

Legend of Wyatt

Chapter 16 - 16: Sending Troops to Seek Justice

"Swoosh!"

The swoosh of a sword left no trace; a leaf hanging from the tree in the yard was torn off in an instant.

Half of the leaf fell to the ground and landed steadily.

As the leaf was torn apart, the teenager had already sheathed his three-foot green blade.

"Amazing! Young Master, what kind of sword technique is that?"

A young girl stood next to him, watching him adoringly.

"Sword Drawing Technique."

Wyatt Barnes gave a soft smile, his eyes appearing somewhat dreamy.

In his previous life, in addition to his master-level Shape and Intent Fist, the Sword Drawing Technique was also an important element of his undefeatable skillset.

At the time, many enchanting female assassins attempted to assassinate him by pretending to offer themselves up.

However, the moment these assassins revealed their murderous intent was also their life's last.

Everyone knew that the short blade in Wyatt's hand was like the 'scythe of death', always being the quickest.

"Keer, remember that the Sword Drawing Technique emphasizes on the word 'Swift'... In all martial arts abilities, the fastest is invincible! Even if someone is stronger than you, as long as your sword can slit their throat, and you manage to launch your attack before they react, they are destined to fall!"

Wyatt Barnes tutored the young girl, slowly guiding her.

The girl was quite a diligent learner, listening attentively.

The delicate hand of the young girl firmly gripped the purple short sword, under the pointing of Wyatt Barnes, she seemed to be practicing quite well.

"Young Master, is Keer very stupid?"

As the morning passed, the girl was sweating heavily, her brows slightly furrowed, her eyes devoid of some vitality, she softly expressed her discouragement.

"Keer, why would you say that?"

Wyatt Barnes asked with a puzzled look.

"I've been practicing all morning, but the speed of my sword draw isn't even one percent of yours... Young Master, is Keer not suited to sword practice?"

The little girl had her luscious lips slightly pursed.

"Silly girl, even for a Martial Dao expert, it's not possible to become one overnight. You've only practiced the Sword Drawing Technique for a morning and you've already drawn such a conclusion... too abrupt. Do you know? When I started practicing the Sword Drawing Technique for the first time, I trained all day and I was still worse than you are now."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head. He had thought something was troubling her further, he hadn't expected that she was just worried about this.

"Really?"

The young girl blinked her beautiful eyes, regaining confidence.

"Of course it's true."

Wyatt Barnes smiled gently.

"Keer, if you want to fully harness the speed of the Sword Drawing Technique, you must familiarize yourself with the strength exertion that I just taught you... How to grip the sword with your wrist, which part of your body should exert strength first... Once you are familiar with the sequence and intensity of strength exertion in each part of the body, you'll be able to catch up with me."

Wyatt Barnes added.

"Young Master, I will try my best."

The young girl nodded her exquisite chin earnestly.

Wyatt Barnes stood aside and watched the young girl continue her sword practice.

Suddenly, he seemed to have noticed something.

"Mother."

Not knowing since when, Christina Lee had come to Wyatt Barnes' side.

Looking at the girl swinging the same sword again and again, Christina Lee wore a puzzled look.

"Wyatt, what sword skill are you teaching Keer? She seems to be using the same move over and over again... Does mother need to go to the market to buy a set of sword skills for Keer?"

Christina Lee asked.

"Mother, no need. Those fancy sword skills are okay to watch but have little use in real combat."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head.

He didn't even rate the martial skills of the Lee Family Martial Pavilion, let alone the inferior sword skills sold in the Qingfeng Town market.

"Wyatt, could your sword skills actually be better than those sold in the market?"

Christina Lee wore an incredulous expression.

"Mother, would you like to try it?"

Wyatt Barnes turned around, grinning.

"Trying to spar with your mother?"

Christina Lee smiled.

To her, sparring with her son who was at the third level of the Body Tempering Realm was like playing house, no difference.

"Mother, be careful."

The moment Wyatt Barnes reminded her, he suddenly let go of the sword scabbard with his right hand and gripped the refined steel sword handle.

Sword Drawing Technique!

The sword left no trace!

Under the shining sun, all that could be seen was a white light sweeping past.

The suspended sword scabbard had not had time to fall, and the refined steel sword had already been re-sheathed and was being held again by Wyatt Barnes.

The Sword Drawing Technique: Drawing the sword is as swift as lightning, and sheathing the sword is as silent as thunder!

The moment Wyatt Barnes drew his sword, Christina Lee reacted, retreating swiftly!

The force generated from her feet stirred the forces of heaven and earth, transforming into the illusionary image of a giant ancient elephant above her head.

That is to say, she evaded Wyatt Barnes' sword by utilizing the power equivalent to that of a prehistoric giant elephant!

Christina Lee took a deep breath and looked at Wyatt Barnes with incredulity.

She noticed that the way in which her son swung the sword was identical to Keer's technique. However, the speed of the two was in entirely different leagues.

Had she been a little slower just now, her son's sword would have undoubtedly touched her.

With only the power level of the third tier of the Body Tempering Realm, he was able to compel her to use the power of the ninth tier of the realm to evade...

This sword technique was simply against the laws of nature!

"Mother, this is the sword technique I am teaching Keer. What do you think?"

Wyatt Barnes smiled slightly.

With his fine steel sword in hand, even if he encountered a sixth-level martial artist of the Body Tempering Realm, as long as he had the opportunity to get close, he could be confident of killing them.

If one's cultivation level hasn't reached a certain degree, the assistance from a good weapon is significant.

Combined with his 'Sword Drawing Technique,' he was invincible!

"Is this sword technique also taught to you by the old man you met in your dream?"

Christina Lee stared intently at Wyatt Barnes.

Seeing this, the latter couldn't help but touch his nose and smile awkwardly.

"Wyatt, what do you call this sword technique?"

"Sword Drawing Technique."

"Can you teach me?"

"Of course!"

Christina Lee, who also developed an interest in 'Sword Drawing Technique,' started to practice along with Keer and Wyatt.

Given her existing cultivation level, she progressed much faster in Sword Drawing Technique than Keer did.

A day later, the speed of her Sword Drawing Technique, powered by the strength of an ancient giant elephant, was comparable to that of Wyatt.

Of course, her current understanding of Sword Drawing Technique was nowhere near as good as Wyatt's.

After all, she had used the strength of ten thousand pounds to achieve this speed, while Wyatt had used less than two hundred pounds of force.

To practice Sword Drawing Technique, Christina Lee bought a fine steel sword and carried it with her at all times.

In the following days, Wyatt started to become busy.

Apart from his own training, he had to teach two beautiful ladies swordsmanship, and also had to help the higher-ups of the Lee Family prepare the 'Body Tempering Elixir'...

If it hadn't been for the help of his mother and Keer, he would have collapsed from exhaustion long ago.

After spending three days preparing a three-month dosage for the children of the Lee Family's higher-ups, Wyatt finally had some free time.

Looking at the mountain of medicinal materials in the room, a satisfied smile emerged on Wyatt's face.

He had skimmed off at least one third of the medicinal materials from the Lee Family's higher-ups as labor cost.

This means that in the future when he needs to prepare the 'Seven Treasures Body Tempering Elixir,' he wouldn't need to spend his own money on six of the ingredients.

"Wyatt, people from the Garcia Clan are here, and the patriarch asked you to go to the main hall."

One day, Christina Lee's voice came from outside.

The Garcia Clan?

"Have they finally arrived?"

Without any surprise, Wyatt's eyes lit up.

When he took Keer to buy a sword a few days ago, he had guessed that they were being followed by people from the Garcia Clan.

The Grand Hall of the Lee Family.

The patriarch, Jeremy Lee, was seated in the highest position, with Sixth Elder Bellamy Lee seated under him.

Directly opposite them sat the patriarch of the Garcia Clan, Justice Garcia.

Behind Justice Garcia, a man with red eyes stood.

"Patriarch."

Suddenly, a youthful voice came from outside the hall.

"Come in."

Jeremy Lee responded.

"Sixth Elder, I heard that your son Royce is about to break through to the third level of the Body Tempering Realm, congrats..."

Wyatt walked in, greeted Jeremy Lee, and then nodded at Bellamy Lee.

Bellamy Lee responded with a friendly smile, gratitude, and guilt visible in his eyes.

If Wyatt wasn't forgiving and did not hold a grudge, his son wouldn't have made such rapid progress.

"Wyatt Barnes, this is the patriarch of the Garcia Clan, and the man behind him is their steward."

Jeremy Lee introduced.

"Nice to meet you, Justice Garcia, and steward of the Garcia Clan."

Only then did Wyatt turn his gaze towards the two visitors, smiling slightly.

He looked relaxed and composed.

"I've heard long ago that the Ninth Elder of the Lee Family is an extraordinarily heroic woman. 'Like mother like son,' indeed impressive."

Justice Garcia's eyes shimmered like a thin line.

According to his investigations over the past few days, Wyatt's recent rise was nothing short of miraculous.

In just one month, he transformed from a sickly child into a martial artist in the third realm of Body Tempering.

He even grievously wounded Hamza Lee, the Lee Family's prodigious young talent, without facing any repercussions from the Lee Family.

"Justice Garcia, I have brought Wyatt as you asked. What do you need from him?"

Jeremy Lee asked.

As soon as Jeremy Lee's words were out,

Justice Garcia's face twisted in rage as he stood from his seat, towering over the young man.

"Wyatt Barnes, you audacious boy! A month ago, you injured my son and crippled the son of my steward. You owe my Clan an explanation for this!"

Jeremy Lee and Bellamy Lee were caught off guard by Justice Garcia's eruption.

They were not aware of this situation.

The young boy's face remained calm, betraying no surprise.

"Lord Garcia, if you've come here today to demand accountability, I'm afraid you will leave disappointed. I'm quite sure you've investigated the incident that day and know everything. Justice prevails, and if your son hadn't bullied others due to being privileged, I wouldn't have had to intervene... Furthermore, I believe that I was already merciful to your son given that I didn't cripple him. I believe that gave enough respect to the Garcia Clan."

Wyatt replied with a light smile.

"How dare you! You, an adopted child of the Lee Family, dare to disrespect the patriarch of the Garcia Clan. You're seeking death!"

The grievance and murderous intent exuded by the Garcia Clan's steward 'Strength Garcia,' who was standing behind Justice Garcia, were palpable. Like a hawk, he lunged towards the young boy, his hands thrown trying to strike him.

His movements stirred the energy of heaven and earth, transforming it into the phantom image of an ancient giant elephant above him!

