, he had fought with Remi Sinclair and suffered a loss due to "Stellar Shift Struggle."

"Westyn Morgan, what I performed was not Stellar Shift Struggle, the features are just somewhat similar."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and replied.

"I see, I was wondering how you managed to learn the martial art technique of the Sinclair Clan..."

Westyn Morgan nodded in understanding.

Wyatt's gaze landed on a figure at a distance.

Remi Sinclair stood there, with a frosty figure, static like a mountain, giving an oppressive sense without uttering a word.

The ten enemy soldiers coming on stage all displayed looks of reluctance.

They spread out to surround him.

Stellar Shift Struggle!

The defensive energy around Remi Sinclair flashed,

The full strength of four ancient Giant Elephants erupted!

He stepped forward, locking his attack onto the enemy soldier at the Condensed Pill Realm Second Layer.

In the blink of an eye, he caught up with his opponent.

With a flick of his sleeve, Origin Force suffused.

A strike from within the sleeve!

With a wave of his long sleeve, it bulged and met an enemy soldier's punch, carrying the force of three ancient Giant Elephants.

The enemy soldier's face color changed drastically.

He only felt like his punch made contact with the youth's sleeve, like hitting cotton, without any response.

The next moment, he felt an overwhelming force trembling towards him.

Crack!

The enemy soldier's arm was directly twisted off by the swing of Remi Sinclair's sleeve.

Accompanied by a scream, the enemy soldier was sent flying by Remi Sinclair, his body spasmed, rolling around on the ground...

At this time, the attacks of the other nine enemy soldiers also landed on Remi Sinclair.

There were those who attacked from behind as well as from the sides.

However.

"Ah!"

"Ah!"

...

A series of screams simultaneously echoed. Nine enemy soldiers whose attacks landed on Remi Sinclair were all repelled.

Then, Remi Sinclair shattered their attacks one by one and killed all of them without exception!

"Number 139!"

Remi Sinclair passed the assessment smoothly. The Centurion continued the roll call.

"Westyn Morgan, good luck!"

Remi Sinclair nodded towards Westyn Morgan as they brushed past each other.

"Don't worry!"

Westyn Morgan took a deep breath.

It was only then that the surrounding young people reacted, at times their gaze fell on Remi Sinclair, at times on Wyatt Barnes.

"This number 138, it seems like he's with Wyatt Barnes...even their defensive martial techniques look similar!"

"Yeah, I don't know what defensive martial technique it is, but it's too terrifying! He only needs to raise his defensive energy shield, and other people's attacks on him were like hitting a mirror, not hurting him but instead hurting themselves."

"Such a defensive martial technique, even in our Crimson Heaven Kingdom, would undoubtedly be exceedingly rare!"

...

Many of the youth, when looking at Wyatt Barnes and Remi Sinclair, the glimmers in their eyes were filled with a mixture of admiration, jealousy, and resentment.

"Wyatt Barnes, how do you know Stellar Shift Struggle?"

After returning to Wyatt Barnes' side, Remi Sinclair couldn't help but ask.

Stellar Shift Struggle is an extremely precious high-level profound defensive martial technique. Even their Sinclair Clan obtained it thanks to the legacy of their ancestors.

This martial technique, not to mention the Lee and Lin families of Aurora City, even the major families and the County Governor's Mansion in the County City of Swallow Mountain, do not necessarily have it.

So, he was puzzled, how did Wyatt Barnes have this technique.

"You got it wrong, the defensive technique I used isn't Stellar Shift Struggle, it's Grand Displacement."

Then, Wyatt Barnes roughly explained the principles of Grand Displacement to Remi Sinclair.

"Indeed there are some differences, but they are clever solutions that achieve the same result."

Remi Sinclair couldn't help but sigh.

At this time, Westyn Morgan had selected an iron rod from the weapon rack on the side of the school field, and began to use the Thousand Shadows Stick technique to fight the ten enemy soldiers.

Bang!

He swung the rod and sent a Soldier in the ninth layer of the Body Tempering Realm flying.

But at this moment, an unexpected change happened.

A warrior in the ninth layer of the Body Tempering Realm pounced on him, bearing Westyn Morgan's rod and holding it tightly.

"Leave me and kill him!"

The enemy soldier's face showed a ferocious expression, his mouth filled with tragic fresh blood, he cried out in desperation.

The other eight enemy soldiers, tears in their eyes, madly threw themselves at the unarmed Westyn Morgan.

"Westyn Morgan!"

Wyatt Barnes' expression changed.

"Ah!"

Westyn Morgan, aware of the danger, roared, lifting the enemy soldier together with the iron rod, and fiercely slammed him down on an approaching soldier.

Bang!

One hit two kills.

Witnessing this, Wyatt Barnes let out a sigh of relief.

In the end, Westyn Morgan passed the test with great difficulty...

"Huh, Westyn Morgan, you've passed the test, why don't you look happy at all?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at the sober-faced Westyn Morgan, somewhat confused.

"Wyatt Barnes, do you think I should have killed them? That enemy soldier, ready to die in order to hold my weapon, just to give his comrades a chance to escape..."

Westyn Morgan sighed with a complex look in his eyes.

"That man was indeed admirable."

Remi Sinclair also nodded heavily.

"You killed him to protect yourself. The battle between you and them was a matter of life and death... you don't need to feel guilty."

Wyatt Barnes patted Westyn Morgan on the shoulder and comforted him.

The Genius Camp assessment continued with great fervor...

Later, there were still some young geniuses who were killed, but overall, things were better than at the beginning.

By now, the youngsters on the field have truly experienced a 'bloody storm'.

They went into battle and slaughtered without any burden.

"163!"

The teen who appeared in the arena was about eighteen, wearing a vermilion gown, and held a sheathed sword in his hand.

As soon as he made his move, he caught everyone's eye.

Above his head, six ancient giant elephant illusory figures congealed...

It was clear that he was a fourth layer Condensed Pill Realm martial artist!

He was the third fourth layer Condensed Pill Realm martial artist to participate in the Genius Camp's assessment so far.

The ten enemy soldiers had just entered the arena, they had not yet had time to stand.

Whoosh!

In an instant, a red ray of light flashed through the group of enemy soldiers.

In distance, overlapping sounds of swords echoing could be heard...

Clang!

The clear sound of the sword returning to its sheath rang out.

The figure of the youth emerged. He had moved from one side of the enemy soldiers to the other.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

...

The ten enemy soldiers, in their original postures, collapsed.

Hot blood sprayed from their throats, glaringly bright....

"Good!"

This scene made Kaiser Myers, the deputy leader of the Iron Blood Army, couldn't help but cheer. His eyes shone with excitement, and he asked, "What is your name?"

"Walter Simmons."

The red-robed youth nodded modestly at Kaiser Myers.

As expected, the crowd was in an uproar.

"Damn, this Walter Simmons is the real freak! I didn't even see his moves, and he has already killed all these enemy soldiers."

"Too terrifying! I didn't even get a chance to see what his sword looks like."

"I think his strength is stronger than Wyatt Barnes and Simon Davies..."

"I think so too."

...

Upon hearing these comments, Simon Davies's face turned ugly.

But when he looked at Walter Simmons, who was dressed in red robes in the distance, his eyes showed a hint of apprehension.

Although, he didn't want to admit it.

But he had to say, the other side was indeed stronger than him.

No... Not just stronger than him.

In his view,

Even Taylor Thomsen, the number one youth in the County City, was nowhere near as terrifying as this man.

"I didn't expect that there would be such a freak among the young geniuses participating in the Genius Camp's assessment this time."

Westyn Morgan murmured.

"What a fast sword!"

Remi Sinclair's face was solemn.

"Walter Simmons."

Wyatt Barnes looked at the red-robed youth in the distance, a hint of surprise in his eyes.

Just now, he had vaguely caught a glimpse of Walter Simmons's move....

Walter Simmons's movement technique, without a doubt, was a profound high-level movement technique, and had already reached the Perfect Realm.

If he confronted Walter Simmons,

Unless he brought out his full power, unleashing the power equivalent to a fifth layer Condensed Pill Realm martial artist....

Otherwise, with his Perfect Realm Spiritual Snake Body Method, in terms of speed, he wouldn't be a match for Walter Simmons.

Chapter 103: Conspiracy

Aside from his speed, Walter Simmons' swordsmanship was truly terrifying as well.

At the very least.

Wyatt Barnes was certain of one thing.

Walter Simmons' swordsmanship, in terms of speed, could match up to the Sword Drawing Technique...

The Sword Drawing Technique only shows the power of its profound high-tier swordsmanship when it surprises the enemy.

Walter Simmons' swordsmanship, on the other hand, was a genuinely profound high-tier sword technique!

Moreover, it was an obvious standout within the profound high-tier sword techniques.

"The Shadow-following Sword Technique that I previously passed on to Maya Lee was slightly inferior to his swordsmanship...probably only Keer's Ice Condensation Sword could match it."

A thought crossed Wyatt Barnes' mind.

Keer's Ice Condensation Sword was a profound high-tier sword technique accompanied by the supreme method, the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula. It also formed the basis for the more

advanced sword techniques recorded in the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula. It was extremely well-mastered.

"This Walter Simmons, unless I use my full strength, or if I perfected the Spiritual Snake Body Method...it would extremely difficult to defeat him!"

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath and a hint of battle intent flashed across his eyes.

As time flowed by, darkness began to approach.

At this point, the Genius Camp's assessment was nearing its end.

After Walter Simmons, though many talented youths at the Condensed Pill Realm's third layer were extremely outstanding, they were still significantly inferior to him...

"Number 237."

With the Centurion's announcement, a burly youth, looking as sturdy as a bull, stepped forward with an impressive spirit.

"Hmm?"

Wyatt Barnes, who was initially drowsy, perked up to look at the burly youth.

"This person is not simple."

Remi Sinclair's expression turned serious. He clearly noticed it too.

At this point, ten enemy soldiers took to the field, pouncing towards the burly young man.

Whoosh!

The burly youth's body trembled.

In the blink of an eye, above his head, six huge ancient elephant illusory shadows formed...

"Condensed Pill Realm, Fourth Layer!"

"Another one at the Condensed Pill Realm Fourth Layer!"

In the crowd, many youths couldn't help but exclaim in awe.

The flying enemy soldiers' faces drastically changed.

By this time, the burly youth had already closed in on the Second Layer enemy soldier.

Slap!

He slapped him unconscious in a single strike.

Not only that, he reached out, swung the enemy soldier's body around easily as if it were a feather, and used it as a weapon to strike the remaining nine enemy soldiers.

The nine enemy soldiers were sent flying one after another...

All of them were ruthlessly beaten, without any exceptions.

The enemy soldier used as a weapon by the burly youth had become a bloody mess. His body was slightly twitching, but even a god would find it hard to save him now.

Suddenly.

The burly youth lifted his hand, throwing the enemy soldier into the air.

Whoosh!

He brought his leg up like a lightning bolt!

Crack!

The enemy soldier's body was snapped in half at the waist, kicked up into the air, and fell down with a slam. He was lifeless.

Everything around the training field sunk into absolute silence.

"Haha... good, good!"

Kaiser Myers, the Deputy Commander of the Iron Blood Army, burst into laughter. This year's group of youths participating in the Genius Camp's assessment had truly brought him abundant surprises.

Especially the youth before his eyes, he was practically a 'fighting machine'...

Upon reaching the battlefield, he would undoubtedly be unstoppable!

"What's your name?"

Kaiser Myers asked.

"Reporting to the Deputy Commander, my name is 'Tiggi Field'!"

The burly youth bowed to Kaiser Myers, replying with respect.

"Tiggi Field, you're very good."

Kaiser Myers nodded with a smile, not skimping on his praises.

Instantly, the remaining hundred or so youths on the training ground looked towards Tiggi Field with faces full of envy and jealousy.

"This Tiggi Field is really strong."

Wyatt Barnes converged his eyes.

"I didn't expect that this year's Genius Camp's assessment would have so many freaks..."

Westyn Morgan chuckled bitterly.

While Westyn Morgan was heaving a sigh, many others were also expressing their astonishment.

"The Genius Camp's assessment this year has seen so many dark horses... tsk, tsk, four youths at the Condensed Pill Realm's fourth layer, it's truly shocking!"

"Yes, in the previous years, even if one individual at the Condensed Pill Realm's fourth layer appeared, it would already shock everyone. But this year, four appeared."

"Especially that Wyatt Barnes, his current strength might not be on par with Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field, but he's still young. When he grows up to their age, he'll be even more terrifying."

...

Simon Davies heard all these comments.

A glint of cold light flashed across Simon Davies' eyes, full of murderous intent.

"He'll become even more terrifying when he grows up to Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field's age?"

The corners of Simon Davies' lips curled into a cold smirk, "Provided he could live long enough to reach that age..."

"It's almost over."

A thought popped into Wyatt Barnes' mind, his eyes refocused on the training field.

A few more youths met their end subsequently while a similar number of youths passed the assessment...

By this point, the Genius Camp's assessment had ultimately come to an end.

The Centurion returned to Deputy Commander Kaiser Myers' side and whispered a few words.

Kaiser Myers stepped forward, looking at a group of youngsters who seemed to have matured overnight, and said slowly:

"First, congratulations to you all, for passing the Genius Camp assessment... I have to say, this year's Genius Camp assessment took me by surprise. Not only was the number of people passing higher than the past years, but there were also a few people whose strength amazed me!"

The people in attendance all knew who Kaiser Myers was referring to.

For a moment, most people's gaze split in four directions.

They landed on Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field and Simon Davies...

These four were definitely the dark horses!

"You can go wild and celebrate tonight... Starting tomorrow, you will become a part of Genius Camp; the treatment in the coming year won't be as benevolent. Although you are all outstanding, based on my past experience, out of all of you, no more than ten will be able to survive a year."

Only after Kaiser Myers finished his final words, did he dismiss the youngsters present.

After a year, no more than ten would survive...

The group of youngsters leaving the Iron Blood Army camp didn't doubt Kaiser Myers' words at all.

Kaiser Myers, being the Deputy Commander of the Iron Blood Army...

Over the years, he had seen countless people die in the training of Genius Camp.

His words were extremely credible.

"Tsk, tsk... No more than ten. I just roughly counted, there are ninety-eight young talents who passed the Genius Camp assessment."

Westyn Morgan couldn't help but click his tongue in wonder.

"You're really idle to count that."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and laughed.

"Eat and drink well tonight, once tomorrow begins, there won't be such an opportunity for a year."

Remi Sinclair expressed.

"That's right, let's eat and drink to our hearts' content tonight!"

Westyn Morgan grinned.

"What are we waiting for then, let's go."

Wyatt Barnes led the way to the restaurant.

That night, after they got drunk and sated, Wyatt Barnes and the others strolled around the Iron Blood City's night market before returning to the inn.

After Wyatt Barnes went back to his room, he practiced until late into the night, then gradually fell asleep.

He was looking forward to the training in Genius Camp.

In another inn on a different street, there was a brightly lit spacious room.

"Brother, I'm sorry."

Simon Davies lowered his head.

Across Simon Davies stood a young man around twenty-five years old.

The young man was dressed casually, looking somewhat similar to Simon Davies, but at this moment, his eyes were flashing with a chilling luster, filled with anger and murderous intent...

"This incident has nothing to do with you, you don't need to blame yourself."

The young man was 'Joseph Davies', Simon Davies' biological brother.

"Brother, it was all because of that Wyatt Barnes. If not for him, I wouldn't have confronted him and attracted the attention of the Deputy Commander."

A murderous intent was revealed in Simon Davies' eyes.

"Don't worry, as long as he joins the Genius Camp, I have plenty of ways to kill him."

Joseph Davies clenched his fists tightly, his rampant origin force burst forth...

Out of extreme anger.

Above his head, eleven ancient giant elephant phantoms condensed into form.

Eighth level of the Condensed Pill Realm!

"Brother, didn't Bold Tide say that you need to avoid suspicion?"

Simon Davies was taken aback.

"I will avoid suspicion."

A flash passed Joseph Davies' eyes and a cold smile appeared on his face, "But, among the centurions who will be responsible for the Genius Camp training, two of them are my very close friends... At that time, as long as I let them trip him up a bit, it would be difficult for that Wyatt Barnes even if he doesn't want to die!"

"That's great!"

Simon Davies revealed a delighted look.

In the Iron Blood Army camp, inside the largest tent.

"Qing Shan, I heard some promising seedlings have arrived at Genius Camp?"

The gentle-looking middle-aged man sitting at the head looked towards the burly middle-aged man seated below. He had a gentle smile on his face.

"Yes, Commander-in-Chief!"

Kaiser Myers nodded, his face brimming with joy.

"For you to still be so thrilled, I am a little curious... Tell me all about it."

The gentle-looking middle-aged man smiled slightly, showing interest.

No one would have imagined that off the battlefield, the ruthless Iron Blood Army Commander-in-Chief, without his armor, was such a refined and extraordinary middle-aged man, looking more like a scholar.

"Yes."

Kaiser Myers replied respectfully.

"Among these four, the first one I heard about was 'Simon Davies', the biological younger brother of the Centurion 'Joseph Davies'... However, although Simon Davies is quite powerful, he is mediocre and unlikely to achieve much."

Kaiser Myers seemed indifferent when he mentioned Simon Davies.

"Isn't Joseph Davies a centurion?"

The refined middle-aged man was taken aback.

Afterwards, after listening to Kaiser Myers' explanation, he also understood the whole story, his face darkened and he hummed, "This Joseph Davies is being presumptuous! The Iron Blood Army should never be used for personal gains."

"So, I gave him a chance based on the military merits he has accumulated over the years. If he doesn't mend his ways, I'll have to expel him from the Iron Blood Army."

Kaiser Myers added.

"You handled this matter very well. And this Wyatt Barnes, he's the second person you noticed?"

The refined middle-aged man asked curiously.

"Indeed."

Kaiser Myers nodded, "This Wyatt Barnes should still be under seventeen, but he's neither humble nor arrogant... In the face of the murderous aura I deliberately released, he was not moved at all. I suspect that, despite his young age, he has already killed quite a few people."

"Under seventeen, and has killed quite a few people?"

The refined middle-aged man was startled.

"Yes. Later, to confirm my suspicion, I deliberately observed him for a while... The result was that, in the face of the carnage on the drilling ground, he was completely different from the other youngsters, he did not move at all, and remained indifferent from beginning to end. It's hard to imagine that a teenager who is only sixteen years old was able to do this."

Kaiser Myers continued.

Chapter 104: Training Begins

Early the next morning at the Iron Blood Army camp.

Ninety-eight young boys from all over Swallow Mountain County gathered once again.

After a night of rest, they were all in high spirits.

Yesterday's events were completely in the past...

A new Chapter had begun.

Before long, the Centurion who oversaw tests for the Genius Camp yesterday arrived with five young officers in tow.

As soon as the Centurion appeared, he got straight to the point:

"Firstly, congratulations on passing the test and becoming members of Genius Camp. I am Centurion Declan Yorke of the Iron Blood Army, responsible for organizing this year's Genius Camp training... Normally, the five Centurions behind me will serve as your 'instructors' and lead

your training. Now, you can divide yourselves into groups freely, splitting into five groups. Each group cannot exceed twenty persons."

Declan Yorke continued.

Immediately, the squad of young geniuses started to move about.

More people flooded towards four directions.

In these four directions, stood an individual.

Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field, and Simon Davies.

Clearly, in their eyes, latching onto Wyatt Barnes's coattails seemed like the wisest choice...

Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan stood their ground, not budging an inch.

Around them, it didn't take long for a crowd of over twenty to gather.

Finally, under the intervention of the five Centurions, Wyatt Barnes' group ended up with twenty people.

The groups of Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field, and Simon Davies were the same.

Only the other eighteen people stood on the side, smiling bitterly and looking somewhat lost and helpless.

"Alright, the groups have been sorted... Moving on, let's briefly introduce the rules of training for the next year. In the first round of training, each group will face different challenges over a period of three months. It's survival of the fittest, until half the members are eliminated... That means, in three months, only half of each group will remain."

Declan Yorke stated slowly.

As Declan Yorke's voice fell, the group of eighteen isolated geniuses lit up.

"Hahaha! So that's how it is... Looks like our luck isn't bad. At least there are no 'freaks' in our group."

"You're right, they're the unlucky ones... Especially the groups with Wyatt Barnes and Simon Davies. Wyatt Barnes will definitely help his two companions, which means that in the first round of training, out of the other seventeen, only seven will survive."

"Hahaha... The people in Simon Davies's group are even more screwed. Simon Davies has four members from the Davies Family by his side. Out of the other fifteen, only five can survive."

...

Contrasting the joy of these boys.

The young boys of the other four groups all had somewhat awkward expressions.

Especially those in the groups of Wyatt Barnes and Simon Davies.

They all wore ugly expressions.

"Damn! What was I thinking? Why did I choose Wyatt Barnes's group?"

"Forget it. Our luck is not so bad compared to those who chose Simon Davies's group."

...

"Damn, how did I end up choosing Simon Davies's group? This is the worst."

"Exactly, even Wyatt Barnes's group would be better than this one."

...

Upon hearing the discussions around him, Simon Davies's expression turned cold as he snapped, "If you guys think Wyatt Barnes's group is better, then get lost and join them!"

Instantly, the boys around him fell silent.

They dared not offend Simon Davies now...

If Simon Davies had a bias against them, they would be done for.

"Now, the five groups of you will each make up a squad... guided by a Centurion as your instructor, you will start the first round of three-month training."

Declan Yorke's voice echoed once again.

The group Walter Simmons was in was named 'First Squad'.

The group Tiggi Field was in was named 'Second Squad'.

The group Wyatt Barnes was in was named 'Third Squad'.

The group Simon Davies was in was named 'Fourth Squad'.

The last group was named 'Fifth Squad'.

Five Centurions, each standing in front of their respective squad...

"Starting today, I am the instructor of Third Squad, my name is 'Jaz Martinez'!"

A medium-built Centurion, around thirty years old, standing in front of Wyatt Barnes's group, shouted out loud.

"Is he trying to be cheap?"

A few boys were startled.

Wyatt Barnes twitched a corner of his mouth; this Centurion's name was certainly unique...

"Pfft!"

Immediately, someone couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"Is something funny?"

Jaz Martinez's face darkened and he shouted harshly.

Instantly, the entire squad quieted down.

"Everyone follow me, we're marching to the 'Sunset Mountain Range'!"

Jaz Martinez snapped, leading the way out of the Iron Blood Army camp.

At this time, the teenagers from the other four squads had also followed their instructors.

A group of Genius Camp boys, following behind their instructors, left Iron Blood City and headed towards the Sunset Mountain Range.

In the beginning, the boys who sprinted out were all talkative and jovial...

By noon, however, hardly anyone had the energy to chat.

They were all hungry and thirsty.

"Instructor, where are we eating lunch?"

A boy from the Third Squad couldn't help asking.

"Hmph! There's no lunch. If you want to eat, you'll have to sort it out yourselves once we reach the Sunset Mountain Range! Judging by our current pacing, we will only arrive at the Sunset Mountain Range in the evening at the earliest... Buck up!"

Jaz Martinez snorted coldly.

"What? We're running until evening?"

The boys were dumbfounded.

They had only ran for half a morning and they were already feeling tired and hungry...

If they were to run until evening, wouldn't they just drop dead from exhaustion?

"Wyatt Barnes, aren't you tired?"

At the end of the group of Third Squad boys, three youngsters followed at a leisurely pace. Westyn Morgan, wiping the sweat off his brow, asked.

At this point, even Remi Sinclair was huffing and puffing...

Only Wyatt Barnes remained unfazed.

A smile was visible in the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth.

Tired?

This small amount of training, compared to his previous life, was child's play.

In this life, his physique is even more powerful, so much so that even if he were to run for a whole day and night, he wouldn't necessarily feel tired...

"Westyn Morgan, your breath is too unruly... Take one breath every three steps and exhale every two steps, maintain the rhythm, give it a try."

Wyatt Barnes said with a smile, sharing his 'secret' with Westyn.

After Westyn followed Wyatt's instruction, his complexion recovered within a short while, he stopped sweating and overall, he felt refreshed.

"It actually works."

Westyn's eyes brightened.

"Hmm?"

Remi Sinclair seemed somewhat surprised and couldn't help trying it out. He discovered that he truly couldn't feel the fatigue of being out of breath anymore.

He took a deeper look at Wyatt.

He realized that the more he understood about Wyatt, the more stunned he felt...

"Wyatt Barnes, I really have to hand it to you."

Westyn Morgan exclaimed.

Soon enough, people started to notice that despite their speed not slowing, Wyatt and the other two were not panting, leaving everyone astounded.

Even the five instructors showed some signs of shock.

"Hmph!"

Simon Davies' pacing began to increase, at the sight of Wyatt and his group's condition, his face fell.

Even Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field looked deeply at Wyatt.

At present, apart from the five instructors, only Wyatt and the other two members of his group seemed to be on a leisurely stroll, not at all like they were running.

The sun was setting.

Upon seeing a range of continuous mountains in front of them, apart from Wyatt's group, all the other boys, including Walter, Tiggi, and Simon, breathed a sigh of relief.

"We are here already? Sigh, it didn't even seem like a challenge."

Westyn Morgan said irritably.

Suddenly, they were met with numerous contemptuous looks...

"Stop!"

Soon, the five instructors glanced at each other and shouted in unison.

All the boys in the five squads stopped.

Some of the boys bent over to take deep breaths...

They could finally rest.

Soon, they were all stunned again.

The five instructors rummaged through all of their belongings, confiscating every 'fire starter' they had.

"Quite interesting."

Something came to Wyatt Barnes' mind, and he smiled.

The five instructors collected all the fire starters, piled them up, and burnt them to ashes.

"Instructors, what is..."

Some boys were confused.

"Now, the Centurion is waiting at the entrance of the Sunset Mountain Range... Whoever amongst you reaches the Sunset Mountain Range first will get the 'fire starter' from the Centurion. That could determine whether you eat raw meat or cooked meat tonight."

One of the instructors slowly spoke.

Soon, a group of boys ran forward as if just awakened from a dream. They no longer cared about resting...

From above, phantom images of ancient mammoths ran by, their momentum overwhelming!

Soon, only Wyatt Barnes and his two group members were left leisurely walking forward.

While Wyatt Barnes remained calm, both Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan were baffled...

"Wyatt Barnes, aren't we going to fight for the fire starter?"

Westyn Morgan asked.

"If we don't have a fire starter, we'll have to eat raw meat in the coming days."

Remi Sinclair said with a bitter smile.

"Who said you need a fire starter to start a fire?"

Wyatt Barnes replied nonchalantly.

He had a fire starter in his Storage Ring, and even if he didn't use it, there were many ways he could easily start a fire...

Four out of the five instructors ran off.

Only their instructor 'Jaz Martinez' who was in charge of Wyatt Barnes' squad was left. He cast a glance at Wyatt's group, frowned, but did not say much.

"How will we start a fire without a fire starter?"

Westyn Morgan asked curiously.

"Forget it, we probably won't be able to catch up now... The worst-case scenario is that we will borrow it from the person who gets the fire starter when we need it."

Remi Sinclair shook his head, not entirely believing Wyatt Barnes' words.

The three of them slowly moved forward, and when they reached the entrance of the Sunset Mountain Range, they found only Centurion 'Declan Yorke' and the other four Centurion instructors remaining.

The other boys were nowhere to be seen.

"What's going on?"

Declan Yorke frowned, looking at Jaz Martinez who was following behind Wyatt's group.

"Centurion, it seemed like they didn't care about the fire starter, so I didn't pressure them into it."

Jaz Martinez explained in a matter-of-fact manner.

Declan Yorke glanced at Wyatt's group, shook his head, "Alright, you three, go hunt for some beasts now and prepare your dinner."

Wyatt nodded, and along with Westyn and Remi, entered the Sunset Mountain Range.

"They probably plan on borrowing a fire starter from someone else."

After glancing at the backs of Wyatt's group, Jaz Martinez snorted under his breath.

"Then they might be out of luck..."

Declan Yorke looked strange.

"Hmm?"

Jaz Martinez, looking puzzled, turned to Declan Yorke, "Centurion, why do you say that?"

"Haha! Jaz Martinez, do you know who got the fire starter?"

Another Centurion asked, laughing.

"Who?"

Jaz Martinez asked, somewhat curious.

"Simon Davies!"

Chapter 105: Gambling Bet

In the sky above the Sunset Mountain Ranges, a setting sun descended gradually, disappearing behind the mountains on the far side.

"Perhaps, these 'Sunset Mountain Ranges' were named after this phenomenon."

Wyatt Barnes contemplated this scene as he watched the sun disappear over the horizon.

"This Sunset Mountain Range is probably like the Foggy Forest, inhabited by many wild beasts and Fierce Beasts. Once we enter, we must tread carefully."

Wyatt Barnes advised Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan, who were standing by his side.

They nodded in agreement.

"Let's go!"

With a swift motion, Wyatt Barnes stepped forward.

Spirit Snake Technique!

Both Remi and Westyn employed their body movement techniques and followed Wyatt, trailing him closely like shadows.

Upon entering the Sunset Mountain Ranges, the trio observed three forked paths. They chose one only to find five more branching paths...

The place was almost like a labyrinth!

"Aoo!"

A wolf's howl ripped through the silent sky, almost deafening.

Wyatt Barnes turned his head and saw a jet-black wild wolf, its red eyes gleamed, lunging at him from a nearby thicket, its ginormous mouth wide open, ready to bite him.

"Overestimating yourself!"

With a raise of his brow, Wyatt's right arm muscles bulged.

Whoosh!

He swung his right arm towards the wolf's chest, stirring up a windstrong enough to clear away the surroundings.

Boom!

With a loud explosion, the wolf's painful howl abruptly ended.

The wild wolf's innards were shattered by Wyatt Barnes' attack, it struggled a few times on the ground and then went still...

Dead!

"I didn't expect the game to come to us voluntarily."

Westyn Morgan walked over laughing and hoisted the wolf's carcass over his shoulder.

"Let's go back."

Wyatt Barnes, after surveying their surroundings for a bit, suggested.

As the trio left the Sunset Mountain Ranges, they encountered other young men carrying their own prey. All of them gathered back at the entrance of the ranges.

Many had already begun to clean their kills.

Some had hunted a tiger, some a hawk, some a leopard...

The trio found a vacant spot and placed the wolf carcass onto the ground. With a quick move, Westyn drew a small dagger from his boot and started cleaning the dead wolf...

In a while, Westyn had the wolf pelt cleanly shaven and the entrails were discarded to one side.

"Westyn, you sure are efficient in this."

Wyatt Barnes was somewhat surprised.

"Hehe, I often had to spend nights in the Foggy Forest before, sometimes for an entire month. So, I had to find something to eat... However, now that we have the meatest, where do we find fire?"

Westyn replied with a chuckle but looked a bit troubled by the end.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Remi frowned, looked in a certain direction and alerted, "Look!"

Wyatt Barnes and Westyn turned their heads to look.

They saw that a group of young men from the Genius Camp, except their Third Squad, had managed to start campfires...

"Simon Davies, can you lend us the fire starter?"

Someone from Third Squad went to borrow the fire starter.

"So, it was Simon Davies who managed to get the fire starter?"

Remi and Westyn looked somewhat disconcerted.

"If I remember correctly, you are in the same team as Wyatt Barnes. You are from the Third Squad, aren't you?"

Simon Davies asked the youngster who came to borrow the fire starter.

"Yes."

The young man confirmed with a nod.

"It's not a big deal to lend fire to other members of the Third Squad... But let me be clear, if I ever find out that anyone has dared to lend the fire to Wyatt Barnes, don't ever dream of using my fire thereafter."

The light in Simon's eyes narrowed to a slit, as a cold glint flickered in his eyes.

"But... we're all hungry after a day's hard work, Simon. What do you say..."

The boy hesitated.

"Hmph! For that sentence alone... I am not lending to anyone from the Third Squad!"

Simon Davies sneered coldly, as he looked at the group of young men from his own squad and the other three, "You all are using the fire borrowed from me currently. Let me make myself clear, if anyone dares to lend a fire to anyone from the Third Squad, don't dream of borrowing fire from me thereafter."

At this moment, Simon was exhibiting a smug look that said 'I have the fire and that makes me the boss.'

"Simon, relax, we won't prove ungrateful!"

"Yes, we promise not to lend to the Third Squad."

Suddenly, outside of the Third Squad, the rest of them showed solidarity.

"You... you..."

The young boy who had gone to borrow the fire was red with rage.

"What? Now scram!"

Simon Davies gave him a glare, and the young boy retreated back to where the rest of the Third Squad was.

At this moment, the members of the Third Squad glaringly looked at the young boy, "Mustafa Rowan, do you still have the nerve to come back?"

"You originally got the fire. Yet because you, the meddling moron, got involved with Wyatt Barnes... and now, because of you, none of us in the Third Squad get to use the fire."

"Wyatt Barnes is over there, I am curious if he will appreciate your meddling."

...

Mustafa Rowan was taken aback.

He hadn't expected to be isolated due to his previous actions. His eyes swelled red, teary.

"What... about to cry? Here. Take your game and get lost!"

A young man threw a cleaned wild boar at Mustafa Rowan.

"How... how can you all be so selfish!"

Mustafa Rowan, clutching the wild boar, began breathing heavily...

Soon, Mustafa Rowan noticed that the members of the Third Squad who were bickering with him, as if seeing something frightening, suddenly became silent.

Slap!

At that moment, he felt a strong hand on his shoulder.

He turned around and saw the young man in purple, standing behind him, smiling at him, "Wyatt Barnes."

Wyatt Barnes smiled and asked, "Your name is Mustafa Rowan?"

Wyatt Barnes felt quite favourable towards this young man who was willing to fight for fire for a stranger like himself.

"Yes, yes."

Mustafa Rowan was somewhat nervous and constrained.

"Don't be nervous. Since they don't want you, from now on, you will be with us."

Wyatt Barnes beckoned to Mustafa Rowan, returning to Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan's sides.

"Remi Sinclair."

"Westyn Morgan."

Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan nodded at Mustafa Rowan with a smile.

"Hello, my name is Mustafa Rowan."

There was a flush on Mustafa Rowan's face, making him resemble a young girl.

Not far away.

"Humph! This Mustafa Rowan sure is lucky, he's managed to hook up with Wyatt Barnes as his ally."

"So what if he hooked up with Wyatt Barnes, he'll still have to eat raw meat."

"Damn it! We got absolutely screwed by Mustafa Rowan this time."

...

The boys from the Third Squad all had ugly expressions.

On the other side.

"How do you think Wyatt Barnes will manage his dinner?"

Centurion Declan Yorke, while far off was roasting a bonfire, asked the five Centurions sitting around him.

"I heard that he is fearless even in front of the Commander-in-Chief. Shouldn't he go and seize the fire starter from Simon Davies?"

"Humph! Even if he tried to forcibly take it, he might not be a match for Simon Davies."

"Correct. Moreover, do you think the others won't help Simon Davies? Including Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field. They all owe Simon Davies for this round, otherwise, where would their fire come from?"

...

The Centurions were all discussing, none of them were optimistic about Wyatt Barnes's chances.

Wyatt Barnes and his three comrades, sitting in a group.

"Wyatt Barnes, Simon Davies has the fire starter now and the others have made it clear, they won't lend us their fire... what about our dinner tonight? After running around all day, I'm starving."

Westyn Morgan touched his flattened belly, showing a bitter smile on his face.

Remi Sinclair was also looking at Wyatt Barnes.

"Sho...should I...I go and beg Simon Davies?"

Mustafa Rowan said with a flushed red face.

The next moment, he found the burning gazes from Wyatt Barnes and the other two on him.

"I...I won't go. That's it."

Mustafa Rowan lowered his head.

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes suddenly stood up.

Under the puzzled gazes of Remi Sinclair, Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan, Wyatt Barnes was heading towards the other boys from the Third Squad.

The group of boys were on their guard.

"Don't be nervous."

Wyatt Barnes smiled and then narrowed his eyes, looking at a pile of kindling that was surrounded by people, "You guys don't need this firewood, right?"

The boys looked at each other, none of them spoke up.

"Since you don't need it, I'll take it."

Wyatt Barnes unabashedly picked up the pile of kindling and returned to Remi Sinclair and the others.

"We don't have a fire starter, what do you need these dry sticks for?"

Westyn Morgan looked puzzled.

"Who said you can't start a fire without a fire starter?"

Wyatt Barnes deliberately raised his voice.

For a moment, including Centurion Declan Yorke and several other Centurions, everyone was looking at Wyatt Barnes with great interest...

"Humph! Trying to mystify! I really want to see how you start a fire without a fire starter."

Simon Davies snorted and laughed mockingly in a loud voice.

"Are you so sure?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Simon Davies and suddenly laughed.

"Of course."

Simon Davies responded sharply.

"How about we make a bet then?"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes flashed, his face always maintained a smile.

"What do you want to bet?"

Simon Davies raised his eyebrows.

"Betting on other things is boring...we'll bet, whoever loses, strips naked and runs around the entrance of the Sunset Mountains embarrassingly for ten rounds, how about that?"

Wyatt Barnes squinted his eyes.

"What?!"

Simon Davies was stunned.

Everyone else was also dumbfounded.

This bet...

Too mean!

"Wyatt Barnes, you..."

Westyn Morgan looked at Wyatt Barnes in astonishment.

"What, don't dare?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Simon Davies with a hint of a cold smile in the corner of his mouth, snorting, "If you don't have the guts, keep a low profile, don't yap around like a dog! It's annoying."

Simon Davies' face turned red with anger, and he said angrily: "Why wouldn't I dare? Fine, I accept!"

"Good, I hope you won't high tail it when the time comes."

Wyatt Barnes' eyes flashed.

"I'm more worried about you running away...Centurion Declan Yorke!"

As Simon Davies spoke, he stood up and looked into the distance.

"What's the matter?"

Declan Yorke came over with five Centurions. The bet between Wyatt Barnes and Simon Davies had reached their ears.

"Centurion Declan Yorke, this Wyatt Barnes wants to bet with me. I hope you can be the witness, so he won't run away if he loses..."

Simon Davies looked at Declan Yorke and spoke word by word.

"Simon Davies is too harsh, he actually had Centurion Declan Yorke as the witness for this bet."

"With Centurion Declan Yorke here, Wyatt Barnes won't dare to run away even if he loses!"

"Wyatt Barnes really shot himself in the foot this time."

"I'm looking forward to seeing Wyatt Barnes running naked around the field, hahaha..."

"I'm also looking forward to it. However, Wyatt Barnes seems to be only sixteen years old, probably not fully grown yet, so there won't be much to see."

...

The group of boys were discussing.

Everyone seemed to have decided that Wyatt Barnes was sure to lose.

Chapter 106: Drilling Wood for Fire

"Wyatt Barnes, what do you think?"

Centurion 'Declan Yorke' turned to Wyatt Barnes, seeking his opinion.

After all, it was Wyatt Barnes who initiated this bet.

"Wyatt Barnes, you can't chicken out now."

Simon Davies narrowed his eyes, blocking Wyatt Barnes's retreat.

"Centurion, I have no objections, just as Simon Davies said, please be our witness."

Wyatt Barnes gave a nod of his head.

A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Simon Davies was really considerate...

Simon Davies's pupils constricted, he didn't expect Wyatt Barnes to agree so readily.

"Wyatt Barnes, you wouldn't have secretly stashed away a fire starter, would you? If that's the case, this bet is meaningless."

Simon Davies looked cautiously at Wyatt Barnes.

"Rest assured, if I use a fire starter, consider it as my loss."

Wyatt Barnes laughed.

A fire starter?

Does he need it?

Simon Davies breathed a sigh of relief, "Those are your words."

"If none of you have any objections... this bet takes effect."

Declan Yorke looked at Wyatt Barnes and Simon Davies.

Both shook their heads, indicating no objections.

"Let's get started."

Declan Yorke turned interestedly to Wyatt Barnes.

His five fellow centurions behind him were also staring at Wyatt Barnes with glowing eyes. They were all curious where Wyatt Barnes's confidence came from...

Even they wouldn't dare to claim that they could create fire from scratch without a fire starter.

"Today, I will teach you all a common sense."

Soon, Wyatt Barnes picked out a round, dry log from a pile of firewood and sat down on the spot.

At this time, a group of youngsters from the Genius Camp all gathered around, watching Wyatt Barnes's every move without blinking...

"Westyn Morgan, give me your dagger."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Westyn Morgan and smiled.

Westyn Morgan handed over his dagger.

Taking Westyn Morgan's dagger, Wyatt Barnes raised his hand, chopped off one end of the wood, and then intentionally sharpened it...

In the meantime, he made a small hole in the round log.

Whoosh!

The fragmented wood fell into his hands, and as his Origin Force blossomed in his hand, it turned into wood chips, falling into the small hole in the log.

Then, he inserted the prepared sharp piece of wood into the small hole.

He began to rotate it...

If anyone from his previous reincarnation on Earth was present, they would certainly recognize at a glance.

Barnes' current action was 'friction fire starting'!

"Hmph! Daydreaming, do you really think you can create fire this way?"

Simon Davies sneered.

However, he was soon stunned.

Chirp!

After Wyatt Barnes drilled for a while, the wood chips began to smoke, and moments later, a small flame rose...

"Westyn Morgan, the firewood!"

Wyatt Barnes shouted in a low voice.

"Coming!"

Westyn Morgan had already prepared the firewood when the wood chips started to smoke. Hearing Wyatt Barnes call for him, he promptly placed a pile of firewood in front of Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes put the burning wood chips into the firewood...

Suddenly, a blaze roared to life!

"No... Impossible... It's not possible."

Simon Davies looked in disbelief at this scene, stepped backwards a few times, and shook his head in a somewhat disoriented manner. He couldn't believe that all this was real.

At this moment, the youngsters around him looked at Simon Davies with a hint of pity in their eyes...

This Simon Davies was in over his head!

Daisy Davies and the other three youngsters from the Davies family all had very ugly expressions on their faces.

If Simon Davies loses face, it means the Davies family loses face, and they lose face too.

"Wyatt Barnes, how did you come up with this?"

Declan Yorke took a deep look at Wyatt Barnes and asked.

"I accidentally discovered it while playing as a child... I call it 'friction fire starting', what do you think, Centurion?"

Wyatt Barnes touched his nose.

"Good... Very good!"

Declan Yorke laughed heartily.

"Simon Davies, since you asked the Centurion to be our witness, I believe you will honor our bet, won't you?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Simon Davies again with a mocking smile.

Simon Davies's face turned worse.

Soon, he looked pleadingly at the two centurions behind Declan Yorke.

"Centurion, Simon Davies is after all a scion of the Davies family in the County City. If he's subjected to this humiliation, the Davies family will undoubtedly be humiliated as well... it might not end well."

One of the centurions stepped forward.

"Yes, Centurion, let's just take this matter as a joke and laugh it over."

Another centurion also stepped forward.

Declan Yorke frowned.

The Davies family...

He had to consider it.

However, this bet, so many people had personally seen him as the witness. If he just backed out, his authority would certainly be compromised...

If word got out, he wouldn't have a foothold in the Iron Blood Army!

"Hahahaha..."

A burst of laughter suddenly rang out.

"Insolent!"

The first Centurion who had stood up to support Simon Davies changed his expression, glaring angrily at Wyatt Barnes, "You cannot act so recklessly in the presence of the higher-ranking Centurion!"

"Centurion Sir."

Wyatt narrowed his eyes slightly and smiled, "The wager between Simon Davies and I is not only witnessed by the higher-ranking Centurion but every person present here... at the time the bet was agreed upon, I wonder why you didn't object? Could it be that you didn't consider the Davies Family at the time?"

"Or is it... now that I've won and Simon Davies has lost, it's not as you expected. So, you're bringing up the Davies Family to trap the higher-ranking Centurion?"

As he finished speaking, a chilling light gleamed in Wyatt's eyes, "Could it be that you think the higher-ranking Centurion is afraid of the Davies Family... and must bow before them?"

The Centurion's face turned pale when he heard Wyatt's provoking words.

After glaring at Wyatt resentfully, he turned to look at Declan Yorke, the higher-ranking Centurion, expressing a fearful plea, "Centurion Sir, I never thought like that. I really didn't mean that."

Another Centurion, observing the situation, wisely closed his mouth.

Although he was the friend of Joseph Davies, Simon's older brother, he did not dare offend his superior officer.

"Everyone here witnessed the bet, and we hope for fair treatment from Centurion Sir!"

Remi Sinclair spoke up timely, helping Wyatt.

"We hope for fair treatment from Centurion Sir!"

Immediately, the young men from every squad, many of them supporting the cause, echoed the words.

Simon Davies's face turned darker and darker.

His gaze swept over these young men.

Most of these boys had borrowed fire from him before. He never expected they would be such turncoats, so pragmatic...

It made his blood boil!

"Alright, since I am the witness of this bet, I naturally won't take sides... Simon Davies, fulfill the terms of the bet."

Declan Yorke looked at Simon and spoke indifferently.

Although he was somewhat concerned about the Davies Family in County City, he was not afraid.

Even if the Clan Chief of Davies Family personally came to Iron Blood City, he could not do anything to him.

He was a member of the Iron Blood Army.

The Iron Blood Army, renowned for its protective nature, was no target for the County Governor's Mansion.

Taking a deep breath, Simon's eyes were filled with shame as his body began to tremble involuntarily...

Under the gaze of many eyes, Simon began to take off his clothes, piece by piece...

Wyatt, Remi, Westyn Morgan, and Mustafa Rowan all returned to their previous spot now roasting wolves, boars...

Roasting meat while watching Simon's 'performance'.

"Haha! I didn't realize that Simon is even paler than women."

Westyn chuckled, watching Simon running.

"He even has a birthmark on his buttocks."

Wyatt laughed.

At this point, not just Wyatt and his comrades, but all the other boys were watching Simon's performance without blinking, for fear of missing any amusing scene.

With every step Simon ran, each gust of wind touching his naked body, his face darkened...

His eyes were filled with an intense hatred and murderous intent!

Wyatt Barnes!

I will not rest until I kill you!

"Ahh!!"

Halfway through his run, Simon suddenly roared.

Whew!

He exerted himself and quickly finished the remaining rounds.

"Brother Davies."

Daisy Davies timely handed him his clothes.

Simon took a deep breath. After putting on his clothes, he sat in a corner, too ashamed to show his face.

"Ha ha... So refreshing!"

Westyn laughed.

Remi also laughed.

Mustafa's eyes flashed, and a smile appeared on his lips...

He realised, surprisingly, that he also felt a surge of pleasure.

"Alright, let's eat now, or the meat will get burnt!"

Wyatt laughed.

At this moment, the other boys in the Genius Camp, except the few from the Davies family, were all whispering to each other.

Their topic of discussion was none other than 'Simon Davies' who just had a naked run around them for ten rounds.

The boys from Third Squad were cheery.

"That Simon, who said he wouldn't lend us his fire starter... Humph! We Third Squad don't need to rely on anyone, thanks to Wyatt's 'fire making from wood' technique. We can easily make a fire even without a fire starter."

"Exactly! Wyatt is amazing to develop such a technique."

"I can't believe Wyatt is only sixteen... When I was his age, I hadn't even entered the Condensed Pill Realm, let alone be as skillful as he is."

"Simon will probably be a laughing stock from now on... "

"Speaking of which, his... 'bird' looks so small, I wonder if it's of any use."

"Shh! Lower your voice. He still belongs to the Davies family of County City. Be careful not to provoke him, or you'll be in trouble."

"Right, let's keep our voices low... To be honest, I also think his 'bird' is really small. Like a bamboo skewer."

...

At this moment, the boys of the Third Squad were full of praise for Wyatt, but they were mercilessly trampling on Simon.

It seemed they had completely forgotten.

Just moments ago, they were very unhappy with Wyatt and had considered swallowing their pride to borrow fire from Simon.

Far away.

Centurion 'Declan Yorke' was nibbling on the roasted meat, his gaze fixed on Wyatt...

He found this boy really intriguing.

Even such an ingenious method of making fire was brought up by him, a pure genius!

Among the five Centurions, the instructor of the Third Squad, 'Jaz Martinez', still looked astounded.

He finally understood.

As it turns out, the reason Wyatt had been unhurriedly heading towards Sunset Mountain Range today, not struggling for the fire starter, was that he had prepared beforehand...

He did not need a fire starter to make fire at all!

He started to realize the true potential of this boy.

Among the remaining four Centurions, two of them were acting nonchalant and indifferent.

The other two Centurions glanced at each other and smiled helplessly.

They were both friends of Joseph Davies, Simon's older brother. They felt a bit guilty for not being able to help Simon this time.

However, they soon revealed a flash of murderous intent in their eyes.

Chapter 107: Half Asleep, Half Awake

"So full!"

Wyatt Barnes belched at his satiety, laying back casually with crossed legs and gazing up at the night sky.

Clusters of stars shimmered dazzlingly, stealing the show.

"Mustafa, I've finished off three pieces of meat already, and you're not even halfway through one... Learn from me, eat like a man!"

Westyn Morgan sneered.

"Westyn, you're just devouring everything like a raging bull."

Remi Sinclair laughed.

"Go away! Didn't you see Wyatt Barnes ate faster than me."

Westyn Morgan spoke discontentedly.

"Westyn, you rascal, dragging me into this,"

Wyatt Barnes laughed and scolded.

His eating speed was simply a habit from his past life when he was a mercenary, sometimes with barely enough time for meals in between tasks and had to wolf down his food...

Luckily, his digestion was super strong, without leaving any ill-effects.

In his previous life, he honed his internal strength by practicing the Shape and Intent Fist, which made his internal organs forged, very robust, far beyond the ordinary people.

In this life, his body and internal organs were even stronger...

Today, his sheer strength, even without using Origin Force, merely relying on his physical strength, was comparable to the power of five ancient behemoth elephants!

Who else could match that?

"We aren't going to sleep here tonight, are we?"

Mustafa Rowan said worriedly.

"It wouldn't be too bad if we could sleep here; I fear they would let us sleep right in the mountains..."

Westyn Morgan replied.

"Damn! Westyn, I hope you don't get it right."

Wyatt Barnes had just sat up when he spotted the Centurion Declan Yorke and other five Centurions approaching from afar.

Declan Yorke's glance swept over the young men and commanded, "Stand up! Fall in!"

Immediately, the young men formed five teams and lined up at attention.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Declan Yorke frowned, looked in the distance, and shouted, "Simon Davies, what are you still doing there? Fall in!"

"He must consider himself so special because he has a birthmark on his butt to even disobey Centurion's orders."

Westyn Morgan smirked.

Immediately, the young men on the scene, except the few men from the Davies Family, erupted into laughter.

"Say that again, if you dare!"

At this moment, Simon Davies strolled over leisurely, just in time to hear Westyn's words. His gaze turned frosty as he glared at Westyn, his face full of murderous intent.

"Hmph!"

Westyn Morgan snorted and ignored Simon Davies, knowing he wouldn't dare to provoke him any further.

"Sigh, it's so intolerable when people can't handle the truth... Your birthmark is not a secret at all."

Wyatt Barnes pretended to sigh.

"Hahahahaha ..."

Suddenly, the laughter rang out again.

All the young men on the scene couldn't help but recall the scene of Simon Davies's 'naked dash' just now...

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Simon Davies's eyes flared with murderous intent as he growled each word angrily.

"Enough!"

Declan Yorke's face darkened, and he shouted, "If you want to fight, there will be plenty of opportunities later... Now, all the Genius Camp members of the five squads, follow your trainers and head deep into the Sunset Mountains! If you lag behind and get torn to shreds by Fierce Beasts along the way, I wouldn't blame anyone!"

As soon as Declan Yorke's voice faded, the five Centurion trainers took off like gusts of wind into the Sunset Mountains.

The young men of the five squads hurriedly followed.

Thanks to the slowdown by the trainers, otherwise, very few of these young men would have been able to keep up.

Soon, they reached the second fork, where the five squads completely split up.

Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair, Westyn Morgan, and Mustafa Rowan led the way, following their trainer, Jaz Martinez.

"Westyn, you jinx!"

Wyatt Barnes glared at Westyn Morgan and said with a laugh.

He still remembered Westyn Morgan's words from earlier, which strangely came true...

"Guess it's true: misfortunes don't come singly but blessings seldom come in pairs."

Westyn Morgan smiled bitterly.

Mustafa Rowan's face grew pallid, as he trembled and stuttered, "We'll be sleeping in the Sunset Mountains tonight, won't we? Will we get attacked by Fierce Beasts?"

"Of course, duh!"

Westyn Morgan grumbled.

"Mustafa, haven't you ever slept outside before?"

Asked Wyatt Barnes, with unhurried breath, appearing composed while running like the wind.

"No."

Mustafa Rowan shook his head.

"Just don't get it, how could someone as pampered as you, a pretty boy, end up in the Genius Camp."

Westyn Morgan pondered a bit.

"I'm not a pretty boy!"

Hearing Westyn's words, Mustafa Rowan's body trembled, he clenched his fists and shouted.

"Oh! You're angry now, care to take on me?"

Westyn Morgan grinned, his eyes gleaming with the anticipation of a fight.

"Enough, Westyn! Save your energy to take on the Fierce Beasts."

Remi Sinclair shook his head.

Wyatt Barnes gave Mustafa Rowan an intense look.

He noted that when Westyn tagged Mustafa Rowan as a 'pretty boy', quiet as always, Mustafa Rowan's eyes had a hint of murder in them...

Wyatt could guess that this Mustafa Rowan was someone with a story.

Soon, the Third Squad members, with trainer Jaz Martinez leading, killed off more than a dozen weak Fierce Beasts before entering deeper into the Sunset Mountains.

By now, the Fierce Beasts in sight had at least the strength of the warriors in the second layer of the Condensed Pill Realm.

Within the surrounding shrubbery were a pair of eyes, gleaming with a mysterious green glow, revealing the presence of lurking 'wolves.'

The wolves here are not ordinary ones; each is a powerful Fierce Beast.

"Tonight, we will sleep here."

Jaz Martinez's gaze swept across the boys of the Third Squad, including Wyatt Barnes, as he uttered those words nonchalantly.

"What?!"

"Sleep here? You got to be kidding!"

Suddenly, the faces of several boys changed drastically.

Included among them, was Mustafa Rowan.

"Instructor, you're going to protect us, right?"

A boy swallowed his saliva and asked.

For a while, most of the boys looked hopefully at Jaz Martinez...

Jaz harrumphed, "You think too much. My only job is to issue training instructions. Even if a Fierce Beast intends to bite you to death, I will not intervene! Don't forget, entering the Genius Camp means a trial of life and death...The trials have just started, and this is the simplest round."

Listening to Jaz's words, several boys couldn't help but blanch.

But a number of boys remained calm, clearly, they had been through similar situations...

Such as Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair, and Westyn Morgan.

"Sleep!"

Jaz Martinez glanced at the boys, lay down on the spot, and within minutes, started snoring.

All that was left was a group of boys staring at each other helplessly.

Wyatt Barnes was the first to lie down.

"Wyatt, are...are we really going to sleep here?"

Mustafa Rowan's legs were still trembling.

"Mustafa, stop being so womanly and get some sleep," Westyn Morgan yawned and lay down.

Remi Sinclair also lay down.

Some of the braver boys from the Third Squad also lay down...

Finally, only seven of the boys remained standing, too frightened to lie down.

"Mustafa, are you planning to stand here all night?"

Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow, asking.

"I...I'm too scared to sleep." Mustafa Rowan smiled bitterly.

"Then, get ready to stand all night." Wyatt Barnes closed his eyes and drifted off...

"Awoo!"

"Awoo!"

...

Deep into the night, the moonlight trickled down, and a pack of Fierce Wolves suddenly sprung from the bushes, rushing towards the boys of the Third Squad.

Instantly, the seven boys who had remained awake were on high alert.

Some boys who had not completely fallen asleep swiftly got up and started fighting against the Fierce Wolves.

The commotion grew louder.

Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan also woke up to fend off the Fierce Wolves.

When more than thirty Fierce Wolves were killed, the boys were exhausted, and a few of them were injured.

"Damn! Wyatt Barnes didn't even wake up."

Westyn Morgan noticed that Wyatt Barnes was lying still, without any movement, he couldn't help but curse.

"The instructor didn't wake up either."

Some of the boys were speechless.

Weren't these two afraid of being bitten to death by the wolves?

The next morning, as the dawn light bathed the earth, Wyatt Barnes awoke, full of energy, vigor radiating from him.

Looking at the three boys not far off with dark circles under their eyes, Wyatt Barnes was a bit surprised, "Remi Sinclair, Westyn Morgan... Mustafa Rowan with dark circles under his eyes, I'm not surprised. But you two...Didn't you sleep all night?"

"Wyatt, over the course of this night if it wasn't for the three of us guarding you from the Fierce Wolves, you would be long dead!"

Westyn Morgan glared, exasperatedly saying, "And yet, you had a peaceful night's sleep."

"Westyn, do you believe that even if you hadn't helped me fend off those Fierce Wolves, I wouldn't have died?"

Wyatt Barnes grinned.

Westyn, of course, did not believe it, "You really think we're fools?"

Wyatt shook his head and laughed, knowing that if he didn't clarify, Westyn would genuinely believe he had taken advantage of him, "Westyn, if I remember correctly, there were three waves of Fierce Wolf attacks overnight. In total, there were nine Fierce Wolves targeting me — you blocked three, Remi blocked five, and Mustafa blocked one... Is that correct?"

"You..."

Westyn was utterly dumbfounded, "You were asleep, how do you know this?"

"If I'm not mistaken, Wyatt has been in a state of 'half-asleep, half-awake' all night... However, to my knowledge, only veteran soldiers who have been in war for many years and seasoned assassins, as well as warriors of the Original Pill Realm, can reach this state."

Remi Sinclair gave Wyatt a deep look, feeling that he was increasingly elusive.

"Freak!"

Westyn couldn't help but exclaim.

Mustafa looked at Wyatt Barnes, admiration flickering in his eyes.

"Instructor, do you have a seventh-grade Golden Healing Pill? He's not going to make it... even after taking two eighth-grade Golden Healing Pills, he can't hold back his injuries."

Suddenly, a boy with red eyes looked hopefully at Jaz Martinez, who had just woken up.

"Seventh-grade Golden Healing Pill? How could I possibly have one."

Jaz Martinez frowned, casting a cold glance at another boy lying on the ground, barely breathing, "Life and death are predestined. The elimination round has only just begun..."

Suddenly, the boy died.

For a moment, a saddening atmosphere filled the scene...

The three-month-long training session had a casualty on the second day.

At this time, among the boys of the Third Squad, apart from Wyatt Barnes and Remi Sinclair who remained calm, others were somewhat apprehensive.

"Assembly!"

Just then, Jaz Martinez ordered lowly.

After the members of the Third Squad lined up, Jaz issued the training instruction.

"Before dusk today, I hope each of you can hunt a 'Cloud Leopard'...by any means necessary. Anyone who can't complete the task will be thrown into the territory of the beasts in the Fourth Layer of Condensed Pill Realm."

Chapter 108: Greed

The voice of Jaz Martinez carried an air of cruelty...

"Cloud Leopard? A triple-layer Condensed Pill Realm Fierce Beast?"

The faces of the young members of the Third Squad suddenly changed.

These teenagers were all martial artists at the double-layer of the Condensed Pill Realm.

At this moment, four figures departed ahead of time, attracting the attention of the remaining boys...

"It's Wyatt Barnes and his team!"

"Mustafa Rowan is really lucky to have become friends with Wyatt Barnes. With Wyatt's help, this task would be a piece of cake."

"Enough, stop saying useless things. Let's discuss how we should cooperate."

...

While the boys of the Third Squad were discussing, Wyatt Barnes' quartet had already ventured deep into the Sunset Mountains.

"Mustafa, you're lucky to have a chance to ride on Wyatt Barnes' coattails."

Westyn Morgan patted Mustafa Rowan's shoulder, grinning broadly.

Rather than respond to Westyn, Mustafa turned to Wyatt Barnes and said seriously, "Wyatt. If we encounter a Cloud Leopard, please don't rush to help me... I want to test myself first. If I am really in danger, then you can help. Is that OK?"

Wyatt looked at Mustafa, a touch of surprise in his eyes. He nodded.

He hadn't realized this before.

Mustafa, who was usually as mild as a maiden, indeed had a strong and resolute side.

"Mustafa, you're really looking for trouble. Why do we need to lift a finger when we have Wyatt?" Westyn shook his head and laughed.

"Westyn, based on your remark, you will have to hunt your own Cloud Leopards...or you can let Remi help you. I won't."

Wyatt suddenly laughed.

"Damn! Wyatt, that was not funny at all."

Westyn was speechless.

He turned to look at Remi.

To his surprise, Remi just turned his head away, as though he hadn't noticed his gaze.

All of a sudden, Westyn felt like he was digging his own grave!

"Wyatt."

Suddenly, Remi turned to Wyatt and asked, "How did you manage to remain 'half-asleep, half-awake'? You haven't been through hundreds of battles as a soldier familiar with camping, you're not an assassin, and you're not a warrior of the Original Pill Realm... Do you have any secret techniques?"

Obviously, Remi was quite interested in Wyatt's ability to remain 'half-asleep, half-awake.'

He believed Wyatt must have a special secret technique.

In his eyes, whether it was the rhythm of Wyatt's breathing when running, or the means to start a fire by drilling wood, they had shown him how magical Wyatt was.

"Remi, I'm afraid I have to disappoint you... There are really no secrets to this."

Wyatt slightly shook his head.

A seasoned veteran accustomed to camping?

Wasn't this statement simply describing his past life as a mercenary?

And besides, even without this experience.

With his spiritual soul comparable to a warrior from the Original Pill Realm, he could achieve many things that only warriors from the Original Pill Realm can do...

This also included this 'half-asleep half-awake' technique.

"From now on, I'll rely on you to watch over me when I sleep. If any Fierce Beasts come, remember to wake me up... I can finally have a good night's sleep today."

A mischievous smile appeared in Remi's eyes.

"Me too."

Westyn's eyes lit up.

"I... I want it too."

Mustafa said, a bit shyly.

"Damn it! Go to Westyn for that!"

Wyatt twitched the corner of his mouth and glared at Mustafa...

Didn't he know that he wasn't into that kind of thing?

Soon, Wyatt's group encountered their first Cloud Leopard, with Mustafa taking the lead.

Although Mustafa's martial skills were well trained, he was, after all, only a double-layer Condensed Pill Realm martial artist, quickly falling into a disadvantaged position from the Leopard's attacks.

Whoosh!

Remi's figure shook, ready to help Mustafa.

Thump!

Wyatt raised his hand and pressed down on Remi's shoulder, shaking his head, "No hurry."

Remi looked at Mustafa in confusion.

Soon, as if understanding something, a smile appeared on his face.

"Die!"

At that moment, Mustafa roared. The Origin Force on his fist suddenly surged.

Above his head, another phantom of an ancient giant elephant appeared next to the three others...

The power of four ancient giant elephants!

Triple-layer of the Condensed Pill Realm!

Boom!

With a single punch, Mustafa crushed the Leopard's skull. The Leopard struggled a few times, then fell down with a loud thud.

"Huff~huff~huff-"

Bent over and panting, Mustafa looked at the body of the Leopard, a smile of excitement on his face.

"How is this possible?"

Westyn was stunned.

Mustafa's breakthrough to the triple layer of the Condensed Pill Realm meant that Westyn was now the weakest among the four of them.

"Westyn, didn't you want to practice with me?"

Mustafa looked at Westyn and grinned.

"Scram!"

Westyn glared at Mustafa, "Mustafa don't get cocky, once I break through to the triple layer of the Condensed Pill Realm, I'll definitely beat you black and blue..."

"I have no idea how you managed to break through with that dumb luck."

In the end, Westyn was speechless.

"Westyn, how about I just help you kill your Cloud Leopard... you won't have to get involved."

Remi squinted his eyes and laughed.

"No, I still need it to break through!"

Westyn quickly shook his head. In his view, since Mustafa had managed to break through while fighting the Cloud Leopard, he should be able to do it too.

However, he was sure to be disappointed.

In the end, with Remi's help, he managed to successfully kill a Cloud Leopard.

It took Wyatt and his team a whole morning to find four Cloud Leopards...

"It's already noon, let's go hunt another two Beasts for lunch."

With the task completed, Westyn Morgan's spirits lifted.

Wyatt Barnes and the others agreed.

"Roar!"

"Roar!"

...

Suddenly, deafening roars came from far away.

Accompanying them were ground tremors...

"It appears the Fierce Beasts knew we were hungry, so they delivered themselves to our doorstep."

Westyn Morgan rubbed his hands together, eagerly awaiting the arrival of his prey...

However, his smile quickly faded.

Wyatt Barnes and the others seemed equally unsettled.

"Flame Tigers, Fierce Beasts of the Fourth Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm! My god, there are seven of them..."

Mustafa Rowan gasped.

"Take the Cloud Leopard and go back first."

Wyatt was quick to decide.

"What about you?"

Westyn Morgan's face paled.

"I'll distract them... Otherwise, when they all pounce at the same time, I won't have the capacity to protect you. You must leave immediately!"

Wyatt's expression became grave.

"How could Fierce Beasts of the fourth level of the Condensed Pill Realm appear here?"

A puzzled look flickered in Remi Sinclair's eyes.

"Now is not the time for questions, hurry up and leave."

Wyatt urged once more.

"Wyatt, be careful. Let's go!"

Remi nodded, recognizing the gravity of the situation, he took the Cloud Leopard from Wyatt, and along with Westyn and Mustafa, started to leave.

Their presence would only hinder Wyatt.

"Wyatt, we'll wait for you to come back."

Westyn Morgan and Mustafa cast a glance at Wyatt's receding figure, and with gritted teeth, they followed Remi and left.

"It seems I have to go all out today."

With a steely gaze, Wyatt observed the seven enormous Flame Tigers bathed in what seemed like flaming fire, anticipating their approach.

If he were an average martial artist of the Fourth Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm, he'd only be able to lead the Flame Tigers away.

But he wasn't...

If he exerted his full power, his abilities could equal a martial artist at the Fifth Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm!

The Flame Tiger, a Fourth Layer Condensed Pill Realm Fierce Beast, was completely cloaked in distinct red fur. It's movements were like rising flames, which is how it had earned its name.

The seven Flame Tigers were quickly closing in on Wyatt and, roaring loudly, lunged towards him.

With each of their leaps, came a resonant sonic boom. The Flame Tigers came on with inexhaustible momentum.

Above them, each Beast cast the shadow of six ancient giants...

A total of forty-two ancient giant shadows charged towards him!

"Bring it on!"

Wyatt's gaze shone with a light. His face beamed with excitement.

Ever since he mastered the power of seven ancient giant elephants, he never fully utilized it. Today would undoubtedly provide him with an opportunity.

Spirit Snake Body Technique!

Although it was only a high-level Profound Level body technique at the stage of great perfection, coupled with the strength of one more ancient giant elephant than the Flame Tigers, Wyatt's speed was much faster.

In a blink of an eye, like a spirit snake, Wyatt slid past a fast-approaching Flame Tiger and managed to climb onto its back.

"Roar!"

Furious, the Flame Tiger thrashed in attempt to dislodge Wyatt.

However, Wyatt remained steady on its back, sitting as stable as Mount Tai.

"Relax, even if you won't let me down, I still have to get off."

A chill glint emerged in Wyatt's eyes as he placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, drawing the Purple Emperor Soft Sword.

Swish!

With a single slash, Wyatt unleashed the full power of the seven ancient giant elephants. Without the need for a sword technique, he thrust the sword straight into the Flame Tiger's massive head.

Spurt!

Blood splattered everywhere.

"Roar!"

With a pitiful roar, the massive body of the Flame Tiger crashed to the ground.

Whoosh!

Wyatt leapt off the fallen Flame Tiger and landed on the other six. Employing his exceptional speed and strength, he quickly dispatched each of the Flame Tigers.

All seven Flame Tigers lay lifeless.

Clang!

Breathing a sigh of relief, Wyatt sheathed his Purple Emperor Soft Sword.

"This fur and parts from these Flame Tigers could be worth a fortune."

Wyatt's eyes sparkled as he unsheathed the Purple Emperor Soft Sword once again. He horrifically ripped the fur off the seven Flame Tigers and along with some parts, stuffed them all into his Storage Ring.

Now, the Storage Ring Wyatt wore was left to him by the Junior Sect Master of the 'Endless Sect'.

Compared to the one he got from Greyson Ho, the Supreme Elder of the Ho Family in Foggy Water City, this one was much better and several times larger.

It was a sixth-class spiritual-level Storage Ring.

As for the storage ring from Greyson Ho, Wyatt had given it to Keer.

After all, while he was away for a year, Keer had to replace him and continue to collaborate with Shally Don on the sale of the 'Six Treasures Essence'. Having a Storage Ring made it more convenient to store bank checks.

"Humph! You guys were just unlucky."

Glancing at the beaten and bloody corpses of the Flame Tigers, Wyatt prepared to leave.

"Storage Ring!"

Suddenly, a voice rang out.

Wyatt's expression drastically changed.

Whoosh!

A figure dropped down from the side of the mountain range and landed right in front of Wyatt.

"It's him!"

A frown creased Wyatt's brow.

Standing before him was no stranger, but one of the two Centurions who had spoken up for Simon Davies after losing the bet with Wyatt last night.

If his memory served him right, this Centurion should be an infantry commander of the first squad.

But, what was he doing here?

The greedy look in the Centurion's eyes filled Wyatt with a sense of foreboding...

Chapter 109: A Losing Deal

"Centurion, what brings you here?"

Wyatt's expression didn't change as he calmly asked the question.

"What do you think?"

The Centurion nonchalantly answered with a question, his gaze slightly cold.

"Those seven Flame Tigers, did you lure them here, Centurion?"

Wyatt narrowed his eyes.

Under ordinary circumstances, it was impossible for fourth-level Condensed Pill Realm Fierce Beasts to appear in the area where he was...

Even if they did appear, there would be only one or two at most.

But just now, seven fourth-level Flame Tigers in the Condensed Pill Realm appeared at once. Coupled with this Centurion's timely appearance, it was hard for him not to connect the two.

"You're pretty smart."

The Centurion stared at Wyatt. "I thought that seven Flame Tigers would be enough to tear you apart... I didn't expect that you still hid your strength in the Genius Camp assessment. You are actually a fifth-level warrior in the Condensed Pill Realm!"

A warrior in the fifth Condensed Pill Realm.

That's not really a big deal.

But if you add the prefix 'not yet seventeen years old' to this, then it would be terrifying.

There had never been such a monstrous talent who is a fifth-level Condensed Pill Realm warrior under seventeen in the history of Crimson Heaven Kingdom...

"Centurion, I hardly think we have any feud or grudges between us. I wonder why you would want to harm me?"

Wyatt took a deep breath, his eyes flashing.

Even though he had his suspicions, he still wanted to confirm it.

"Ha-ha... Wyatt, blame your own high-profile moves! If you hadn't forced Joseph Davies to lose his Centurion position, he wouldn't have been watching you, let alone request me to take you down during the Genius Camp training."

In the Centurion's eyes, Wyatt was already a dead man, so he didn't feel the need to hold back.

"Joseph Davies!"

Wyatt's eyes frosted over. As expected, it was him!

Joseph Davies, the older brother to Simon Davies.

"I have to admit, even your talents have left me shocked. If you had another two years, I don't think I'd be your match. But unfortunately for you, today, you are destined to die here."

A murderous intent erupted from the Centurion's eyes.

Origin Force filled his hands...

Above his head, images of eleven ancient giant elephants took shape, exuding an incredible aura.

This Centurion was an eighth-level warrior in the Condensed Pill Realm!

"Wait!"

Wyatt gave a cold shout, his eyes flashing.

"What, any last words?"

The Centurion casually asked.

"How about this, if you spare me, I'll give you one million taels of silver, deal?"

Wyatt narrowed his eyes, slowly asking.

"One million taels of silver? I must admit, it's tempting... However, if my guess is correct, that one million taels of silver you mentioned must be in your Storage Ring, right? Once I kill you, your Storage Ring will become mine, not to mention the money within."

A sinister smile surfaced on the Centurion's face, as if Wyatt's Storage ring was already his property.

"Originally, I just wanted to do a favor for Joseph Davies, by driving seven Flame Tigers here to kill you! But I didn't expect you to have hidden power, not to mention you killed all seven Flame Tigers... What surprised me even more is that you possess such a precious item as a Storage Ring!"

By the end, the Centurion's face was filled with murderous intent.

In his eyes, everything Wyatt had would be his as long as he killed Wyatt.

"So, you're getting greedy, are you?"

Wyatt narrowed his eyes and asked softly.

"So what if I am?"

The Centurion sneered, "I can't be bothered to waste words with you, I'll just kill you now and take your Storage Ring!"

"Are you that confident that you can kill me?"

Wyatt laughed.

Upon hearing this, the Centurion felt a jolt in his heart. He scanned his surroundings for any anomaly. Seeing nothing amiss, he laughed coldly, "Wyatt, cut the crap... Today, your death is certain! Unless you have strength that surpasses mine, which is impossible!"

As his voice trailed off, the Centurion made his move.

Whoosh!

With a gust of wind, he flew out, heading straight for Wyatt.

Above his head, the eleven ancient giant elephant shapes charged like the wind...

Wyatt's eyes turned frosty, and he met the charge head-on.

Spirit Snake Body Method!

He moved, transforming himself into a lithe and agile spirit snake.

Sword Drawing Technique!

The purple sword light was like a snake's tongue, aiming for the charging Centurion.

In an instant.

Above Wyatt's head, eight ancient giant elephant shapes appeared...

"You... you're still hiding your strength?"

The Centurion trembled, easily evaded Wyatt's attack, darting to one side, and stared at Wyatt incredulously.

Eight ancient giant elephant power...

This was the mark of a sixth-level Condensed Pill Realm warrior!

No, wait!

Soon, his eyes landed on the Purple Emperor Soft Sword in Wyatt's hand, and exclaimed, "Spirit Weapon! You actually have a Spirit Weapon... A Spirit Weapon that could add the power of one ancient giant elephant to you. It's an eighth-level spirit weapon, right?"

Greed glowed brighter in the Centurion's eyes...

He hadn't expected Wyatt to bring him this many surprises!

First the Storage Ring, then the eighth-level spirit weapon.

If he could get the eighth-level spirit weapon, even a warrior in the ninth Condensed Pill Realm would not be a match for him.

This Wyatt was basically a treasure trove!

"You've got an eye for quality."

Wyatt sneered.

"Wyatt, with the power of the Spirit Weapon, your strength is comparable to a sixth-level Condensed Pill Realm warrior... But in front of me, you still pale in comparison. Die!"

The Centurion moved again, determined to kill Wyatt and claim everything that was Wyatt's...

Boom!

The Centurion moved as quick as lightning, his palm struck towards Wyatt Barnes, and the gust from his palm made Wyatt's purple clothes flutter loudly.

"Really?"

A chilling light flashed in Wyatt's eyes.

In an instant, his Origin Force fused into the body of the Purple Emperor Soft Sword, activating the 'Blood-stain Inscription' engraved within...

Hum!

A fiery red 'waxing moon' accompanied Wyatt's Purple Emperor Soft Sword, moving as fast as lightning, seemingly with a mind of its own, headed straight for the Centurion's palm.

Hiss!

Blood splattered as the Centurion's palm was split in two by the waxing moon.

"Aah!"

The Centurion's pained scream was cut off abruptly.

Because the momentum of the waxing moon, after severing his palm, did not diminish at all and went straight through his chest...

Spirit Snake Technique!

Wyatt quickly evaded the Centurion coming his way due to inertia.

The Centurion, his eyes bulging, was thrown back, his eyes flashing with an incredulous light...

Perhaps he never would have believed it.

That Wyatt Barnes had such a terrifying method.

Bang!

The centurion's corpse hit the ground, blood gushing out, a dazzling scene.

"Hmph! I kindly offered you a million USD, and you refused... You really thought I was scared of you? If I wasn't trying to save the Bloodthirst Inscription, I wouldn't be bothered to waste time with you."

He coldly glanced at the Centurion's body, searched it for a while, and only found a few thousand bank checks.

"What a poor ghost!"

After muttering to himself, Wyatt stored the bank checks into his Storage Ring.

A red flame ignited in his palm and was thrown onto the Centurion's body...

Whoosh!

In an instant, the Centurion's body was reduced to ashes.

Not even remnants remained!

"I only have enough material in my Storage Ring to inscribe two more Blood-stain Inscriptions... I can't believe I wasted one on such a pitiful Centurion!"

Wyatt frowned slightly.

Thinking back to what just happened, he felt displeased...

In his view, the materials needed to inscribe a Blood-stain Inscription were worth at least half a million USD.

Killing that Centurion, he had only obtained a few thousand USD.

This was undoubtedly a losing deal!

Given his current situation, even if he had plenty of USD, it would still be hard to get materials for his Blood-stain Inscriptions...

Now, each Blood-stain Inscription used means one less.

This was exactly why he preferred to give that Centurion a million USD instead of wasting a Blood-stain Inscription.

"Forget it, take each step as it comes. Hmm, first I will inscribe a new 'Blood-stain Inscription' on the Purple Emperor Soft Sword, then I'll head back."

What's done is done, Wyatt didn't ponder over it anymore.

After walking a distance and finding a secluded place, Wyatt sat down cross-legged.

He took out a pile of materials, and began inscribing the 'Blood-stain Inscription'...

As the sun set and evening fell.

The dwelling place of the Third Squad in Genius Camp.

"How come Wyatt Barnes hasn't returned yet?"

Hyatt hadn't returned after waiting for a long time, Remi Sinclair's face looked somewhat unsightly.

"Yeah, it's been so long. He should have returned by now if he was just leading those Flame Tigers away."

Westyn Morgan furrowed his brows, very puzzled.

"Did something happen to him?"

Mustafa Rowan's face showed worry.

"Don't jinx it!"

Both Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan glared at Mustafa Rowan.

But a trace of worry still appeared in their eyes...

If anything really happened to Wyatt, they would never find peace in their life.

After all, Wyatt did this entirely to save them...

Otherwise, with Wyatt's strength, escaping the chase of seven Flame Tigers wouldn't be difficult.

Shortly, the rest of the teenagers of the Third Squad also returned.

Joining forces, the fifteen of them had hunted all day and had killed enough 'Cloud Leopards' to complete their task.

"Is everyone here?"

Jaz Martinez's face was as cold as ice.

"Where is Wyatt Barnes?"

Jaz Martinez's eyes scanned the eighteen people present, finally landing on Remi Sinclair, Westyn Morgan, and Mustafa Rowan...

"Instructor, we went to hunt the Cloud Leopards with Wyatt. On the way, we encountered seven Flame Tigers. He asked us to bring back the Cloud Leopards first while he led the Flame Tigers away."

Mustafa Rowan explained slowly.

"Flame Tigers?"

Jaz Martinez's eyes narrowed, "You were brave enough to venture deep into the Sunset Mountains!"

"We didn't go too deep, we just wandered in the area where the Level Three Fierce Beasts roam. Who knew that seven Flame Tigers would appear."

Remi Sinclair countered with furrowed brows.

"Impossible!"

Jaz Martinez affirmed, "Flame Tigers have a strong territorial sense, they won't easily leave their territory."

"Maybe someone disturbed the Flame Tigers."

Westyn Morgan's face didn't look too good either, as he speculated.

"Alright, since Wyatt has also brought back the Cloud Leopards, you have completed the assignment. This evening, your meals will be these Cloud Leopards..."

After Jaz Martinez gave the order, he sat down and began to roast his game.

Remi Sinclair, Morgan Westyn, and Mustafa Rowan hadn't eaten all day and were famished, but at this moment they remained motionless, with no appetite whatsoever.

What occupied their minds was their concern for Wyatt's safety.

Chapter 110: Beast Tide

A short distance away, the other youngsters of the Third Squad gathered together to start a fire using wood.

"If it weren't for Wyatt Barnes, I suppose we'd only be eating raw meat now."

"Unfortunately, his chances this time seem grim. The Flame Tiger is a Fourth-Order Fierce Beast in the Condensed Pill Realm. Its strength isn't any less formidable than Wyatt's."

...

Some of the youths didn't believe that Wyatt Barnes could come back.

They all thought that Wyatt Barnes must have been killed by the Flame Tiger.

"You guys are using the fire-starting method taught to you by Wyatt Barnes and yet still condemn him behind his back. Are you not afraid of being struck by lightning?"

Westyn Morgan's face darkened when he heard the boys gossiping and he scolded them.

"We are merely stating the facts. Why are you so agitated? If you're so passionate, why did you abandon Wyatt this afternoon and run back on your own? Coward!"

One of the boys retorted with a sneer.

"What did you say?!"

Westyn Morgan's eyes flashed red, he stood up abruptly, ready to retaliate.

Just at that moment.

"Westyn Morgan, what's going on? Why are you so upset..."

Wyatt Barnes had just returned, and saw Westyn Morgan, who was furious on his behalf, Wyatt felt touched.

"Wyatt Barnes, you're back!"

Mustafa Rowan rejoiced.

"What, were you hoping that I'd get eaten by those Flame Tigers?"

Wyatt joked.

"Of course not."

Mustafa quickly shook his head.

"It's good that you're back."

Seeing that Wyatt Barnes had returned, Remi Sinclair breathed a sigh of relief.

"Mustafa, you go gather some firewood. Remi, let's deal with these Cloud Leopards together... Wyatt, you've been busy all day, take a good rest, just wait for the meal."

Westyn Morgan assigned tasks.

He also noticed that Wyatt seemed somewhat weary.

"Well, I'm going to enjoy this proper rest."

Wyatt replied with a smile.

He had consumed quite a bit of mental energy inscribing the 'Blood Inscription', and now he could finally rest.

Under the busyness of Remi and the others, the bonfire rose quickly, filling the air with the aroma of roasting meat.

"Wyatt, were those Flame Tigers tough? They chased you all afternoon and wore you out like this."

Westyn Morgan asked as he roasted the meat.

Remi and Mustafa also looked at Wyatt, full of curiosity.

"Don't mention it! Those Flame Tigers, shortly after you guys left, I managed to lure them away... I'm just unlucky, the direction I lured the Flame Tigers towards was deeper into the Sunset Ranges, as a result, I was chased by a Thorn Mink for an entire afternoon, and almost couldn't make it back."

Wyatt replied, lying on the ground, comfortably closing his eyes, while casually stretching his legs.

Of course, he didn't mention the truth.

He made up a random excuse.

"Thorn Mink?"

The faces of Remi, Mustafa and the others changed drastically.

A group of boys not too far away also turned pale.

Even Jaz Martinez, the instructor of the Third Squad, could not resist showing his concerns.

The Thorn Mink is a Fifth-Order Fierce Beast in the Condensed Pill Realm, which, due to its small size, has a significant advantage and is considered a cream of the crop among the Fifth-Order Fierce Beasts...

Especially the speed of the Thorn Mink, fast as lightning.

It could even compare to a Fifth-Order warrior who has mastered the higher-tier Profound Level martial arts techniques.

"You actually managed to escape from the Thorn Mink?"

Westyn Morgan swallowed hard.

Including Jaz Martinez, everyone, including the other fifteen boys, were listening attentively...

Obviously, they all wanted to know how Wyatt managed to escape from the Thorn Mink.

In their eyes, this seemed somewhat unbelievable.

Isn't Wyatt a Fourth-Order warrior in the Condensed Pill Realm?

"I got lucky. The Thorn Mink seemed to have sustained an injury to its leg, so its speed was only on par with mine... Otherwise, I would be dead in the Sunset Ranges."

Wyatt made an 'I was so scared' expression.

"Well, then you really are lucky."

Remi and the others breathed a sigh of relief, feeling happy for Wyatt.

"So, that's how it is."

The rest of the boys from the Third Squad nodded in understanding upon hearing this.

This way, everything made sense.

In contrast to the calmness in their squad...

Everything was chaotic in the First Squad!

Why?

The instructor of the First Squad vanished from the face of the earth!

"Where's the instructor?"

The boys in the First Squad looked at each other, uncertain.

"Could this be part of the training?"

Many of them speculated.

"Walter, what do you think?"

A few boys turned to look at a boy in red named Walter Simmons.

With a somber expression, Walter held a sheathed long sword. Hearing the boys' questions, he coolly shook his head, "I don't know."

"It seems like this is also part of the Genius Camp's training content... The instructor suddenly leaving also means that our training has officially begun."

A boy in a blue outfit held his head high and has the expression of 'I knew it all along' on his face.

"What do you mean?"

The other boys asked, puzzled.

"Can't you see? The instructor isn't missing, he intentionally hid... He deliberately loosened his control over us, wanting to see whether we can survive independently in the wild."

The boy in the blue outfit said confidently.

"Tsk, it's just your personal speculation."

Some boys didn't care about his words.

"Humph! How so, don't you agree with me? Or do you think someone as powerful as our instructor would go missing in the Sunset Ranges?"

The boy in the blue outfit snorted and shot back.

"The instructor could not have gone missing."

This time, Walter surprisingly opened up, "A centurion of the Iron Blood Army is a warrior that is at least an Eighth-Order in the Condensed Pill Realm."

"Did you hear what Walter said? We are still here, how can an Eighth-Order Condensed Pill Realm warrior disappear? What a joke!"

The boy in the blue outfit laughed proudly.

"It seems that the instructor's departure might really be a part of the upcoming training... I hope he comes back soon. Without the instructor around, I feel a little uneasy."

A boy muttered apprehensively.

While the boys of the First Squad were in disarray, Wyatt Barnes was eating his fill...

Completely putting the matter of him slaying the instructor of the First Squad out of his mind.

Over the next two months.

Every night, the young boys from the Third Squad had to face several waves of Fierce Beasts attacking them...

During the day, they completed tasks.

Time went by, swift like a white horse crossing a gap.

Out of the three months of training, only three days are left now.

At this moment, among the group of young boys in the Third Squad, including the four led by Wyatt Barnes, only eleven remained.

One more had to be eliminated!

Things were the same between the four led by Wyatt Barnes.

The remaining seven, though they had always cooperated, had already begun to suspect each other...

They all knew that the person to be eliminated next would definitely come from their group.

"They'll probably start fighting amongst themselves."

Westyn Morgan watched the seven boys in the distance and laughed.

"Westyn, from the sound of your voice, it seems like you're delighted at this misfortune."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and smiled.

"Of course, once they've eliminated one more person, we can finally leave this godforsaken place."

Westyn Morgan stated matter-of-factly.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, the look on Wyatt Barnes' face changed slightly, his powerful spirit barely sensed something.

Remi Sinclair's eyebrows also knitted together, his 'instinct' sensed danger.

"What's wrong?"

Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan looked at Wyatt Barnes in confusion.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

...

Before Wyatt Barnes had a chance to speak-

The earth trembled and the mountain shook!

The earth's movement was accompanied by strange roars from deep within the Sunset Mountain range.

Suddenly, a group of Fierce Beasts appeared before them.

"Oh no, it's a beast tide!"

Jaz Martinez's face turned pale. He dashed towards the exterior of the Sunset Mountain range, shouting, "Run!"

With the instructor gone, Wyatt Barnes and the others did not dare to be slow.

"Go!"

Wyatt Barnes' face hardened. With a gust of wind under his feet, his Origin Force surged.

Serpent Body Movement!

Taking the lead, Wyatt trailed behind Jaz Martinez.

However, Jaz Martinez, having raced off at full speed, soon left Wyatt far behind.

Remi Sinclair, Westyn Morgan, and Mustafa Rowan, closely followed Wyatt Barnes and escaped the Sunset Mountain range without incident.

"Pant...pant...pant..."

Except for Wyatt Barnes, who was calm and composed, Remi Sinclair was slightly out of breath, while Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan were hunched over, gasping for air...

"Thank God I managed to break into the third layer of the Condensed Pill Realm half a month ago; otherwise, I might not have survived."

Thinking back on the scene, Westyn Morgan had a lingering fear.

At this moment, four more youngsters from the Third Squad came out...

There was a common point among these four youngsters.

They were all warriors of the third layer of the Condensed Pill Realm.

The last two, however, were only second layer warriors of the Condensed Pill Realm and were left forever in the Sunset Mountain range.

The last eleven youngsters in the Third Squad were now reduced to nine.

"If we were a bit slower, we all would've been left back there. It's said that such beast tides are led by relatively low-level Fierce Beasts followed by a group of powerful ones, including those at the Original Pill Realm."

Remi Sinclair said, looking terrified.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Just then, several figures emerged from the Sunset Mountain range.

Three figures at the front were the other three centurions.

Following them were several young boys.

Simon Davies and Tiggi Field were among them.

The youngsters from the Second, Fourth, and Fifth Squads were also few.

The number of youngsters who survived from each squad did not exceed ten.

The Fifth Squad was the worst off, with only four remaining.

"Where's the First Squad?"

After the four centurions gathered and noticed that there had been no movement in the Sunset Mountain range all day, they exchanged glances.

"First squad..."

Wyatt Barnes looked on, intrigued.

Could the members of the first squad still be in the Sunset Mountain range?

Wasn't their instructor supposed to have 'disappeared' almost three months ago?

Sunset Mountain range, the dwelling place of the First Squad.

Facing the surging tide of beasts.

"Damn, it's a beast tide."

The faces of the group of youngsters turned pale.

"In three days, the first round of training will be over. It's strange that a beast tide would come during this time."

"Could it be that the instructor who disappeared for nearly three months deliberately led the beast tide here? Does he want to eliminate three more of us from the thirteen left?"

"It must be like this!"

"So do we run or not?"

"Since it is a beast tide led by the instructor, there should not be any powerful beasts. We only need to kill them."

"Right, if we run, we might get eliminated."

"Let's charge!"

...

A group of youngsters from the First Squad, fueled with courage, charged towards the surging beast tide, engaging in battle.

Walter Simmons also joined in.

One sword, one beast...

He made it look incredibly easy

"Roar!"

Suddenly, a strange roar reached Walter Simmons' ears and his face changed drastically.

Whoosh!

Walter did not hesitate and, with a quick movement, shot out of the Sunset Mountain range...

At the same time, catching his breath, he warned,

"Run! It's the seventh-order Fierce Beast 'Thunder Lion'!"