

Legend of Wyatt

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Chapter 17 - 17 Three months later, I'll take your life!

No one expected Strength Garcia to dare to make a move in the Lee Family's great hall.

Moreover, the moment he made a move, he unleashed all of his Body Tempering Realm ninefold strength. It was clear that he intended to kill the young boy on the spot!

Strength Garcia was incredibly swift and arrived before the young boy in an instant.

The moment he slapped out, the young boy's body stiffened and he made a quick retreat with a shake of his legs!

Nevertheless, the residual force still swept the young boy off his feet, smashing him into the wall and making him cough up a mouthful of clotted blood...

The young boy's face was pale and he was shaking, forcing himself to a stop.

Clenching his fists, he trembled with rage, his nails digging into his palms, yet he did not seem to feel any pain...

A pair of sharp eyes burst with bloodthirsty murderous intentions!

Strength Garcia's body shook, and he prepared to strike again, having missed his first blow!

"How audacious!"

Seeing this, Jeremy Lee, the head of the Lee Family, stood up vehemently, shouting in disapproval!

"You're asking for death!"

Sixth Elder Bellamy Lee's Origin Force surged beneath his feet and he shot towards Strength Garcia like a bolt of lightning.

He punched out, harnessing the power of nature, conjuring the visages of four ancient elephants...

A punch containing the power of four ancient elephants. If it landed on Strength Garcia, he would either die or be crippled!

In the nick of time, Justice Garcia, the head of the Garcia Clan stepped in.

He moved swiftly, avoiding Bellamy Lee's punch and protected Strength Garcia.

Justice Garcia's speed was double that of Bellamy's!

Just then, the image of eight ancient elephants flickered above Justice Garcia's head...

Power of the eight ancient elephants!

"Are you okay?"

Bellamy Lee casted a cold glance at Justice Garcia, came over to the young boy, and asked.

"I'm fine, thank you, Sixth Elder."

The young boy shook his head, keeping his silence despite his injuries.

For him, expressing pain is a sign of weakness.

"Justice Garcia!"

Jeremy Lee shouted out in anger, the sound echoed like rolling thunder.

The whole great hall seemed to tremble.

"This matter between Wyatt Barnes and your Garcia Clan, my Lee Family will investigate it! But now that someone from your Garcia Clan has dared to injure a member of the Lee Family within our own grounds, it is clear you have no regard for my Lee Family. I demand an explanation from you, Justice Garcia!"

Jeremy Lee was utterly enraged now. Wyatt Barnes was a treasure of the Lee Family.

If something happened to Wyatt, aside from the Ninth Elder not letting the matter rest, their chances of surpassing the Garcia Clan would be ruined!

"Chairman Lee, I beg your forgiveness. My Garcia Clan's steward, Strength Garcia's only son, was crippled by Wyatt Barnes, leaving him bedridden for the rest of his life. It's understandable that he took action against Wyatt. There was no intent to offend Lee Family... Now that Wyatt is unharmed, can we just let bygones be bygones?"

Surprisingly, Justice Garcia calmly glossed over the recent event.

"Justice Garcia!"

Jeremy Lee's face darkened.

But before he could speak further, the young boy who had taken a few steps forward, cut him off.

"Chairman, I want to settle this matter myself."

Having said this, without waiting for Jeremy's response, the bloodthirsty gaze of the young boy settled on the steward of the Garcia Clan, Strength Garcia.

Like an Asura emerging from Hell, the chilling murder in his eyes sent chills running down every spine...

"Strength Garcia, huh? In three months, I will come to the Garcia Clan and claim your life!"

After saying this, the young boy turned around and proceeded to leave.

"Good! I will wait for you to come in three months. At that time, I will personally kill you and take revenge for my son!"

Strength Garcia, who originally lost hope in avenging his son, was now glistening with excitement upon hearing the young boy's words.

"We'll see if you're capable then."

The young boy didn't turn his head, laughed coldly, and stepped out, leaving the Lee Family's great hall.

Leaving only an imposing silhouette behind.

In his previous life, Wyatt reigned supreme and was unmatched, living life on his terms!

In this life, a mere steward of the Garcia Clan dares to threaten his life?

Three months later, he will defiantly walk into the Garcia Clan, blood will splatter, and today's humiliation would be avenged...

Only bloodshed can calm the rage burning in his heart!

"Chairman Lee, you indeed have a strong young warrior in your Lee Family... It's rare to see such spirit in someone as young as Wyatt Barnes. Since he and Strength Garcia have agreed to a life and death duel, further pursuit of this matter is pointless. Three months from now, my Garcia Clan will eagerly await his arrival!"

Justice Garcia, looking at Jeremy Lee, laughed heartily.

Having said that, Justice Garcia, taking no notice of the increasingly stern-faced Jeremy Lee, left with Strength Garcia.

"Chairman, Wyatt Barnes is too impulsive!"

Sixth Elder Bellamy Lee furrowed his brow, looking very worried.

His concern isn't for Wyatt's welfare, but rather his son might not be able to use the 'Six-Treasure Body Tempering Liquid' if something were to happen to Wyatt.

He had seen the rapid progress his son had made over the past few days. The Six-Treasure Body Tempering Liquid was nothing short of divine!

Jeremy Lee's eyes held a complicated look.

The murderous intent that rose from Wyatt just now made even him feel oppressed.

He couldn't understand why Wyatt, who had never killed anyone, would harbor such murderous intent...

In his opinion, only a warrior who'd fought and killed countless battles would possess such terrifying murderous intent.

"Since he's made up his mind, we can only trust him and hope he'll yet again pull off a miracle... Sixth Elder, I want to know what's going on between Wyatt Barnes and the Garcia Clan. Could you look into it for me?"

The mystery surrounding Wyatt Barnes kindled a spark of hope in Jeremy Lee's heart.

"Yes, Clan Leader."

Bellamy Lee retreated, his face showing an extreme distress.

While it was miraculous that Wyatt Barnes had defeated Hamza Lee,

Hamza Lee was still just in the fourth level of Body Tempering Realm, while Strength Garcia, was a martial artist of the ninth level of Body Tempering Realm—the difference was like night and day.

For a boy in the third level of the Body Tempering Realm to aspire to defeat someone at the ninth level in just three months later, that seemed to him an utterly far-fetched tale.

With each level of the Body Tempering Realm, the difficulty of advancing increased exponentially.

Wyatt Barnes was enduring the pain, taking heavy, laborious steps, moving slowly towards home.

His pride wouldn't allow him to show any weakness in public.

It wasn't until he had returned to his courtyard that he broke into fits of coughing, vomiting mouthfuls of congested blood, which stained the ground red.

"Young Master, what's happened to you?"

The young girl who was washing vegetables in the courtyard turned as pale as death when she saw this.

She dropped what she was doing to help Wyatt Barnes into his room, her tear-filled eyes gleaming like autumn water.

"Young Master, don't scare Keer, please don't scare Keer..."

She broke into tears.

"You foolish girl, it's nothing more than a minor injury. I'll be fine with some rest."

Wyatt Barnes wiped away the girl's tears and forced a smile.

An hour later, Christina Lee, who had just returned from the town market, entered the courtyard.

Seeing the blood all around her, her face instantly changed.

"Wyatt, who did this to you?"

Christina Lee rushed into Wyatt Barnes's room, her voice cold as ice.

"Mother, I'm okay... moreover, I've already told the Clan Leader about this. I'll handle it myself. Mother, trust me!"

After being cared for by Keer and having taken a Ninth Rank Golden Elixir brought by the Clan Leader himself, Wyatt Barnes had recovered considerably and forced a smile.

"Was it Justice Garcia?"

Christina Lee asked in a low voice.

"No, it was the Garcia Clan's steward, 'Strength Garcia'. Mother, he won't enjoy much more life. In three months, he'll meet his end!"

By the time he finished speaking, a determined light flashed in Wyatt Barnes's eyes.

Soon after, the effect of the Ninth Rank Golden Elixir took over, and Wyatt Barnes fell into a deep sleep.

"Keer, take good care of Wyatt for me."

Once she had checked that her son was not in a serious condition, Christina Lee breathed a sigh of relief. She spoke to Keer and then immediately left the courtyard.

To visit the Clan Leader, Jeremy Lee.

From him, she learned the whole story and finally understood what her son's words meant.

She took a deep breath. Although her eyes revealed a chilling murderous intent, she thought of her son's steadfast determination and forced herself to hold back.

She had made up her mind. If her son was defeated by Strength Garcia in three months, even if it meant provoking the Garcia Clan, she would intervene and kill Strength Garcia herself!

For her son, she would risk everything...

Even her own life!

The peaceful town was suddenly thrown into chaos with the news intentionally leaked by the Garcia Clan...

"Hey! Have you heard? They say a non-blood member of the Lee Family publicly challenged the Garcia Clan's steward, 'Strength Garcia', to a battle to the death in three months!"

"Yes, I heard it too. That non-blood member's name is 'Wyatt Barnes'. He's the son of the Garcia Clan's Ninth Elder. A month ago, he had a conflict with the Garcia Clan's young master Jackie Garcia over a young girl who sold herself to bury her mother. He even crippled one of Jackie Garcia's best men!"

"Rumor has it, the guy crippled by Wyatt Barnes is the only son of the Garcia Clan's steward!"

"I remember now. A month ago, Jackie Garcia was indeed humiliated by a young man. I was present. That young man was Wyatt Barnes? Looking at him, he's probably not even sixteen yet..."

"Are you kidding me? Not even sixteen, and he dares to challenge the Garcia Clan's steward to a fight to the death? Has he lost his mind? Here in Clear Wind Town, who doesn't know that the Garcia Clan's steward, Strength Garcia, is a martial artist of the ninth level of the Body Tempering Realm."

"Youthful folly, sheer youthful folly!"

...

All over Clear Wind Town, similar comments circulated.

Everyone thought that Wyatt Barnes was courting death.

The Lee Family's mansion.

Beneath Clan Leader Jeremy Lee in the grand hall, all the Lee Clan elders gathered together.

Even Mark Lee, the Seventh Elder who had been in seclusion for many days, attended.

These Lee Elders have all heard the rumors circulating around Clear Wind Town.

They were anxious.

If Wyatt Barnes was injured in three months, wouldn't their children be without any Body Firming Essence?

"Clan Leader!"

"Clan Leader!"

...

Other than Grand Elder Kayson Lee, Seventh Elder Mark Lee, and Ninth Elder Christina Lee, all the other elders wore anxious expressions as they turned to Jeremy Lee.

Jeremy Lee raised his hand to silence them from saying anything more.

"I understand the concerns of the elders but since this matter has already been set in stone and spread by the Garcia Clan, if we were to back down, what face would the Lee Family have left? Therefore, we can only trust Wyatt Barnes. After discussing with the Grand Elder, we have decided to pour all our resources of the Lee Family into helping Wyatt Barnes for the next three months. Do any of you elders oppose this?"

At this moment, all the Elders of the Lee Family could just sigh and shake their heads. The die was cast; they had no other options.

Although, it seemed as if they were trying to achieve the impossible...

After the Lee Family's high-ranking members dispersed.

Seventh Elder Mark Lee walked home with a cold smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Hamza, soon someone would be helping you to seek revenge... This Wyatt Barnes, who dares to challenge the ninth realm of the Body Tempering Realm Strength Garcia to a battle to the death, is simply on a road to self-destruction!"

Chapter 18 - 18 Breakthrough

Half a month later, at the mansion of the Lee Family, within a spacious courtyard.

An elderly man lay comfortably in a recliner, his eyes closed as he basked in the sun.

Behind him, a refined young man was giving him a massage.

"Grand Elder, I will massage you again in half a month and then your long-lasting health problem will be completely eliminated," the young man said while massaging.

"Young lad, I owe you a lot for this. Without your help, I would have continued suffering," the elderly man sighed.

For many years, he had been tormented by his health issues.

The fact it could be eliminated was exceptionally good news for him.

"Grand Elder, there's no need for compliments. I'm just doing my job," the young man shook his head and chuckled.

To him, massaging the elderly man for a thousand taels per session was a surefire profit.

"I heard you rejected the Master's good intentions?" The elder suddenly asked.

"Yes, I'm not in need of money at the moment, and what I need I can buy in the market. There's no need to waste the family's resources; let's leave them for those who need them more," the young man smiled.

"You speak nicely, I never took you for such a woke lad. So your real reason for refusing is that you don't want to feel indebted to the Lee Family, right?" The elder man teased, hitting right on the young man's intention.

The young man grinned awkwardly. As the saying goes, experience comes with age.

Indeed, just as the elderly man pointed out, he was not willing to be bound by the Lee Family. He desired to leave and venture into the outside world eventually.

The Lee family, and even the entire Clear Wind Town, were just starting points for him.

"Phew!"

The young man finished the massage.

The elderly man opened his eyes, exhaled a turbid breath, and took a bank check from his bosom, handing it to the sweaty young lad.

"Grand Elder, I'll leave now. See you in half a month," the young lad chuckled.

After the young man left.

"I hope you can surprise me in two and a half months," the elderly man murmured to himself.

After leaving the Grand Elder Kayson Lee's residence, Wyatt Barnes went straight home.

As soon as he entered the main yard.

He saw a slim silhouette rapidly drawing her sword, sheathing it again and again, repeating the action tirelessly...

Seemingly ignorant of what fatigue is.

The young girl was already sopping with sweat, biting her chubby lips, her autumn-like eyes full of determination!

Seeing this, Wyatt was somewhat distressed.

"Keer, sword drawing involves moving with the heart and knowing when to stop. Overexerting yourself like this can be harmful," he walked forward and gently stopped the girl from practicing the Sword Drawing Technique.

"Young Master, Keer wants to master the Sword Drawing technique as soon as possible. That way, I can protect the Young Master and fight off bad guys who try to bully you," the girl gasped, her cute face flushed, speaking earnestly.

"Silly girl, go and rest now," Wyatt's heart warmed as he gently patted the girl's soft hair.

The girl nodded obediently, docile as a kitten.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Spirit Snake Transformation!

That night, the lad sat quietly in the bath, greedily absorbing the Seven Treasures Body Fluid...

After all the medicinal fluid had been absorbed, his qi and blood strength, physical transformation had reached a new threshold.

He crawled out of the bath and got dressed.

"Tomorrow morning, I should be able to break through to the Fourth-Order Body Tempering Realm... However, to kill Strength Garcia in two and a half months, I need to break through to at least the Seventh-Order Body Tempering Realm. As cultivation increases, it gets harder. Counting only on the Seven Treasures Body Fluid, it's impossible to break through to the Seventh-Order Body Tempering Realm. Maybe it's time to buy some more things from the market," the lad mused, his eyes glinting.

The next morning, before dawn, the lad got out of bed, poured a dose of Seven Treasures Body Fluid into the bath, and started to practice.

After a night's rest, he had completely absorbed the medicinal power of the previous night's bath.

Running the 'Spirit Snake Transformation' technique from Nine Dragons War Sovereign, he sat in the bath and greedily absorbed the medicinal fluid.

He didn't know how much time had passed.

It wasn't until the dawn broke, the morning sunlight spread across the earth, and a few rays of light came through the muslin window in the room onto his body, that he slowly opened his eyes.

"Crack crack..."

He stood up from the bath, stretched casually, and the crisp sound of bone friction could be heard...

Instantly, a smile appeared on the boyish cheeks of the lad.

"Finally, I've broken through."

With an upward-facing palm, he clenched his fist.

Feeling the explosive strength in his body, the lad's smile grew deeper.

"Sure enough, just as I suspected, a typical cultivator at the fourth level of the Body Tempering Realm only gains an additional 200 pounds of strength, yet I've gained over 300 pounds! It seems that the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign' really is different from ordinary cultivation techniques."

Dressed, the young man pushed open the door of his room and stepped out, basking in the delightful sunshine.

Whoosh! Clang! Whoosh! Clang! Whoosh! Clang!

...

Crisp sounds of draw and sheathing of a sword could be heard nearby.

It was then, that Wyatt Barnes noticed, Keer had been getting up early every morning to practice the Sword Drawing Technique in the courtyard.

Not wanting to disturb their sweet dreams, the young girl had chosen to practice in a secluded corner of the courtyard.

Had he not stepped out of his room, he would not have heard these sounds.

Sighing, Wyatt understood that his last injury had been troubling Keer a lot.

During these days, she barely seemed to rest, not only stepping into the third level of the Body Tempering Realm, but also getting a glimpse of the path of the Sword Drawing Technique.

Essentially, Keer was doing all of this for him, to protect him.

"Keer, stop practicing, accompany me to the market to buy some things."

Wyatt approached her, with a smile on his face.

"Young Master, I will prepare breakfast first."

The girl sheathed her sword, standing upright and beautiful, her untouched cheeks blushing faintly.

"No need, we will have breakfast outside."

"Then, I will prepare something for Madam...".

"It's okay, my mother can take care of herself, let's go."

Wyatt held the girl's hand and left the courtyard. But not before calling out to his mother, Christina Lee, who was in her room.

"Mother, I'm taking Keer out, please handle breakfast yourself."

After Wyatt and Keer left,

In the courtyard, a door creaked open and a beautiful woman stepped out, bathing in the sunshine.

"Isn't this akin to forgetting one's mother after marrying a wife?"

The woman shook her head with a faint smile on her lips.

"Big Brother, Big Brother, wait for me...wait for me!"

As soon as the youthful and radiant boy and girl walked out of the Lee Family mansion, they heard a panting voice from behind.

A chubby boy, swinging his fat body, stood breathlessly in their path, blocking their way.

"Are you calling me?"

Wyatt turned back but didn't see anyone else.

He vaguely recognized the chubby boy but could not remember his name: was this person one of the followers of Wyatt Barnes from before?

But, would anyone consent to be Wyatt Barnes' follower when he was a sickly weakling?

"Big Brother, of course I'm calling you. You are my idol."

The chubby boy nodded like a pecking chicken, his face quivering with the nod.

"I don't know you."

Frowning slightly, Wyatt held the girl's hand and walked forward.

"Big Brother, I admit that I was wrong for pulling down your pants when we were kids, but you don't need to hold such a grudge, right? When you defeated Hamza Lee, you vented my anger for me, and besides, you suffered no repercussions after defeating him, you're so cool!"

The chubby boy trotted along, never ceasing to talk.

Pulling down pants?

Hearing the chubby boy's words, Wyatt's mind was flooded with vague images.

That was from the memory of the original Wyatt Barnes when he was a child.

In the memory, a group of five or six year old children were playing, when suddenly, a chubby boy sneakily ran behind him, pulled down his pants, causing the children to burst into laughter, and he cried in humiliation.

"Are you Darren Lee?"

Finally, Wyatt remembered.

This chubby boy was the only son of Fifth Elder Moshe Lee. He had left the town with his grandfather when he was a child and Wyatt didn't expect him to return now.

"Big Brother, you finally remember me."

The chubby boy's eyes lit up.

"When did you come back? And why are you calling me Big Brother?"

Wyatt asked.

In his memory, the original Wyatt didn't interact much with the chubby boy, let alone consider him as a younger brother.

"I've been back for two months. You taught Hamza Lee a lesson for me and you're so awesome, so I decided to recognize you as my Big Brother. Big Brother, from now on I'm your man, so you have to take good care of me!"

The chubby boy gave a hee-hee laugh and winked.

From the chubby boy, Wyatt learned that

Soon after the chubby boy returned, he got into a conflict with Rudy Lee, Hamza Lee's younger brother. Rudy wasn't his match, so he got Hamza to beat him up.

"Me defeating Hamza Lee was my own business, I never thought about helping you... And, you're not my subordinate, and I'm not interested in being your Big Brother, don't bother me again!"

Wyatt left these indifferent words, holding the girl's hand and headed towards the market without looking back.

In his prior life, he was betrayed by his brothers. In this life, he learned his lesson and wasn't going to recognize any brothers without cause; he didn't want a time bomb by his side.

Despite all precautions, a thief within the family is hard to guard against!

Little did the chubby boy expect Wyatt to suddenly turn cold. He was startled and stood dumbfounded in place, watching the young couple disappear into the distance.

Behind his chubby face, his little eyes were full of grievance.

Chapter 19 - 19: The Unruly Young Lady

Scent Sinking Restaurant, the best restaurant in the town of Clear Breeze.

Located at the junction of the Lee family, Garcia Clan and Holland clan districts, it doesn't belong to any of these three powerful families.

According to the rumors, it's run by a major trading company from outside.

Early in the morning, there is already a good number of people coming in and out of the Scent Sinking Restaurant, all there for breakfast.

The people who can afford to dine at the Scent Sinking Restaurant, are all from the wealthier families of Clear Breeze, the existence of either high status or wealth is self-evident.

A golden boy and jade girl-type pair of young man and woman entering the Scent Sinking Restaurant get all the attention of the onlookers; most of their glances full of amazement and envy.

The views of amazement fell naturally upon the young woman, and the envious eyes all fell on the young man.

"Would you two like a table?"

One of the boys standing in a line at the doorway of the Scent Sinking Restaurant came forward to greet them. He bowed his head and asked with respectfulness.

"Yes, does the upper storey, a private seat by the window, have availability?"

The young man slightly nodded and asked as if he was familiar with the place.

"Yes, right this way, please."

The boy who heard the young man's words, immediately knew that he wasn't their first-time visitor. Quickly, he took them up to the upper floor which was noticeably quieter than the lobby on the first floor.

Of course, the consumption on the second floor was more than twice that of the first floor's lobby.

"We are in luck."

Seeing that there was only one table left by the window on the second floor, Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows slightly.

As Wyatt Barnes walked towards the table by the window with the young girl, some people in the second-floor lobby had their eyes fall on Keer, who was beside Wyatt. They were attracted by her graceful charm.

A few teenage boys near a window, cast their eyes full of greed on Keer.

"Keer, take a seat."

Wyatt took the purple short sword, which was sheathed, from Keer's hand and put it on the table. He casually pulled out a chair and invited Keer to sit down, displaying the manners of a gentleman.

"Thank you, Young Master."

A blush rose to the young girl's tender cheeks that seemed as if they could be punctured by a touch, as she sat down.

Just as Wyatt was about to sit across from Keer.

Suddenly a figure seized his seat before he could.

Wyatt frowned, finding a young lady in green had taken his place.

This lady was roughly about sixteen years old. While she was not considered breathtaking, her still child-like face exuded a hint of charm, contradictorily combined with a unique pureness, forming a unique impression.

An ordinary-looking maid came along, standing in modesty behind the green-dressed lady.

"Miss Holland, I beg your pardon, but this gentleman has already chosen this spot. Could you possibly change to another seat?"

The boy who had led Wyatt Barnes and Keer here spoke up, his face mixed with a humble smile, clearly recognizing the lady in green.

"I, too, have chosen this seat. Why, as a regular patron of the Scent Sinking Restaurant, am I not even afforded this basic right?"

The girl in the green dress looked down at the boy from her higher position with a raised head, her eyes full of arrogance.

"When I dine, I prefer not to have strangers present."

Next, her gaze fell upon Keer, who was sitting across from her. A hint of jealousy flitted across her eyes as she spoke in a flat tone. "As for you, young man, could you..."

"One of the boys accompanying the green-dressed lady glanced at Wyatt, suggesting that Wyatt change his position.

When he realized that Wyatt didn't seem to heed his words at all, he could only close his mouth in resignation.

"Young Master, shall we change to another spot?"

At this moment, Keer looked towards Wyatt as well.

She could see that this Miss Holland was a noble lady with a significant status.

Though her appearance and temperament were inferior to Keer's, her aura was stifling to Keer.

Though she had been with Wyatt for a while now, there remained a slight sense of inferiority deep within Keer's heart—which had all to do with her humble origins.

Wyatt caught the look in Keer's eyes. How could he not know what she was thinking?

He understood that if he wanted Keer to let go of her innate inferiority, he would have to set a good example.

At the very least, he wanted Keer to know that in this world, dignity had to be fought for by oneself.

"Keer, tell me, why should we change our positions?"

Wyatt looked at Keer gently and asked softly.

"Young Master, I..."

Keer didn't know what to say.

"Keer, remember this; from the moment you came home with me, you were no longer the Keer from before. I want to see your confident self, a reborn you, not the person you used to be, do you understand?"

Wyatt advised patiently and kindly.

"My apologies, Young Master."

Keer's eyes were slightly moist as she bowed her head.

"Hey! Are you listening? I hate having strangers around when I dine! Now get out!"

The girl in the green dress lost her temper, seeing that Wyatt and Keer appeared to be chatting leisurely, and yelled in resentment.

"Miss Holland, is it?"

Suddenly, Wyatt turned his eyes onto the green-dressed girl.

"You have a count of three breaths to vacate my seat, or else... Be prepared for the consequences!"

Wyatt's eyes flashed coldly, his voice dropping to a dangerous tone.

The girl in green changed color.

Just as she was about to retaliate.

She felt a cold aura rolling off the boy, who appeared younger than her, pouring over her. It was stifling, causing her face to turn pale.

"Two more breaths left!"

The low, ominous voice echoed again.

This time, the cold and heavy pressure was even stronger!

The girl in green was on the verge of a mental breakdown, but as the daughter of the head of the Holland Family, her pride forced her to grit her teeth and endure it.

"One more breath left!"

The low murmur echoed again, like stifled thunder.

Accompanying it was not only a cold aura, but also a hint of bloodlust.

The girl in blue turned pale, her face drained of color, and unable to bear it, she stood up abruptly from her seat.

She watched wide-eyed as Wyatt Barnes sat down, and the terrifying aura oppressing her gradually dissipated.

"Who said you are?"

The girl in blue took a deep breath, asking unwillingly.

She couldn't understand how a boy who looked younger than her could possess such a terrifying aura.

He just now, seemed like an Asura emerging from the depths of Hell, exuded an aura frigid and bloody.

She didn't doubt that if she hadn't stood up just now, she would have faced terrible consequences.

"Two servings of your signature dim sum here, um, and two bowls of soy milk."

Wyatt Barnes seemed not to have heard the girl in the blue dress, and instead looked towards the two dumbstruck servants, speaking slowly.

"Yes, sir."

One of the servants respectfully replied and left.

To him, anyone who dared to challenge Miss Holland, Bria Holland, was definitely not a simple person.

"Hey! I'm talking to you, didn't you hear?"

Bria Holland was practically at her wit's end.

Ever since she was old enough to understand things, she had been the apple of her parents' eyes, showered with love and pampered. This was the first time someone dared to ignore her so blatantly.

"Keer, the dim sum here is not bad, you should try it. If you like it, Young Master will bring you here every morning."

Wyatt Barnes looked at the girl across the table, his eyes filled with tenderness as he spoke softly.

"Young Master, it's enough to come here occasionally. I've heard that the dim sum here is very expensive."

The young girl shook her head wisely.

"No worries, although Young Master isn't rich enough to be an enemy of the state, I do have the ability to satisfy Keer's taste buds."

Barnes' unabashed words made the girl blush and lower her head, her tender cheeks dyed with a crimson hue.

"Young Master, Miss Holland is speaking to you."

The maid standing by Bria Holland looked at Keer enviously and timidly addressed Barnes.

"It must be hard for you, serving a mistress like her."

Barnes glanced at the maid and gave a slight smile.

"No... It's not... Miss... Miss Holland treats me very well."

The maid went pale with fright at Barnes's words and hurriedly waved her hands.

"Who asked your opinion."

Holland shot the maid a glare.

At this point, she felt a trace of unjustified jealousy rising within her. She never thought that one day she would be jealous of her own maid.

And not for any other reason, but because of the annoying boy in front of her who completely ignored her and warmly responded to something the maid said with a smile.

"Miss.Holland!"

"Miss.Holland, it really is you!"

...

A few boys at a nearby window-side table recognized Bria Holland and approached her, warmly greeting her. Their tones filled with admiration.

The expression on Holland's face softened a bit, she glanced at Barnes with pride.

As if to tell Barnes: I, Bria Holland, am the darling of the heavens, and there are plenty of people who pay attention to me.

However, when she saw that Barnes was still ignoring her, her face turned gloomy immediately.

"Miss.Holland, what happened?"

A boy a little older than Bria Holland sensed that something was wrong and asked.

"Yes, Miss.Holland, is there anything we can help with?"

The other two boys, roughly the same age as Holland, eagerly spoke up.

"I was the first to sit in this seat, but he insisted on me getting up and took my seat."

Bria Holland glanced at Barnes, her eyes seeming to well up in resentment, as she spoke, exaggerating the truth.

"What? He even dared to take Miss.Holland's seat!"

"Kid, you really have made up your mind to cross the line!"

...

Upon hearing her words, the three boys were instantly furious, pointing at Barnes and shouting.

"Miss, how could you wrong someone like this."

Upon hearing Holland's words, Keer's cute face turned slightly red, speaking indignantly.

When Keer lifted her head, her refined cheeks turned red in her anger, leaving the three righteous boys stupefied.

When had they ever seen such a beauty?

At that moment, they even forgot what they were doing...

"Is she pretty?"

The color drained from Holland's face as she asked sharply.

"Yes... no, no!"

The three boys were snapped back to their senses with a jolt.

That's when they remembered that this girl from the Holland family is infamously jealous.

Someone once said that a servant in the Holland family had praised a maid as being prettier than Bria, and as a result, both the maid and the servant vanished without a trace.

Turning their attention back to Barnes, they shouted angrily,

"Kid, get lost while you can. Don't you dare to cross with Miss Holland!"

"If you don't scram, don't blame us, brothers, for getting rude!"

...

Chapter 20 - 20: A Blood-Spattering Sword

"Are you being impolite to me?"

Hearing the stern words from the three youths, Wyatt Barnes laughed, a laugh that was pure and dazzling.

"What are you laughing at?"

One of the boys, with a gloomy expression, demanded to know.

"I understand your desire to impress Miss Holland in front of me... I just find it funny. Where does your confidence come from, that you think you can be rude to me? If I'm not mistaken, the three of you are from the Garcia Clan, right?"

The smile on Wyatt Barnes' face shone even brighter, his discerning eyes appeared as if he could see right through the three of them.

In Wyatt's past memories, he vaguely remembered one of the youths. The boy seemed to be one of the bootlickers around Jackie Garcia, the young master of the Garcia Clan.

"Correct, we are from the Garcia Clan. Now that members from both the Holland Family and Garcia Clan are present, what can a kid like you possibly do?"

"Exactly, do you think a kid like you can trouble both the Garcia Clan and Holland Family?"

"You better kneel down and apologize to Miss Holland immediately, we might just spare your life!"

The three youngsters from the Garcia Clan threatened Wyatt Barnes word by word as if they had completely forgotten that they too were merely kids, not much older than Wyatt himself.

"I believe Miss Holland can represent the Holland Family..."

Wyatt nodded solemnly, making Bria Holland, who was standing nearby, slightly proud.

However, Wyatt's following words made her face turn completely black!

"But as for you three, whose knees go weak at the sight of a woman, do you really think you can represent the Garcia Clan? I must say, it's the biggest joke I've heard in my entire life! If I don't care about Miss Holland, what makes you think I will care about you?"

Wyatt Barnes finished, his face full of disdain.

His eyes twinkled with a provocative hint of amusement, as if he was doing this on purpose.

"You're asking for death!"

Upon being humiliated by Wyatt in front of Bria Holland, the three boys from the Garcia Clan were instantly consumed by rage.

"Oh, are you thinking of starting a fight?"

Wyatt laughed.

"I know Scent Sinking Restaurant has a strong backing, but, if these three attack me first today, could you please be a witness for me?"

He then turned towards a young servant standing not far away.

The young servant looked deeply at Wyatt. In him, the youth saw a wisdom and self-confidence that even adults may lack. It seemed like he had everything under control.

"Even if we attack you first, so what? Attack!"

One of the boys from the Garcia Clan yelled, and all three simultaneously lunged at Wyatt. Their assault was fierce, and they aimed for his vital parts...

"Young Master!"

Keer cried out, ready to draw her sword.

But just as she reached out for the short sword on the table, she found that Wyatt had already drawn it first.

She saw a flash of the purple sword light, then it disappeared. Immediately after, it returned to its sheath with a resonant sound.

The next moment.

Accompanied by three heartrending screams, six lines of blood spurted out.

Blood gushed wildly from the wrists of the three boys, which they couldn't stop...

"I'm giving you three breaths of time, disappear before me immediately, or else, die!"

Wyatt's indifferent voice drowned out the boys' wailing.

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, the boys' faces turned completely pale.

Ignoring their bleeding hands that had lost feeling, they hurriedly rushed down from the second floor of the Scent Sinking Restaurant.

They disappeared from Wyatt's sight in just two breaths.

When faced with the threat of death, people can always muster extraordinary potential.

The young servant's eyes hardened, unable to recover from the shock of the scene just now.

From his perspective, Wyatt's sword strike had been too fast, so quick that even he, a martial artist of the fifth level of the Body Tempering Realm, could not see it clearly.

Bria Holland's face turned pale, her gaze filled with horror as she looked at Wyatt.

The maid standing behind Bria was even more flustered. She screamed, shivering with fear. She didn't dare to look at Wyatt again.

To her, the boy who had smiled at her moments ago now seemed to be the very embodiment of the God of Death.

The girl sitting opposite Wyatt, Keer, didn't look good either, her face a bit pale.

"What, Miss Holland, do you want me to escort you out personally?"

Wyatt glanced at the stunned Bria Holland and chuckled.

"Who are you really?"

Bria took a deep breath.

"Miss Holland, your reluctance to leave me, you wouldn't have fallen for me, would you? But I don't like women who are demanding and capricious like a lady, so Miss Holland, you might not want to waste your energy."

Wyatt joked with a smile.

Bria, not expecting Wyatt to be so shameless, flushed red and spat out in anger.

Her inner fear was slightly alleviated due to Wyatt's words.

"Emerald, now that those three are gone, a table has just become available, let's go over there."

Then, escorting her shivering maid, she walked towards the table by the window.

The pastries left behind by the three Garcia Clan youngsters were still steaming hot.

"You clean up here, then go serve Miss Holland."

Wyatt nodded at the young servant with a faint smile.

That Bria Holland, unlike the usual arrogant and unreasonable women, was at least courageous enough to stay even at this time.

"Yes."

The young servant responded respectfully, then after cleaning up the bloodstains, went to serve Miss Holland from the Holland Family.

"Keer, were you scared just now?"

Wyatt looked at the girl sitting across the table, his face gentle.

His demeanor now, compared to just a moment ago, seemed like they were two different people.

"No."

The girl lightly shook her head.

But her slightly pale pretty face undoubtedly proved that she had been quite startled just now.

Soon, Wyatt's table was served with pastries and soy milk.

Wyatt Barnes was behaving as if nothing had happened, stuffing his mouth with treats and gulping down soy milk.

As for the girl, she seemed to have lost her appetite, only managing to eat a little.

"Keer, usually you eat much more, come on, finish it."

Wyatt encouraged.

"Young Master, I..."

The girl's complexion was slightly pale as if she was still recalling the bloody scene.

"Keer, sooner or later I'll have to leave Clear Wind Town. If you really intend to leave with me, you must be mentally prepared for more bloodshed. Understand? Of course, if you don't plan to leave with me, just forget what I said."

Wyatt sighed deliberately and spoke slowly.

"Young Master, Keer understands... Don't...don't abandon me."

The girl hurriedly picked up a treat and continued to eat it. Her pitiful appearance was simply heartbreaking.

Seeing Keer like this, Wyatt couldn't help but feel moved.

However, he knew that he had to be firm, as only in this way could he train Keer and rid her of her inner weakness as soon as possible.

"Hey! You there, aren't you going to leave? Aren't you afraid the Garcias will come after you?"

The voice of Bria Holland came from afar into Wyatt's ears.

"That's none of your concern, Miss Holland. But perhaps you're just hoping that the Garcias will come after me?"

Wyatt replied lightly.

"I'm so angry, so angry!"

Bria teen, who was venting her anger at Wyatt's words, gritted her teeth, vowing in her heart:

I'll know who you are sooner or later. I will not let you off, absolutely not!

"This Bria is a real jinx."

After eating and drinking his fill, Wyatt took a glance outside the window and found that the trio from the Garcia Clan who had left earlier had returned.

They had their hands bandaged up and were coming over with a man in his twenties. They seemed rather aggressive.

Soon, the four of them entered the Scent Sinking Restaurant.

Bria, who was not far away, also saw this scene. A smile appeared in her eyes. She glanced at Wyatt and had a thought:

You were a stubborn fool earlier. Now, even the deputy chief of the Garcia Pharmacy personally came. Let's see how you can smile now...

Huh!

If you kneel down before me and knock on your head three times, perhaps I'll consider helping you.

"Brother Pete, it's him!"

The three youths of Garcia Clan led the youth upstairs, pointing at Wyatt aggressively.

"Gentlemen, let's talk things over, let's talk things over."

The servants who followed attempted to mediate.

"Talk things over?"

The youth, who was the young manager 'Pete Garcia' of the Garcia Pharmacy, cast a cold eye over the servants.

"When our Garcia brothers were being maimed, where were you? Get lost!"

The young man's words changed Bria's expression.

Sever the tendons?

In an instant, a chilling sensation prickled in her heart, and she looked at Wyatt with more fear.

She thought that Wyatt had only shed the blood of the Garcia youths. She did not expect him to have severed their tendons.

If a tendon was severed, even if it healed in the future, they would never be as nimble as before.

To the martial artist, this was no different from being amputated.

"You, cut off your tendons!"

Pete Garcia stared at Wyatt with cold eyes, as if looking at a dead person.

In his view, a lad at the fourth level of the Body Tempering Realm, was indeed as good as a dead person in front of him.

"Tsk tsk... so after the underlings got beaten, the boss couldn't wait to jump out? All three of you are older than me, yet I managed to make you run away and bring reinforcements. Isn't that a matter of great pride and honor for you? You have truly done your Garcia Clan proud."

Wyatt laughed.

He completely ignored Pete Garcia and gave a contemptuous glance to the three Garcia youths.

"Shut up!"

Pete's eyes grew colder, he stepped forward, ready to strike ...

"Stop!"

Just then, a cold voice echoed.

A man in a green robe stepped in. Everybody in the room greeted him with respect, calling him "Manager Marston."

"Manager Marston."

Seeing the middle-aged man, Pete's face softened, and he became more respectful.

"Young Master Garcia, you should know the rules of the Scent Sinking Restaurant. If you have any issues, resolve them outside. This is not a place where you can act recklessly."

The middle-aged man said casually.

"Yes."

Pete took a deep breath.

"I'll be waiting for you at the front door of the Scent Sinking Restaurant. If you dare, never leave!"

Pete gave Wyatt a cold look and left the second floor of the Scent Sinking Restaurant.

"Don't worry, after Keer finishes her snacks, I'll leave."

Wyatt smiled lightly as if Pete's words meant nothing to him.

Instead, he turned to Keer with great interest.

"Keer, why aren't you eating? Come on, continue eating, don't waste."

Looking at the girl, Wyatt's face was filled with affection.

The middle-aged man gave Wyatt a deep look and left.

The guests and servants in the hall on the second floor looked at Wyatt with a hint of pity...

In their eyes, even though the young man was stronger than his contemporaries, he was still only about fifteen years old. On the other hand, Pete was a martial artist in his twenties, who had reached the sixth level of the Body Tempering Realm.

The young man stood no chance against Pete.