

L. Wyatt 161

Chapter 161: The Invitation of the Godly Might Marquis

Early the next morning, as usual, Wyatt Barnes went to the Holy Martial Academy.

Everything seemed very calm.

But Wyatt knew that all this was just the calm before the storm...

Right now, in the shadows, who knows how many undercurrents against him are surging.

At noon, as usual, Wyatt Barnes had lunch with Remi Sinclair and a few others in the cafeteria.

Suddenly.

From afar, a senior student came over and handed Wyatt a invitation card, "Wyatt Barnes, on the tenth day from now, the Third Prince will hold a banquet in the mansion, inviting talented youths of the imperial city. This is the invitation he asked me to deliver to you."

Upon finishing his sentence, without waiting for Wyatt's response, he placed down the invitation and turned to leave.

The Third Prince?

Wyatt opened the invitation, which consisted of some polite words.

The signature was 'Raise Truman'.

Wyatt has heard that the royalty of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom is of the surname 'Truman'.

"Haha... Wyatt Barnes, the Third Prince is known for his desire for talent. All the young talent he invites to his banquet are cream of the crop. This time, he might have taken a liking to you."

Seeker Sinclair laughed.

"What kind of person is this Third Prince?"

Wyatt put away the invitation card, somewhat curious.

The invitation was personally written by the Third Prince 'Raise Truman', his words were extremely casual, there was no tone of condescendence, but rather, he seemed to be treating Wyatt as an equal...

This, in Wyatt's view, is quite rare.

"The Third Prince is known for his easy-going nature within the Imperial City and is one of the foremost contenders for the throne... "

Seeker Sinclair slowly said, "In recent years, the emperor has become old and has been bedridden. It's time for a royal succession... The several crown princes, including the Third Prince, are in underground competition! Wyatt, on the tenth day from now, at the banquet set up by the Third Prince, you need to think carefully because once you go, it means you will become a thorn in the eyes of the other princes... "

"Including the Fifth Prince! He is also a popular candidate for the next emperor. If you align with the Third Prince, even if he knows your identity as the direct lineage of the Barnes family, he might break his face with you... After all, your talent is too intimidating, he might see you as a potential threat and nip you in the bud."

Seeker Sinclair finished in a breath.

According to him, he hopes that Wyatt would find an excuse not to go to the banquet.

Sometimes, some things should not be touched.

Once touched, it could bring disaster.

Even the three great families of the Imperial City usually do not let their direct descendants get involved in the disputes of the royal succession.

"The Fifth Prince?"

A smile appeared at the corner of Wyatt's mouth, a flash of sharpness in his eyes, "Just for attending a banquet, he wants to nip me in the bud?"

"Wyatt, you're not really planning on going to the banquet, are you? You need to think this through."

Seeker Sinclair originally thought that Wyatt would accept his suggestion and not go to the banquet. But from Wyatt's current attitude, it seemed he intended to go to the banquet.

"Why not? It's just a meal."

Wyatt casually said.

Just a meal?

Seeker Sinclair's mouth twitched, and he gave Remi Sinclair a look.

Unfortunately, even when Remi tried to persuade him, Wyatt only laughed it off and didn't take it seriously.

That afternoon, Wyatt sat in the Martial Arts Performance Field by a big tree, took the 'Ascension Pill', and quietly cultivated...

Right now, whenever he had free time, he would spend it on cultivation. All he wants to do now is to make his cultivation breakthrough to the Original Pill Realm as soon as possible!

Once he reaches the Original Pill Realm, he can become an '8th-rank alchemist' and refine an '8th-rank Clear Spirit Pill', which can restore Fill Bear's cultivation to the 'Peep Naught Realm'.

By then, many of the difficulties he faces can easily be resolved.

Before he knew it, evening had arrived.

Wyatt came back to his senses, jumped off the tree, and left the Holy Martial Academy with Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair.

"It's the coach of Godly Might Marquis Mansion."

Seeker Sinclair, with sharp eyes, recognized a coach parked at the main entrance of the Holy Martial Academy. Now, besides a coachman, there were two people each riding a sweaty luxurious horse standing there.

One was a middle-aged general in light armor, and by his side was a young man in casual clothes.

The young man was in his early twenties, hanging the 'Student Token' of the Holy Martial Academy around his waist, and now when he saw 'Wyatt' coming out of the Holy Martial Academy, he spoke to the middle-aged general, "Dad, that young man in purple clothes is Wyatt."

As soon as Wyatt came out, he noticed the two men by the side of the coach of Godly Might Marquis Mansion, coming towards him on horseback.

After a moment, both of them dismounted.

The middle-aged general nodded to Wyatt and asked politely, "Are you Young Master Wyatt?"

"Who are you?"

Wyatt had a confused look on his face, he didn't recognize this person.

"I am 'Hassan Knight', the deputy general under General Nigel, this is my son 'Stanley Knight'. I'm here today on the orders of the general, to invite Young Master Wyatt to the 'Godly Might Marquis Mansion' for a gathering."

Hassan Knight spoke respectfully, not looking down on Wyatt just because he was a teenager.

"The general you speak of, is he the current Godly Might Marquis 'Atharv Nigel'?"

Wyatt raised his eyebrows, asking curiously.

"Exactly."

Hassan Knight immediately nodded.

Wyatt's heart jolted.

Could it be that Godly Might Marquis 'Atharv Nigel' has found out his real identity?

No, his identity camouflage technique, by all rights, should be flawless.

Why would that be?

With a hint of confusion, Wyatt Barnes said goodbye to Seeker Sinclair and Remi Sinclair and boarded the carriage of the 'Godly Might Marquis'.

"Deputy General Knight, do you know why Lord Crawford sought me out?"

Wyatt Barnes lifted the carriage curtain and questioned Hassan Knight outside.

Unfortunately, Hassan was also ignorant. He was simply ordered to pick up Wyatt Barnes.

Coming once again to Crawford Mansion, Wyatt Barnes had different feelings.

This time, he was here in his 'true identity'.

In the main hall of Crawford Mansion, Wyatt Barnes once again met Atharv Nigel, the 'Godly Might Marquis'...

"You...you are the son of my brother Lanni, Wyatt Barnes?"

Wyatt Barnes noticed that Atharv Nigel was quite emotional when he saw him.

Thinking of Atharv Nigel's words, he was shocked inside. Could it be that the 'Godly Might Marquis', Atharv Nigel, had an unusual relationship with his adoptive father?

"Greetings, Lord Crawford."

Wyatt Barnes gave a slight nod to Atharv Nigel as a form of greeting.

Atharv Nigel didn't mind Wyatt Barnes's lack of courtesy at all. He came up to Wyatt Barnes in a few strides, reached out and grasped his shoulders, patted fondly and laughed heartily, "Lanni has a good son... Lanni has a great son..."

Atharv Nigel's laughter was full of gratification, without any pretense.

A warmth filled Wyatt Barnes's heart. It seemed that his cheap old dad and the Godly Might Marquis were indeed close.

"Lord Crawford, were you friends with my father?"

Wyatt Barnes asked with a puzzled face.

"Come, sit down first, I'll tell you slowly."

After inviting Wyatt Barnes to sit down, Atharv Nigel, still smiling, mentioned about the past with Lanni Barnes...

As he spoke, Atharv Nigel seemed to recapture a few years of his youth.

Gradually, Wyatt Barnes came to understand.

It turned out that his cheap old dad was once the best friend of Atharv Nigel.

Back then, they were of the same class enrolled in the Sacred Martial Arts Academy. From the initial conflicts to eventually becoming good friends and brothers.

"Back then, if it weren't for my service on the battlefield, you and your mother would not have been forced to leave... This, I have to say, it's all my fault. I've failed Brother Lanni."

Atharv Nigel expressed his guilt.

"Lord Crawford, all of this has nothing to do with you, there's no need to blame yourself."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head with a smile, sensing that Atharv Nigel truly cared about him.

"Wyatt, when you are in front of me, there's no need to stand on ceremony... Back when your father was there, we used to call each other brothers. From now on, just call me 'Uncle Nigel'."

Atharv Nigel said. His eyes were brimming with affection.

"Uncle Nigel."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, smiling. His respect for Atharv Nigel was genuine.

His cheap old dad had disappeared for so many years, but Atharv Nigel could still extend his care and affection for him, which was indeed rare.

"Dad, I heard that Wyatt is here?"

At this moment, a young man slowly walked into the main hall from outside, his voice mixed with a bit of excitement.

It was Atharv Nigel's son, Kanan Nigel!

"Wyatt, this is my son 'Kanan'. You should know that when you were just a baby, he held you."

Atharv Nigel introduced.

"No wonder he's the son of Uncle Lanni and Aunt Rou, he's grown up to be so handsome, and he even bears some resemblance to Uncle Lanni in his youth."

Kanan Nigel looked at Wyatt Barnes and couldn't help but admire.

"Brother Nigel flatters me."

Even with Wyatt Barnes's thick skin, he was now somewhat blushing.

Kanan Nigel laughed: "You don't know, Wyatt. When we first heard the news about you yesterday, my father was somewhat skeptical... But as soon as the news was confirmed, he immediately asked Uncle Knight to fetch you."

As for Wyatt Barnes's deeds in the Sacred Martial Arts Academy yesterday, he couldn't help but admire.

An 18-year-old boy, but his cultivation has entered the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm!

As for the incident of Wyatt Barnes killing Avery Barnes, he didn't find it surprising at all.

In his eyes, Avery Barnes was nothing.

"If Lanni knew he has a son like you, he would surely be gratified."

Now in front of Wyatt Barnes, Atharv Nigel, the once imposing general, showed the full warmth of an elder.

"From a distance, I could hear the voices of you two... Is this Lanni's son?"

Suddenly, an old figure walked into the main hall from outside.

With one look, Wyatt Barnes recognized that the person who had just entered was 'Old Lord Crawford'.

But as soon as Old Lord Crawford saw Wyatt Barnes, he froze, "You..."

A bitter smile appeared at the corner of Wyatt Barnes's mouth. He knew that the old man had recognized him.

To be precise, the old man recognized him as the 'Wyatt' who produced the antidote medicine that day!

Although the old man's Origin Force was suppressed by the Black Nether Mink's poison, his Peep Naught Realm mental power was still there. With his sharp perception, he naturally realized that Wyatt Barnes's breath was identical to the 'Wyatt' from that day.

"Father, what's wrong?"

Seeing the old man's expression, Atharv Nigel looked puzzled.

Chapter 162: The Heart of The Strong

Kanan Nigel too looked at his own grandfather, noticing the odd atmosphere.

"Shall you tell it yourself, or shall I?"

The old man cast a meaningful glance at Wyatt Barnes with a smile lingering at the corner of his mouth, as if he had everything under his control...

Atharv Nigel and his son were even more puzzled, having no clue what the old man and Wyatt were hinting at.

"Lord Crawford, you should be the one to tell it."

Wyatt Barnes felt a little awkward. Dealing with such an old fox indeed put him in a helpless situation.

"If it weren't for my superior perception, I might not even have noticed... I must admit, Wyatt, your disguise was impressively executed."

The old man squinted his eyes and chuckled softly, as if he had just discussed an unimportant topic.

Elder Brother Ling Tian?

Disguise?

Atharv Nigel and his son were not slow-witted and quickly understood the insinuation.

The only young man who could get the old man to call him 'brother' was seemingly that mysterious fellow 'Wyatt,' who had visited Crawford Mansion two months ago to concoct an antidote for the old man.

"Wyatt...you were Elder Brother Ling Tian that day?!"

Atharv Nigel also realized that his nephew's physique and voice were hardly different from the ordinary-looking, purple-robed youngster of that day...

His face was filled with surprise at that moment.

"Really Elder Brother Ling Tian?"

Kanan Nigel was stunned, somewhat in disbelief.

"Uncle Nigel, Brother Nigel, it's me. Back then, I didn't know about the connection between Uncle Nigel and my dad. Please excuse any offense I may have caused."

Thinking about what happened that day, Wyatt Barnes gave a wry smile. It was like when a flood sweeps the temple— relatives not recognizing each other.

"Wyatt, why are you saying such things? If it were not for you, this old life of mine would not have lasted long."

The old man sighed and shook his head, his gaze complex.

He never expected that the young man who had concocted the antidote for him would turn out to be the son of his son's one-time good friend, 'Lanni Barnes.'

"Lord Crawford, spare the 'brother.' I dare not accept that."

Wyatt Barnes had a bitter smile on his face. It was alright that he didn't recognize his kin earlier, but now that he knew about the connection between Godly Might Marquis 'Atharv Nigel' and his scapegrace father, he dared not take liberties.

If his mother found out about this, she certainly wouldn't let him off the hook!

"Yes, Father, Wyatt is right."

Atharv Nigel also regained his spirits, turned to Wyatt, and smiled heartily.

The shocks this nephew of his had caused were really wave after wave, endless.

An eighteen-year-old martial artist at the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm!

An eighteen-year-old ninth-grade alchemist!

Each of these titles alone would be enough to stun the entire Crimson Heaven Kingdom and make everyone admire him...

And now, these two halos were on this young man standing before him.

"Lanni, if you are still alive, you would probably wake up laughing right in your sleep."

Atharv Nigel sighed in his heart.

"From now on, I'll call you 'Wyatt,' and you call me 'Grandfather Nigel.' Is that okay?"

The old man smiled at Wyatt Barnes.

"Grandfather Nigel."

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath and smiled back at the old man.

Standing aside, Kanan Nigel looked at Wyatt Barnes, still too stunned to snap back to reality.

The shock caused by Wyatt was too great for him!

Upon the invitation of the grandfather-grandson duo of the Crawford Mansion, Wyatt decided to stay and had a meal.

"Wyatt, is your mother also in the Imperial City right now?"

Atharv Nigel asked.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"Have you...returned to the Barnes Family yet?"

It seemed as though Atharv Nigel had thought of something and asked again.

"No."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head.

"Then, where are you guys..."

Atharv Nigel paused midway.

"I bought a mansion in the inner city. We're living there," said Wyatt Barnes with a smile.

"Having killed 'Avery Barnes' and revealed your strength at the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm... Considering your current talent, the Barnes Family should have sent someone to invite you back, right?"

Atharv Nigel's eyes sparkled. He was all too familiar with the affairs of these big families.

The talent Wyatt Barnes had shown was enough for the Barnes Family to swallow their pride and try to win him over.

"Uncle Nigel, you really do grasp situations well. The Barnes Family indeed sent someone to mediate...however, I rejected them."

There was no hint of emotional fluctuation in Wyatt's tone when he talked about his refusal to return to the Barnes Family.

"It's for the best that you refused. That Barnes Family, back in the day, had driven your mother and you away. Now, let them live with regret!"

Atharv Nigel did not have any affection for the Barnes Family. He thought, "Our Crawford Mansion is not small either. Why don't you and your mother move over? Not many would dare to act recklessly within the Imperial City under my protection!"

By the end of it, Atharv Nigel looked quite confident.

"Uncle Nigel, we've gotten used to our mansion and wouldn't want to bother you with this."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and smiled, refusing Atharv Nigel's offer.

"Wyatt, you killed Avery Barnes, and I'm afraid 'Thundery Barnes' won't let this slide... Are you and your mother safe in that mansion? Do you need me to send someone to protect you?"

Atharv Nigel was somewhat worried.

"Uncle Nigel, rest assured, they aren't capable of finding that place."

By this time, Wyatt Barnes had also eaten and drunk his fill, and stood up, "Uncle Nigel, thank you for dinner...I must go home now, otherwise, my mother will start to worry."

"I'll walk you out."

Atharv Nigel also stood up and with Kanan Nigel, escorted Wyatt out of the Crawford Mansion.

At this moment, a few guards at the front gate of the Crawford Mansion couldn't help but shrink their pupils.

Who is this young man?

Being personally escorted out by Lord Crawford and his son...

"Uncle Nigel, Brother Nigel, I'll head off first."

Wyatt greeted Atharv and Kanan Nigel, then moved swiftly, darting into the end of the street and disappeared from sight.

"Father, I never imagined Uncle Lanni's son would surpass him so much!"

Not until Wyatt's figure vanished from sight did Kanan Nigel react and sigh with admiration.

"An eighteen-year-old Condensed Pill Realm Nine-layered martial artist, ninth-grade alchemist... and his mental resilience surpasses Uncle Lanni's! Most importantly, after learning about the relationship between my father and his, he deliberately made sure I didn't assist him, as if he was afraid of owing me a favor."

Atharv Nigel gave a bitter smile, "This kid, he's really been through a lot over the years."

"A favor?"

Kanan Nigel paused, "He cured Grandfather's poison, seems like we owe him even more..."

Wyatt wandered around the inner city for a while. Once he was sure no one was following, he returned home.

Reflecting on the events of the day, he felt a sense of contemplation.

He had once had intentions to 'use' the Crawford Mansion.

But now, upon learning about the relationship between 'Atharv Nigel' and his real father, he decided against using the Crawford Mansion.

Of course, if he could rely on Crawford Mansion, most of the problems he currently faced could be easily solved...

However, he was reluctant to do so.

His vision was not limited to this small Crimson Heaven kingdom.

In the future, he would leave Crimson Heaven Kingdom and enter a larger world...

At that time, he wouldn't have something like the 'Crawford Mansion' to rely on.

So, now, he was viewing the problems he faced as his own 'stepping stone'...

Everything to be solved by himself!

Instead of relying on others!

Only when he himself becomes strong, can he truly be powerful!

Of course, Wyatt is not a 'stubborn person'. If it really comes to the point where he needs to use Crawford Mansion as a trump card, he will use it appropriately.

Wyatt had just returned home.

The three beauties of the house hurried over, all with worried expressions. His mother, Christina Lee, was the first to question, "Wyatt, why are you so late today?"

Wyatt gave them a small smile, "Mom, I was invited by Uncle Atharv for dinner."

"Uncle Atharv?"

Christina Lee didn't quite get it.

"Lord Atharv Nigel from the Crawford Mansion," Wyatt clarified.

"Brother Atharv?"

Christina Lee was startled. Soon, a gentle smile appeared on her face, "After so many years, he has already succeeded as the 'Godly Might Marquis... It's nice of him to care so much, inviting you over as soon as he heard about you."

Christina was aware that her son's fame had spread across the entire Crimson Heaven Imperial City.

Everyone knew about him.

The following ten days were uneventful.

Except for the Barnes Family who sent people twice to meet Wyatt at the entrance to the 'Sacred Academy', making numerous promises, which Wyatt uniformly rejected...nothing special had happened to Wyatt in these ten days.

Thundery Barnes from the Barnes Family and the Fifth Prince from the Imperial Family seemed to have vanished overnight.

At dusk, after parting ways with Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair, Wyatt didn't head home but to the Third Prince's mansion.

The invitation that the Third Prince had handed to him was taken out of the storage ring and put into his pocket.

Passing a secluded alleyway suddenly-

"Sss~"

"Sss~"

Two tiny heads poked out from Wyatt's long sleeves.

A little black snake and a little white snake were currently flicking their tongues in and out, their eyes fixed on Wyatt. The gold and silver horns on their heads shimmered faintly...

"You two little things, behave yourselves!"

Wyatt pulled the two little pythons back into his sleeve and continued his journey.

To be cautious, today he took Little White Snake with him...

It was like having two additional Original Infant Realm Four-layered 'bodyguards'.

Moreover, considering the speed and minuscule size of Little Black Snake and Little White Snake, even a Original Pill Realm Fifth Layer martial artist might die at their hands if they were not careful.

The mansion of the Third Prince was extensive but from the exterior, it looked plain and unadorned.

The Third Prince's mansion was not far away.

"Drive!"

A shout came from a distance, followed by a deafening sound of horse hooves...

Wyatt looked around.

A blue-clothed young man was furiously urging a Blood-sweating Horse to gallop. His target, too, was the Third Prince's mansion.

"Hm?"

Wyatt's face darkened.

He noticed that when the man saw him, he didn't slow down the horse. Instead, he lashed at the horse even harder, charging right at him...

Chapter 163: Princess Irene

Facing the horse charging towards him, Wyatt Barnes' gaze turned icy, his right fist tightened, and his muscles bulged!

If the person intended to ride into him, he wouldn't mind sending both rider and horse flying....

The galloping Attalus horse was getting close, now only a few meters away from Wyatt Barnes.

"Whoa~~"

The young man on the Attalus horse abruptly pulled the reins, stopping the horse just a meter away from Wyatt Barnes.

The young man cast a condescending glance at Wyatt Barnes, "Kid, you're pretty brave... you're also lucky. If this weren't outside the Third Prince's mansion, my 'Red Blood' would have slammed and killed you by now!"

'Red Blood' was the name the young man had given to his Attalus horse.

In other words, the young man was only being cautious because they were outside the Third Prince's mansion.

Otherwise, Wyatt Barnes would have been killed by him.

Wyatt Barnes calmly met the young man's gaze, a faint smile appearing on his lips, "You're lucky too."

Seeing the young man's puzzled look, Wyatt Barnes turned around and headed towards the mansion gate.

As he said, the young man was indeed fortunate.

If the young man hadn't stopped just now, he would have sent both him and his horse flying.

Of this, Wyatt Barnes was confident.

"Commoner!"

The young man sneered, riding past Wyatt Barnes and arriving at the mansion gate first.

The young man dismounted, handed the reins to a servant of the Third Prince's mansion, took out his invitation, and gave it to a middle-aged man who seemed to be in charge.

At the command of the manager, another servant led the young man into the mansion.

"Guest, please present your invitation."

By this time, Wyatt Barnes had also reached the gate. The middle-aged manager, with a smile on his face, did not dare to underestimate him.

"Hmm?"

The young man who had already entered the mansion turned his head, saw the young man in purple again, and sneered, "Kid, not everyone is qualified to enter the Third Prince's mansion... If you don't have an invitation, you'd better go home and have your milk!"

Wyatt Barnes furrowed his brows, a hint of anger flitting across his eyes.

This person kept provoking him, did he think Wyatt Barnes was easy to bully?

Watching the young man swagger off, Wyatt Barnes sneered, reached into his robe, and drew out his invitation.

"Wyatt Barnes? So, you're Young Master Barnes!"

After looking at the invitation, the middle-aged manager's eyes lit up, his face full of humility and reverence.

The Third Prince had instructed that if this young man came, he should be treated with the highest courtesy....

He dared not be negligent.

"Young Master Barnes, please come in."

After taking a deep breath, the manager personally led the way for Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes nodded slightly and followed behind the manager, entering the Third Prince's mansion.

"Is that Wyatt Barnes?"

"Only someone like Wyatt Barnes, who's been making waves in the Imperial City recently, could warrant the personal attention of the manager."

"Earlier, the young man who entered, he seems to be the top side branch member of the Simmons Clan, Benny Simmons, right? He seemed to be mocking Wyatt Barnes..."

"That Benny Simmons, his strength is not low, but compared to the gifted Wyatt Barnes, he's not even close."

...

A few servants were whispering to each other.

Along the way, Wyatt Barnes noticed the many exotic plants throughout the large mansion. The Third Prince seemed to be a man who knew how to enjoy life.

Some of these plants were even rare medicinal herbs.

Soon, led by the middle-aged manager, Wyatt Barnes arrived outside the spacious artificial lake in the inner courtyard.

It was growing dark, but the building standing in the center of the lake was brightly lit, from which laughter and lively chatter echoed.

"The Simmons Clan, Young Master Benny Simmons has arrived."

A booming voice soon echoed from ahead.

"Benny Simmons?"

Wyatt raised his eyebrows. The young man who had provoked him at the gate turned out to be from the Simmons Clan? No wonder he was so arrogant.

However, Seeker Sinclair seemed to mention that the three major clans of the Imperial City always forbid their direct descendants from participating in the struggle for imperial power...

That said, this Benny Simmons was probably not a direct descendant of the Simmons Clan.

"Greetings, Third Prince, Princess Irene."

Just as Wyatt Barnes, led by the manager, was stepping onto the wooden bridge leading to the pavilion in the lake, he heard Benny Simmons' humble and respectful voice.

Princess Irene?

Wyatt Barnes was slightly surprised.

By now, he had been in the Imperial City for several months and was well-informed about many matters in the city.

Princess Irene was the emperor's most beloved daughter and was widely recognized as the 'First Beauty of the Imperial City'.

"The First Beauty of the Imperial City... I wonder how she compares to my Keer and Jovie?"

A sense of curiosity rose in Wyatt Barnes' heart.

Both Keer and Jovie Lee were top-tier beauties he had encountered since arriving in this world.

The women he had encountered who could compare to them were but one, Helen Sinclair, Remi Sinclair's celestial beauty of a younger sister from the Sinclair Clan.

Except for Helen, there was no other woman he had met who could be mentioned in the same breath as them.

"Your Highness, Young Master Wyatt is here."

The middle-aged steward, with calm and steady steps, approached the building at the lake's heart with Wyatt Barnes, and respectfully announced.

Suddenly, inside the lake heart building, the young man sitting in the seat of honor's eyes lit up.

At this time, Wyatt Barnes also stepped into the lake heart building.

A glance revealed.

Sitting in the chief seat was an apparently amiable young man clad in a golden robe, about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, carrying an imposing dignity between his brows, upholding the royalty inherited from the princes.

"Third Prince."

Upon recognizing the identity of the man, Wyatt Barnes slightly nodded and smiled, a sign of acknowledgment and courtesy.

"Audacious!"

Just then, the old man standing behind the robed person furrowed his brows and barked angrily.

The threatening sound, a technique of the Origin Force Sound Condensation, pierced Wyatt's eardrums!

But, Wyatt Barnes's strong mental power instantly neutralized the sound. His face remained unchanged as he swept a calm glance over at the old man, only then turning his attention towards the young girl seated at the right of the Third Prince...

The young girl was around his age, about eighteen, having bright eyes and white teeth, with an extraordinary temperament.

Her shoulder-length hair fell like a waterfall, with intriguing rosy cheeks that provoked sympathy at just one glance, and cherry-like lips stirred a desire to lean forward and kiss.

Speaking of looks.

This woman was equal to Keer and Jovie Lee...

"Just as deserved, the number one beauty in the Imperial City, comparable to Keer and Jovie from our house..."

Wyatt Barnes quickly came back to reality and offered the young lady a slight smile, "Princess Irene."

The whole episode, from Wyatt's greetings to the Third Prince, to being reprimanded by the old man, and finally saluting Princess Irene, all happened in the blink of an eye.

The old man looked surprised; he found it hard to believe that a martial artist of the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm could withstand his Origin Force Sound Condensation technique.

"Haha..."

The Third Prince burst out into a hearty laugh, "I have heard quite a lot about you, Elder Brother Ling Tian. Meeting you today, I must say your reputation precedes you. I initially thought that you might not attend my invitation, but I am pleasantly surprised that you did."

Wyatt Barnes responded with a smile, "The Third Prince flatters me, I am just a common man, I consider it my honor to have been invited by you."

"Such self-control at such a young age, it's really admirable, Elder Brother Ling Tian, please have a seat."

The Third Prince stood up to invite Wyatt Barnes to the seat on his left.

This seat was clearly kept vacant intentionally.

"Thank you, Third Prince."

Wyatt Barnes didn't stand on ceremony and sat down directly.

At this moment, shining eyes from the seats below all fell on Wyatt Barnes.

Those eyes belonged to young men aged between twenty and twenty-five who all carried an air of pride. From their appearances and mannerisms, it was clear they were all from distinguished backgrounds.

They were originally curious about whom the Third Prince had reserved the single seat for...

Now, it all became clear. That seat was for the recently reputable young man in the Imperial City.

To the left of the Third Prince's seat was 'Princess Irene', and to the right was 'Wyatt Barnes'.

No one would object to Princess Irene taking the seat there.

But Wyatt Barnes...

Many of the talented young men present expressed their displeasure.

However, they didn't dare to provoke the Third Prince, their unfriendly gazes squarely on Wyatt Barnes.

These stares didn't bother Wyatt Barnes. He now turned his attention toward Benny Simmons in the distance.

At this point, Benny's gaze was somewhat unnatural...

He hadn't expected that the young man in a purple robe he'd met outside the Third Prince's mansion would be the renowned 'Wyatt Barnes'.

However, considering some information he'd heard a few days ago, he became relieved.

With his piercing gaze, showing no fear, he crossed glances with Wyatt Barnes!

"So you're the Wyatt Barnes. I heard that your clan repeatedly invited you to return, but you refused every time...no wonder, with no decent horse to your name, you had to walk to the Third Prince's house."

Benny's gaze fixed on Wyatt as he spoke mockingly.

The Third Prince's high regard for Wyatt Barnes disgruntled him...

Now, it seemed like he had found an outlet for his dissatisfaction!

"I've heard about this too. I wondered why a direct descendant of the Barnes family would attend the banquet of the Third Prince. Turns out, you've chosen to leave the Barnes family... Elder Brother Ling Tian, that's impressive!"

The blue-robed youth sitting opposite Benny, narrowed his eyes. His addressing Wyatt Barnes as a brother was clearly sarcastic, a tone that anyone present would recognize.

Everyone present had heard of Wyatt Barnes's actions which had recently been the talk of Imperial City.

If Wyatt had still been a direct descendant of the Barnes family, they might have been somewhat wary of him.

However, Wyatt Barnes had rejected the Barnes family...

Without the support of the Barnes family, even if he was gifted and had already entered the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm at the age of eighteen, so what?

The Crimson Heaven kingdom had always been abundant in talent.

However, the number of talents who could successfully grow were very few.

Chapter 164: Becoming 'Public Enemy

Princess Irene gazed at Wyatt Barnes, her autumnal eyes as tranquil as a pond upon his arrival. But now, ripples appeared ever so subtly on their surface.

This young man was nothing like the other people she usually encountered.

Despite the sarcastic jeering from others, he remained impartial, unaffected...

It was difficult to believe that such a young boy could possess such terrifying 'composure'!

"Young Master Barnes, I've heard about your exploits and hold great admiration for you... Consider this cup of tea as a toast on my behalf," Irene finally broke the silence, her sweet-sounding voice silencing the derisive chatter surrounding Wyatt.

Wyatt's eyes flickered slightly.

He could see that Princess Irene was attempting to help him.

Even the host, the Third Prince, was coldly watching from the side, without intervening...

"This Princess Irene is really naïve. To maintain her innocence despite the constant scheming in the imperial family is truly rare," Wyatt thought, raising his cup and giving a nod to the princess.

After downing the contents of his cup in one swift gulp, he chuckled heartily. "I've long heard that Princess Irene is the most beautiful woman in Imperial City; a truth evident today... I wonder who in this world would be so fortunate to marry her, it would indeed be a blessing earned over three lifetimes."

"Young Master Barnes jests," replied the princess. Despite being used to people flattering her, she couldn't help but blush, and her heart began to beat a tad faster...

Observing the playful chatter between Wyatt and Irene, as if no one else was around, jealousy deepened among the young talents present.

"Today, I am honored to have everyone's attendance at this banquet. I propose a toast to you all," said the Third Prince, who had been silent, waiting to see how the situation would unfold. He raised his cup, trying to break the acidic air of jealousy that filled the space around Wyatt.

The corner of Wyatt's mouth twitched, turning into a slight curve.

This Third Prince was indeed not a simple character!

He even started suspecting that ever since the Third Prince allowed him to sit in this position, he was intentionally testing him...

But, he was a little confused.

If the Third Prince were indeed testing him, what was his intention behind it?

Shaking his head slightly, Wyatt decided not to overthink.

He was just here for a free meal after all. Why should he care about anything else? As long as these people didn't cross the line, he would simply consider their barking as meaningless noise...

If they dared cross the line, he wasn't someone to be trifled with!

With this thought, a chilling light flickered in Wyatt's calm eyes, disappearing as quickly as it appeared.

At the banquet, the young talents were flirting with Princess Irene. Perhaps in their eyes, capturing the heart of a beauty like Irene would allow them to skyrocket to fame, as she was the most beloved daughter of the Emperor.

If they could become Irene's consort, it would mean that they could skip fighting for their position for the next thirty years.

Wyatt, on the other hand, was just eating and drinking on his own.

The posturing of the young talents felt like a monkey show in his eyes.

The surprise in the Third Prince's eyes deepened.

He found Wyatt to be more mysterious than he had originally imagined.

Initially, he thought that despite Wyatt's extraordinary martial arts talents, he was still a naive youth who could be manipulated easily...

However, he now realized that Wyatt's wisdom surpassed any of the young talents he had invited.

Even the prince himself found it difficult to see through this young man.

He suddenly felt that controlling this young man would be nearly impossible.

"Elder Brother Ling Tian."

The Third Prince suddenly spoke.

In his eyes, a flash of wisdom flickered momentarily.

With the Third Prince's words, the building fell silent.

Even the young talents who were just showing off in front of Princess Irene reined in their behavior...

All eyes fell on Wyatt once again.

Wyatt had thought he could finish his meal and drinks in peace and then leave...

But now, after noticing a hint of a smile at the corner of the Third Prince's mouth, he had a sudden sinking feeling and a sense of foreboding.

As he had suspected.

The Third Prince turned to Wyatt, faintly smiling, "In fact, my younger sister has reached a marrying age... She greatly admires your father, the famous genius of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom from the past, Lanni Barnes. She sees him as her idol."

"She even declared that if she were to marry someone, they would have to be as outstanding as Lanni Barnes... In my opinion, Elder Brother Ling Tian, you seem to have even surpassed your father's demeanor back in the day!"

The Third Prince's words were laced with insinuation as he glanced at Wyatt with a suggestive look.

"Third Elder Brother, what nonsense are you talking about?"

Princess Irene paused, visibly flustered.

When had she ever said those words?

Soon, she realized.

The young talents in the room now viewed Wyatt with hostility...

Being sharp, the princess understood her elder brother's intentions.

She felt a surge of anger but, due to familial affection, ultimately refrained from breaking the silence...

Seeing the confusion in Wyatt Barnes' eyes, she raised her lips in a bitter smile and subtly shook her head.

When Wyatt glanced at Princess Irene, he saw 'innocence' in her eyes, but also sensed her helplessness...

In an instant, he understood the intention of the Third Prince.

A cold sneer echoed within his heart!

Is this how pleasant and approachable the Third Prince usually is?

For the first time, a hint of resentment toward the Third Prince rose in his heart...

However, he kept his thoughts hidden. Despite the hateful glares cast upon him, he looked at the Third Prince and said lightly, "If that's the case, I hope the Third Prince would allow me to escort your sister on a stroll around the lake. What do you think?"

The Third Prince was taken aback.

He couldn't believe that Wyatt, unapologetically, was trying to exploit the situation!

Just as the prince was left speechless.

"Wyatt Barnes, who do you think you are, daring to behave so rudely before the Third Prince!"

Benny Simmons' face changed and he rebuked Wyatt, seeming to want to show off before the Third Prince and Princess Irene...

"So you're Benny Simmons?"

Wyatt arched an eyebrow and set his eyes on Benny, asking lightly.

"Indeed, I am Benny Simmons!"

Benny lifted his chin, his face filled with arrogance.

"Benny, you're quick to label me, but what do you consider yourself? The Third Prince has not even spoken yet, and here you are trying to steal the limelight... You clearly have no respect for him!"

Wyatt's lips curled into a wicked smile, his voice growing louder and more authoritative as he spoke.

In an instant, Benny's face turned deathly pale.

"Third Prince, I...I didn't mean that."

Benny turned to the Third Prince and quickly tried to explain, sounding guilty.

The Third Prince looked at Benny, his calm gaze revealing a hint of disdain. However, he quickly resumed his affable demeanor.

Wyatt became vigilant; the Third Prince was truly a 'smiley tiger.'

People like that, sweet talkers with malicious intent, are terrifying.

"Elder Brother Ling Tian, I have no objection to your proposal..."

The Third Prince finally spoke.

Upon hearing the Third Prince's words, Princess Irene's heartbeat suddenly quickened. She stole a glance at Wyatt, a blush creeping onto her cheeks.

Was she really going to take a stroll around the lake with him?

However, Wyatt's gaze towards the Third Prince never changed because he could tell from the Third Prince's eyes that he wouldn't so easily agree to this request.

As expected, the Third Prince's gaze swiftly shifted towards the other youths present. "However... it seems a bit unfair to everyone present. Hence, following the principle of 'respect the powerful' in

our Cloud Skies Continent, many of the young talents present are top-notch practitioners in the Condensed Pill Realm..."

"Elder Brother Ling Tian, if you can defeat them and earn their respect, I presume they wouldn't disagree... Everyone, what do you think?"

The Third Prince's gaze paused on Wyatt for a moment before shifting to the group of people present.

"The Third Prince is wise!"

"Exactly!"

Immediately, the young talents, eager to show off their abilities before the Third Prince and Princess Irene, all voiced their agreement.

"Third Prince, though Wyatt Barnes and we share the same cultivation level, he does possess a seventh-grade spiritual weapon... If he were to rely on the might of his spiritual weapon, his victory wouldn't be honorable."

A few sharp-minded individuals couldn't help but speak up.

Rumor had it that Wyatt Barnes managed to kill Avery Barnes, his adversary of the same cultivation level, solely due to his 'seventh-grade spiritual weapon.'...

This was no longer a secret in the Imperial City.

Seeing the Third Prince turn to look at him, Wyatt wore a slight smirk, "Then I will not use a spiritual weapon."

"Elder Brother Ling Tian is indeed forthright... Let it be so then. Whoever challenges Elder Brother Ling Tian, shall not use any external force!"

The Third Prince laughed heartily, his eyes gleaming with a hint of triumphant cunning.

Everyone present, including the Third Prince, believed that without his seventh-grade spiritual weapon, Wyatt wouldn't have an advantage over the others in the Condensed Pill Realm...

In general, warriors fighting with equal cultivation levels exert the same strength.

The determining factor in such fights is usually the level of martial skills.

A superior level of martial skills would give a distinct advantage.

The group of young talents he'd invited for the banquet were all skilled warriors between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, each with years of martial skills training...

In terms of martial skills.

They were definitely not inferior to Wyatt!

"Third Elder Brother!"

Princess Irene had been silently tolerating this, but seeing Wyatt being deliberately set up as the 'public enemy' of the young talents, she turned as red as a beetroot in anger, and promptly spoke out.

Her patience had reached its limit!

"Irene, don't worry, it is merely a friendly competition... your 'sweetheart' will be fine."

The Third Prince gave a slight smile, deliberately stressing the word 'sweetheart.'

Upon hearing his words, the faces of the other young talents present changed dramatically.

Seeing Princess Irene so worried for Wyatt, their eyes filled with a cold light!

Chapter 165: People Should Have Self-Awareness!

The one in her heart?

Princess Irene's lovely face turned.

"Princess, as the Third Prince said, this is just a duel... you, don't need to worry."

Just as Princess Irene was about to retort, Wyatt Barnes spoke ahead of her, stopping her.

Princess Irene's breathtakingly beautiful face froze, her dewy autumn eyes glistening. They rested on Wyatt Barnes, filled with confusion.

Wyatt Barnes gave a nod towards Princess Irene, opened his mouth, and made mouth movements.

"Rest assured!"

This was the meaning represented by Wyatt Barnes's mouth movements.

Seeing this, Princess Irene's complexion eased slightly, and she sat back.

She was curious about where this youth, who was about the same age as her, got his hefty confidence...

Humph!

Wyatt Barnes moved swiftly, landing in an open space of the lake heart architecture.

"Who will go first?"

Wyatt Barnes squinted his eyes, his glance sweeping over the young geniuses present. They seemed eager to compete, as if they all wished to rise to prominence by stepping on him.

"I'll go!"

Accompanied by a soft yell, a youth in blue descended into the ring, locking eyes with Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes fixated his gaze, a smile crept up his lips.

The person who stepped up wasn't another but 'Benny Simmons' himself.

"Third Prince!"

At this moment, Benny Simmons turned to the Third Prince and respectfully said, "As the proverb goes, fists and feet have no eyes. Wyatt Barnes and I are both warriors in the Ninth Level of the Condensed Pill Realm and can only declare victory through a fierce fight! If there were to be casualties..."

If there are casualties, it's unavoidable."

The Third Prince's eyes fixated on Wyatt Barnes, "Elder Brother Ling Tian, what do you think?"

Wyatt Barnes smirked, "Of course, naturally."

Upon hearing the Third Prince's words, Princess Irene's face changed again. Just when she wanted to speak, she noticed Wyatt Barnes sending her an assuring gaze...

Even though she didn't say anything more, a hint of worry crept into her autumn eyes.

Upon first seeing Wyatt Barnes, although he was extraordinarily handsome, she didn't have much of a reaction as she had seen too many handsome men.

When she saw Wyatt Barnes maintaining a calm and composed smile despite the mockery from the group of young geniuses,

She realised that Wyatt Barnes's smile was catching, it seemed to strike a chord within her...

This feeling, she had never felt before.

Now, seeing Wyatt Barnes in a treacherous situation, she couldn't help but feel sweat trickling on her palms.

"Wyatt Barnes, I'll kill you!"

Benny Simmons looked at Wyatt Barnes and smirked. Although he didn't make a sound, Wyatt Barnes could clearly understand his 'lip movement'.

Want me dead?

Wyatt Barnes wasn't bothered. There were many who wanted him dead in this world, yet wasn't he still alive and well?

"People, should know their limits!"

Wyatt Barnes smiled, a gleam passed through his eyes as he spoke nonchalantly.

His words seemed abrupt.

Among those present, only Benny Simmons understood the meaning behind Wyatt Barnes's words.

Benny Simmons' face darkened, he was livid.

"Seeking death!"

In an instant, Benny Simmons' gaze grew cold, his figure moved resembling a transformed cheetah charging towards Wyatt Barnes.

As he rushed past, the building at the lakeside creaked as if battered by fierce winds...

The phantom of twelve ancient mammoths solidified above Benny Simmons's head.

From the moment of his move, he did so with all his might!

Benny Simmons's martial arts technique was clearly a Profound Level high-rank technique in its perfected realm. His speed had nearly reached the limit of the Ninth Level of the Condensed Pill Realm...

Of course, this was in comparison to the average folks of the Ninth Level of the Condensed Pill Realm.

Wyatt Barnes didn't fall into this category.

The Third Prince sat at the head, watching the scene with a smile, a glimmer of cold light flickered in the depth of his eyes.

Despite meeting Wyatt Barnes for the first time,

he felt a slight threat from him...

He had a sudden premonition that Wyatt Barnes's existence could possibly become an obstacle in his path to the throne.

So, right now, he wished nothing more than for Benny Simmons to kill Wyatt Barnes!

Princess Irene clenched her fists, dared not to shut her eyes, her heart was in suspense...

At this moment, all she could see was the purple-clothed young man standing still, firm as a mountain.

Swish!

Benny Simmons quickly approached Wyatt Barnes. Seeing Wyatt Barnes not moving an inch, a cold smile sprung on his face.

Big Luo Palm!

Profound Level high-rank attack technique!

As he spread his hand, his energy surged and a sky full of palm shadows descended, enveloping Wyatt Barnes.

Benny Simmons's attack was about to land on Wyatt Barnes.

"No!"

Princess Irene exclaimed, abruptly standing up.

"This Wyatt Barnes, he is too arrogant!"

The remaining group of young geniuses had the same thought, a cold smile appeared on their faces, all of them thought Wyatt Barnes was bound to die this time.

A smile erupted on the face of the Third Prince.

A wild glint showed in Benny Simmons' eyes as he looked, convinced that the youth he so despised would vanish from the world upon the descent of his palm.

In an instant, a hint of satisfaction played across the corners of his mouth.

At this critical moment, Wyatt Barnes's body trembled slightly as the power of nearly thirteen ancient mammoths exploded...

Yet, only the shadows of twelve ancient mammoths appeared above his head.

Great Transposition!

The defensive martial technique was activated.

An energy barrier emerged on the surface of Wyatt Barnes's body right at the moment Benny Simmons's palm fell.

Boom!

Benny Simmons' palm fell directly onto Wyatt Barnes' energy shield.

"Ahh!"

Almost instantly, Benny Simmons cried out in pain and his right hand, from which he had cast the palm strike, was brutally ripped off by the returning force and flung far away, plunging into the artificial lake with a splash.

At this point, Wyatt Barnes' protective energy barrier trembled and shattered.

Wyatt Barnes' face was flushed. Despite the protection of the energy barrier, the blow Benny Simmons landed with the power of twelve ancient mammoths was not easy to withstand. Some of its impact still reached him.

Fortunately, his body's blood strength greatly surpassed that of other ordinary warriors!

Otherwise, even if he had used the power of almost thirteen ancient mammoths to produce the energy barrier, his internal organs would have been damaged by Benny Simmons' palm strike.

Defensive martial skills could completely neutralize the attack martial skills of the same realm, but this was only relative to lower level warriors.

By the time they reached the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm, where power equivalent to a dozen ancient mammoths was a common occurrence, the existence of an energy barrier was not as exaggerated.

"Stellar Shift Struggle!"

Including the Third Prince and the old man standing behind him, everybody present couldn't help but gasp in surprise.

They could tell that the defensive martial technique Wyatt Barnes used was the strongest defensive skill of the Sinclair Clan, the 'Stellar Shift Struggle'!

They were somewhat incredulous.

How could Wyatt Barnes have the Sinclair Clan's Stellar Shift Struggle that was not taught to people bearing other surnames?

With one of his arms severed, Benny Simmons' body shook as he forced himself to stand steady. However, he was noticeably disheveled.

'No!'

In the very next instant, the pupils of Benny Simmons' eyes contracted. His face dramatically changed as he let out a bleak and anguished cry.

He saw that Wyatt Barnes was making his move.

At the moment, his most crucial right arm was crippled. There was no way he could fend off Wyatt Barnes.

Serpent Body Technique!

As everyone else was still recovering from the shock of the situation just now, Wyatt Barnes instantly closed in on Benny Simmons.

Dragon Drawing Technique!

Wyatt Barnes didn't even raise his hands to draw a dragon, he just pointed a finger that streaked out with a piercing whine, heading straight for Benny Simmons' chest.

Benny Simmons' face hardened as he put in all his effort to urge his defensive martial technique to work!

An energy barrier emerged on his body surface.

"Energy barrier? Does it work?"

A cold smile appeared on the corners of Wyatt Barnes' mouth. His finger fell, accompanied by a chilling wind, landing on the energy barrier on Benny Simmons' chest, encountering quite strong resistance...

Nevertheless.

Wyatt Barnes exerted force once more, his finger piercing the energy defense and landing directly on Benny Simmons' heart.

The formidable finger force released, immediately shattering Benny Simmons' heart!

Boom!

Benny Simmons' body trembled, his eyes bulged, then he slumped to the ground, going completely silent. He was dead!

Benny Simmons' carcass lay on the ground, with a torrent of blood spraying from his amputated arm. It was both enchanting and eye-catching.

"Aye, I told you... one should know one's own limits!"

Wyatt Barnes squatted down and, reaching out, closed Benny Simmons' eyes, which remained open even in death. He sighed dramatically then stood up, turning to look at a group of youths who had turned pale with fright.

"Now, who else wants to step down for a lesson?"

Wyatt Barnes' cold gaze scanned these supposed young talents.

Immediately, the group of young men looked at each other, but none dared to step forward.

They had experienced Wyatt Barnes' prowess.

If they had previously thought that Wyatt Barnes' strength depended on his 'Seventh Rank Spirit Instrument'...

Now, they understood that even without using the spirit instrument, Wyatt Barnes was not an opponent any average warrior of the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm could defeat!

They glanced at Benny Simmons' corpse and felt a lingering fear.

They were glad that they hadn't stepped forward before Benny Simmons!

If not, there was no doubt, they would have been the ones lying dead.

"Third Prince, what do you think?"

With a look of disdain, Wyatt Barnes glanced at the so-called young talents and set his eyes on the Third Prince.

Despite the smile on his face, the Third Prince's laughter seemed unnatural, "Unexpectedly, Elder Brother Ling Tian would practice the Sinclair Clan's 'Stellar Shift Struggle'... As for whether my sister is willing to stroll with you around the lake, it depends on her wishes."

"You don't have to worry about that, Third Prince."

Wyatt Barnes lightly smiled, and like the wind, floated to Princess Irene's side. He reached out, assertively grabbing her soft hand and helped her up.

Princess Irene's delicate body trembled slightly, her cheeks flushing like she'd been electrocuted.

Never before had she been led by a man like this.

"Princess, how about a walk with me?"

Wyatt Barnes nodded at Princess Irene and gave a slight smile.

Princess Irene gently nodded, her face shy.

Watching as Wyatt Barnes led away Princess Irene by the hand, seemingly flaunting his victory, the smile on the face of the Third Prince vanished.

Chapter 166: Made a Fortune!

The Third Prince took a deep breath and scanned the remaining young talents indifferently, saying lightly, "Everyone, this evening's banquet ends here. You may all leave."

The group of young men picked up on the Third Prince's suppressed anger and respectfully acknowledged, turning to leave.

Emerging from the building at the center of the lake, Wyatt Barnes gently released Princess Irene's hand and apologized with a smile, "Princess, I apologize for my indiscretion."

Princess Irene's heart quivered.

Even she didn't know why a faint sense of loss rose in her heart when Wyatt Barnes released her hand.

"It's alright."

Princess Irene gave a gentle shake of her head, her cheeks still flushed.

The pair, a young man and woman as striking as a golden boy and a jade girl, began a leisurely walk around the artificial lake...

"I apologize to you on behalf of my Third Elder Brother regarding today's events... Third Elder Brother wasn't always like this, I don't know why he's been targeting you specifically."

Princess Irene heaved a gentle sigh.

The corners of Wyatt Barnes's mouth curled up slightly.

Even he didn't know why the Third Prince was targeting him...

How could he know that the Third Prince's inherent mistrust deems him a 'threat' and resolved to eliminate him after realizing he can't control this 'unfathomable' Wyatt.

Sometimes, for those in the imperial family, wanting to get rid of someone can be that simple, without any reason necessary.

Following that, both remained silent, peacefully taking a stroll around the artificial lake.

"Alright then, Princess. It's time for me to leave."

Wyatt Barker smiled and nodded at Princess Irene. For this kind-hearted girl, he had a certain fondness in his heart.

"Yes."

Princess Irene nodded lightly, before immediately asking, "Will we... see each other again?"

"There will be a chance."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, then turned and left.

Watching Wyatt's retreating back, Princess Irene released a breath and sighed deeply...

"Irene, you can't have feelings for him."

A figure appeared next to Princess Irene seemingly out of nowhere.

"Third Brother, why not?"

Princess Irene looked over at the Third Prince standing next to her, a hint of reluctance shimmering in her eyes.

"He is not suitable for you."

The Third Prince's answer was simple.

"Not suitable?"

A hint of bitterness flickered across Princess Irene's face as she shook her head then her tone became slightly colder. "Thank you for your hospitality over these past few days, Third Brother. Early tomorrow morning, I will return to the palace. Please make preparations for my departure."

The Third Prince's brow furrowed.

He could see, his sister had clearly developed feelings for that young man.

"Uncle Hu, take care of it cleanly. I don't want any future trouble."

Suddenly, the Third Prince spoke, as though speaking to the air.

"Yes!"

An old voice suddenly sounded, and at the same time, an elderly figure disappeared into the night.

After leaving the Third Prince's house, Wyatt Barnes headed back to his own residence.

"I never thought... I would be this charming..."

A self-deprecating smile appeared on his face.

He noticed the 'affection' in Princess Irene's eyes when she looked at him, but he had no other intention towards her.

Perhaps it was due to Princess Irene's complicated status, or perhaps it was because of the two girls back at home.

"Let everything go as it will."

With a shake of his head, Wyatt decided not to dwell on it any further.

After half an hour of walking, Wyatt Barnes had already made it half-way home, and had just cut through a secluded alley as a shortcut.

Suddenly, Wyatt felt the two small pythons under his sleeve becoming agitated.

Immediately, Wyatt stopped in his tracks, his face alert.

Just then, his strong spiritual sense vaguely detected the gaze of a pair of eyes stalking him from the shadows...

"Who goes there?"

Wyatt's face changed.

"Not bad, you actually noticed my presence despite only being at the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm... I must admit, you're quite special."

A hoarse voice came from the other end of the alley. Under the moonlight, the old man's face completely revealed itself to Wyatt Barnes.

"It's you!"

Wyatt's face changed.

The old man standing before him wasn't the one who had been standing behind the Third Prince during dinner?

"If I'm not mistaken, there should be some secrets about you... Even my Origin Force vocalization can't harm you. How peculiar."

The old man slowly approached him, his sparkling eyes revealing a strange glow.

"Did the Third Prince send you?"

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath. Using his reincarnated Martial Emperor experience and the spiritual power comparable to a warrior in the Original Infant Realm, he was able to somewhat sense the elderly man's cultivation level...

This old man, although not as powerful as the Godly Might Marquis 'Atharv Nigel', was no pushover either.

He was at the least a Seventh-Order Original Infant Realm martial artist, and possibly even a Level Eight Original Infant tenement!

The old man didn't answer Wyatt's question. Instead, he continued to slowly approach him.

"I want to know the reason why."

Wyatt's eyes flashed a stern light as he spoke, his tone suppressed yet stern.

"The reason is... you are too conspicuous and have made the prince feel threatened! Plus, you should never disrespect the princess."

The old man's voice sounded as if it came from the depths of the underworld, exuding an icy coldness that chills the bones.

Being explicit?

Not supposed to disrespect the princess?

Is this a reason?

Wyatt Barnes's expression darkened. How was the Third Prince's actions any different from murder?

Before this, although he had realized that the Third Prince might not like him, he had never thought that the Third Prince would want him dead...

A hint of anger emerged on Wyatt Barnes's face.

Next, Wyatt Barnes locked his icy gaze onto the old man and coldly said, "I'll give you a chance, back down promptly...Otherwise, your death is assured!"

In Wyatt Barnes's hand there were only two 'Bone-Nibbling Inscriptions' that could generally kill a martial artist in the Original Infant Realm. He didn't want to waste one for nothing.

That would cost millions of USD!

Even if he only used one, he would still remorse for a long time.

That's why he was giving the old man a chance now. If the old man didn't know better, even if it caused him further pain, for his own life's sake, he would use the 'Bone-Nibbling Inscription' to kill the man!

Money once lost, can be earned again...

Once life is lost, everything is gone!

"Utterly shameless! I would like to see how you could take my life."

The old man sneered, apparently not taking Wyatt Barnes's warning to heart, only thinking that Wyatt Barnes was trying to buy time by bluffing.

Suddenly, he made his move.

Fast as lightning, striking like a wind, he transformed into a giant eagle, swooping straight towards Wyatt Barnes!

Wyatt Barnes could only feel a powerful momentum sweeping over him, leaving him gasping, almost suffocating...

He could vaguely see above the old man's head, eleven hundred shadowy images of ancient giant elephants coalescing...

"The Eighth Level of the Original Infant Realm!"

Wyatt Barnes's face darkened.

Bang!

The old man struck from afar with a palm. Origin Force slowly coalesced, with the palm imprint gradually taking form...

"Humph! If you insist on seeking death, I will grant your wish!"

Wyatt Barnes coldly snorted. His hand swept toward his waist, and the Purple Emperor Soft Sword soared out...

The moment the old man's palm imprint took form, Wyatt Barnes also activated the 'Bone-Nibbling Inscription' on the Purple Emperor Soft Sword!

Hmm!

In an instant, a grey brilliance started pulsing over the blade of the Purple Emperor Soft Sword. The light was as fast as lightning, shooting straight out.

"No!"

The old man's pupils constricted. However, by the time he reacted, the grey light had already pierced into his body.

In an instant.

"Ahh!"

The old man's horrifying scream sent chills down even Wyatt Barnes's spine...

This 'Bone-Nibbling Inscription' was far too overbearing!

The next moment, the old man's cry ceased abruptly, his body trembled, and his Origin Force dissipated.

Not only that, the old man's body seemed to flux abruptly into goo, instantly 'collapsing,' his entire skeleton was completely corroded, vanishing without a trace.

Despite Wyatt Barnes having killed many before, this sight still nauseated him...

This was the first time he had witnessed such a method of death!

It was as if the entire skeleton had turned to ash, leaving behind only skin and muscle...

Whoosh!

Not willing to look at it any longer, Wyatt Barnes quickly activated the red flame, turning the old man's unsightly corpse into ashes.

In the end, Wyatt Barnes found the old man's 'Storage Ring' among the ashes and then left.

On the way, Wyatt Barnes claimed the Storage Ring as his own.

"Damn!"

When Wyatt Barnes saw everything inside the Storage Ring, his face flushed, and he couldn't help cursing.

Inside the Storage Ring, a large pile of bank checks was neatly placed, most with a face value of 'ten thousand USD'.

Wyatt Barnes roughly estimated that the value of the bank checks inside the Storage Ring totaled at least seventy or eighty million USD!

"Could he be the steward of the Third Prince's Mansion?"

Wyatt Barnes was ecstatic and speculated to himself.

"Third Prince, you've truly given me a generous gift this time."

A smile spread across Wyatt Barnes's face. "Luckily, the old man didn't back down. Otherwise, I would have missed this seventy or eighty million USD."

Thinking back to what had happened, Wyatt Barnes had a lingering fear.

One could only imagine, if the old man knew Wyatt Barnes's current thoughts, he would not rest even in the Netherworld.

"One 'Bone-Nibbling Inscription' costs at most three million USD...This 'transaction' really paid off!"

On his way back home, Wyatt Barnes was all smiles.

Three million USD in return for seventy to eighty million in bank checks, he had made a huge profit.

"As for Thundery Barnes, he controls so many businesses in the Barnes Family, he must have quite a substantial fortune... If he continues to bother me, he can't blame me for being ruthless."

A cold smile appeared on the corner of Wyatt Barnes's mouth, a touch of greed sparkling in his eyes.

What happened tonight had given him a taste of profit...

"And that Fifth Prince, I'm sure his steward must be really wealthy too?"

Murmuring to himself, Wyatt Barnes noticed that he had arrived back at his house.

Since they were informed in advance, the three ladies at home didn't worry much about Wyatt Barnes...However, upon his return, the two young girls curiously came over to ask about what happened at the banquet.

Naturally, Wyatt Barnes would not tell them the truth; otherwise, they would start worrying again.

Additionally, if he mentioned 'Princess Irene,' Jovie, this little vinegar jar, would undoubtedly get jealous again...

Chapter 167: The Third Prince's Test

Deep into the night, Wyatt Barnes summoned Fill Bear and handed him a large sum of bank checks.

"Take these fifty million USD checks and continue buying those materials I told you to purchase at full force." Wyatt Barnes ordered.

Fifty million USD?

Fill Bear was stunned. Where could the young master have gotten so much money from?

Nevertheless, being the smart man he was, he didn't ask any further and respectfully accepted the bank checks, "Yes, Young Master."

Returning to his room, Wyatt Barnes used up the last of the materials Fill Bear had purchased previously and re-etched a 'Bone Corrosion Inscription' on his Purple Emperor Soft Sword.

Today, he had truly witnessed the power of the 'Bone Corrosion Inscription'!

Even the old man by the side of the Third Prince, a powerful existence at Level Eight of the Original Infant Realm, didn't have time to react and fell right into the trap...

His whole skeleton was reduced to ashes, he was dead beyond dead!

To Wyatt Barnes, the Bone Corrosion Inscription was his 'life-saving talisman'.

One could imagine, without the 'Bone Corrosion Inscription' tonight, he would have been killed by that old man by the Third Prince's side.

"Third Prince, your gift today has been noted by me, Wyatt Barnes."

A flash of cold light streaked across Wyatt's eyes.

Regaining his breath, Wyatt practised the 'Mad Python Transformation' from Nine Dragons War Sovereign until late into the night, before eventually falling asleep.

The next morning, Wyatt Barnes attended class as usual in the 'Star System' classroom.

In the meantime, someone sought out Enzo Hawkins.

After stepping out for a while, Enzo Hawkins returned. His gaze at Wyatt Barnes was peculiar, "Wyatt Barnes, come with me."

Although Wyatt found this strange, he still followed Master Hawkins out.

"Master, do you need something from me?" Wyatt asked in confusion.

"Someone wants to meet you." Enzo Hawkins answered.

As Wyatt Barnes wondered who wanted to meet him, Enzo Hawkins had already brought him to a vacant lot in one corner of the martial arts academy. There, a luxurious carriage was parked.

On either side of the carriage, two old men stood.

Using his experience as the reincarnated Martial Emperor and powerful mental strength, Wyatt Barnes could tell that the strength of these two old men was no less than that of the old man he had killed with the 'Bone Corrosion Inscription' last night.

"Go ahead." Enzo Hawkins nodded at Wyatt Barnes, "I'll wait for you here."

Wyatt walked over with curiosity. Once he entered the carriage, he froze.

The person inside the carriage was none other than the 'Third Prince', whom he had just met yesterday.

However, within a single night, the Third Prince's face had lost all of its laughter from the day before and was looking gloomy.

"Third Prince, you wanted to see me?" Wyatt Barnes casually sat down inside the carriage, raising an eyebrow.

"Wyatt Barnes, let's be straightforward... Uncle Diaz never returned after leaving last night. Was he killed by your people?" The Third Prince looked at Wyatt Barnes, his eyes flashed like lightning, focusing intently on Wyatt Barnes, observing every change on Wyatt's face, fearing he would miss the slightest detail.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt Barnes looked 'surprised' and 'puzzled', "Third Prince, who is Uncle Diaz?"

"Huh?" The Third Prince's eyebrows furrowed, he had been closely observing Wyatt Barnes' facial expressions, but he found that when he brought up Uncle Diaz's matter, there was nothing suspicious about Wyatt's reactions.

Could it really have nothing to do with this Wyatt Barnes?

Impossible!

Yesterday, he had sent Uncle Diaz to kill this Wyatt Barnes.

However, Uncle Diaz never returned after leaving, as if he had evaporated into thin air...

If it was just Uncle Diaz's disappearance, he would have just lost an Original Infant Realm Level Eight martial artist. At most, he would mourn for a while.

Uncle Diaz, however, held another identity - he was his butler, managing his personal fortune.

What he urgently wanted to find at the moment was the Storage Ring in Uncle Diaz's possession!

If that Storage Ring was lost, it would mean that seventy to eighty million USD had been wasted, and his days to come would be difficult...

Although he was a prince, he had to personally cover all the expenses of his residence.

Moreover, if he wanted more people to support his ascent to the throne in the future, he would need to use that money to establish relationships...

"Third Prince, why do you look so gloomy? Did something happen?" Wyatt Barnes looked 'surprised', inquiring curiously.

"Wyatt Barnes, it's not a big deal if you killed Uncle Diaz... I can let it slide! However, you must hand over his 'Storage Ring'... otherwise, you should know the consequences!" The Third Prince's face darkened, threatening Wyatt towards the end.

He still wanted to take a gamble and probe whether the 'Storage Ring' was in Wyatt Barnes' possession.

"Third Prince, what do you mean? Someone died in your house and you want to blame me?" Wyatt's face darkened and he burst into anger, "As for the Storage Ring you mentioned, I know nothing about it... Excuse me!"

After saying his piece, Wyatt Barnes left without looking back, walked down from the carriage, and left straightaway.

The Third Prince's face turned extremely ugly.

Was it really not him?

Then who was it...

Uncle Diaz was his confidant, he was certain, unless something happened to Uncle Diaz, he would never play 'hide and seek'.

"Whoever it was, I'll make sure they have no place to be buried!" The always approachable Third Prince now had a horrific face and looked like a demon...

Soon, the luxurious carriage of the Third Prince was seen leaving under the watchful eyes of Wyatt Barnes and Master Hawkins.

"Wyatt Barnes, why did the Third Prince want to see you?"

Enzo Hawkins asked curiously.

"I don't know...he just told me that Uncle Diaz, one of his house servants, died, and something about a Storage Ring...It was all gibberish."

Wyatt Barnes gave a shrug, his face innocent.

He wasn't surprised that the Third Prince came looking for him; he just didn't expect the prince to react so quickly and so fiercely.

It seems, the sum of USD he had taken meant a lot to the Third Prince; it might even hold great significance.

"Uncle Diaz? A Storage Ring?"

Enzo Hawkins was startled, then speculated, "As far as I know, the housekeeper of the Third Prince's mansion is called 'Cruz Three'...Could it be that Cruz Three has died? This man was one of the most trusted by the Third Prince, and he was responsible for the entire wealth of the Prince's Mansion."

"Could it be that Cruz Three died, and the Storage Ring with the wealth of the Third Prince's Mansion has disappeared with him?"

Wyatt Barnes widened his eyes and pretended to be surprised.

"Probably. It's enough you know this; make sure not to spread the word...otherwise, it'll invite unnecessary trouble. That Third Prince is nothing if not crafty."

Enzo Hawkins wore a serious expression as he warned Wyatt.

"Got it, teacher."

Wyatt Barnes nodded quickly, his eyes flashing briefly of intense light.

Naturally, he knew the Third Prince was not a simple character as he saw on the banquet last night.

In fact, the moment he saw the Third Prince today, he had guessed the prince's intentions.

When the Third Prince abruptly mentioned that Wyatt was connected with the death of Cruz Three, Wyatt saw the unmistakable burning gaze...}}

He naturally guessed the purpose of the Third Prince.

Undoubtedly, the prince wanted to test him to see if he was really involved in the disappearance of Cruz Three...

It's a shame that the prince's attempt to catch him in a flaw simply wasted his efforts.

As the master warrior of a previous life, he wouldn't be victim to such amateurish tactics.

Thinking of the Third Prince's last few words, a smile couldn't help but emerge from Wyatt's heart.

Did the prince really think he could force Wyatt to relinquish what he had already taken?

Is that even possible?

Wyatt Barnes and Enzo Hawkins returned to the classroom and continued their class.

At lunchtime, after class was dismissed, Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair came over, "Wyatt, why did Master Hawkins ask you to step out just now?"

Wyatt Barnes shook his head with a smile, "Nothing much, he just mentioned something about a possible conflict in the Northwest Border...He asked if I would be interested in going in case the Holy Martial Academy 'Star System' needed to send people."

Wyatt mentioned a conversation that he had with Enzo Hawkins a few days prior.

As an excuse.

Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair believed his words, and Seeker sighed, "Normally, only third-year students and above get the opportunity to go if there's a need to send people...Master Hawkins asking you this undoubtedly means he's considering recommending you when the time comes."

"Perhaps."

Wyatt Barnes nodded in agreement.

"Wyatt Barnes, did you gain anything from yesterday's banquet at the Third Prince's mansion? I wager he is actively trying to win you over?"

Remi remembered yesterday's event and asked with a laugh.

Win him over?

A strange look appeared on Wyatt's face...

The Third Prince who wished him dead, trying to win him over?

Of course, he wouldn't speak of this, and replied with a slight smile, "The biggest gain from yesterday was probably seeing the most beautiful woman in the Imperial City."

The most beautiful woman in the Imperial City?

Remi and Seeker's eyes lit up, "You met Princess Irene?"

Wyatt nodded.

"If I had known, I would have tagged along yesterday just for the excitement."

Remi wore a regretful expression.

"You really wanted to join in the excitement? It seems I must tell Clover all about this next time I see her."

A faint, wicked smile crossed Wyatt's lips.

The 'Clover' he mentioned was Mustafa Rowan's sister, Clover Rowan.

Remi shot Wyatt a glare, and asked curiously, "How is she? Is 'Princess Irene' beautiful?"

Wyatt nodded, "She lives up to her reputation...I would say her beauty is comparable to your sister's."

Remi was taken aback.

He knew about his sister's beauty. Helen Sinclair was, undoubtedly, exceptionally gorgeous.

"What? Remi, is your sister a beauty who can stand on the same rank as Princess Irene?"

Seeker's eyes lit up like those of a starved wolf.

"Seeker, don't you get any ideas about my sister. There's someone in her heart already."

Remi laughed and shook his head.

"That's not a problem at all. I'll prove to her that I'm ten-fold, hundred-fold better than the one she's interested in!"

In Seeker's eyes, whoever Helen was interested in, must be from Aurora City.

In terms of aptitude, strength, and family background, none could match up to him.

As a legitimate son of the Sinclair Clan, Seeker had great confidence in this...

"Are you sure you're ten, a hundred times better than he is?"

Remi's expression seemed a bit odd.

"What, are there other 'freaks' in Aurora City besides Wyatt and you?"

Seeker was startled and asked curiously.

Remi just shook his head.

"Then you mean..."

Before Seeker could finish his sentence, he noticed that Remi had cast a meaningful glance at Wyatt.

Chapter 168: Roman Simmons

Seeker Sinclair was momentarily taken aback, and when he recovered, a bitter smile spread across his lips.

You've got to be kidding?

Remi Sinclair's sweetheart was 'Wyatt Barnes'?

With anybody else, he may have had the confidence to compete...

But if it's Wyatt Barnes, he was well aware of his own abilities.

In comparison to Wyatt, he was miles away, trying to compete with Wyatt was only making himself uncomfortable.

"What are you all looking at?"

Wyatt Barnes was still pondering about the Third Prince's issue. When he turned his attention back, he found both Remi and Seeker were staring at him, "Is there something on my face?"

Wyatt clearly hadn't heard the conversation between Remi and Seeker just now.

"No."

Seeker shook his head and grinned, "Let's go, time to eat."

It was a while before Wyatt and his friends got to the dining hall and all the meals were served, but Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field were nowhere to be found.

"Huh, why are they so late today?"

Seeker Sinclair looked puzzled and thought it was strange.

"Nothing bad happened, right?"

Wyatt Barnes's brow furrowed. Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field were always punctual, and they had never been this late before.

He had a bad feeling that something could be wrong and his heart skipped a beat.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Just then, a slightly anxious call came from outside the dining hall, growing louder as it approached.

"It's Tiggi Field! But why is he alone?"

Wyatt recognized the distant figure with just one glance then quickly moved towards him.

"Tiggi Field, where is Walter Simmons?"

Before long, Wyatt joined Tiggi Field and noticed his pale expression, his heart sank with a bad premonition, he asked hurriedly.

By then, Remi Sinclair and Seeker had also come running out.

"Walter Simmons..."

Upon hearing Wyatt's question, Tiggi Field let out a bitter smile filled with helplessness, "He's been ambushed by the Simmons Clan."

People from the Simmons Clan?

Could it be, Walter Simmons had some kind of connection with the Simmons Clan?

Wyatt's face fell, as if it had been coated with a layer of frost, "Let's go!"

As Wyatt and his companions followed Tiggi Field towards the bamboo forest behind the Martial Arts Academy...

Inside the tranquil bamboo forest, Walter Simmons was lying on the ground, his breath weak, clearly severely injured.

He couldn't even manage to stand up.

But even so, Walter's gaze, still emitted a hint of cold dignity, clutching his Buster Sword tightly, without letting go.

Walter Simmons's heart was as firm as a stone, even if he was humiliated, his determination could not be bent!

In front of Walter stood three young men.

The one leading was a splendidly dressed young man, about twenty-five years old. He was now stepping on the hand that Walter was using to clutch his sword, a cold smile spread across his face, "Why, even now, you're not willing to let go of your sword?"

"Walter Simmons, both you and your father are a waste! If you had stayed in the countryside, it would've been fine, but you insisted on coming back to the Imperial City and appear before me... Aren't you seeking death? Why are you still glaring at me, not convinced?"

The well-dressed man, infuriated by Walter's stern gaze, raised his foot and directly kicked Walter in the face!

Suddenly, Walter's face bloomed with fresh blood like a dazzling rose, striking and eye-catching.

"Roman Simmons, within ten years... I will definitely kill you!"

A cold intent crept up the corner of Walter's mouth. His voice echoed with a chill, as if it originated from the depths of hell.

Walter's voice was filled with unwavering confidence!

"Ten years?"

The well-dressed man was stunned before breaking into laughter, a wicked grin painted on his face, "Walter Simmons, you really think you can defeat me in ten years? Although I'm not afraid of you... however, you really have reminded me. In the Martial Arts Academy, I dare not kill you. But I'm curious, if I cripple your dantian, how are you going to kill me in ten years? What gives you the confidence?"

"Now, I will crush all your hopes!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the well-dressed man who seemed to find the situation even more interesting, prepared to stamp on Walter's dantian.

Walter's pupils constricted, a hint of despair rose within him.

If his dantian was really destroyed, it would mean his life was ruined...

No!

Walter's heart was full of unwillingness.

Watching as the well-dressed man raised his foot, Walter's breath hitched. He tried to struggle and dodge, but found he had no strength left, he was cornered with nowhere to hide.

Just at this moment.

"Brother Roman, Walter's companion is back... He brought three people with him, two of them seem to be Wyatt Barnes and that guy from the Sinclair Clan, 'Seeker Sinclair'."

A young man standing behind Roman Simmons noticed the four figures moving swiftly in their direction.

"Wyatt Barnes? Seeker Sinclair?"

A cold sneer played on Roman's lips as his gaze indexed on the four figures approaching them aggressively, he mumbled to himself, "He's finally here..."

"Walter Simmons!"

Tiggi Field hurried over and noticed Walter's miserable state. His face turned pale and he rushed over.

Swish!

At that moment, one of the young men standing behind Roman Simmons suddenly moved, kicking with the speed of lightning, sending Tiggi Field flying.

Above the young man's head, the phantom of twelve ancient elephants could be faintly seen...

Condensed Pill Realm, ninth layer!

Boom!

Tiggi Field hit the ground hard, coughing up a mouthful of coagulated blood, his face was ghostly pale.

"Tiggi Field!"

A flash of anger flickered in Remi Sinclair's eyes.

"Roman Simmons, it's you!"

Seeker Sinclair's gaze however, rested on the well-dressed man at the front, his expression stern.

"Seeker Sinclair, don't get involved in this mess, just get lost!"

Roman Simmons spoke coldly, his gaze quickly settling on the purple-clad youth beside Seeker Sinclair. "However, today, you may leave... but this Wyatt Barnes, must stay!"

On seeing Walter Simmons' current miserable condition, Wyatt's face twisted in disgust.

Walter Simmons was his friend!

Watching Tiggi Field being kicked aside by the other party only ignited a nefarious flame in his heart.

As he was having a hard time suppressing his raging fury, the leader of the opposing side suddenly spat out such a statement...

Asking me to stay?

Wyatt's eyes lit up as he stared at the brocade-clad youth 'Roman Simmons'...

Could it be that Roman Simmons' target was not Walter Simmons, but him?

Instantly, a shiver of cold ran up his spine.

"Wyatt Barnes, go!"

Just then, Walter Simmons' icy voice rang out, asking Wyatt to leave. Clearly, he had figured out something as well.

"So, you mistreated Walter just to lure me here?"

Wyatt Barnes took a step forward, his gaze piercingly cold as he addressed Roman Simmons, his voice reverberating.

He didn't heed Walter's advice.

If he were to leave now, he wouldn't be Wyatt Barnes!

"Wyatt Barnes, I must admit, you're smart...however, clever people tend not to live long."

Surprised, Roman glanced at Wyatt, a ghost of a smile playing on his lips, his voice terrifyingly calm, "Since you can guess my intentions, you should be able to guess why I came looking for you, shouldn't you?"

"So, the members of the Simmons Clan can't accept defeat?"

Wyatt sneered.

Indeed, he had suspected as much.

If there were any ties between him and the Simmons Clan, it must have something to do with the events that transpired at the Third Prince's residence last night...

The 'Benny Simmons' who died by his hand was a member of the Simmons Clan.

"Can't accept defeat?"

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Roman's face darkened, "Last night at the Third Prince's residence, you unfairly ambushed Benny Simmons and killed him... Who are you, to question the recalcitrance of my clan?"

Unfair tactics?

Ambush?

Wyatt's expression hardened...

Third Prince, you are indeed ruthless!

Wyatt realized, all these events were orchestrated by the Third Prince.

Standing at the side, Seeker Sinclair's heart pounded in his chest.

Benny Simmons?

Wyatt killed Benny Sinclair?

The most talented of the young generation in the Simmons Clan, that 'Benny Simmons'?

Roman Simmons' cousin?

"What do you plan on doing?"

Wyatt took a deep breath, his gaze fixed earnestly on Roman Simmons, his voice deadly calm...

"You're still so young, yet you're so ruthless... In my opinion, someone like you shouldn't be left alive!"

Roman's eyes hardened, a cold sneer on his lips.

"So, you intend to cripple my cultivation?"

Wyatt laughed, an ironic, bitter laughter that lit up his face. His eyes sparkled with a terrifying gleam.

Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair's expressions changed drastically.

"Roman Simmons!"

Seeker Sinclair spoke sharply. "Don't forget, Wyatt Barnes is the son of Lanni Barnes and the legitimate successor of the Barnes Clan... If you dare harm his cultivation, how will you account to the Barnes Clan?"

"The Barnes Clan?"

Roman chuckled, looking at Seeker Sinclair as if he were a fool, "Seeker, don't tell me you don't know that Wyatt refused to return to the Barnes Clan... Today, Wyatt is no longer of the Barnes Clan!"

Being a distinguished member of the Simmons clan and having a shot at the Clan Chief position in the future, Roman held a significant position within his clan.

In Roman's view, as long as Wyatt wasn't a part of Barnes Clan, there would be no repercussions even if Wyatt was killed, let alone merely crippling his cultivation.

"You..."

A somber expression marred Seeker Sinclair's face, leaving him speechless in response.

Although he was a legitimate successor of the Sinclair Clan, his status might deter ordinary individuals...

But Roman Simmons would not be concerned.

Roman Simmons, the grandson of the Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, was just twenty-five years old. Yet he had already reached the Original Pill Realm in his cultivation...

He was the most gifted martial artist of his generation in the Simmons Clan and one of the potential successors for the position of the Clan Chief.

It was safe to say that Roman was born with a 'golden spoon', being showered with endless love and adoration.

"Seeker Sinclair, if you know what's good for you, scram! Otherwise, even if you are the legitimate successor of the Sinclair Clan, I will make you bleed."

With a cold gaze, Roman's words were bold and intimidating.

"Wyatt Barnes is my friend."

Seeker's expression hardened, head held high, facing Roman without fear.

"Good, very good... What moving friendship."

Roman laughed, his laughter brash, arrogant, and wild...

Following moment.

Whoosh!

Roman moved, his speed skyrocketing to an extreme in the blink of an eye, now standing before Seeker.

Boom!

Within an instant, Seeker was knocked flying by Roman, forcefully crashing onto the ground.

Above Roman's head, the power equivalent to forty ancient colossal elephants flashed across and disappeared...

"Threefold Original Pill Realm?"

Wyatt's face darkened further, the relentless gaze falling on Roman, razor sharp and deadly.

Chapter 169: Destroy the Dantian!

"Roman Simmons!"

Wyatt Barnes's face darkened, he spoke in a deep voice, mixed with an intimidating chill that seemed to come from the very depths of hell...

Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field, Seeker Sinclair, all were injured one after another.

The rage inside him had accumulated to the brim and was ready to erupt!

Roman Simmons shifted his ruthless gaze from Seeker Sinclair to Wyatt Barnes, with a trace of irritation, "What, you're already angry, can't take it anymore?"

As he spoke, Roman's voice changed, chilly, "When you used despicable means to ambush my cousin 'Benny Simmons' and killed him, did you think of his parents' feelings? Today, I won't kill you, just cripple your cultivation... if you ever appear before me again, I will kill you!"

The corner of Wyatt Barnes's mouth twitched, with an extreme sneer, "Try to cripple my cultivation? Let's see if you've got the skills!"

Now, Wyatt Barnes's sanity was almost completely suppressed by wrath, he stepped forward, his bearing imposing.

As for that thing about Benny Simmons, he couldn't bother explaining!

"Grab him!"

At Roman Simmons's sudden order, the command rang out.

Swish! Swish!

In an instant, the two young men behind Roman Simmons flew out, rushing towards Wyatt Barnes.

These two were both ninth-level Martial Artists of the Condensed Pill Realm.

When they pounced on Wyatt Barnes, they were fierce and rangy. One on the left and the other on the right, both tried to grab Wyatt Barnes's shoulders, immobilizing him.

"Seeking death!"

Facing the two who attacked unhesitatingly, Wyatt Barnes's eyes flickered with cold light. He had his hand on his Purple Emperor Soft Sword, stepping forward to face the two.

All of a sudden.

Sword Drawing Technique!

Wyatt Barnes made his move.

Fifteen illusions of ancient giant elephants formed above Wyatt Barnes' head...

The dazzling purple sword light seemed to have eyes, shadowing him, over the void, peerlessly sharp.

At the same time.

Paired with two 'red roses' forming in the air and blooming with brilliance, two shrieks of agony rang out.

Boom! Boom!

Two severed arms fell from different bodies and landed heavily on the ground.

The young men, who were aggressively charging a moment ago, turned pale at this moment. They retreated and stared in terror at Wyatt Barnes, after stopping the bleeding from their severed arm...

They didn't expect that at this point, Wyatt Barnes would dare to resist!

Cold sweat trickled down their forehead as they looked at the severed arms by Wyatt Barnes' feet, a trace of desolation appearing in their eyes.

If Wyatt Barnes knew their thoughts, he would surely scoff.

Not to resist?

To wait for death?

"You..."

Roman Simmons too didn't expect Wyatt Barnes to dare attack and sever the arms of two members of his own Simmons Clan. For a moment, his eyes bulged, and his body trembled with extreme rage.

On his body, Origin Force was raging...

Forty illusions of ancient giant elephants formed above his head!

"Wyatt Barnes, I thought you were smart, but I didn't expect you to be so stupid and dare to resist at this time!"

Roman Simmons's voice, chilling as if coming from the mouth of Asura, radiated murderous intent.

"You're going to cripple my cultivation, shouldn't I resist?"

Wyatt Barnes scoffed, Roman Simmons was truly ridiculous. He wanted to cripple his cultivation but still didn't allow him to resist? Could it be that he wanted Wyatt Barnes to just stand still, tied and waiting to die?

"Does it make any difference whether you resist or not?"

Roman Simmons continued, step by step approached Wyatt Barnes, his voice incredibly low, "But, your resistance has completely infuriated me. Now, I've changed my mind... Here at Saint Martial Academy, I can't kill you, so I will undermine your cultivation first! The moment you leave Saint Martial Academy will be the end of your life!"

As Roman Simmons drew closer, Wyatt Barnes showed no fear, his eyes flickering, "Let's see if you're capable enough..."

"What, you think with just the cultivation of the ninth-level of the Condensed Pill Realm and your seventh-class spiritual weapon, you can violate the will of me, who is at the third-level of the Original Pill Realm?"

Roman Simmons's voice was full of contempt, "Even if you use a seventh-class spiritual weapon, your maximum strength would only be equal to fifteen ancient giant elephants... Whereas I, at the third-level of the Original Pill Realm, can exert a force equivalent to forty ancient giant elephants without any spiritual weapons! Your strength in my eyes is nothing more than ants!"

Roman Simmons uttered each word, as if to completely shatter Wyatt Barnes's last shred of confidence...

"Heh... It seems you are very confident in your abilities."

A beautiful curve rose at the corner of Wyatt Barnes's mouth. His sword-like eyebrows raised, his eyes were sparkling.

"At this point, you're still being stubborn... I have to say, your courage is surprising!"

At this moment, Roman Simmons had come close to Wyatt Barnes, his face covered in frost, "However, sometimes, certain things can't be accomplished just with courage... Soon you will see how ridiculous your courage is in front of true power!"

"We shall see."

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flickered, calmly looking at Roman Simmons.

"Incorrigible!"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes remaining so unflustered, Roman Simmons felt a surge of anger, his eyes filled with killing intent.

Whoosh!

Taking a step forward, the fierce wind blew up a mist of dust.

"Wyatt Barnes, I am curious, when you're reduced to a waste after I cripple your cultivation, if you can remain as indifferent as you are now."

Roman Simmons's voice was increasingly cold, the piercing gaze seemed to see right through Wyatt Barnes.

"I also wonder, when you become useless, looking back at this scene, whether you will think everything is laughable."

A cold glint flashed through Wyatt Barnes's eyes as he retorted, not to be outdone.

"Seeking death!"

The fury of Roman Simmons was no longer repressible. His figure moved like a gust of wind, brushing against Wyatt Barnes.

Above the void, forty ancient giant elephant illusions appeared as well!

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Remi Sinclair had just given a healing pill to Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field, and Seeker Sinclair when he saw this scene. His face drastically altered, his eyes almost splitting with fury!

At this moment, he only lamented his lack of strength to aid Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt stood still, a chilling gaze directed at the approaching Roman Simmons, a touch of chill spreading across his lips.

You aiming for my dantian?

Then, let me give you a taste of having your dantian ruined!

Boom!

At this moment, Roman Simmons had already reached close to Wyatt Barnes, punched out with immense Origin Force, and directly targeted Wyatt's dantian.

It's clear he intends to demolish Wyatt's dantian directly!

On Simmons' face, a cold smirk appeared, as if he had already envisioned the scene of Wyatt's dantian being shattered by him.

Whoosh!

Almost at the same time, Wyatt moved. His Purple Emperor Soft Sword began to vibrate slightly...

Seeing this, a hint of disdain appeared on Roman's face.

A mere Condensed Pill Realm Nine Layer, even with a seventh-level spirit weapon, was not enough to earn his respect.

However, the disdain on his face quickly solidified.

His eyes bulging wide as if he had seen something terrifying...

Buzz!

A blood-red glow flew from the Purple Emperor Soft Sword in Wyatt's hand, coalescing into a 'Blood Moon'.

The Blood Moon was lightning fast as it rushed towards Roman Simmons' Origin Force infused fist.

It was Wyatt Barnes activating the 'Bloodstain Inscription' on the Purple Emperor Soft Sword!

At this moment, Wyatt's eyes were filled with an intense coldness.

"No!"

Along with a heartbreaking shriek, Roman Simmons' fist was pierced through by the 'Blood Moon', igniting a brilliant splash of blood that coalesced into a 'Red Rose' in the void.

The Blood Moon, undeterred by the pierced fist, headed straight towards Roman Simmons' dantian!

Thud!

With ease, it entered it and shattered Roman Simmons' dantian.

"Ah!!"

Simmons' body shook, he roared abruptly. The sensation of the energy scattering inside his dantian made him momentarily forget about the pain radiating from his injured fist.

Thump!

His legs gave way, and Roman Simmons knelt down in front of Wyatt Barnes.

"No... No..."

Roman Simmons' eyes bulged wide. He shook his head in a daze, looking lost, not wanting to believe that this was real.

"You... you actually ruined my dantian!"

Roman Simmons looked at Wyatt Barnes, his eyes flickering with the light of hatred.

He could never have imagined that Wyatt Barnes could possess such a terrifying 'Attack Inscription' that not only deflected his attack but also penetrated his dantian, causing him to lose all his energy and become a complete cripple.

Observing this scene, Wyatt looked calm, his eyes flashed with a faint light, "Didn't you say that you were going to ruin my dantian? How do you feel now? About becoming a cripple, how does it feel?"

If it wasn't for his 'Bloodstain Inscription' today, what happened to Roman Simmons would have been his fate.

This Roman Simmons, so ruthless and merciless, readily aiming for his dantian!

Well, he would fight fire with fire!

Simmons' face turned red, and he spat out a mouthful of old blood due to the rage Wyatt's words incited.

His mind echoed with the recent warning from Wyatt Barnes:

"I am curious, when you become a cripple, recalling this moment, will you find all of this laughable?"

It turns out; Wyatt Barnes had planned it all along!

He had just waited for him to rush forward, and then used the 'Attack Inscription' to ruin his dantian!

Indeed, thinking back now, it seems laughable...

"The Simmons Clan... would never... spare you..."

Overwhelmed by his emotions, Roman's body trembled, and due to severe blood loss, he passed out.

"Brother Roman!"

The members of the Simmons Clan who each had their arm severed by Wyatt Barnes, their faces changed drastically.

A sense of fear flashed through their eyes...

They never expected Wyatt Barnes to be this terrifying. Not only was his martial arts talent incredible, but he even possessed an 'Attack Inscription' capable of dealing with an Original Pill Realm martial artist.

Such inscriptions, even within the kingdom of Crimson Heaven, were extremely precious!

Walter Simmons, Tiggi Field and Seeker Sinclair had recovered somewhat from their injuries and managed to stand up unsteadily with Remi Sinclair's support.

However, viewing the spectacle happening nearby, they stood there dumbstruck.

When Wyatt Barnes faced Roman Simmons, a third layer Original Pill Realm martial artist, they had almost despaired, believing that Wyatt was certain to have his cultivation wasted by Simmons...

But the result was way beyond their expectations!

Chapter 170: The Simmons Clan

They didn't expect this.

Remi Sinclair tried to cripple Wyatt Barnes and ended up being crippled by him instead...

A situation charged with irony!

However, seeing Wyatt Barnes safe and sound, they all breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow, looking towards the outside of the bamboo forest.

At this moment, three figures rushed towards him at a matchless speed from afar and in an instant, they arrived not far from him.

They were three middle-aged men and Wyatt Barnes only recognized one of them.

Rohan Knox!

A first-year teacher at General Star System.

He was also the teacher of the class where Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field belonged.

Among the other two middle-aged people, one was a burly man with a tiger's back and bear's waist, and the other was a graceful middle-aged scholar.

Just from their appearance, Wyatt could guess which faculties they taught at.

"Roman Simmons!"

The hulking man recognized Roman Sinclair lying on the ground, his face slightly changed.

Without any hesitation, he stepped forward, helped Roman stop the continuous flow of blood, and then fed him a golden healing pill.

"What's happened?"

The burly man frowned, his tiger-like eyes brimming with an unprovoked majestic charisma, were fixed on Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes was unfazed, and met the burly man's gaze, shrugging, "Actually, it's nothing, he just tried to sabotage my cultivation, but he failed. That's it..."

Hearing this, the burly man examined Roman for a while and realized that Roman's dantian had been crippled...

In that moment, his pupils involuntarily contracted, and he looked at the young man in the purple robe in shock, the young man's nonchalant face left him astounded, "Kid, do you realize what kind of trouble you've caused?"

"Teacher, to my knowledge, the martial arts school only explicitly prohibits killing among students... If someone tries to cripple my dantian, I can't just stand by and do nothing, right?"

Wyatt Barnes shrugged, smiling lightly and appearing calm and composed.

Today's incident, he didn't feel he was in the wrong. If it wasn't for Roman Sinclair's insistence and his brutal attempt to cripple his cultivation, he wouldn't have hit back so ruthlessly.

In Wyatt's view, it was Roman Sinclair's own fault!

The burly man looked at Wyatt's innocent and harmless face, and his mouth twitched involuntarily.

"So you are Wyatt Barnes?"

At this moment, the middle-aged scholar, who had come with the burly man, turned his gaze towards Wyatt Barnes.

"Teacher."

Wyatt Barnes greeted the middle-aged scholar.

The burly man looked slightly surprised, "So you are Wyatt Barnes...If what happened today is indeed as you described, the academy will not blame you. However, the Simmons Clan will not be so easy to handle. Roman Sinclair holds a very high position in the Simmons Clan, you should be prepared."

"Thank you for the reminder, teacher."

Wyatt Barnes nodded slightly and thanked him.

The burly man looked at Wyatt Barnes deeply, then turned his gaze to the two young men with severed arms, "You both seem to be from the Simmons Clan, right? Yes, you should take Roman back... Also, bring your arms as well, they should be able to reconnect."

"Yes, teacher."

The two young men with severed arms wore bitter expressions, picked up their severed arms, carried Roman Sinclair and left in disarray.

At that time, Rohan Knox who had learned what happened from Walter Simmons and Tiggi Field came over, "I've learned the whole story from my two students... The root of the conflict was that Roman Sinclair, Wyatt Barnes was just defending himself, it has nothing to do with Wyatt Barnes."

Upon hearing this, both the burly man and the middle-aged scholar nodded, "Although this is the case, we still have to report this incident to the vice-principal."

"Indeed."

The burly man and the middle-aged scholar looked at Wyatt Barnes again before finally turning around and leaving.

They came fast and left fast, just like the wind.

"Teacher, staring at me like that makes me feel a bit creeped out."

Wyatt Barnes noticed that Rohan Knox was glaring at him without blinking which made him feel uneasy...

This Rohan Knox... he doesn't have some strange hobby, does he?

Rohan Knox seemed to realize his mistake, chuckled, rubbing his palms together, "Wyatt Barnes, your martial arts talent is not bad. At such a young age, you have already cultivated to the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm... In the future, if you choose 'General', you will surely conquer all around you, boosting the morale of our friendly forces."

"Teacher, just say what you mean."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head with a smile, reading between the lines of Rohan Knox's words.

"You see, your frank disposition is the character of a 'General'... So I'll be straightforward, I want you to come to our General Star System, what do you say?"

Rohan Knox's eyes were gleaming, he stared at Wyatt Barnes, filled with anticipation.

In his view, with Wyatt Barnes' martial arts talent, he surely would become a powerful force in the future.

If he could cultivate such a person, his many years of teaching at the Martial Arts Academy would not be in vain.

"This..."

Wyatt Barnes was a little hesitant, then he looked up as if he'd noticed something, his eyes widened in surprise, a smile on his face, "Professor Rohan, I think you should talk to Master Hawkins about this."

Rohan Knox also felt that something was wrong with the atmosphere.

"Rohan Knox, are you trying to dig into my corner?"

The middle-aged scholar wearing a headscarf and holding a feather fan stood behind Rohan Knox, his wise eyes landed on Rohan Knox as he slowly said.

"Master Hawkins!"

Rohan Knox turned around and saw Enzo Hawkins. He laughed awkwardly, "Just a joke... Just a joke..."

"Wyatt Barnes, come with me."

Enzo Hawkins grunted without acknowledging Rohan Knox. He beckoned Wyatt Barnes and headed deeper into the bamboo forest.

"You guys go ahead and eat. I'll be right there."

Wyatt Barnes greeted Remi Sinclair and his group before catching up with Enzo Hawkins.

"You two lads embarrassed our first grade class of the General Star System today... As a punishment, you are responsible for paying for my lunch. Any objections?"

Wyatt heard Rohan's righteous words from behind, which made him smile involuntarily.

Then Tiggi Field's voice followed, "No objections, no objections."

In the depths of the bamboo forest, Enzo Hawkins stopped.

Wyatt Barnes also stopped.

"You were too impulsive in this matter."

Enzo Hawkins sighed.

Clearly, he already knew what had happened.

"Master, what does impulsiveness mean?"

But Wyatt Barnes, instead of agreeing or disagreeing, asked in return.

"Don't underestimate this... Today, since Roman Simmons didn't die, and you were in the right, the Saint Martial Arts Academy won't hold you accountable. But do you know? Roman Simmons is a direct disciple being heavily cultivated by the Simmons Clan, and also one of the candidates for the next Clan Chief of the Simmons Clan."

"By crippling Roman, you're essentially slapping the Simmons Clan in the face. The Simmons Clan will definitely not let it go!"

Enzo Hawkins shook his head. In his eyes, his student was like a green bull not afraid of tigers, daring to do anything.

"Master, I understand what you mean. However, one should stand for something in life... To me, when Roman Simmons repeatedly said he wanted to cripple me, and even acted on it, he crossed my bottom line. Not killing him is already an act of mercy!"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes hardened, his expression utterly calm, "As for the Simmons Clan, if they really want to hold me accountable, I'll gladly accompany them!"

In life, one should have principles to stand by!

Enzo Hawkins pondered over these few words, feeling the resolution and rebelliousness in Wyatt Barnes' statement.

At that moment, he felt Wyatt's self-confidence. He looked deeply at Wyatt, "I didn't expect you to see this matter so clearly... I thought you were just acting impulsively. Well then, I won't say more."

Then, Wyatt Barnes and Enzo Hawkins left the bamboo forest together, everything calm and peaceful.

The Simmons Clan!

Wyatt's eyes hardened, a cold smile crept onto his face.

Returning to the dining hall, Wyatt Barnes sat directly next to Remi Sinclair and the others, joining them for the meal.

During the meal, Remi Sinclair and his group naturally worried about Wyatt Barnes...

After all, to them, the Simmons Clan was an unbeatable behemoth.

In response, Wyatt Barnes just smiled, his face serene, as if he was an outsider, and all of this had nothing to do with him.

The Simmons Clan is one of the three prominent families in the Imperial City, and is known alongside the Barnes Clan and the Sinclair Clan.

Now, in the main hall of the Simmons manor, the heads of the Simmons Clan gathered together.

A man in his middle years, wearing a black robe with gold trim, sat at the head of the group. His back was as straight as a spear, his eyebrows full of authority...

This was the current Clan Chief of the Simmons Clan, Jameson Simmons.

Jameson was now approaching sixty, his twilight years just a few years away.

By then, the position of Clan Chief of the Simmons Clan would pass to the younger generation.

And he would retire from the front line to assist the new Clan Chief.

However, the atmosphere in the hall was somewhat oppressive.

Jameson's seat at the bottom was currently vacant...

Suddenly.

Heavy footsteps echoed from outside the hall. An old figure walked in.

This was an elderly man, his murky eyes flashing with angry bloodlust. His aura was chaotic, as if it could explode at any moment.

Soon, the old man took his seat below Jameson.

This seat was the one reserved for the Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan.

The identity of the old man was now obvious...

The Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, South Simmons!

"Grand Elder, is there any hope for Roman's Dantian to recover?"

Clan Chief Jameson Simmons spoke up, his eyes falling on South Simmons, his tone mixed with anticipation.

The other elders of the Simmons Clan also looked towards South Simmons, their eyes filled with hope.

"Chief, my grandson's Dantian... it's nearly shredded by the 'Attack Inscription', I'm afraid we can't do much... He probably wouldn't be able to accumulate Origin Force in his life."

South's tone was chilling.

His son died at a young age. Over the years, he pinned all his hopes on his grandson, Roman Simmons, whom he raised and taught diligently.

Roman did not disappoint him, as he became the most talented disciple of the younger generation of the Simmons Clan in Martial Dao.

In a few years, without any accident, Roman would assume the position of the next Clan Chief.

Just as he thought his grandson was about to have the most glorious moment of his life...

His grandson's Dantian was crippled, and all his cultivation was wasted!