

L. Wyatt 111

Chapter 111 The Fury of Joseph Davies

At the entrance of the Sunset Mountain Range.

The instructors of four squads along with the surviving teenagers were waiting there.

"Someone is coming out!"

Someone exclaimed and all eyes turned towards the distance.

"Walter Simmons!"

Wyatt Barnes recognized the youth in a red robe with a sword in his hand; he was from the most powerful team in the Genius Camp, Walter Simmons' team....

The first squad really didn't leave the Sunset Mountain Range!

Hadn't they noticed their instructor was 'missing'?

Wyatt Barnes was stunned.

He found it hard to understand.

Originally, in his view, after the first squad instructor was killed because of his greed, the first squad was like a dragon without a leader, likely to leave the Sunset Mountain Range as soon as possible to inform the Centurion 'Declan Yorke' about the missing instructor.

However, the current situation seemed completely different from what he had imagined.

"Pant~ Pant~"

Once Walter Simmons emerged, he was panting heavily, his face extremely pale.

"Walter Simmons, what's going on? Where is your first squad's instructor and the others?"

Jaz Martinez and the other three Centurions approached and asked.

"Instructor?"

Walter Simmons' face darkened, a glint of resentment in his eyes, "Nearly three months ago, we never saw him again. And as for the others, due to that damn instructor's negligence, none of them were able to escape!"

The damn instructor?

Hearing Walter Simmons' words, Wyatt Barnes' mouth twitched.

If the Centurion knew that he would be scolded even after his death, he might be so angry that he would spit blood.

"What exactly happened?"

The expressions of the four centurions changed.

"On the second day we entered the Sunset Mountain Range, our instructor told us to hunt Fierce Beasts and complete the mission... By dusk, everyone from our first squad had returned, but there was no sign of the instructor!"

As he said this, resentment filled Walter Simmons' face.

"When you didn't see the instructor, why didn't you leave the Sunset Mountain Range?"

Jaz Martinez was somewhat confused.

"Leave the Sunset Mountain Range? Did we dare? At that time, we all thought the instructor's absence was intentional... we all thought it was part of the training, so we stayed there for nearly three months, until this morning. In the end, seven were killed, leaving thirteen,"

Walter Simmons took a deep breath.

The expressions of the four Centurions turned grave.

They sensed the irregularity of the situation.

From a distance, hearing Walter Simmons' words, Wyatt Barnes' expression was a bit unnatural...

"Just now, a Beast Tide arrived. We thought it was driven by the instructor. We all fought strenuously...It was not until the Seventh-Order Fierce Beast 'Thunder Lion' appeared! If I hadn't recognized its roar and reacted immediately, I wouldn't be standing here," he concluded. His eyes were colder than before, "All of this is because of our first squad's instructor, Basil Buckingham!"

Whoosh!

Walter Simmons's voice was loud enough for all the young men present to hear, causing an uproar.

Is that actually possible?

"The first squad was clearly tricked by their instructor."

"That's a huge trick! Damn it, thank God I didn't choose the first squad back then, otherwise, I would definitely have been tricked to death in there."

"Damn! I was originally on Walter Simmons' side, but someone pushed me off, so I could only go to Tiggi Field's... Now thinking about it, I really have to thank that brother's 'lifesaving grace'. Brother, if I am still alive after the Genius Camp training, I will surely burn more paper money for you!"

"I was also looking at Walter Simmons' side. When I saw that the team was full, I went to Simon Davies' side. Now thinking about it, it was too close."

...

Some of the teenagers were a little twitchy, wiping away the cold sweat in secret.

"Wyatt Barnes, it seems our luck isn't too bad, while our third squad's instructor has a somewhat unusual name, at least he's not as unreliable as the first squad's instructor..."

Westyn Morgan said to Wyatt Barnes, expressing the relief in his heart.

"Maybe."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, showing indifference.

If Basil Buckingham were their third squad's instructor, he would certainly have fled at the first sight of a Beast Tide!

After all, Basil Buckingham died at his hands, he knew that the Beast Tide couldn't possibly be driven by Basil Buckingham...

How could a dead person drive a Beast Tide?

He had to admit.

The teenage members of the first squad were too naive...

Even though, he was the 'originator' of all this.

However, he had no guilt in his heart.

Initially, it was Basil Buckingham who was hell-bent on killing him. If he hadn't killed Basil Buckingham, he would have been the one to die.

After killing Basil Buckingham, he was even less likely to inform others about Basil Buckingham's death, otherwise, he would definitely have gotten into a lot of trouble, perhaps even end up in disaster.

In his eyes, he was not wrong at all in this ordeal.

He had no regrets!

"When did I become so sentimental?"

Wyatt Barnes gave a self-deprecating smile.

Perhaps even he did not realize that he was no longer the 'killing machine' he once was, having become humane.

The faces of the four centurions were grim. After a discussion, they decided to take the remaining teenagers back to Iron Blood City...

This matter must be reported to the Centurion and even the Vice Commander-in-Chief as soon as possible!

On the way back, Westyn Morgan began counting...

"Five squads, with eight remaining in our third squad, one in the first squad, seven in the second squad, nine in the fourth squad, and four in the fifth squad... This is only the first round of training, and out of the ninety-eight teenagers, only twenty-nine are remaining!"

After reaching this conclusion, Westyn Morgan couldn't help but sigh.

"Out of these twenty-nine, less than ten will remain after nine months."

Remi Sinclair's eyes narrowed.

"I wonder what sort of training we'll have to face after this incident..."

Wyatt Barnes was a little curious.

He believed.

After this incident, the original training content would inevitably change.

After all, in the original plan, fifty people would remain after the first round of training, but now, only twenty-nine were left.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes furrowed his brows, looking at a Centurion in the distance.

The person turned his head away, clearly looking guilty.

This Centurion was the one who stood up for Simon Davies after he lost his bet with Wyatt.

A thought struck Wyatt, "The look he gave me just now, seemed to be filled with confusion and incomprehension... It seems that he is aware of Basil Buckingham's attempt to kill me. Humph! I hope you behave, or else, I won't mind taking you down as well."

With this thought in mind, a cold glint flashed in Wyatt's eyes.

He wasn't worried about this guy revealing that Basil Buckingham tried to kill him, after all, if this were to get out, the ones in trouble would be them...

Besides, no one would believe he could take down Basil Buckingham.

"Not a single Davies family member died."

After glancing at Simon Davies and his group, Westyn Morgan muttered in disappointment.

Soon, the twenty-nine youths from the Genius Camp followed the four Centurions back to the Iron Blood Army camp.

"I'll go inform the Centurion."

At the training field, Jaz Martinez told the other three Centurions before leaving.

Soon, Jaz Martinez returned alone, "The Centurion has ordered that the twenty-nine members of the Genius Camp be temporarily placed in the backup tents."

The backup tents, though not spacious, had four simple wooden beds in total.

Wyatt and his group were placed in the same tent.

"Finally, a good night's sleep."

Seeing the bed, Westyn Morgan's eyes lit up, and he dramatically threw himself onto it.

Wyatt wanted to stop him, but it was too late.

Boom!

Westyn Morgan fell onto the bed, breaking it instantly.

"Damn!"

Westyn Morgan got up, brushed off the dust, and stared at the ruined bed, dumbfounded.

"Hahahaha..."

Wyatt and the others couldn't help but burst out laughing.

Westyn stared at Mustafa Rowan, "Mustafa, we're good friends... You cannot deny that, right?"

"Of course, I can't deny that."

Mustafa nodded solemnly.

"As good friends, you should rush to help in times of crisis, right?"

Westyn continued to ask.

"Of course... But, if you're thinking of using my bed, forget about it."

Mustafa said, lying comfortably on another wooden bed, "So comfortable!"

"You...!"

Westyn was furious, and his gaze quickly shifted to Wyatt and Remi Sinclair.

"Hmm, I need a rest."

Wyatt yawned, pretended not to see, and lay down directly.

"What, Westyn, are you thinking of competing with me?"

Remi Sinclair looked at Westyn with a teasing smile.

Westyn was on the verge of tears!

He had been sleeping on the ground for nearly three months in the Sunset Mountain Range. Finally, when there was a decent bed to sleep on, he had broken it in his excitement...

Was he destined to sleep on the ground?

In an inconspicuous corner of the Iron Blood Army camp.

"Chandler Garcia, what happened? Why did Basil Buckingham suddenly disappear?"

Joseph Davies frowned at the youth in front of him.

If Wyatt was here, he could easily recognize him.

This 'Chandler Garcia' was one of the two Centurions who tried to help Simon Davies welsh on his bet after he lost to Wyatt.

"I have no clue. But I always feel, this issue has something to do with Wyatt Barnes."

Chandler Garcia shook his head then added.

"Wyatt Barnes? A Fourth-Order Condensed Pill Realm warrior? Could he possibly kill Basil Buckingham?"

Joseph Davies frowned.

"That's not what I meant. My point is, it's possible that Basil Buckingham met a powerful Fierce Beast while trying to find an opportunity to kill Wyatt, and got killed by it... After all, the beast wave this time in Sunset Mountain Range has been brewing for a while. Perhaps, Basil Buckingham was unluckily caught up in it."

Chandler Garcia shared his guess.

"If that's true, then Wyatt Barnes has some serious luck!"

Joseph Davies frowned, "Now that he's missed the chance during the first round of the Genius Camp training, it will be hard to find opportunities in the future."

"Joseph Davies..."

Chandler Garcia looked at Joseph Davies, seeming hesitant to speak.

"What, is there something else?"

Joseph Davies was confused, "Chandler Garcia, when did you become so hesitant? Given our friendship, feel free to speak your mind."

"Joseph, three months ago, Wyatt Barnes bet with your brother Simon Davies..."

Chandler recounted the story of Wyatt's bet with Simon Davies, "At that time, Wyatt forced the Centurion to let Simon go through with the bet in just a few words."

"Making my brother strip naked and run ten laps in front of hundreds of people?"

Joseph Davies' face turned extremely unsightly, filled with extreme anger.

"Wyatt Barnes! You humiliated my brother, and humiliated the Davies family... I, Joseph Davies, swear I won't rest until I kill you!"

Chapter 112: Wyatt Barnes Goes Berserk

Early the next morning, Wyatt Barnes awoke.

He glanced at Westyn Morgan who was sprawled on the ground snoring deeply, shook his head with a smile, and sat cross-legged.

He began his cultivation practice of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign!

Gathering his mind and calming his energy, he circulated the 'Python Transformation' technique...

Last night, he had felt some loosening in his cultivation bottleneck, and this was the perfect opportunity to strike while the iron was hot and make a breakthrough!

In the midst of his cultivation, Wyatt lost all sense of time.

He had no idea how much time had passed.

Boom!

Finally, the last profound gate within his meridians was broken through by Wyatt...

Almost in an instant, the Origin Force in his dantian also underwent a transformation.

He had made a breakthrough!

Wyatt opened his eyes joyously, a sharp glint flashed in his eyes, then quickly faded.

Breaking through to the third level of the Condensed Pill Realm meant he could further refine his physical body.

Now, even without using a spiritual treasure, he could manifest the strength equivalent to the power of eight ancient giant elephants, a force he could only unleash with a spiritual treasure in the past...

If he utilized a spiritual treasure, he could manifest the power of nine ancient giant elephants!

Once he completed the physical body refining at the third level of the Condensed Pill Realm...

His strength would be even greater!

By then, using a spiritual treasure, he could easily manifest the force of ten ancient giant elephants, even close to the strength of eleven giant elephants...

He would be able to completely overpower a seventh-order Condensed Pill Realm, and only slightly inferior to the eighth-order Condensed Pill Realm.

Of course, this was on the assumption that the latter did not have a spiritual treasure.

"Now, even without using a spiritual treasure, my power could match that of Avery Barnes of last year."

A chill flickered in Wyatt's eyes.

"However, that was Avery Barnes a year ago. The current Avery Barnes, his strength has definitely become stronger, he might have even broken through to the seventh-order Condensed Pill Realm... As a member of the Barnes family, a spiritual treasure to him is not a rare item."

"Once I have completed the body refining of the third level of the Condensed Pill Realm, my strength should be able to exceed his slightly, at least at an equal level."

Wyatt took a deep breath, "Before I enter the 'Sacred Martial Arts Academy', I must break through to the fourth level of the Condensed Pill Realm... By then, I will make that Avery Barnes regret his past actions, send him to Hell to repent, to vent the hatred in my heart!"

A chilling murderous intent radiated from Wyatt, unreservedly!

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Just then, a hurried voice rang out, Mustafa Rowan rushed in anxiously.

In an instant, Mustafa Rowan's expression froze, affected by Wyatt's murderous intent, his face turned pale and his body trembled...

Only when Wyatt retracted his murderous intent, did he finally regain his breath.

"What is it?"

At this time, Wyatt realized that Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan were not around, it seemed like it was already late.

"Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan have been cornered by Simon Davies and the people from the Davies Family. Seeing it looking bad, I hurried back to find you."

Mustafa Rowan presented hurriedly, his face full of urgency.

"What?"

Wyatt's face darkened, a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

Did that Simon Davies really think he could be bullied?

"Let's go!"

Wyatt took Mustafa Rowan and stepped out of the tent.

In the training ground of the Iron Blood Army camp, on one side of the empty area.

Many young men were gathered to watch the excitement.

Among the crowd, Westyn Morgan was badly injured and lay on the ground looking extremely miserable.

Next to him were a few steamed buns smeared with mud and grass...

This was the breakfast he had brought for Wyatt!

"Simon Davies!"

A cold voice sounded, and Remi Sinclair, his face grim, moved.

The full force of four ancient giant elephants erupted...

Light without Shadow!

The Universe in the Sleeve!

Remi Sinclair transformed into a streak of lightning, incredibly swift, directly rushed towards Simon Davies, his momentum was violent.

"Your martial technique isn't bad, it's just a pity, that between us, there's a difference of two levels of ancient giant elephant power! You, are not my match."

Simon Davies looked down on Remi disdainfully.

The next moment, he also moved.

Six ancient giant elephant illusions, congealed around his head.

Whoosh!

In an instant, Simon Davies twitched his body, his speed far surpassed Remi, getting behind Remi.

Boom!

He threw a punch, as if he didn't even bother to use a martial technique, directly sending Remi flying.

Even though Simon didn't use a martial technique, his punch contained the power of six ancient giant elephants, it effortlessly shattered Remi's defensive energy, and sent Remi flying.

Remi landed heavily on the ground, unconscious.

"Easy as pie!"

Simon Davies showed disdain.

Condensed Pill Realm, divided into nine levels, has two watersheds.

From the third to the fourth level of the Condensed Pill Realm is a watershed, from the sixth to the seventh level of the Condensed Pill Realm is also a watershed...

The difference between these two watersheds was two levels of ancient giant elephant power!

As for the other level differences in the Condensed Pill Realm, each higher level would have an additional level of ancient giant elephant power...

Only these two watersheds were special!

"Remi's attack and movement martial techniques are both high-level Profound martial techniques, and he has cultivated them to the perfect state, his comprehension is incredible! It's just a pity that his level of cultivation is far behind Davies's..."

"Yes, indeed, the gap between the third and fourth level of the Condensed Pill Realm is too big, the difference of two levels of ancient giant elephant power, they aren't even in the same class!"

"If Remi was also at the fourth level of the Condensed Pill Realm, with his strong attack and movement martial techniques, Simon might not have been able to beat him."

...

The onlooking youths sighed continuously, all feeling sorry for Remi.

"What are you trying to do?"

Westyn Morgan had just taken a Gold Wound Pill, his injury had recovered somewhat, he saw Simon Davies approaching, and his face changed.

Smack!

Simon Davies stepped on a steamed bun, flattening it and leaving his shoe print on it.

"Eat it!"

Simon Davies looked at Westyn, a malicious smile on his face.

"You...don't go too far!"

Westyn Morgan's face changed drastically; he didn't expect Simon Davies to humiliate him like this.

Some of the teenagers around them couldn't stand to watch.

But no one dared to interfere...

Everyone was afraid of Simon Davies.

"What, Westyn? Simon here's offering you buns, and you're disrespecting him? How about we feed them to you, then?"

Daisy Davies and three other Davies Family teenagers stepped forward, attempting to intimidate Westyn.

"Simon, you just say the word, and we'll make him eat all these buns."

A few Davies Family teenagers came forward and crushed the remaining buns under their feet, leaving their footprints.

"Alright then..."

Simon Davies laughed.

However, his smile soon froze...

"Screw you!"

A furious voice echoed, accompanied by a rapid figure that suddenly zoomed forward with the momentum of a wind thunder.

The crowd hurriedly made way, looking above the figure's head in utter shock. Seven ancient elephant shadow images surged out...

"The power of seven ancient elephants! He's at the Fifth Level of the Condensed Pill Realm!"

Many people gasped in astonishment.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Seeing the young man in a purple robe rushing towards him, with the shadows of seven ancient elephants hovering in the sky above, Simon Davies' face drastically changed.

The first thought that flashed through his mind was that Wyatt Barnes had made a breakthrough!

He had witnessed Wyatt's abilities before. Now that Wyatt had one more ancient elephant power, he had enough self-awareness to realize that he was no match for Wyatt.

Whoosh!

Simon Davies attempted to escape.

"Trying to run? Can you escape?"

Wyatt Barnes sneered.

This Simon Davies wants to escape?

Soon, Simon realized that Wyatt's incredibly fast figure had incredibly circled around like a spirit snake, blocking his way.

"Wyatt Barnes, my brother is a member of the Iron Blood Army, and also a martial artist at Level Eight of the Condensed Pill Realm. If you lay a hand on me, he won't let you get away with this!"

Simon Davies' face sank and he growled.

"Even if you've got God as your backup, he won't be able to save you today."

Wyatt Barnes' eyes grew colder. He launched like a bullet, flying straight towards Simon.

Whoosh!

Furious, he swung a punch, like a raging python's whipping tail!

A moment earlier, Simon's heart had filled with fear when he saw the shadow of seven ancient elephants above Wyatt's head.

And now, he only managed to activate his defensive martial arts skill...

Bang!

In an instant, his defensive energy was shattered by Wyatt's punch. He was blasted away, tumbling over ten meters before he hit the ground face first.

Spitting out two mouthfuls of blood, Simon took a moment to regain his breath and said, "Go get my brother!"

Clearly, he was addressing Daisy and the other Davies Family teenagers.

After seeing Wyatt display the power of seven ancient elephants, they had been scared witless and watched in horror as Simon was severely injured by Wyatt...

Now, hearing Simon's order...

"Go!"

Daisy ordered, ready to take off.

The Spirit Snake Body Technique!

As soon as Wyatt moved, he blocked off their path.

The faces of Daisy and the others changed drastically.

Bang!

Wyatt swept away with a single arm, carrying the momentum of clearing thousands of soldiers. Daisy and the others were all sent flying by him. They were critically injured and struggled to get up.

From the moment Wyatt started his attack to when he downed all five Davies Family teenagers...

It only took about ten breaths of time.

By now, the surrounding teenagers had their reactions catch up.

"Dammit! The power of seven ancient elephants, Wyatt Barnes advancing to the fifth level of the Condensed Pill Realm!"

"Freak! How old is he this year?"

"Has there ever been such a monstrous martial artist in our Crimson Heaven Kingdom before?"

"That Simon Davies has terrible luck to have offended Wyatt Barnes."

"Remi Sinclair and Westyn Morgan are Wyatt Barnes' friends. Wyatt won't let this go easily."

...

Under the watchful eyes of everyone...

Remi Sinclair was awoken by Mustafa Rowan, and he took the Gold Wound Pill.

Wyatt Barnes took all the Pill Medicines from the five Davies Family teenagers, preventing them from using the Gold Wound Pill to heal their wounds.

"Are you alright?"

Wyatt stretched out his hand to help Westyn up.

"Luckily you got here fast, else, I would have been humiliated by them."

Westyn was somewhat shaken.

"Since they seemed to have liked those buns so much, you can return the favor."

A flash passed Wyatt's eyes and a cold smile lifted the corners of his mouth.

"Haha...I almost forgot."

Westyn laughed. He picked up the buns that had been crushed on the ground and walked towards the Davies Family teenagers, stuffing them into their mouths...

At this moment, he was fearless and had thrown the 'Davies Family in County City' to the back of his mind.

"If you dare to spit them out, I'll smash your teeth!"

Seeing the Davies boys being uncooperative, Wyatt coldly warned.

Immediately, the four shivered. With faces full of misery and humiliation, they swallowed the buns that they had crushed...

The gathered teenagers were stunned.

Suddenly...

A slightly thin teenager turned and walked away.

"If I inform Simon's brother, 'Joseph Davies' about this now, I would owe a favor to the Davies Family... Being in some way connected with the Davies Family would give me unending benefits!"

Chapter 113: Kill Directly

"Westyn Morgan, there's still a bun left, don't let it go to waste."

Wyatt Barnes cast a gaze at the bun that had been trampled into a muddy mess and smiled lightly.

"I'll do it!"

Before Westyn Morgan could respond, the now somewhat recovered Remi Sinclair picked up the muddy bun and walked toward Simon Davies.

"Remi Sinclair, I dare you! I will have you dead with nowhere to bury your body!"

Simon Davies's pupils contracted sharply as he growled.

"What do I have to fear?"

Remi Sinclair scoffed coldly, reached out and grabbed Simon Davies' hair, yanking him upwards.

"Seeking death!"

Simon Davies raised his hand to retaliate against Remi Sinclair.

Slap!

Wyatt Barnes had been watching Simon Davies all along. Seeing him attempt to strike, he intercepted, grabbing his hand, "Simon Davies, if you don't cooperate, I'll snap your arm off... and if your arm is broken, you might not be able to pass the Genius Camp training!"

"Wyatt! Barnes!"

Simon Davies spat through clenched teeth, seething with anger.

Though he was furious, he dared not move, having no doubt that Wyatt Barnes would follow through on his threat.

Who was he kidding? Anyone brazen enough to stand up to an Iron Blood Army vice-commander would hardly be faint-hearted.

Hardly suppressing his rage, he vowed to take his revenge on Wyatt Barnes.

"Eat."

A glint of frost flashed across Remi Sinclair's eyes. Holding Simon Davies's hair with one hand, he forced the mud, grass, and footprint-smothered bun into his mouth with the other.

Slap!

Remi Sinclair raised his palm and smacked Simon Davies' back.

Immediately, Simon Davies swallowed the entire bun...

"Hurl..."

Simon Davies felt nauseous, but couldn't vomit, his face unspeakably ghastly.

Remi Sinclair stood up, looking down at Simon Davies, a frosty light sparkling in his eyes.

This was the first time in his life that he had suffered such public humiliation. If not for his slight fear of the Davies Family in County City, he would have already killed Simon Davies.

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

Westyn Morgan followed suit, delivering lashes to Daisy Davies and rest three Davies family youngsters, forcing them to swallow the buns that they had crushed themselves.

An eerie silence settled over the spectators.

Their hair stood on end.

The trio of Wyatt Barnes, they were simply too domineering!

But, they had the right to be domineering.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

A furious shout echoed from a distance, growing ever nearer...

Wyatt Barnes looked up to see an unknown young leader advancing from a distance, fast as lightning.

As the stranger approached, Wyatt realized his identity.

The stranger bore some resemblance to Simon Davies, easily suggesting his identity...

Joseph Davies!

Joseph Davies cast a wrathful glance at Wyatt Barnes, before attending to Simon Davies and the others with a healing elixir. He then reappeared before Wyatt, his eyes filled with a chilling murderous intent!

"Brother, Wyatt Barnes made us eat mud-covered, trampled buns!"

Simon Davies roared in anger.

At this moment, he seemed to have completely forgotten.

That the buns had in fact been trampled by none other than themselves...

"What!?"

Joseph Davies' face transformed in shock. Like a furious demon, he glared at Wyatt Barnes, "Wyatt Barnes, you dare to humiliate the Davies clan in this way... I, Joseph Davies, for the sake of our family honor, must kill you today to maintain our dignity!"

Whoosh!

Joseph Davies made his move, swift as a gusty storm. The speed was jarring.

Wyatt's face drained of color!

Joseph Davies aimed to smear him with the charge of insulting the Davies Clan and then kill him...

In this way, he could logically escape the punishment of the Iron Blood Army.

This Joseph Davies, he was as deep as he was ruthless!

Joseph Davies, who was charging towards Wyatt Barnes, had eleven enormous ancient elephant apparitions frantically congregating above him...

Clearly, this Joseph Davies, like the Centurion Basil Buckingham who had died in Wyatt Barnes' hands three months ago, was also a Level Eight martial artist in the Condensed Pill Realm!

A furious Level Eight Condensed Pill Realm martial artist posed a massive threat to Wyatt Barnes....

Wyatt was nearly suffocating at this moment!

Against the speed of a Level Eight Condensed Pill Realm martial artist, Wyatt had nearly nowhere to escape.

"Joseph Davies, since you've asked for it, I won't hold back!"

Wyatt Barnes coldly declared, his voice cutting through the air like a sword drawn from a frozen sheath. He immediately moved to engage, using his Serpent Movement Technique.

Sword Drawing Technique!

In a twinkling, his hand slid across his waist and the Purple Emperor Soft Sword whistled out.

He did not employ the power of the spiritual weapon.

Instead, he only activated the "Blood Inscription" with his Origin Force...

"How arrogant!"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes daring to counterattack, Joseph Davies broke into a cold smile, his eyes filled with chilling murderous intent.

Prior to his arrival, he had heard of Wyatt's advance to 'Level Five of the Condensed Pill Realm'. From that moment, he had been brimming with the desire to kill...

Now that the opportunity had presented itself, he transformed into the 'messenger' safeguarding the honor of the Davies Clan, striking Wyatt Barnes with all his might, to eliminate any future threat!

In his view.

At this current juncture, even if Wyatt Barnes was killed by him, the Iron Blood Army would not hold him accountable.

He was doing it for the Davies Clan.

This 'messenger' was no longer a representative of the Iron Blood Army.

He was a member upholding the dignity of the Davies Clan!

A stifling silence enveloped the spectators.

Their eyes were glued to the scene unfolding before them...

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Remi Sinclair, Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan's faces drastically changed, not believing that Wyatt Barnes could stand up against Joseph Davies.

Above the void, the gap between the seven phantom images of the ancient elephants and the eleven phantom images of the ancient elephants was so glaring...

"What a pity."

The group of young men who were watching sighed in their hearts, "Genius got robbed by heaven!"

No one thought Wyatt Barnes could survive.

However, the next moment, everyone was stunned.

The Dancing Serpent Technique!

Just as Wyatt was about to face Joseph Davies, his feet trembled, his body tilted, brushing past Joseph's sleeve, barely dodging it, slightly embarrassed.

Buzz!

At this moment, the 'Bloody Inscription' on the Purple Emperor Soft Sword flashed, transforming into a bloody red moon...

Sticking to him like a shadow, it flew out!

"No!!!"

Realizing the terrifying power contained in this bloody moon, Joseph's face changed drastically, and he shouted in surprise.

In a hurry, he activated his defensive martial arts technique!

Hiss!

However, the bloody moon easily tore apart his defensive energy, entered his chest, pierced through, and brought up a stream of blood.

Boom!

Joseph's forward-rushing body brutally slammed into the high platform on the side of the field.

His eyes widening, he remained motionless, silent.

Dead!

"Brother!"

Simon Davies' face changed drastically, he cried out in sorrow, rushed forward, shaking Joseph's body continuously, unwilling to believe this was real.

The other four young men from the Davies family looked at Wyatt Barnes as if they were looking at a terrifying demon, unconsciously shivering.

Wyatt glanced at Joseph's body, his eyes devoid of any emotion, cold as ice...

He never shows mercy to those who want to kill him!

"Haha! Wyatt Barnes, well done."

Westyn Morgan burst into laughter, his worried expression completely gone.

Remi Sinclair and Mustafa Rowan also breathed a sigh of relief.

The group of young men watching were completely stunned.

It took a while for them to snap back to reality.

"My God! What did I see, Joseph Davies is dead?"

"Am I dreaming?"

"Ouch! Why did you pinch me?"

"So I'm not dreaming..."

"Damn it! If you want to know if you're dreaming, pinch yourself. Why pinch me?"

"Right, I nearly forgot, I can pinch myself."

"The person who killed Joseph Davies seems to be Wyatt Barnes, his sword cast a round of bloody light, that's not Origin Force... it looks like an 'Inscription'!"

"If it really is an Inscription, Joseph Davies was truly unlucky. He probably never thought that Wyatt Barnes would have an 'Attack Inscription' powerful enough to kill him..."

"He wanted to kill Wyatt Barnes, but he didn't bother to check first, such recklessness, it's no wonder he's dead!"

...

A group of young men debated heatedly.

No one felt sorry for Joseph Davies.

"Everyone."

Wyatt sighed with relief, recovered, put away the Purple Emperor Soft Sword, his gaze falling on the crowd of young boys.

All at once, the scene regained its quiet, all eyes turned to Wyatt.

"Everyone, you all witnessed what happened today. It was Simon Davies who provoked me first; I just issued a small punishment... As for Joseph, he held a killing intent towards me and tried to take my life. For self-defense, I had to use the Attack Inscription to kill him! I hope you all can act as witnesses for me. Thank you."

Wyatt gave a slight bow to the crowd.

Today's events could either be trivial or serious.

He had to lay his own foundation...

Otherwise, if he kills Centurion of the Iron Blood Army, he'll bear an immense crime.

Then, forget about continuing the training in the Genius Camp or achieving the qualifications to get into the Holy Martial Arts Academy, it would be hard to say if he could even survive...

"Wyatt Barnes, rest assured, everything you said is true, we've all seen it with our own eyes, we surely won't be confused."

"Exactly, Simon Davies was bullying people today with his power; Joseph Davies deserved to die, we've all seen it, there can't be any fraud."

...

For a moment, the surrounding young men expressed their stance one after another.

"Thank you, everyone."

Wyatt's face revealed a small smile, he had everything firmly under his control.

"Wyatt Barnes, you killed my brother, even if you're in the right today, if the Iron Blood Army won't punish you, we, the Davies Clan, surely won't let this go... You're going to die!"

Simon Davies' face was filled with tragedy, his eyes filled with anger as he stared at Wyatt Barnes.

"There are so many people who want me dead, I would like to see if your Davies Clan has the capability!"

Wyatt's eyes turned icy, revealing a cold smile.

The news of Wyatt Barnes killing Joseph Davies spread throughout the whole Iron Blood Army camp in just half a day.

Everyone heard of this matter.

In one of the reserve tents.

"Wyatt Barnes, advanced to the Condensed Pill Realm Level Five? Killed Joseph Davies using an Attack Inscription?"

A young man dressed in red, holding a sheathed sword, revealed a fighting spirit in his eyes, "Within a month, I will surely enter the Condensed Pill Realm Level Five. When that time comes, I must spar with this Wyatt Barnes."

In another tent.

"Wyatt Barnes? I, Tiggi Field, will catch up to your pace!"

A muscular young man sat focusing his energy, practicing painstakingly...

At this moment, Wyatt was comfortably laying on his bed, swinging his legs slightly.

"Wyatt, when did you advance to the Condensed Pill Realm Level Five?"

Westyn Morgan, who had no bed to sleep on, sat on the ground, looking at Wyatt Barnes with a curious face.

Wyatt noticed that Remi Sinclair and Mustafa Rowan were also looking at him.

He was about to answer.

"Wyatt Barnes, the deputy commander-in-chief wants to see you."

A robust voice came from outside the tent.

Chapter 114: Sami Thorn

Wyatt Barnes's eyebrows furrowed at the sound.

He was not taken aback by the fact that the Deputy Commander-in-Chief, Kaiser Myers, wished to meet him.

After all, he had killed someone from the Iron Blood Army.

"Wyatt, we will accompany you to testify!"

Remi Sinclair and his group stood up.

"There's no need. The fact that the Deputy Commander-in-Chief has summoned me, rather than ordering my capture, means he has surely already understood the circumstances of the incident. I'll return soon."

A small smile hung on Wyatt's face.

"Of course."

Remi nodded. He was not impulsive, and his previous reaction had simply been driven by concern.

Walking out of his tent, Wyatt addressed the soldiers of the Iron Blood Army, "Good sir, I am indeed Wyatt Barnes."

The soldiers of the Iron Blood Army stared deeply at Wyatt.

The shock within their hearts was overwhelming.

Was this nearly seventeen years old teenager, the same 'Wyatt Barnes' who had killed Joseph Davies?

They had heard that the teenager who had killed Joseph Davies was at the fifth level of the Condensed Pill Realm.

A teenager not yet seventeen, already at the fifth level of the Condensed Pill Realm...

The mere thought of it made their scalps numb.

Not long after, under the guidance of a soldier from the Iron Blood Army, Wyatt quickly entered Deputy Commander-in-Chief Kaiser Myers' tent.

However, once inside, Wyatt realized that it was empty.

"What's going on?"

Wyatt questioned the Iron Blood Army soldier who had guided him there.

"The Deputy Commander-in-Chief may have stepped out momentarily, please wait."

Following this response,

Wyatt began to wait, while taking the time to glance around at Kaiser Myers' tent.

Indeed, befitting of the Deputy Commander-in-Chief, the tent was thrice the size of the one he had been staying in. Only half of it was currently in view, with the other half blocked by a screen.

The area behind it was likely used for rest.

Ten minutes later.

Wyatt's brows slightly furrowed.

The Deputy Commander-in-Chief 'Kaiser Myers' had someone fetch him but had inexplicably disappeared. What was going on?

Just then,

Wyatt felt a subtle change in the ambience, sensing the approach of people.

The steady footsteps of two individuals could be heard proceeding towards his current location.

"The one on the left, the steadiness of his footsteps surpasses that of the person on the right... the person on the left should be the Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and the one on the right... could they be a Centurion?"

Wyatt speculated in his heart.

The tent entrance was lifted by the individual on the right.

"Deputy Commander-in-Chief!"

Upon seeing the man lifting the curtain, Wyatt was somewhat surprised.

He had never expected that among the two arrivals, the one who seemed from comparison to be weaker, the 'person on the right', would turn out to be Kaiser Myers.

As for the other person...

"Haha! Wyatt Barnes, I've kept you waiting, haven't I?"

Kaiser Myers laughed heartily as he entered, lifting the curtain to allow the other person to come in.

The person who entered was a refined middle-aged scholar, whose beaming smile felt like a warm spring breeze.

"Commander-in-Chief!"

Wyatt promptly acknowledged his presence with a bow.

The middle-aged scholar was taken aback, and Kaiser Myers, who had just settled the curtain, also seemed surprised.

"How did you know?"

The middle-aged scholar, the 'Commander-in-Chief of the Iron Blood Army Sami Thorn', was intrigued as he looked at Wyatt.

"Seeing the Deputy Commander-in-Chief personally lifting the curtain for you and acting so respectfully towards you, isn't that obvious?"

Wyatt replied with a smile.

His heart was slightly taken aback.

He had expected that, using Deputy Commander-in-Chief Kaiser Myers as an example, the 'Commander-in-Chief' of the Iron Blood Army would be a burly man...

Yet he was a distinctive scholar.

Only by appearance, you couldn't tell this was the blood-soaked Commander-in-Chief of the Iron Blood Army who had fought through countless battles.

"Surely not only these give you a hint of my identity, right?"

Sami Thorn looked deeply into Wyatt's eyes. His profound gaze seemingly could predict everything.

Wyatt gave an embarrassed smile, "I couldn't fool the Commander-in-Chief... that's right, I discerned the fact from your footstep sounds. I originally thought that the person on the left was the Deputy Commander-in-Chief, and the person on the right was the Centurion."

At these words, Kaiser grew solemn.

Sami Thorn smiled, "To discern the level of Kaiser and I's cultivation just from our footsteps... I have to say, young man, you are remarkable."

"Commander-in-Chief overpraises me."

Wyatt stepped aside, welcoming both the leaders of the Iron Blood Army into the tent.

Sami Thorn and Kaiser Myers successively sat down.

"Wyatt, since you're so good at guessing, can you guess why I called you here?"

Kaiser Myers turned to Wyatt and asked with a smile.

"Surely, the Deputy Commander-in-Chief didn't summon me here to hold me accountable."

Wyatt replied confidently with a smile.

"Haha... interesting."

Kaiser Myers laughed, then turned to Sami Thorn, "Commander-in-Chief, what do you think?"

"Impressive."

Sami Thorn nodded in satisfaction.

"Huh?"

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback, feeling as if he had been sold out.

As expected, Kaiser Myers turned to Wyatt Barnes again, speaking slowly: "Wyatt Barnes, you killed Joseph Davies. Many people witnessed it was him who made the first move. His death was his own doing."

"Shouldn't there be more to the Vice Commander's speech?"

Wyatt Barnes chuckled.

"You really are a sharp one. You killed Joseph Davies. We the Iron Blood Army won't hold it against you. However, Joseph Davies is after all a member of the Davies Clan in County City. The Davies Clan might not be considered large, but it's not small either... If you're willing to stay in our Iron Blood Army and serve under our Commander, he can not only protect you and your family from persecution by the Davies Clan but can also groom you to be the next commander of the Iron Blood Army, leading ten thousand elite soldiers."

Kaiser Myers looked at Wyatt Barnes with an assured expression.

On the other hand, Sami Thorn became increasingly surprised when he noticed Wyatt Barnes's expression was unchanged.

"Vice Commander,"

Wyatt Barnes smiled at Kaiser Myers, "Firstly, I thank you and the Commander for your high regard. Secondly, I pay no mind to the Davies Clan. Finally, I would like to say... my ambition does not lie with the Iron Blood Army, nor does it lie with the Kingdom of Crimson Heaven!"

Kaiser Myers was stunned, then frowned, "Wyatt Barnes, you must not underestimate the Davies Clan. They are one of the prominent families in County City of Swallow Mountain. Their methods are far beyond what you can imagine."

Wyatt Barnes slowly shook his head, "Thank you for your concern, Vice Commander. However, my mind is set!"

"A man should have ambitions... I believe you will find a stage truly befitting of you."

At that moment, Sami Thorn spoke up, seemingly unaffected by Wyatt Barnes's refusal to stay in the Iron Blood Army.

"Thank you, Commander!"

Wyatt Barnes quickly expressed his gratitude.

"Alright, go back and rest well tonight. Tomorrow, the Vice Commander will announce the upcoming training schedule for Genius Camp. Your real training is about to begin!"

Sami Thorn waved his hand.

"Commander, Vice Commander, I'll take my leave."

Wyatt Barnes left directly.

Back in the tent.

Kaiser Myers looked at Teng Yun Sea, his face full of confusion, "Commander, I did a background check on this Wyatt Barnes. He comes from a decent background. With his skills and talents, he is absolutely the best candidate for the next commander of the Iron Blood Army... Are you really just going to let him go?"

"Qing Shan, do you think, with his response just now, that no matter how much we try to persuade him, he would stay?"

Sami Thorn asked.

Kaiser Myers remained silent.

Wyatt Barnes's attitude was clear, he was reluctant to stay in the Iron Blood Army.

"Even if he is not in our Iron Blood Army, even if he really does get the 'Saint Martial Academy' Enrollment Qualification, I'm afraid he will be killed by people from the Davies Clan before he even enters the Saint Martial Academy... I truly can't bear to see such a rare talent fall."

Kaiser Myers sighed, his words sincere.

"Didn't he just say that he didn't care about the Davies Clan?"

Sami Thorn shook his head.

"Commander, you can't tell me that you didn't see through his evasive talk... Are you saying, Commander, that you actually believe his bravado?"

Kaiser Myers was flabbergasted.

Sami Thorn smiled faintly, "I can tell, he was confident. A person can lie with his mouth, but his eyes will never lie... When the Davies Clan was mentioned, the disdain in his eyes told me that he was truly confident, not just spouting nonsense."

"Commander, how is that possible... I've already investigated his background thoroughly. He is a member of the Lee Family from Aurora City, specifically from the branch family, the 'Clear Wind Town Lee Family'."

Kaiser Myers still couldn't believe it.

"Then do you know who his father is?"

Sami Thorn's eyes narrowed as he asked.

"His father? I didn't find that out... Could it be that his father is not an ordinary person?"

Kaiser Myers finally started to catch on.

"I had a friend, who looked very similar to Wyatt. If I remember correctly, that friend married a woman from a small family in a remote area... That woman, also had the last name of 'Lee'."

Sami Thorn slowly said.

"Who is it?"

Kaiser Myers was curious. He had been following the Commander for quite some time and he should know most of his friends.

"Do you remember, fifteen years ago, that person who mysteriously disappeared from the Duan Family in the Imperial City"

Sami Thorn's eyes flashed.

"Commander, you're saying... Lanni Barnes."

Kaiser Myers's eyes sharpened, and a sincere reverence emerged.

Lanni Barnes, a peerless genius who once made a name for himself throughout the Kingdom of Crimson Heaven...

A person to whom they had to look up to.

After leaving the tent of Vice Commander 'Kaiser Myers', Wyatt Barnes didn't linger outside and went straight back to his own tent.

"Wyatt Barnes, what did the Vice Commander want from you?"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes return, Westyn Morgan curiously asked .

"Nothing much, he just told me that our Genius Camp's upcoming training is officially starting tomorrow."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and spoke slowly.

"What?!"

Westyn Morgan was startled.

"Shh... Keep your voice down."

Mustafa Rowan whispered from the side.

"Huh?"

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes also noticed Remi Sinclair, who was still practicing on his bed.
"What's gotten into Remi Sinclair to be cultivating during broad daylight?"

"He must have been provoked by Simon Davies."

Westyn Morgan shook his head and sighed, "In Aurora City, Remi Sinclair was a figure that his peers had to look up to. Being humiliated by Simon Davies of his age, it's natural that he couldn't take it... It's not surprising that he's putting extra effort to improve himself."

"Westyn, I find you really talkative."

Suddenly, Remi Sinclair opened his eyes. His stern gaze fell on Westyn Morgan.

"I didn't say anything, I didn't say anything..."

Westyn Morgan awkwardly waved his hand, looking like a child caught stealing a candy.

Chapter 115: The Final Assessment

Glaring at Westyn Morgan, Remi Sinclair paid him no further attention and turned to Wyatt, "Do you have any idea what's next in the training?"

"Still have no idea."

Wyatt shook his head.

Remi nodded and closed his eyes again, going back to his practice.

Wyatt squinted his eyes.

It seemed that Remi being knocked unconscious by Simon Davies in a crowd had hit him hard. Otherwise, he wouldn't be pushing himself so desperately...

However, he believed that sooner or later, Remi would crush Simon underfoot.

"You two should hurry up and train, otherwise you might not pass the test."

Wyatt looked at Westyn and Mustafa Rowan and chuckled.

"Not to worry, we have you, don't we?"

Westyn laughed.

Wyatt rolled his eyes at Westyn, "How do you know the training starting tomorrow won't split us apart? If we all have to train separately, how can I help you?"

"Don't jinx it!"

Westyn and Mustafa both said in tandem, showing an unusual understanding of each other.

The next day, early in the morning.

The remaining twenty-nine of the Genius Camp gathered in the schoolyard.

As soon as Wyatt arrived, he sensed two intense, combative gazes.

He looked up.

It was Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field.

It seemed that what he did yesterday had stirred their competitive spirit.

Of course, besides the gazes from Walter and Tiggi, Wyatt also noticed a cold, hateful gaze fixed on him...

Simon Davies!

Wyatt glanced at Simon who was glaring at him, a faint smile appeared on his face, not taking it seriously.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

However, the faint smile on Wyatt's face appeared to Simon as if he was further provoking him, which made Simon's face turn beet red, filled with rage to the extreme!

The other young people in the Genius Camp watched Wyatt with a slight awe.

Wyatt's strength could only be looked up to by them.

Soon, the Deputy Commander-in-Chief, Kaiser Myers appeared, with him are four Centurions and twenty-five Centurions.

A crowd of men, subtly radiating an aura of battle from their bodies, causing several boys to change their faces.

Wyatt stood still, unmoving as a mountain.

Such killer aura is only child's play to him.

However, he was feeling a bit surprised and curious at the moment, "Four Centurions, twenty-five Centurions, what a prank! What's the training next?"

"Greetings to the Deputy Commander-in-Chief!"

The group of youngsters in the Genius Camp saluted Kaiser Myers with respect.

Kaiser nodded and began, "Congratulations to all of you for passing the first round of the Genius Camp. Although fewer people survived than predicted, I believe that those of you who did survive must be the elites...To accommodate this situation, we Iron Blood Army have temporarily changed the training content. The next training, or rather an examination...those who survive will receive admission to the 'Martial Arts Academy'!"

Kaiser's words like a fuse, ignited the atmosphere on the spot.

"By the Deputy Commander-in-Chief's words, is the training we will face next the final round?"

"One can tell, this so-called examination, must be tough."

"Regardless, I've come this far, I have to go all the way!"

"Indeed, go all the way! Seize a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!"

...

The young men at Genius Camp were thrilled.

With a wave from Kaiser, the noisy schoolyard quieted down.

"The final examination will no longer be carried out by the group...Everyone will carry out the task assigned by the Iron Blood Army. Only those who successfully complete their tasks will pass the exam!"

Kaiser continued.

As soon as Kaiser stopped speaking, most of the youngsters' eyes lit up.

Daisy Davies and the other three from the Davies Family frowned slightly.

"Jinxed it!"

Both Westyn and Mustafa, looking at Wyatt, said in unison again.

The corner of Wyatt's mouth twitched, not expecting that he had hit the nail on the head...

Soon, Kaiser began to describe the rules of the examination, "To prevent you from using external help to complete the task, we Iron Blood Army will send twenty-nine soldiers, on a one-on-one basis, to supervise the whole examination...Even if you are in a life or death situation, they will not intervene."

"Also... don't take chances, anyone who tries to bribe our Iron Blood Army soldiers, they have the power to kill you on the spot!"

Kaiser's words towards the end were filled with a chilling tone.

The group of young people on-site felt as if they had fallen into an ice cavern.

Their faces turned solemn...

They all could realize that the forthcoming 'task' won't be easy.

Twenty-nine soldiers?

Wyatt squinted his eyes, scanning the group of people behind Kaiser, four Centurions and twenty-five Centurions.

"Four Centurions, were they arranged for me, Walter, Tiggi, and Simon?"

Wyatt guessed in his mind.

Clap! Clap!

Suddenly, Kaiser clapped his hands twice.

Immediately, there was a noise from outside the schoolyard.

Wyatt looked up.

There was a group of Iron Blood soldiers carrying simple tables and chairs, distributed to the twenty-nine young men in the Genius Camp including him.

One set per person.

"What is this for?"

Wyatt was taken aback.

What were they distributing tables and chairs for?

He was puzzled for a moment.

"Sit down!"

On Kaiser's order, the twenty-nine teenagers, including Wyatt, sat in front of the tables.

"Now, each of you will receive two pieces of paper and a pen..."

As soon as Kaiser finished, there were Iron Blood soldiers distributing paper and pens to the group of boys.

What is this about?

Most of the boys wore puzzled expressions.

Are they supposed to undergo a 'writing test' before beginning the final training?

"Sir Deputy Commander, I ain't much of a scholar, only know to write a few words. If it's a 'writing test', reckon I'm doomed."

At this point, a simple-minded boy spoke up, his face flushing.

Suddenly, bursts of laughter filled the room.

"Who said anything about a writing test? In Cloud Skies Continent, respect goes to the powerful. Even if you're a literary genius, what's the use?"

Kaiser Myers slightly furrowed his brows.

If it's not a writing test?

Then what is it?

Except for Wyatt Barnes, all the boys turned their gaze towards Kaiser Myers

Only Wyatt Barnes, chin in his hand, seemed deep in thought.

"Today, I have distributed these papers and pens not for a writing test. No, what I command you to do is to write letters. Or to put it bluntly, to craft your 'last will and testament'!"

Kaiser Myers declared forcefully, his words echoing with authority.

Last will and testament?

Writing their final words?

Suddenly, the faces of some of the boys in the Genius Camp turned ashen.

Some others, however, did not react as strongly and did not seem very surprised.

"Right, now I'll give you an hour. Write your wills, one or more as you see fit. Once they are written, fold them and put the recipient's name on top. If any of you should fall, our Iron Blood Army soldiers will deliver these wills to your families at the earliest," he added lightly, looking completely calm and uncaring

Some of the boys' breathing quickened in response to his words. some were unable to lay their pens down.

Others started writing fervently.

A Last Will?

A faint smile tugged at Wyatt Barnes's lips.

Is it really necessary?

In the end, Wyatt Barnes simply sprawled on the desk, catching a quick nap.

Kaiser Myers was observing Wyatt Barnes all along and his lips twitched involuntarily at the sight of the boy sleeping rather than writing his will.

This kid, is he really that confident or just unabashedly arrogant!

You must know, the twenty-nine tasks allotted, the one given to Wyatt Barnes can be said as the toughest.

These tasks, divided into three levels.

The hardest undoubtedly belongs to Wyatt Barnes, and it was last minute decision from yesterday night.

After all, Wyatt Barnes is a martial practitioner of the Condensed Pill Realm, Level Five.

The simplest ones, he could breeze through even with his eyes closed.

Beneath Wyatt Barnes's task, there are three more difficult tasks targeting three other boys in the Genius Camp who are martial practitioners of the Condensed Pill Realm, Level Four..

Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field, and Simon Davies

The remaining twenty-five tasks, though simple for these four boys, pose a great risk to the rest, with potential fatal consequences.

An hour passed.

Iron Blood Army soldiers collected the last wills from twenty-eight boys.

Only Wyatt Barnes wadded up two blank pages and tossed them aside.

It was at this moment that the boys realized Wyatt Barnes hadn't written any last will.

"Wyatt Barnes, why didn't you write?"

Westyn Morgan, who was sitting behind Wyatt Barnes, couldn't help but ask.

"Why should I?"

Wyatt Barnes retorted.

Westyn Morgan was taken aback.

Yes, with Wyatt's capabilities, even Joseph Davies who was at the eighth level of the Condensed Pill realm was defeated by him, why would he worry about the task up ahead?

Wyatt's disdain stemmed from his confidence and was very much warranted.

Westyn sighed inwardly.

When would he have such unwavering self-confidence and arrogance...

"Now that you've completed your final letters, let's commence the mission... From here on, each of you will follow the Iron Blood Army soldier in front of you and leave Iron Blood City. Given the long journey ahead, they will inform you of the mission specifics en route," Kaiser Myers's voice rang out again.

In an instant, several centurions from the Iron Blood Army positioned themselves behind Kaiser Myers and began to move forward.

As Wyatt Barnes had guessed, the four centurions walked towards him, Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field, and Simon Davies.

The one who approached Wyatt was someone familiar.

Centurion 'Declan Yorke'.

"Sir Centurion," Wyatt greeted Declan Yorke with a respectful nod and smile.

"Let's go," Declan Yorke returned the smile, nodded, and set off.

"Survive and return, let's drink together then," Wyatt glanced at Remi Sinclair and the others as he was about to leave, his voice full of resolve.

"Definitely!" The boys nodded in agreement.

Twenty-nine Iron Blood Army leaders divided into groups and led the boys away.

Wyatt Barnes followed Declan Yorke out of Iron Blood City on horseback.

However, their route led them towards the eastern highway.

Head east!

"Sir Centurion, that... wouldn't that direction lead to the Black Mountain Kingdom?" Wyatt couldn't help but ask.

"That's correct. Your mission will be carried out in the Black Mountain Kingdom," Declan Yorke nodded.

Wyatt's eyes hardened. Carrying out a mission in the Black Mountain Kingdom?

Was he supposed to carry out an assassination?

Chapter 116: High Difficulty Task

"Centurion, what is my task?"

Having traveled a certain distance away from Iron Blood City, Wyatt Barnes could not help but ask.

"Your task is to sow discord between the 'Blackarmor Army' and the 'Lian Clan' from the Black Mountain Kingdom, ensuring they completely sever ties with each other."

Centurion 'Declan Yorke's' eyes shimmered momentarily as he answered slowly.

Emotion welled up within him.

For many years, the Iron Blood Army had devoted tremendous effort to this end, to no avail.

He didn't understand why the Commander-in-Chief would assign this mission to Wyatt Barnes...

In his view, it seemed impossible for Wyatt Barnes to accomplish this task.

"Blackarmor Army? Lian Clan?"

Wyatt Barnes' eyebrows quivered slightly, "Centurion, could you please elaborate?"

"Certainly."

Declan Yorke nodded and began to explain, "Taking this official road will get us to the 'Blackarmor City' of the Black Mountain Kingdom... Blackarmor City is comparable to our Iron Blood City; the Blackarmor Army, is somewhat akin to our Iron Blood Army. As for the Lian Clan, they are the most powerful family in Blackarmor City and have always maintained a close relationship with the city."

Wyatt Barnes nodded slightly in understanding.

Declan Yorke continued, "The Blackarmor Army is our sworn enemy and once our defeated foe."

Upon saying this, his expression darkened.

"Once?"

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

"Ever since the Lian Clan got involved with the conflict between our two armies, the Iron Blood Army and the Blackarmor Army have been at a stalemate. It has become increasingly difficult for us to dampen the vigor of the Blackarmor Army as we did in the past."

Declan Yorke was evidently exasperated.

Generally speaking, family powerhouses would not intervene in the conflicts between two kingdoms.

However, due to the close relationship between the Lian Clan and the Blackarmor Army, despite not overtly interfering, they secretly arranged for the clan's masters to infiltrate the Blackarmor Army, greatly strengthening its forces.

This had always been the most vexing issue for the Iron Blood Army.

Wyatt Barnes furrowed his brows, "If the Lian Clan deemed it necessary to step in and give the Blackarmor Army a hand, the relationship between the two must not be that simple, right?"

Declan Yorke nodded, "Indeed, the Clan Chief of the Lian Clan and the Commander of the Blackarmor Army are sworn brothers."

A twitch appeared at the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth.

"Centurion, if I'm not mistaken, the Iron Blood Army must have tried to split the Lian Clan and the Blackarmor Army before, with no success, right?"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes narrowed as he asked.

"Correct."

Declan Yorke nodded.

"Damn it!"

Unable to constrain himself, Wyatt Barnes blurted out an expletive, "What kind of task have you given me! You expect me to accomplish what the entire Iron Blood Army couldn't? Centurion, tell me honestly, do you think I can pull it off?"

"In my personal opinion, the probability of you accomplishing this is next to nothing... However, the Commander-in-Chief went so far as to say that you might be our turning point."

Declan Yorke cast a deep look at Wyatt Barnes.

He couldn't understand why the Commander-in-Chief valued this young man so much.

"Commander-in-Chief?"

Wyatt Barnes twitched his mouth once more.

The first thought that crossed his mind was that the Commander-in-Chief, Sami Thorn, was vindictively punishing him for refusing to remain in the Iron Blood Army, by his side, to be his successor.

"Can I refuse this task?"

Wyatt Barnes asked.

"The Commander-in-Chief specifically mentioned that considering the uniqueness of this task, you can indeed refuse it, but you will also lose your eligibility for admission to the Holy Martial Arts Academy."

Declan Yorke replied.

"Can't I switch to another task?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned.

"No!"

Declan Yorke insisted on this point: "That's the Commander-in-Chief's decision."

Wyatt Barnes sighed with bitter amusement.

"So, are you going to refuse? If you do, we can turn around right now and you can go home directly."

Declan Yorke asked.

"Let's assess the situation first."

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flickered subtly, he spoke slowly.

If upon reaching Blackarmor City he found the task truly impossible, he would decline. There was no reason to risk his life just for a shot at entering the Holy Martial Arts Academy...

After all, he was going to turn seventeen in just a few days.

He'd have plenty of opportunities in the future!

Declan Yorke nodded.

Meanwhile, as if remembering something, he turned to Wyatt Barnes and asked, "Wyatt Barnes, I heard that you killed Joseph Davies with the help of the inscription on your sword... Do you know a master of inscriptions?"

"You could say that. When I was a kid, I encountered an old beggar on the street and offered him a steamed bun. He left me with this inscription in return. Regrettably, I didn't realize until later that he was an 'inscription master', otherwise, I would have asked him to be my master."

Wyatt Barnes spun a tale off the cuff, expressing regret.

"You really got lucky."

Declan Yorke's mouth twitched, but he didn't suspect the truthfulness of Wyatt Barnes' story.

He had heard that masters of inscription had odd temperaments and peculiar hobbies...

It took Wyatt Barnes and Declan Yorke three whole months of hurried traveling to get from the Iron Blood City in Crimson Heaven Kingdom to Blackarmor City in Black Mountain Kingdom.

Blackarmor City was about the same size as Iron Blood City.

From afar, it looked like a formidable beast lurking there, emitting an aura of solemnity and ruthlessness.

Once inside Blackarmor City, Wyatt Barnes and Declan Yorke found an inn to rest at.

"From now on, you'll have to rely on yourself. If you feel unable to complete this, you can abandon the mission and we'll go back immediately."

After leaving these words to Wyatt Barnes, Declan Yorke retreated into his guestroom.

For several days, no one saw him.

During this time, Wyatt was frequenting various taverns, gathering information about the Lian clan and the Blackarmor Army.

He found out that not only were the Clan Chiefs of the Lian clan and the Blackarmor Army sworn brothers, but their sons were also best friends, often referring to each other as brothers and were inseparable.

"What the hell kind of mission is this!"

Wyatt's brows furrowed. He prepared to take out his money to pay the bill, leave the tavern, and find Declan Yorke to give up on this mission.

But suddenly, he stopped.

He was attracted by the conversation at the next table...

"You know, the new concubine of the Young Clan Chief of the Lian clan is really beautiful. Just one glimpse at her and I almost lost my soul."

"I heard about it too. Apparently, he goes to her every night, not even bothering about his wife."

"Ah, to die under a Peony tree and be a wandering ghost, how romantic!"

...

The words were unintentional, but the listener took it to heart.

"Maybe this is an opportunity."

A grin emerged on Wyatt's face, an idea forming in his mind.

Over the past few days, he'd also heard that the son of the Blackarmor Army's commander, Michael Tackman, was indulging in women every night. Every other day, he would go to the Spring Breeze Pavilion in the city to enjoy himself.

Michael Tackman was nineteen this year. Although his talent was average, his power had reached the fourth level of the Condensed Pill Realm.

One could imagine how many hopes the Commander of the Blackarmor Army had placed on this only son...

Late at night, two drunk figures came out of a tavern.

"Maximiliano, you've been so captivated by your new little concubine these days that you haven't been to the Spring Breeze Pavilion with me in a while... How about it? Tonight, as your brother, I'm inviting you to go to the Spring Breeze Pavilion to enjoy ourselves. What do you say?"

Michael was swaying as he spoke.

"Of course, since you're my brother. We'll leave my seductive little vixen alone in the room tonight... Let's go!"

Maximiliano, the Junior Clan Chief of the Lian Clan, went off to the Spring Breeze Pavilion with Michael.

From a distance, two figures emerged from separate corners, both blending into the night and disappearing...

"Hmph! It seems both the Lian clan chief and the commander of the Blackarmor Army value their sons very much... No surprise, as one is an only child and the other is an only son."

Wyatt stood on the balcony of a loft in the Spring Breeze Pavilion, watching as the two figures drifted away, a thought crossing his mind.

"Young Master, I've been waiting for you for a long time, why aren't you coming?"

A stunning woman emerged from behind and embraced Wyatt, blowing lightly into his ear...

If it was any other time, Wyatt wouldn't be able to resist the temptation of such an alluring woman and would've 'dealt' with her properly. However, he had important business to attend to. He handed over a bank check worth a hundred silver pieces, "I'm not in the mood today. Here's something for you to buy some rouge and powder."

"Thank you, Young Master."

The woman's face lit up with a smile as she tactfully withdrew, "Then I won't bother you any further, Young Master."

Soon after, Wyatt sneaked into a room.

He hid on the canopy above the bed.

After a while, the door opened and a man and a woman came in.

"Young Master Tackman, it's been a while since you've last graced me with your presence."

The woman's seductive voice echoed slowly...

"Alright, little red, I'll give you all my love now."

The sound of clothes being hastily removed filled the room.

Soon, with the woman in his arms, Michael got into bed.

"Ah!"

The woman spotted Wyatt, hanging from the canopy above like a spider. Her face turned pale and she screamed.

"Little Red, I haven't even started yet, why are you screaming..."

Michael, oblivious to the impending threat, continued his advances on the woman.

Whoosh!

Wyatt made his move, knocking Michael unconscious.

"Spare me, spare me."

The woman's face turned pale as she hastily begged for mercy.

Swish!

Wyatt pulled out a stack of bank checks, threw it on the woman and said indifferently, "You're a smart woman... take this money, buy your freedom and leave tonight. Otherwise, I fear you might lose your life."

After saying this, Wyatt hoisted up Michael and vanished from the woman's sight.

The woman's face changed color. She counted the bank checks in her hands and gasped, "Ten... ten thousand!"

Even if she were to work at the Spring Breeze Pavilion for a lifetime, she wouldn't be able to earn so much money.

After taking a deep breath and gritting her teeth, she made up her mind. She bought her freedom and fled the dangerous Blackarmor City that very night.

Because of this, she managed to lead a safe and secure life under a new name, eventually marrying an honest man.

Years later, now with a big family of her own, she often fondly recalled the young man in purple who had changed her life on that fateful night...

After Wyatt had kidnapped Michael, he infiltrated the residence of the Lian clan.

He knocked out Maximiliano's concubine in passing, tossed Michael onto the bed, and removed all their clothes.

"She really is a beauty. Guess I got you a good deal."

Wyatt glanced at Maximiliano's concubine and surveyed Michael's body before leaving.

Shortly after Wyatt left, Michael groggily regained consciousness.

"What's going on?"

Before he could figure out what had happened, he felt the smooth body beneath him. Huffing and panting, he leapt right onto it...

"Little Red, I'm here!"

Chapter 117: Wyatt Barnes's Method

Spring Breeze Pavilion.

Heavy panting echoed in the quiet room, originating from a man and a woman.

Suddenly.

"Roar!"

Maximiliano Morin let out a beast-like growl, falling onto the dusty woman beneath him like a dead dog.

"Maximiliano."

Just then, a voice abruptly reached them in the privacy of their room.

"Who's there?"

Maximiliano froze with shock, the woman beneath him trembling uncontrollably...

"Maximiliano, I bet you have no idea you've been sold out by your own brother, do you?"

Wyatt Barnes leaned against the window, speaking lazily.

"Who are you? What do you mean by that?"

With a slight change in his complexion, Maximiliano slowly got off the bed and walked towards the window.

"Why don't you rush home and see for yourself? Tsk tsk, Michael Tackman tricked you into coming to the Spring Breeze Pavilion while he went off to enjoy himself with your concubine..."

Wyatt left after dropping these words, moving on promptly.

He still had things to do.

Buzz!

Maximiliano opened the window, just catching sight of a departing figure, his brow naturally furrowing.

Taking a deep breath, he dressed and went to the next room to find Michael, only to discover that Michael was nowhere to be found, completely gone.

An ominous feeling began to rise within him...

"Michael!"

The expression on Maximiliano's face darkened slightly; even though he had a good relationship with Michael, it didn't extend to sharing the same woman.

The manor of the Morin family under the sparsely dotted night sky.

Maximiliano rushed in, heading straight for the courtyard where his concubine lived.

Not long after Maximiliano disappeared inside.

Three warhorses galloped to the entrance of the Morin family manor.

A bearded man dressed in light armor leaped down from his horse, accompanied by two other officers, and walked into the Morin family manor.

"Commander-in-Chief!"

The members of the Morin clan hastily greeted the bearded man upon sight.

This was the Commander-in-Chief of the Blackarmor Army, an 'emperor' like figure within Blackarmor City...

And also their oath-sworn brother of the Morin Clan Chief.

"Where does the new concubine of your Junior Clan Chief reside?"

The bearded man's voice thundered, directing his question at one of the clan members.

The young man turned deathly pale and pointed towards the north.

"Lead the way!"

The bearded man glared, his breath slightly quickened.

He had just received news that his son was in mortal danger due to a scheme. Without any hesitation, he rushed over with his two deputy commanders.

At this moment, outside a room as dark as ink.

A figure burst into the courtyard and kicked the door open.

Bang!

The door was kicked open, startling awake a man and a woman inside.

"Who dares to disrupt this Young Master's sleep?"

The familiar voice made the intruder, none other than the Junior Clan Chief of the Morin Family 'Maximiliano Morin', tremble as if struck by lightning.

Then he lit a candle.

His gaze fell upon the naked man and woman on the bed. His eyes instantly filled with rage as he roared, "Michael, you lowlife!"

Seeing Maximiliano, Michael was caught by surprise.

Only then did he realize that he wasn't in the Spring Breeze Pavilion.

He looked down at the trembling, beautiful young girl huddled in the corner of the bed. Wasn't she the same concubine recently taken by Maximiliano?

Had he been... having his fun with this very same concubine?

Feeling his scalp tingle, he tried to comprehend what was going on.

In a panic, Michael looked at Maximiliano, "Brother, it's not what you think, it's a misunderstanding... I have no idea how I ended up in your concubine's room."

"Misunderstanding?"

Maximiliano's face darkened, taking two steps forward and yanking Michael off the bed.

Boom!

A punch flew, causing Michael to spit up blood along with a few broken teeth.

Fuming, Michael retaliated with a punch of his own, sending Maximiliano flying.

"Maximiliano, how dare you hit me! Even if this wasn't a misunderstanding and I had your woman, it would still be an honor for you! If it weren't for our Blackarmor Army, would your Morin Family be the leading family in Blackarmor City?"

Michael's voice was cold, carrying a chilling aura.

"Fine...Fine! Michael, I'll kill you today."

Maximiliano charged again, his bout with Michael escalating into a fight filled with surges of Inner Energy.

However, both of them were evenly matched, and for a while, it was difficult to tell who was superior...

"Young Master."

Just then, as Maximiliano was being pushed back by Michael, a voice reached them.

A young man dressed as a house servant of the Morin Family entered the room, respectfully handing 'a broom' from his hand to Maximiliano.

Without thinking much, Maximiliano took the broom, channeled his inner energy into it, and swung it towards Michael.

"Pfft! Maximiliano, do you really think y...

As Michael's fist collided with the broom, he was interrupted by a hazy force emanating from the broom, repelling his punch with the force of a thousand-pound hammer, landing directly on his forehead.

Splash!

Brain matter splattered all over Maximiliano's face.

Maximiliano was stunned.

He looked at the broom in his hand, his eyes wide as though it was a 'monster'.

"That was... an Attack Inscription? Who exactly are you!"

In that instant, Maximiliano seemed to understand something and turned around.

But by then, the 'servant' was nowhere to be seen.

He knew he had been manipulated.

Everything had been a trap.

"Ah!"

At that moment, Maximiliano's concubine saw Michael's bloody and mutilated corpse, screamed at the top of her voice, and passed out.

Maximiliano Morin took a deep breath.

He knew that under no circumstances could today's events be leaked. Otherwise, the wrath of the Blackarmor Army would surely befall the Morin Clan, causing great harm to their inner energy.

If the Blackarmor Army was truly going to strike, it wouldn't just be empty talk...

Just as he regained his composure, preparing to covertly dispose of Michael Tackman's corpse.

"Lin!"

A furious roar like a blast of thunder caused Maximiliano's face to pale!

That voice, Maximiliano was all too familiar with.

How could he be here?

For a moment, there was a feeling of powerlessness in Maximiliano's heart.

He realized that the person who set up this trap intended to drive him to a dead end...

"Uncle Leigh, let me explain!"

Maximiliano dropped the broom soaked in blood and frantically looked at the muscular man before him.

"Maximiliano, my son just had a bit of fun with your concubine... But you actually killed my son for a woman, die!"

The muscular man, who was a commander in the Blackarmor Army, unleashed a punch in a fit of rage, carrying the power of thunder and wind.

"Brother Leigh, please show mercy!"

Just then, a figure dashed like a hurricane, but was intercepted by two deputy commanders of the Blackarmor Army.

Boom!

The muscular man, furious, exploded Maximiliano Morin's head.

"My son!"

The newcomer was none other than the Clan Chief of the Morin family. He watched as his only son was killed before his eyes, and in his anger, he repelled the two deputy commanders of the Blackarmor Army and began a fight with the muscular man.

Very soon, the entire Morin Clan was stirred.

No one noticed that amidst the chaos in the Morin mansion, a 'servant' of the Morin family quietly slipped away.

"Done!"

Having thrown off his servant outfit, Wyatt Barnes, as agile as a snake, disappeared down the street.

He knew that his mission had been successfully completed.

Back at the inn, after a bath, Wyatt Barnes sat cross-legged on the bed, refining his body with his Origin Force.

Suddenly.

"Crackle..."

In an instant, Wyatt Barnes could distinctly sense the metamorphosis of his muscles and bones, and his physical body and vitality completed the final refinement.

"This..."

Wyatt Barnes was surprised and pleased. He didn't expect that he would complete the physical refinement at the third level of the Condensed Pill Realm at this moment.

He lightly clenched his fists.

Whirling!

Above his head, six illusions of ancient giant elephants began to manifest...

This was merely the power of Wyatt Barnes' physical body!

Woosh!

When Wyatt Barnes executed his Origin Force, he was able to manifest three more illusions of ancient giant elephants above his head.

Now, he could summon the power of nine ancient giant elephants.

This was without the use of a spiritual weapon.

If he used a spiritual weapon, he could muster nearly the power of 'eleven giant ancient elephants.'

"What a pleasant surprise. First, I completed my mission, then my strength increased..."

A radiant smile appeared on Wyatt Barnes' face.

As night deepened, he fell fast asleep.

The next day, a knock on the door interrupted Wyatt Barnes' pleasant dream.

Opening the door, Centurion 'Declan Yorke' walked in without ceremony, looking at the sleepy Wyatt Barnes with a strange expression, "you..... How did you do it?"

Early this morning, Declan Yorke had heard about the events at the Morin family last night, events that rocked the whole of Blackarmor City.

All three commanders of the Ironclad Army were seriously injured by a Morin family elder.

The Clan Chief of the Morin family was almost killed.

After inquiring several times, he grasped the details; everything originated from the conflict between the son of the Blackarmor Army's Commander and the son of the Morin family's Clan Chief...

To him, there were numerous suspicious points.

The first person he thought of was Wyatt Barnes...

"What do you mean, 'how did I do it?'"

Wyatt Barnes yawned and asked.

"Stop playing dumb! The incident at the Morin family last night, don't tell me you don't know about it."

Declan Yorke chuckled and scolded.

"That's what you're referring to."

Wyatt Barnes woke up a bit and said, shaking his head, "It's nothing earth-shattering, barely worth mentioning."

Barely worth mentioning?

Declan Yorke twitched his mouth, feeling that the young man in front of him was being deliberately obtuse.

The Iron Blood Army had been planning for many years, but couldn't cause a feud between the Morin family and the Blackarmor Army. Now, however, this young man had achieved that in just one night.

"By the way, has my mission been completed?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Declan Yorke and asked.

"It's completed."

Declan Yorke nodded, curiosity flashing in his eyes, "How on earth did you manage to do it?"

Wyatt Barnes gave Declan Yorke a brief explanation of the situation.

After listening, Declan Yorke couldn't help but be moved.

He didn't expect this young man to employ such cunning; just through a concubine of Maximiliano Morin, the young man had provoked all sorts of problems...

More importantly, the young man conducted the entire affair seamlessly and flawlessly.

Perhaps Maximiliano Morin might have been suspicious.

However, before he had a chance to explain, Maximiliano Morin was brutally killed by the grief-stricken commander of the Blackarmor Army.

"There's one thing I don't understand... Even if Maximiliano Morin was furious, it's unlikely he'd kill Michael Tackman over a concubine, right?"

Declan Yorke looked intently at Wyatt Barnes.

"Indeed, although he was angry at the time, he didn't truly wish to kill."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"How did you do it?"

Declan Yorke asked, looking forward to the answer.

"It's a secret."

Wyatt Barnes shrugged and went straight to freshen up and change his clothes.

"You..."

Declan Yorke was stunned and could only manage a wry smile.

Chapter 118: Forbidden Element Gu

When Wyatt Barnes and Declan Yorke leisurely left Blackarmor City, they saw the soldiers of the Blackarmor Army marching to the Lian's residence in formation.

It gave off a great momentum as if dark clouds were crushing the city!

"It seems we might have overdone it."

Wyatt Barnes rode his horse, touching his nose in embarrassment.

Declan Yorke gave Wyatt Barnes a disdainful look, "Isn't all this caused by you?"

"If we are talking about who started all this, it seems it wasn't me, huh? I have no grudges against the Blackarmor Army or the Lian family, so there's no need for me to sabotage them... You guys were the ones who wanted me to complete this damned task, it was hard work with no reward."

Wyatt Barnes grunted in response.

"Let's go, the problem is solved, Commander-in-Chief must be relieved now."

The moment Declan Yorke finished speaking,

Wyatt Barnes spurred his horse, leaving a face full of dust for Declan Yorke.

"This kid!"

Declan Yorke widened his eyes, and pursued him.

They had ridden their horses fast when they came and had traveled for three months.

Now, with the mission completed ahead of schedule, Wyatt Barnes and Declan Yorke slowed down, leisurely heading to the 'Iron Blood City' of Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

Along the way, they stayed at inns in some small towns.

They experienced the customs and culture of different places.

Five months later, they arrived at a small town near the Iron Blood City.

"Let's rest here tonight, and another day's ride will get us there tomorrow."

Declan Yorke said to Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

The two rode their horses into the small town.

Every time he entered these small towns, Wyatt Barnes felt like he had returned to 'Qingfeng Town'. The size of these towns was almost the same as Qingfeng Town...

"Centurion, those few inns we just passed seemed quite decent."

Wyatt Barnes noticed that Declan Yorke had led him through the town, ignoring several inns.

"We're not staying at an inn tonight."

Declan Yorke said with a smile.

"Not staying at an inn?"

Wyatt Barnes was stunned.

"This is 'Lonely Goose Town', my hometown."

A hint of warmth flashed across Declan Yorke's eyes.

Wyatt Barnes was a bit surprised.

Just then.

A caravan, like a marching dragon, came from outside the town, in a grand style.

On these vehicles were some cages.

It wasn't wild beasts or fierce beasts in the cages, but humans.

These people, dressed like beggars, were extremely ferocious. Between their eyebrows, cold and ruthless expressions were revealed, clearly not ordinary people.

Obvious branding marks could be seen on their faces.

"What is this..."

Wyatt Barnes immediately turned to look.

"These are the slaves 'Moran Family' collected from outside, usually some are sold off in Lonely Goose Town, then transported to County City... This Moran Family has a close relationship with the County Governor's Mansion of the County City."

Declan Yorke slowly explained.

Just then.

"Declan Yorke!"

The man leading the caravan at the front rode forward, came to Declan Yorke's side, and stopped his horse.

Immediately, the entire caravan came to a halt.

"Semi Moran, you actually came out personally."

Declan Yorke nodded and smiled at the man, quite familiarly.

"Declan Yorke, it's been a while since you've been back... you've improved your cultivation again? After I transport these slaves back, I must visit you at the Yorke Clan, I need to learn from you."

Semi Moran said with a laugh.

"Then you must hurry, I'm leaving first thing tomorrow."

Declan Yorke also said with a laugh.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes frowned.

He noticed a brawny figure in a cage whose gaze was fixed on the storage ring on his hand.

This was a middle-aged man. His eyes were filled with barely suppressible excitement...

"Does he recognize this storage ring?"

Wyatt Barnes was stunned.

He found it hard to believe.

This storage ring was the possession of the Junior Sect Master of the 'Endless Sect' from the Royal Country of Green Forest.

"Eh!"

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes clearly saw an obvious black pattern on the neck of the middle-aged man.

This pattern...

Memories of the Martial Emperor's cycle flashed across Wyatt Barnes's mind...

"A Forbidden Element Gu!"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes narrowed, he understood what this pattern represented.

But such a brilliant Gu poison, theoretically, should not appear in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom...

The Forbidden Element Gu, a Gu poison that seals one's Origin Force.

Even a Void Realm master, if not prepared, could be affected.

Once poisoned, all of their Origin Force would be sealed, leaving only the cultivation base of the Ninth Level of the Body Tempering Realm.

"End...less...Sect..."

Seeing the fierce-eyed middle-aged man's gaze sweeping towards him, Wyatt Barnes read out these three words with his lips.

In an instant, the middle-aged man's body trembled, and his eyes were filled with excitement.

"He really is from the Endless Sect!"

Wyatt Barnes was shocked.

"Declan Yorke, who is he?"

At this time, Semi Moran's gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes.

"His name is Wyatt Barnes. He passed the final assessment at the Genius Camp this year and obtained the qualification to enter the 'Saint Martial Arts Academy'. He will soon become a student of the Saint Martial Arts Academy."

Declan Yorke said with a smile.

Semi Moran was taken aback, he forced a smile on his face, and said in a friendly manner, "Brother Wyatt, my name is Semi Moran."

"What should I call you?"

Wyatt Barnes replied with a smile, unsure of how to address Semi Moran.

Semi Moran laughed heartily, "Brother Wyatt, if you don't mind, you can call me 'Big Brother Semi', how about that?"

"Big Brother Semi."

Wyatt Barnes greeted him and asked, "Big Brother Semi, where do the slaves you transport come from?"

Semi Moran laughed and said, "We purchased them from different kingdoms. Most of them are prisoners of war, and some are vagabonds."

Purchased?

Wyatt Barnes felt sorrow for the slaves.

They were humans, yet they were being treated as 'goods'.

"Big Brother Semi, I have been wanting to buy a slave, but I didn't have an avenue... I don't know, can I buy a slave from you?"

Wyatt Barnes tentatively asked.

"Brother Wyatt, you are being too polite. Not to mention my childhood friendship with your Centurion, I find you very friendly on our first encounter... These slaves, whichever you like, consider it as a meeting gift from Big Brother Semi."

Semi Moran magnanimously said.

In his eyes, the fact that Wyatt Barnes had gained enrollment into the 'Sacred Martial Arts Academy' at his current age of seventeen signified his extraordinary talent.

Once he graduates from the Sacred Martial Arts Academy, his future will be limitless!

Such a person, it will be hard for him to befriend in the future. Now is the perfect time to give a favor, which might be repaid with a bigger favor in the future.

"Thank you, Big Brother Semi."

Wyatt Barnes didn't refuse. Intentionally riding closer to the cage containing the slaves.

This group of slaves all stared at Wyatt Barnes indifferently, wishing to tear him to pieces...

"Him."

In the end, Wyatt Barnes pointed at the middle-aged man who might be from the Endless Sect.

Semi Moran's brow twitched in a reminder, "Brother Wyatt, this one is just a Ninth Layer Body Tempering Realm slave, the cheapest among this group of slaves... How about you change to another one? What about that one, he's a Fifth Layer Condensed Pill Realm slave, among these slaves, he's a top-grade product."

"Big Brother Semi, I'll take this one. You're giving me a meeting gift, I can't take too big of an advantage of you."

Wyatt Barnes chuckled.

"Ha ha... Brother Wyatt is really straightforward! After I settle these slaves when I get home, I'll bring him over to the Yorke Clan to find you."

Semi Moran took a deep look at Wyatt Barnes, feeling more and more that this young man wasn't simple.

He bade farewell to Declan Yorke before leaving.

"Wyatt Barnes, is there anything special about that slave?"

Declan Yorke looked at Wyatt Barnes, somewhat puzzled.

Wyatt Barnes smirked, "Centurion, do you think there's anything special about him? Isn't he just a Ninth Layer Body Tempering Realm slave?"

"Ha ha... I just find it strange, how did you become so 'tactful'."

Declan Yorke laughed heartily.

"Do I look like someone who would take advantage of small things?"

Wyatt Barnes was speechless.

"No you don't..."

"That's more like it."

"But you are!"

"..."

That night, Wyatt Barnes settled in the Yorke residence.

Only then did Wyatt Barnes learn that the Yorke Clan that Declan Yorke belonged to was actually one of the three major clans in Lonely Goose Town.

And the Moran Family that Semi Moran belonged to was also one of the three major clans in Lonely Goose Town.

Besides these, Wyatt Barnes found out something else.

The legal wife of the Prefect of Swallow Mountain County was actually the elder sister of the Moran Family head...

The 'Brock Patel' whose arm he cut off was actually the nephew of the Moran Family head.

And Semi Moran was the younger brother of the Moran Family head, which makes him Brock Patel's maternal uncle.

"What a small world..."

Knowing all this, Wyatt Barnes could not help but sigh.

"If Brock Patel knew that not only was his uncle showing me great favor, but also giving me a slave, I wonder what he would think... Perhaps he'll be so angry he'll spit blood?"

A wicked thought crossed Wyatt Barnes' mind.

"Young Master Barnes, the second master invites you."

At this moment, a maid's voice came from outside the room.

"It seems Semi Moran is here."

Wyatt Barnes thought.

The 'second master' mentioned by the maid is the Centurion 'Declan Yorke'.

He is the second brother of the head of Yorke Clan.

In the Yorke Clan's main hall, Wyatt Barnes met Semi Moran again, and Semi Moran brought along the middle-aged man that Wyatt Barnes wanted.

After grooming, the middle-aged man changed into a clean outfit, which made him look refreshed, but the branding on his face was insisting his lowly status of a 'slave'.

"Big Brother Semi."

Wyatt Barnes smiled at Semi Moran.

"Brother Wyatt, you have a good eye. Although the cultivation of this slave is mediocre, his appearance and temperament are quite extraordinary."

Semi Moran laughed.

After some polite exchanges, Wyatt Barnes bid farewell and left with the middle-aged man.

In the quiet room.

Wyatt Barnes and the middle-aged man were standing face to face.

"How did you get the Junior Sect Master's Storage Ring? What did you do to him?"

The calm on the middle-aged man's face disappeared. He grabbed onto Wyatt Barnes' shoulders, anxiously asking.

Wyatt Barnes' expression darkened.

Boom!

He swiftly pushed the middle-aged man away.

The middle-aged man's face changed, he sternly said, "If I wasn't poisoned, I can easily annihilate a thousand of you brats!"

"You admitted yourself that you're poisoned... All I know is, you're now just a Ninth Layer Body Tempering Realm waste, behave yourself!"

Wyatt Barnes stepped forward and slapped the middle-aged man again.

"You!!"

The middle-aged man's face drastically changed as he attempted to strike Wyatt Barnes again.

"You seem to have forgotten, I'm your master now!"

Wyatt Barnes' voice was cold. He swiftly raised a hand, his arm shot out like a rogue python's tail slap, sending the middle-aged man flying again.

Thud!

Wyatt Barnes stepped forward, his foot on the middle-aged man's chest, looking down on him and coldly said, "Remember, from today onward, I'm your master! The master you cannot defy!"

Chapter 119: Fill Bear

The middle-aged man's face turned red as he struggled to break free, but he couldn't.

"What, upset?"

Wyatt Barnes's gaze turned cold, putting more pressure under his foot.

The middle-aged man's complexion drastically changed and turned nearly green with fear, his body trembling uncontrollably...

Suddenly.

Wyatt Barnes withdrew his foot.

The middle-aged man panted heavily, it took him awhile to recover then turned to look at Wyatt Barnes with icy stares.

Wyatt Barnes didn't care much, he leisurely said, "I can help you remove the 'Origin Force Gu' if you submit to me."

"You know about the Origin Force Gu?"

The middle-aged man's pupils contracted, his face full of astonishment.

In his view, it should be impossible for anyone in this small kingdom to know about the Origin Force Gu.

Yet, the youth in purple seemed to know quite well about it.

Most importantly, he had seen the storage ring of the junior sect master of the Endless Sect in the hand of this youth.

"Can you really remove the Origin Force Gu from my body?"

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, his eyes flickering.

"Why, do you doubt me?"

Wyatt Barnes glanced at the middle-aged man coldly and said indifferently: "Now, tell me why you got afflicted by the Origin Force Gu and why you ended up in the Crimson Heaven kingdom."

The middle-aged man caught his breath, "I am 'Fill Bear', protector from the Endless Sect. The Endless Sect suffered a calamity. I escaped along with the junior sect master. In order to survive, we diverted the pursuers... Later on, although I managed to narrowly escape, the Origin Force Gu I had been afflicted with started to take effect. After being exhausted and fainting, when I woke up, I found myself locked up, branded with a slave mark!"

By the end of it, Fill Bear was gritting his teeth.

A protector of the Endless Sect had now become a slave...

In the beginning, he had even considered seeking death.

But in the end, he gritted his teeth and persevered.

He believed that he would eventually be able to remove the 'Origin Force Gu' and restore his strength.

Then, he would kill all those who branded him as a slave!

"So that's how it went... They didn't take away your storage ring."

Wyatt Barnes glanced at Fill Bear's right hand.

Fill Bear wore a rusty ring on the middle finger of his right hand. Others wouldn't give it a second glance, but Wyatt could see that it was a storage ring.

Perhaps they didn't take it away because Fill Bear's storage ring was unremarkable.

With a wary face, Fill Bear put away the storage ring.

"Remove the recognition seal and hand it over to me!"

Wyatt's gaze hardened as he commanded.

Fill Bear's face changed, then he showed a bitter expression and reluctantly took off the storage ring, removing the recognition seal and handing it over to Wyatt.

After Wyatt binned it with his blood, he opened it to look inside.

However, he discovered that it only contained some seventh-grade Pill Medicines and a remnant of a seventh-grade spirit knife.

"Is this all there is?"

Wyatt frowned, casually removed the recognition seal from the storage ring, and threw it back to Fill Bear.

Junk?

Fill Bear's mouth twitched.

Who on earth was this boy, calling a seventh-grade spirit knife and seventh-grade Pill Medicines mere junk?

"Bro... young brother..."

Fill Bear looked at Wyatt, but before he could finish his words, was interrupted by Wyatt, "Who is your brother! I'm giving you one last chance, if you don't submit to me, not only will I not spare your life, I won't be helping you with the antidote either."

By the end of his sentence, a chilling killing intent radiated from Wyatt.

Fill Bear took in a sharp breath.

Still, he managed to calmly ask, "What happened to the junior sect master? If he was killed by you, I'd rather die than acknowledge you as my master!"

Wyatt looked at Fill Bear with mild surprise: "I didn't expect you to have such backbone."

Fill Bear let out a low hum.

"When I found your junior sect master, he was already at his last breath. He left a 'Sound Concretization Jade Piece' for me and asked me to deliver another Sound Concretization Jade Piece to an old man named 'Memphis Arlington'. Once I help you detoxify and regain your Origin Force, I'll give you the Sound Concretization Jade Piece to help you verify its authenticity."

Wyatt spoke indifferently.

"Junior Sect Master!"

Fill Bear cried out in sorrow, tears streaming down his face.

Finally, he held back his tears, bowed to Wyatt, "Fill Bear submits to his master."

Wyatt gave Fill Bear a casual glance, "I can do my best to help you detoxify, but I will also prepare a backup plan... I will give you another kind of deadly poison."

The color drained from Fill Bear's face.

"Don't worry. The deadly poison I give you will only take effect every six months. As long as you take the antidote I give you within six months, you can be worry-free for the next six months... This is my precaution in case you regain your Origin Force and betray me."

Wyatt added.

A gleam flashed in Fill Bear's eyes, his face filled with bitterness.

He didn't expect this young man to be able to think so far ahead...

Indeed, he had thought of this before.

"Don't think you can get away with it, I'm an alchemist myself."

Wyatt took out his ninth-grade alchemist badge from the alchemist guild, waved it in front of Fill Bear, and then put it away.

"A ninth-grade alchemist..."

Fill Bear's expression hardened. This seemingly seventeen-year-old boy was a ninth-grade alchemist?

Even in the Royal Country of the Green Forest, there was no alchemist as young as him.

"Tomorrow, come back with me, and I will refine a pill for you to dissolve the 'Ban-Yuan Gu'. But with my limited current cultivation, the pills I refine can only dissolve a third of the 'Ban-Yuan Gu's' power... What was your cultivation at your peak?"

Wyatt Barnes was speaking while asking Fill Bear.

"Peep Naught Realm, Sixth Order."

Fill Bear respectfully replied.

"Peep Naught Realm, Sixth Order?"

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows and stroked his chin, "Dissolving a third of the medicine's power, your cultivation should be able to recover to the Original Infant Realm. As for how far into the Original Infant Realm, it would depend on your fate."

"Can't it be fully recovered?"

Fill Bear paused, somewhat disappointed.

"Hmph! I am only a ninth-grade alchemist now, and my red flame is limited... When I step into the Original Pill Realm, I can become an eighth-grade alchemist, then I can refine another pill that can help you dissolve another third of the 'Ban-Yuan Gu's' power. Once I step into the seventh order of the Original Pill Realm and become a seventh-grade alchemist, I will be able to help you completely rid your body of the medicine!"

"That is to say, by the time I reach the seventh order of the Original Pill Realm, your cultivation will recover to its peak!"

Wyatt Barnes scowled at Fill Bear. "What, can't wait?"

"No."

Fill Bear quickly shook his head. He would be satisfied to recover his Origin Force in this lifetime.

He had simply been out of his mind momentarily.

The next morning, Wyatt Barnes took Fill Bear and followed behind Declan Yorke, back to the Iron Blood City.

At this point, Fill Bear had put on a mask that covered half of his face, hiding his slave brand.

Returning to the Iron Blood City, Wyatt Barnes gave Fill Bear some USD for him to live in a designated inn, then followed Declan back to the Iron Blood Army campgrounds.

Then, Wyatt Barnes just found out.

He was the first member of the Genius Camp to return from a completed mission.

"With only a month left before the end of the year... None of the other 28 have completed their missions and returned yet! It seems that where they went was also very far away."

Wyatt Barnes pondered and speculated in his mind.

Without any mishaps, Wyatt Barnes was once again summoned by the commander of the Iron Blood Army, Sami Thorn.

This time, Sami Thorn had specifically set up a banquet in honour of Wyatt Barnes.

At the banquet, not only Sami Thorn and Kaiser Myers were present. Seven centurions including Declan Yorke were also present...

All the high-ranking officers stationed at the Iron Blood Army camp were there.

"Wyatt Barnes, this glass of wine, we raise on behalf of the Iron Blood Army! From now on, we have nothing to fear from the Blackarmor Army!"

Sami Thorn let out a laugh and picked up a glass of wine.

The others also raised their glasses.

To the Iron Blood Army, the Blackarmor Army losing the support of the Lian Family was equivalent to losing a pair of wings.

"Cheers!"

Wyatt Barnes also raised his glass and finished his drink.

"Jolly good! They say heroes are often young. This time, I've really opened my eyes."

A centurion looked at Wyatt Barnes and was the first to compliment him.

Then, the remaining centurions also spared no kind words towards Wyatt Barnes.

After the banquet, Wyatt Barnes followed Sami Thorn to the largest tent in the Iron Blood Army camp, which was also Sami Thorn's own tent.

"Wyatt Barnes, I did not expect you to complete the task."

Sami Thorn seemed somewhat amazed.

Wyatt Barnes flashed his eyes, "Are you saying that you didn't have confidence, yet you still assigned me the task?"

Sami Thorn laughed, "From the tone of your voice, it seems like you harbour some resentment?"

"Commander, where's my admission letter?"

Not answering Sami Thorn, Wyatt Barnes spread his hand, clearly not interested in staying here for long.

Sami Thorn reached out his hand and gave Wyatt Barnes a piece of paper, "The time to report to the 'Holy Martial Arts Academy' is within half a year to a year after you go back... The journey from Aurora City to the Imperial City will take nearly a year if you bring your luggage and travel by horse."

"You are investigating me?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned, feeling somewhat unpleasant.

"Relax, I mean no harm."

Sami Thorn was always smiling.

"Excuse me."

Wyatt Barnes folded up the admission letter and turned to leave.

"He is young, but has quite a temper... Lanni Barnes, you have a good son."

A trace of envy flashed across Sami Thorn's eyes.

Now that Wyatt Barnes has passed the training of the Genius Camp, the 'restriction order' for the members of Genius Camp has been lifted, and he can freely enter and exit the Iron Blood Army camp.

After leaving the Iron Blood Army camp, Wyatt Barnes visited several pharmacies, gathered the necessary herbs, and then went to the inn to meet with Fill Bear.

"Master."

Fill Bear showed his understanding. He was very respectful in front of Wyatt Barnes.

"Protect me, I'm going to refine the detoxification pill for you."

Wyatt Barnes waved his sleeve and went straight into the room.

When Fill Bear heard this, he excitedly responded as he respectfully stood guard at the door, like a loyal guard.

Inside the room, Wyatt Barnes began by classifying all the medicinal plants and then picked them up one by one to put into the medicine tripod...

The red flame appeared and was pressed into the medicine tripod.

Whoosh!

The flame shot out, and the medicine tripod started to churn.

Two hours later, Wyatt Barnes finished and retrieved the medicine. From inside the medicine tripod, three green-lighted pills were spat out.

Chapter 120: Will

Clear Spirit Pill!

The pill medicine that Wyatt Barnes now refines.

It was a detoxifying spirit pill invented by the "Reincarnation Martial Emperor" after studying a hundred poisons, divided into nine grades.

Wyatt is currently a ninth-grade alchemist, so he can only refine the 'ninth-grade Clear Spirit Pill'.

Wyatt opened the door and found Fill Bear looking at him with a face full of excitement.

Wyatt casually threw three Clear Spirit Pills to Fill Bear and said indifferently, "Take one first, the effect of the medicine should take about a month to fully dissolve. In a month, take the second, and in two months, take the third... in three months, you'll recover a third of your peak strength."

"Thank you, Master."

Without hesitation, Fill Bear shoved one Clear Spirit Pill into his mouth and swallowed it.

As for the other two, he stored them in his storage ring as if they were treasures.

"Remember, I've mixed deadly poison into the pills. If you're not obedient, you only have one path... death!"

Wyatt added.

"Yes, Master."

Fill Bear was mentally prepared.

In the days that followed, Wyatt also moved into an inn because the Iron Blood Army camp's conditions were far inferior to those of the inn.

Now he began to challenge the 'Fourth Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm'.

"Once I step into the Fourth Layer, the Origin Force will undergo a qualitative change, directly increasing the strength equivalent of two ancient mammoths."

Wyatt's eyes suddenly brightened.

"Then, even if I don't use spiritual weapons and fight empty-handed, I will have the power of eleven ancient giant elephants... comparable to a Level Eight Condensed Pill Realm fighter! The Nine Dragons War Sovereign technique, worthy of its name, is on the same level as the Reincarnation Martial Emperor's Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture! one day, once I break through to the ninth layer of the Condensed Pill Realm and complete the final physical refinement of the 'Mad Python Transformation' stage, I will have the strength of twenty-three ancient elephants!"

"The average Level Nine Condensed Pill Realm fighter, if not aided by 'external forces' such as spiritual weapons, can only have the strength of twelve ancient elephants. Because my body is far superior to ordinary people, I will have eleven more ancient mammoths' worth of strength."

"Even a first-level Origin Pill Realm fighter only has the strength of twenty ancient mammoths! Yet, at the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm, I can solidly defeat a Level One Origin Pill Realm fighter!"

"However, Level Two Origin Pill Realm fighters possess the strength of thirty ancient mammoths. I can only compete with them once I step into the First Layer of the Original Pill Realm."

Wyatt quelled his excited mood, and it soon calmed down.

He focused on cultivating earnestly!

The Nine Dragons War Sovereign technique and the Mad Python Transformation!

Within Wyatt's body, his Origin Force continued to circulate, hoping to break through to the Fourth Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm sooner...

Although Wyatt now has the admission qualification certificate of the 'Holy Martial Academy' and can directly go home, he did not go home. He wanted to know how Remi Sinclair, Bold Tide, and Mustafa Rowan performed in their examinations.

Ten days later, besides Wyatt, the second person returned.

Walter Simmons had completed the assessment and obtained the qualification for admission.

"Wyatt Barnes, I challenge you!"

Walter's eyes narrowed and he locked onto Wyatt.

"Walter, have you broken through?"

Wyatt asked with a smile.

Whoosh!

Walter's body trembled subtly, and seven ancient mammoth shadow images flashed above his head...

"Walter, are you sure you want to fight me?"

With a smile on his face, Wyatt took a step forward.

As he moved, it was as if a mountain had fallen!

Whoosh!

Above Wyatt's head, the force of heaven and earth fluctuated, and eight ancient mammoth shadow images gradually took form.

"You... you..."

Walter looked dumbfounded, a hint of disappointment rose in his heart, but he soon recovered.

"I understand."

Walter took a deep breath, looked at Wyatt, and his fighting spirit was as strong as ever, "Wyatt Barnes, I am not as good as you now... but I will strive to catch up with you! See you at the Holy Martial Academy in a year."

After saying this.

Walter moved, turned into a gust of wind, and left the Iron Blood Army camp.

"This Walter is quite interesting."

Wyatt mused with a smile.

In the following few days, Tiggi Field and Simon Davies returned.

"Wyatt Barnes, my Davies Clan of the County City will never forgive you!"

Simon Davies threatened Wyatt before leaving.

"What, are you afraid I'll kill you on your way home?"

Wyatt squinted, and a flash of lethal intention was gone in a blink of an eye.

Simon Davies's face changed. He was truly frightened by Wyatt's words. Although he had the admission certificate from the 'Holy Martial Academy', he dared not leave yet.

He went to find his brother's old friend, Centurion Chandler Garcia.

He wanted Chandler Garcia to escort him out of Iron Blood City for fear that Wyatt might kill him.

But who knew.

"Simon Davies, I am quite busy recently, I am afraid I won't have time to send you back."

Chandler Garcia tactfully refused.

What a joke!

Ever since Wyatt killed Joseph Davies, he made an oath in his heart... he could not provoke Wyatt, this grim reaper.

Now, he even suspected that the former Centurion, 'Basil Buckingham', had died at Wyatt's hands.

Otherwise, with Basil's strength, how could he suddenly vanish from this world...

Simon Davies's face was clouded.

"Simon Davies, how about this. If you're worried about Wyatt causing you trouble, why don't you stay in our Iron Blood Army camp temporarily? Wait until Wyatt leaves to take advantage of the dead of night to take a detour to leave. How about that?"

After thinking for a moment, Chandler Garcia, being friends with Joseph Davies, gave Simon Davies his friendly advice.

Simon Davies's face was extremely ugly.

He, the exceptional young member of County City's Davies Clan, who has even obtained the admittance certificate from the Holy Martial Academy, has to leave so wretchedly.

But he knew that he did not have other ways.

Of course, Wyatt didn't know about this. Just one of his threatening remarks had made Simon Davies panic. Moreover, only after he left Iron Blood City did Simon dare to leave.

After a few more days...

Wyatt waited for Remi Sinclair, who had completed the task and returned.

"Remi Sinclair, have you... broken through?"

Seeing Remi Sinclair again, Wyatt Barnes was somewhat surprised.

"How did you figure it out?"

Remi Sinclair was taken aback.

"Looking at your spirited demeanor, it's not hard to guess."

Wyatt Barnes laughed.

"Come with me."

There was a flash in Remi Sinclair's eyes as he slowly spoke.

"What is it?"

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

"I'm going to challenge Simon Davies."

There was a hint of icy coldness in Remi Sinclair's voice.

Simon Davies feared Wyatt Barnes, but not Remi Sinclair. Naturally, he would agree to Sinclair's challenge.

In their fight, Remi Sinclair finally prevailed slightly, thanks to the Art of Universe in Sleeve...

Recalling the grudges of the past, Remi swung his large sleeve, sending Simon Davies flying, leaving him severely injured and unconscious.

"Feel better now?"

Wyatt Barnes asked with a smile.

Remi Sinclair nodded, his face full of radiant smiles...

Soon, as the year-long term approached, the remaining centurions returned one after another. Most of them returned alone, with only a few bringing back youths from the Genius Camp.

Finally, the centurion who had travelled with Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan also returned.

However...

Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan were nowhere to be seen!

Wyatt Barnes and Sinclair's hearts sank.

Eventually, they got the answer.

Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan had died!

By this time, all the centurions were back. Including Wyatt Barnes and Remi Sinclair, only seven people passed the assessment.

"Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair!"

Just as Wyatt Barnes and Remi Sinclair learned the news, Deputy Leader 'Kaiser Myers' appeared before them...

He was holding two letters in his hand.

The last will and testament of Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan!

"Westyn Morgan and Mustafa Rowan each left two wills. One of Morgan's wills is addressed to 'Remi Sinclair'; one of Rowan's wills is addressed to 'Wyatt Barnes'."

Kaiser Myers handed them their respective wills.

"May you find peace."

With a sigh, Kaiser Myers turned and left.

He had witnessed too many partings of life and death to understand how Wyatt Barnes and Remi Sinclair must be feeling at this moment.

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath and opened Mustafa Rowan's will.

The handwriting was elegant, just like a young lady's.

"Wyatt Barnes, by the time you receive this letter, I probably didn't pass the final assessment... Alas, I have failed again. However, I have no regrets since I gave it my all."

"Meeting you, Morgan, and Sinclair was the happiest thing in my life. You guys taught me how to be a 'real man'. Thank you. Say hi to Morgan and Sinclair for me... if they are still alive when you read this."

"Also, there's one thing that's been bothering me. This is what motivated me to come to the Genius Camp. If possible, I hope you can help me..."

"...Mustafa Rowan's final words."

Crack!

Wyatt Barnes's hand trembled, crumpling the letter in his hand.

Even though he only spent three months with Mustafa Rowan, he had already considered him a friend...

Now, this friend was gone forever.

"Mustafa, don't worry. I'll definitely help you with what you asked for!"

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath and said silently in his heart.

"Westyn Morgan!"

Remi Sinclair, who was beside him, had also finished reading Westyn Morgan's will. His cold face revealed a trace of sorrow.

"Westyn Morgan..."

A flash in Wyatt Barnes's eyes, as memories rushed back.

Back in Aurora City, Morgan was so spirited...

Westyn Morgan, may your journey be smooth.

"Wyatt Barnes, I plan to leave today and go back to fulfill Westyn Morgan's unfinished wishes."

Remi Sinclair looked at Wyatt Barnes, took a deep breath, and said straightforwardly.

"I need to visit Rowan's family too."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

The two of them went to see Deputy Leader 'Kaiser Myers' again, took Mustafa Rowan and Westyn Morgan's other wills with them, and left Iron Blood City.

Fill Bear silently followed behind, protecting his master 'Wyatt Barnes'.

A month passed, he had digested the power of the first 'Clear Spirit Pill', and his Origin Force had been restored, his cultivation level had returned to the 'Original Pill Realm'.

The Rowan Family is located in 'Hemlock City'.

Hemlock City is situated between Iron Blood City and Aurora City; it was quite on the way.

Wyatt and his two companions diverted their route halfway, entering Hemlock city that was not far away.

The Rowan Family was just a small clan in Hemlock City.

Arriving outside the Rowan residence, Wyatt and his companions bribed a member of the Rowan Family and managed to enter the residence and meet Mustafa Rowan's sister, 'Clover Rowan'.

On his first sight of Clover, Wyatt was struck by awe.

Clover was about the same age as him, graceful and delicate...

In terms of looks,

Clover was only slightly less attractive than Keer, Jovie Lee, and Helen Sinclair.

But more beautiful than Maya Lee.

"You..."

Just as Clover started speaking, she was interrupted by the furious shout from Fill Bear.

"Who's that? Get out!"