

## L. Wyatt 171

Chapter 171: The Little Python Breaks Through

"Smack!"

The clan chief of the Simmons Clan, Jameson Simmons's face sank, and with a loud smack, he shattered the armrest of his chair with a single palm.

When it comes to martial arts talent,

Roman Simmons is more gifted than him in his prime.

In his opinion, under Roman's leadership, the Simmons Clan would surely embark on a new path of glory in the future...

However, all of this has now been ruined by a brat!

"Chief, this Wyatt Barnes, he was so ruthless, this matter can't just be left at that!"

"That's right, if he doesn't get punished, where is the face of our Simmons Clan!"

"He must be severely punished!"

...

One after another, the elders of the Simmons Clan were filled with righteous indignation and were furious.

"Grand Elder, I will leave this matter to you. The Simmons Clan will fully cooperate with you!"

The gaze of Jameson Simmons fell on South Simmons. He knew that among those present, the most furious one was South Simmons.

After all, Roman is his own grandson!

"Thank you, clan chief."

Upon hearing Jameson Simmons's words, South Simmons was slightly excited. A pair of eyes, revealed the fierce light, revealing his violent nature.

In his opinion, regardless of who, by crippling his grandson's dantian, it is equivalent to having one foot in the 'Hell Gate'...

He will not consider any reason, whether it was his grandson who caused the trouble first.

He only knew that what he had to do was to obliterate the person who crippled his grandson!

Holy Martial Academy.

On the big tree next to Martial Arts Performance Field.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, The Fierce Python Transformation!

Wyatt Barnes practiced again in the afternoon. By the time it was almost evening, he found that the bottleneck had loosened a bit...

"If nothing goes wrong, I should be able to break through within this month."

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flickered as a faint smile was evident on his face.

Nowadays, he can finally, like a normal Condensed Pill Realm martial artist, improve his cultivation level at will.

It's enough to leave the 'body tempering' of the Fierce Python Transformation to Dragon Blood Pill.

One Dragon Blood Pill is enough to instantly complete his body's Origin Force tempering processes!

Moving his body, Wyatt Barnes jumped off the big tree in a good mood, watched Remi Sinclair, Seeker Sinclair and the other students spar for a while, then left the Holy Martial Academy together.

"Wyatt Barnes, be careful."

Both Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair had serious expressions at this moment as they warned Wyatt Barnes.

After all, Wyatt Barnes is now facing the entire Simmons Clan, which is an enormous beast not to be underestimated.

"Rest assured."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, with a hint of warmth in his heart.

At the entrance of Holy Martial Academy, after parting ways with Remi Sinclair and the others, Wyatt Barnes suddenly stopped.

At this moment, he could feel the agitation of the two little pythons hidden under his sleeve, causing his face to sink and heighten his alertness.

Did the people from the Simmons Clan act so quickly?

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt Barnes made a move as if transforming into a bolt of lightning, deliberately hiding in the secluded alley where he had originally lured and killed the two Original Pill Realm ninth-tier martial artists from the Barnes Clan.

Wyatt Barnes had just taken two steps.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Accompanied by two chilling sounds, two old figures blocked Wyatt Barnes, leaving him nowhere to run.

These were two elderly men older than seventies, but their eyes were more spirited than young people's, shining with captivating brilliance. Their cultivation was obviously not low.

For the first time, Wyatt Barnes used the memory of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor and his own powerful mental power to guess the cultivation of the two men. These two old men's cultivation should be between the fourth and sixth stages of the Original Infant Realm.

In terms of power,

They are far weaker than the butler 'Cruz Three' from the Third Prince's mansion who he killed last night.

"Does the Simmons Clan look down on me so much? Do you think the two of you are enough to kill me?"

Wyatt Barnes's eyebrows raised in challenge, and a cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"Simmons Clan?"

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, the two old men were clearly taken aback.

"Wyatt Barnes, it seems you have made quite a few enemies... However, we are not from the Simmons Clan."

The old man standing in front of Wyatt Barnes calmly looked at him and slowly opened his mouth.

"Not from the Simmons Clan?"

Wyatt Barnes was stunned, a thought flashed through his mind.

Could it be that they were sent by the Fifth Prince?

Or perhaps they were sent by that 'Thundery Barnes' from the Barnes Clan?

"Wyatt Barnes, you've killed two elders and two outstanding sons of my Davies Family... Today is the day you die!"

The old man behind Wyatt Barnes's voice was as cold as ice, as if it came from within an ice cave.

Davies Family?

Wyatt Barnes's eyes tightened in realization.

"I didn't expect that to kill me, the two of you would come such a long way from the County City of Swallow Mountain... I'm truly flattered. But aren't you two afraid that I'll permanently leave you in this Imperial City?"

Once Wyatt Barnes guessed the identities of the two old men, by the end of it, a wicked smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

People from the 'Davies Clan' of the County City of Swallow Mountain!

The same people as those from the 'Iron Blood Army' in Iron Blood City who had a previous disagreement with him, Joseph Davies and Simon Davies!

"Blatantly boastful!"

The old man blocking Wyatt Barnes's path coldly snorted. Without further ado, he moved and suddenly made his attack.

Above his head, six hundred ancient giant elephant illusions took form...

Original Infant Realm Fourth Stage!

The strength of this old man was much higher than that of the elder from the Davies Family who had tried to kill Wyatt Barnes on the road earlier.

The elderly man behind Wyatt Barnes also moves.

Another Original Infant Realm Fourth Level!

"Little Black, Little White, I leave them to you..."

Wyatt Barnes murmurs to himself.

The next moment, he lifts his hand abruptly.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

From under his long sleeves, a white lightning bolt and a black one split into two sides, charging out at the same time, their speed reaching the extreme, their whistling sounds ear-piercing.

In the void above, apart from the twelve hundred ancient elephantine images invoked by the two elders from the Davies Family, another twelve hundred ancient elephant apparitions suddenly appeared...

A profusion of elephants dances wildly!

The two elders, whose power is as intense as a rainbow, heading straight for Wyatt Barnes, never expected him to have such a heavy hitter up his sleeve.

As they see two Fierce Beasts, whose strength is not inferior to theirs, flying towards them, a hint of terror emerges in their eyes.

At the moment when their minds are shaken.

Splat! Splat!

A bloody hole appears in their chests in an instant, their once brilliant eyes now dim.

Boom! Boom!

Two corpses crash to the ground, their eyes wide open even in death.

If they had known in advance that Wyatt Barnes had the protection of two such ferocious little pythons, they would never have been killed so quickly, even if they were defeated.

The sneak attacks by the two small pythons caught them, who are also at the Original Infant Realm Fourth Level, off guard.

By the time they reacted, it was already too late!

"Little Black, Little White, good job. When we go home, I'll have the kitchen make you two plates of meat."

Wyatt Barnes praises the two small pythons.

Hearing that they have meat to eat, the small eyes of the two small pythons sparkle with excitement...

"Davies Family... they just won't go away."

Stowing the two small pythons into his long sleeves, Wyatt Barnes sneers.

In his view, these two old guys from the Davies Clan are just coming all the way here to die.

After collecting the Storage Rings of the two old men, generating red flame to incinerate their bodies, he then casually leaves as if nothing happened.

Perhaps it was because the Storage Ring from 'Cruz Three' that he received yesterday gave Wyatt Barnes such a big surprise.

The several million bank checks in the Storage Rings of the two elders from the Davies Family didn't make Wyatt Barnes's mood fluctuate at all...

However, it would be a waste not to take free money when it was offered.

Night, slowly descends.

After dinner, Wyatt Barnes fulfills his promise and has the kitchen fry two plates of 'rat meat', the food the two small pythons love most.

Of course, it's not ordinary rat meat, but that from the 'Burrowing Rat', a Condensed Pill Realm Third Level Fierce Beast.

"Little White, don't eat so much just because it's delicious. Look at you; you're overstuffed, aren't you?"

A bell-like voice, mixed with a bit of reproach, is Keer gently stroking Little White snake's bloated belly.

The two small pythons lie on the table, their bellies out, unable to move for a long time.

Wyatt Barnes and Jovie Lee sit on the side. Seeing this scene, they can't help but burst into laughter.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, the gaze of Wyatt Barnes, Keer, and Jovie Lee falls on the two small pythons.

They see that the patterns on the pythons' bodies are now gleaming...

The golden pattern on Little Black snake's body and the silver pattern on Little White snake's body gradually start to sparkle, becoming increasingly dazzling.

Finally, Little Black is completely enveloped by golden light, while Little White is enveloped by silver light.



Whoosh!

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes finds a trace of faint light falling from the sky.

"Is this... the power of moonlight?"

Jovie Lee exclaims.

"This is the power of moonlight?"

Wyatt Barnes is somewhat surprised. He still remembers that the 'Sun Moon Star Formation' he taught to Jovie Lee absorbs the 'Power of the Sun' and the 'Power of Moonlight' for cultivation, then gathers it within the body to form Origin Force.

However, he didn't expect the two small pythons could actually draw in the 'power of moonlight'!

According to the memory of the Martial Emperor, the power of moonlight can only be drawn by special techniques. The 'Sun Moon Star Formation' that Jovie Lee cultivates is one of them.

The power of moonlight falls, seeming to drape a soft veil over the night sky.

"This..."

Wyatt Barnes discovers that the power of moonlight that falls from the sky resounds with the silver light on Little White snake's body. The two connect...

Shortly after, the golden light on Little Black snake's body does not want to be left behind and integrates with the silver light on Little White snake's body.

All three elements fuse together.

Half an hour passes, and the power of moonlight recedes.

The golden light on Little Black snake's body and the silver light on Little White snake's body gradually recede as well...

Wyatt Barnes, with his powerful mental strength, notices the change in the two small pythons immediately.

They have apparently broken through!

Original Infant Realm Fifth Level!

"Hiss~~"

"Hiss~~"

After a short while, the two small pythons flip over and stand up again, flickering their tongues. Their gaze falls on the leftover fried meat, and they lower their heads to start eating again.

The bloated bellies they had from overeating earlier have sunk down; the food they ate before has been completely digested.

Wyatt Barnes and the two women by his side look at each other, not knowing what happened.

"You two little guys, what kind of snakes are you really? You're so strange."

Wyatt Barnes gives a bitter smile; he has a vague feeling that the origins of these two little pythons are not simple.

From everything they've shown so far, it's not impossible for them to transform from Fierce Beasts into 'Demon Beasts' in the future...

Chapter 172: Stasis Origin Pill

Wyatt Barnes gazed up at the night sky, with countless stars adorning his view.

"Could these stars also be planets? According to Reincarnation Martial Emperor's memories, the Cloud Skies Continent is boundless... Its extreme corners are covered by a vast sea, limitless and infinite."

"The Reincarnation Martial Emperor once ventured out to the sea, desiring to explore its true nature, only to realize that the vast sea seems to have no end. Fearing to lose his way, he did not venture any further..."

A memory of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor flashed in Wyatt Barnes' mind.

That is to say, the Reincarnation Martial Emperor had not deeply explored this vast universe.

"Perhaps, the Cloud Skies Continent where I am now, connected with the endless sea, is also a 'planet'."

Wyatt guessed in his heart.

At this moment, he made a great ambition.

In the future, if he could reach the peak of the Cloud Skies Continent, he would take his family to explore this vast universe...

He wanted to see if this place was also a planet!

Based on his estimate, if this was a planet, it would definitely be countless times larger than Earth.

The speed at the peak of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor was countless times faster than the 'planes' on Earth in his previous life...

If the speed of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor were applied to Earth, he could circle the Earth in the blink of an eye.

"If the land beneath my feet is truly a planet..."

Wyatt's gaze settled on the distant stars, intrigued, "Which of these planets would be Earth?"

Earth, his homeland.

There, he held countless memories...

If there were a chance for him to return, he would. Not for anything else, only to grind the 'agent' who betrayed him into dust!

Although to a certain extent, he still needed to thank him.

It gave him a more exciting life!

Nonetheless, one must still settle what needs settling...

"Young Master, what are you thinking about?"

Keer's silver-bell-like voice brought Wyatt back to his senses. He smiled slightly, "I was thinking... Can there be humans like us living among those stars..."

"Young Master, why would you think that? If there were people on those stars, they would surely have fallen off by now."

Keer also looked up at the stars in the nightly sky, her eyebrows slightly furrowed, a face full of innocence.

Wyatt twitched the corners of his mouth.

What could he say?

Should he explain to Keer what 'gravitational force' is?

At that moment, Jovie Lee also looked at the stars in the night sky, her eyes slightly congealed, as if she was lost in thought.

While Wyatt was enjoying the moon and stargazing with his two future daughters-in-law, at the entrance of the Simmons Clan's mansion, two figures were stepping in, one after the other.

The one in the front was a young man who appeared to be in his early twenties.

Following behind him was a man in his twenties, clad in red, stoic-faced and unsheathing a long sword. His cold eyes sparkled slightly.

A moment later.

"Grand Elder, Walter Simmons has arrived."

The youth leading the way spoke respectfully in front of a spacious courtyard.

"Let him in."

An old and weary voice echoed from inside.

The cold young man in red, holding the sword, was Walter Simmons.

There was a complex glimmer in Walter's eyes, but in the end, he stepped into the courtyard.

The spacious courtyard harbored an old figure standing like a mountain, whose penetrating gaze fell on Walter...

Walter stood quietly after entering, without saying a word.

"How's your father doing lately?"

The Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, South Simmons, focused his gaze on Walter, and asked slowly.

"He's fine, eats well, sleeps soundly."

Walter answered composedly, seemingly disinclined to chat with South, "You called me here, what's the matter just say it."

South Simmons casually replied, "I still remember, your father was once a sword cultivator. His 'Shadowless Sword' technique was rarely matched among our clan's generation... It's a pity, he was too arrogant and dared to challenge the shining star of the Barnes family, 'Lanni Barnes'. The result is not only a broken sword, but also an incurable internal injury that prevents him from mobilizing the Origin Force inside his body."

"I heard that you and Lanni Barnes' son 'Wyatt Barnes' have a good relationship...even friends... Why don't you harbour any resentment towards the son of the person who caused your father such harm?"

As he said this, South Simmons' eyes became sharper, as if capable of piercing through anything.

"Why should I resent?"

Walter answered calmly, "If you called me here just to sow discord... then don't waste your effort."

His father, although defeated by Lanni Barnes and left with serious injuries, never held any grudges against Lanni.

Indeed.

Every time his father mentioned 'Lanni Barnes', he had genuine respect.

Although far away, his father was distraught for some time when he learned of Lanni Barnes' disappearance.

At that time, although he was young, he remembered it clearly.

Influenced by his father from a young age, naturally, he would not hold a grudge against Lanni.

Moreover, wasn't his father's departure from the Simmons Clan and the Imperial City because of a bunch of 'villains' from the Simmons Clan?

If he were to hold a grudge, he would have a grudge against the Simmons Clan!

"Hmph! Just like your father, you are stubborn!"

South Simmons' face turned grim.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving first."

Walter Simmons' eyes narrowed, a flash of coldness flickered and disappeared, the hand clutching his sword tightened a bit. His greatest admiration in life has always been his father, whom he would not allow others to disrespect.

"Since this is the case, I'll be frank with you... you take this first."

South Simmons raised his hand, throwing Walter Simmons a small jade bottle.

Walter Simmons frowned. He could see that it was a medicine bottle, but he didn't think South Simmons would be kind enough to gift him medicine.

"This is a 'Stasis Origin Pill'."

South Simmons slowly spoke.

Walter Simmons' face changed.

He naturally knew what the Stasis Origin Pill was. While it was not a poison, if a martial artist below the Original Pill Realm took it, his Origin Force would be suppressed by the medicine. For ten hours, he would not be able to mobilize his Origin Force.

Even consuming the smallest amount would suppress the Origin Force for a minimum of half an hour.

At this moment, Walter Simmons understood South Simmons' intention, "You want me to give this Stasis Origin Pill to Wyatt Barnes?"

"You're quite smart..."

South Simmons' eyes flickered and he slowly said, "I know you consider him a friend. Hence, I won't force you to kill him... You only need to let him take the 'Stasis Origin Pill' while he's having his meal, even a tiny bit would do. At that time, our Simmons Clan disciples at the Sacred Martial Arts Academy will make the move."

"You think that's possible?"

Walter Simmons sneered, raising his hand intending to throw away the medicine bottle in his hand.

"If you throw away this Stasis Origin Pill, there will be no room for negotiation."

South Simmons' face darkened as he coldly spoke.

"Oh, so you're threatening me?"

Do you think I, Walter Simmons, would betray my friends just to save my own life?"

Walter Simmons let out a disdainful smile.

He would rather die than betray his friends, let alone harm their lives.

South Simmons' eyes narrowed as he slowly said: "Correct, you're just like your father was back then. However, you have no choice. The location of your parents' home in Flow Wind City's 'Martial Tomb Town' is already known by our Simmons Clan... I'm giving you two days. Within these two days, if you do not let that Wyatt Barnes consume the Stasis Origin Pill, I will send someone by warhorse to Martial Tomb Town, to end your parents' lives!"



Walter Simmons' face turned pale.

His dad, though not weak, was unable to use his Origin Force due to an old injury.

His mum was just an ordinary woman, even less skilled than him.

"Despicable!"

Walter Simmons had never imagined that the Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, 'South Simmons', would stoop so low as to threaten him with his parents' lives.

"Your parents' lives are in your hands... make your choice wisely!"

South Simmons gave a faint smile, motioning Walter to leave as if he was sure of his decision.

Walter took a deep breath, his eyes flickered, his mind battling between his ideals and his reality...

In the end, he still left with the medicine bottle containing the 'Stasis Origin Pill', leaving the Simmons mansion.

The following morning came.

After breakfast, like usual, Wyatt Barnes took his two small pythons and headed to the Sacred Martial Arts Academy.

The events of the previous day were obviously suppressed by the Sacred Martial Arts Academy and did not spread. The 'Star System' students in the classroom did not regard Wyatt Barnes with any unusual looks.

The morning passed quietly.

At noon, Wyatt Barnes and a few others once again gathered in the dining hall for lunch.

"Eh, Walter, why do you look so awful?"

Wyatt Barnes noticed Walter's unusual expression and asked.

"I don't know what's gotten into this guy, he's been wearing a long face since early this morning."

Tiggi Field shook his head.

"It's nothing."

Walter shook his head under the concerned eyes of Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair.

Soon, the food was served, along with a jug of wine.

"Thinking about yesterday's events makes me excited, let's drink up..."

Tiggi Field laughed while reaching out for the wine jug.

Bang!

Walter raised his hand, pushing away Tiggi's hand and grabbed the jug of wine first.

"The sun must have risen from the west today; you're actually serving us wine."

Tiggi Field said in disbelief.

"If it weren't for you guys showing up in time yesterday, Roman would have ruined my cultivation..."

Walter muttered.

"No need to be so formal, we're all friends."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and laughed, "Walter, when did you become so sentimental? Come on, pour the wine quickly."

At a table not far away, two young men were sitting together.

"It looks like Walter's going to make his move today."

"Hmph! He calls himself a 'friend', but still betrays. That Wyatt Barnes probably won't even realize that his 'good friend' has drugged him."

The two young men whispered in a voice only they could hear.

"Although, once we've eliminated Wyatt Barnes, we'll have to leave the Sacred Martial Arts Academy."

"Even if we leave, the benefits promised by Grand Elder are enough for us to live without worries..."

Chapter 173: The Vice Principal's Anger

"They've all had the wine poured by Walter Simmons..."

The two young men's eyes suddenly brightened.

Smash!

At that moment, they saw Walter Simmons dropping his wine glass, shattering it on the ground.

"Walter Simmons, how can you be so careless?"

Tiggi Field shook his head and laughed.

"Hm?"

Just then, Wyatt Barnes' face changed, his powerful spiritual power vaguely sensed a hint of danger.

"Wyatt Barnes, be careful!"

Remi Sinclair, seated opposite Wyatt Barnes, as if seeing something, his pupils shrank, his face changed drastically, and he shouted.

Whiz! Whiz!

Two blades flashing with cold light, three feet long, hurled from the hands of two unfamiliar young men directly towards Wyatt Barnes.

The sharp sword light, stirred up shrieking sounds, and swept towards Wyatt Barnes' back...

Above the heads of the two young men, twelve ancient mammoth phantoms each were looming!

Two martial arts masters of the Condensed Pill Realm Ninth-Order!

"Presumptuous!"

Just then, an old voice filled with raging anger erupted from the loft of the dining hall...

One could vaguely perceive a gust of wind stirring up at the stairs leading to the lower floor from the loft.

An elderly figure swoops down quickly.

Unfortunately, he was obviously too late.

The swords in the hands of those two young men had already reached Wyatt Barnes' close range, about to pierce through his back...

The faces of Remi Sinclair, Seeker Sinclair and Tiggi Field changed dramatically. But their cultivation was far inferior to those two who attacked Wyatt Barnes, they had no time to help Wyatt Barnes.

By the time they stood up, the swords of those two had already reached Wyatt Barnes' back.

At this critical juncture, Wyatt Barnes moved!

The Origin Force under his feet exploded, and twelve phantom ancient mammoths suddenly gathered above his head.

Serpentine Body Method!

Wyatt Barnes' body, at an extremely tricky angle, barely dodged the two incoming swords.

Moreover, he trembled and, in an instant, he seemed to transform into a spirit snake, sparing the two young men who were trying to kill him and making his way behind them.

"Seeking death!"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes got cold, he raises his hand, and a purple sword light burst out.

Fifteen phantom ancient mammoths took shape above Wyatt Barnes' head!

Sword Drawing Technique!

Just one sword stroke created two dazzling blood trails, the two young men who were ferocious just a moment ago, with wide-eyed surprise, were thrown back, crashing against the wall hard.

In their dying moments, their gazes didn't fall on Wyatt Barnes, but rather on Walter Simmons.

"You..."

After one of the young men breathed his last, the other strugglingly raised his hand, anger clearly painted on his face as he attempted to point towards 'Walter Simmons'...

Unfortunately, before he could raise his hand, he breathed his last. Dead!

Right before they died, the two young men had only one thought in mind:

They had been fooled!

Fooled by 'Walter Simmons'!

This Walter Simmons, even if he hadn't poisoned them...

He had dropped the cup and gave them a 'signal', making them believe that Walter Simmons had 'succeeded', which made them anxiously wanting to kill Wyatt Barnes.

In their view, if Wyatt Barnes had been poisoned and couldn't mobilize his Origin Force, wouldn't killing Wyatt Barnes be easy?

Who would have thought Wyatt Barnes was not poisoned at all!

Wyatt Barnes' gaze fell on the two corpses on the ground, his face extremely solemn...

These two were obviously senior students of Saint Martial Academy.

Who sent them to kill him?

As a student of the Saint Martial Academy, whoever dares to kill people in the academy, is just equivalent to giving up their 'future' since the Saint Martial Academy would expel them!

Did the Third Prince send them?

Or the Fifth Prince?

Or could it be Thundery Barnes of the Barnes Clan, along with the Simmons Clan...

"Deputy dean!"

At this time, the gray-robed old man who had just swooped down from the loft also arrived under a group of respectful greetings from the students.

The old man had a displeased expression.

They dare to slaughter another student in the Saint Martial Academy!

Fortunately, the intended victim was unharmed, otherwise, the Saint Martial Academy would have been greatly humiliated!

"Deputy dean."

Wyatt Barnes also greeted the old man, his face slightly easing.

"The academy will give you an explanation regarding this matter."

The old man announced earnestly.

Wyatt Barnes slowly nods, his eyes flashing. The thing he wants to know most now is who sent these two men!

The old man then walked to the two corpses, after examining their 'Student Token', his face darkened, "They are fourth-year students... does anyone recognize them?"

As the old man spoke, a group of people in the dining hall gathered around, chattering away.

"Eh, aren't these 'Levi Simmons' and 'Morgan Simmons' from our class?"

"They really are the two of them, they seem to be from the Simmons Clan, right? But why would they want to kill Wyatt Barnes?"

"Two madmen! They actually dared to attack someone within the academy."

...

Soon, some people recognized the two killed young men.

"The Simmons Clan?"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes narrowed, a chilling intent to kill arose.

He hadn't expected the people from the Simmons Clan to be so ruthless, daring to attack him even within the Saint Martial Academy.

However, he also found it somewhat strange.

How could the Simmons Clan only send out two warriors of the condensed pill realm's ninth level?

That was almost tantamount to suicide.

Regardless, endless anger was welling up in his heart...

He would remember this!

"Simmons Clan?"

The old man heard the whispers of the student group and his face darkened, "Well...well played, Simmons Clan!"



The feud between Wyatt Barnes and the Simmons Clan was reported to him by two lecturers yesterday, and it didn't surprise him.

However, the people of the Simmons Clan dared to commit a murder inside the academy. This definitely crossed his bottom line!

"The vice principal is genuinely angry now."

"The Simmons Clan is going to have a hard time."

The students who were watching trembled and made guesses in their hearts.

"Wyatt Barnes, are you alright?"

At this time, Remi Sinclair and others had arrived at Wyatt's side, looking concerned.

"I'm fine."

Wyatt shook his head, "They were just two fighters in the condensed pill realm level nine... not sufficient to kill me."

Just two condensed pill realm level nine fighters won't make any difference.

Today, any warrior who attempted to ambush him, if not at least at the level of Original Infant Realm seventh order, was doomed to die!

If it wasn't for him suppressing the two small pythons hidden inside his sleeve and not letting them strike, those two people from the Simmons Clan would have never even gotten the chance to get close to him.

Those two pythons were his trump cards, and he would not reveal them unless absolutely necessary.

"Are there any of the Simmons Clan among you?"

The old man swept his gaze over the crowd.

Instantly, the colour drained from the faces of a minority present, but they gritted their teeth and stepped forward.

"You few, take the corpses of your clansmen, come with me to the 'Simmons Clan'!"

The old man took the lead and left the dining hall. His words were laced with suppressed fury.

Wyatt Barnes and others sat back down to continue their meal.

The incident was nothing more than a farce to them...

When they were almost done eating, Wyatt noticed that Walter Simmons seemed to be hesitating to say something, and he couldn't help but laughed: "Walter, if you've got something to say, just say it. We're not strangers here."

Remi Sinclair, Seeker Sinclair, and Tiggi Field also noticed something unusual about Walter.

"I want to borrow a million USD from you guys."

Walter finally spoke, and then fell silent again.

A million USD?

Upon hearing this, Tiggi Field's eyes nearly popped out.

Only Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair, and Seeker Sinclair had no strong reaction. They were merely surprised as to why Walter suddenly needed such a large amount of money.

However, they didn't ask too many questions.

"I have two hundred thousand dollars on me."

Remi Sinclair was the first to respond.

"I have three hundred thousand... Walter, if you aren't in a hurry, I can gather the money, and give it to you tomorrow."

Seeker Sinclair said too.

Slap!

Without saying a word, Wyatt reached into his pocket and slapped a stack of bank checks before Walter.

Exactly one million USD!

"Holy shit! Wyatt, you're loaded."

Tiggi Field swallowed hard, looking at Wyatt in amazement.

The gaze of Remi and Seeker Sinclair also fell on Wyatt, one million USD, they could afford it, but they wouldn't carry that much money with them...

"Wyatt Barnes, where did you get so much money from?"

Remi Sinclair's face was filled with astonishment. He was the grandson of the upper elder of the Sinclair Clan in Aurora City, and it wasn't a surprise for him to have a few million dollars at hand.

But Wyatt, he was just a distant relative of the Lee Clan.

"When I left Aurora City, the Clan Chief gave me two million in bank checks."

Wyatt spoke casually.

"It seems that the Clan chief, 'Atticus Lee', sees great potential in you, otherwise, he wouldn't have made such a massive investment."

Remi Sinclair shook his head and chuckled, "But, he did bet on the right horse."

He believed that with Wyatt Barnes's strength and talent, the Lee Clan's investment was bound to reap hefty rewards.

"Thank you."

Walter looked at Wyatt gratefully and put away the bank checks.

"We're friends, no need to be formal."

Wyatt Barnes casually said. Now that he held a wealth of tens of millions, he didn't care about a million USD.

He had no intention of asking Walter to repay the money...

To him, friendship was way more valuable than gold.

What he didn't notice was that in Walter's eyes, there was a flash of an odd light...

Simmons Residence.

In the spacious courtyard, a pale young man sat on the side, his eyes burning with a fierce red light.

"Grandfather, do you really have a way to kill that Wyatt Barnes?"

The young man took a deep breath. His voice was filled with the harshest hatred.

This young man was Roman Simmons, whose energy core was destroyed by Wyatt Barnes.

The once prodigious talent of the Simmons Clan's younger generation, a figure of the original pill realm's third level, was now reduced to a cripple, possessing only the power of the body tempering realm's ninth level.

"Roman, don't worry, by tomorrow, Wyatt Barnes will surely die!"

The Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, South Simmons, spoke confidently from the side.

"Elder, are you sure that Wyatt Barnes will undoubtedly perish?"

At that time, from outside the courtyard, a dismissive, yet somewhat enraged voice sounded.

"Clan Chief!"

Seeing the newcomer, South Simmons quickly paid his respects, with Roman following suit.

#### Chapter 174: Walter Simmons' Decision

"Grand Elder, are there certain matters you need to explain to me?"

Jameson Simmons, the Clan Chief of the Simmons Clan, had a face taut with anger as he fixed his gaze sternly on the elderly man before him.

"Clan Chief, what is the...?"

South Simmons felt a foreboding sense of unease.

He knew the Clan Chief, knew that he wouldn't lash out without good reason.

"Heroic from the Saint Martial Arts College just left the Simmons Clan."

Jameson's face was wrought with insurmountable frustration as he gravely said, "Grand Elder, I entrusted this matter to you because I believed you could handle it well, particularly since it involved Roman, your biological grandson. However, your actions have been thoughtless, not only failing to kill Wyatt, but also creating needless trouble for our Simmons Clan."

Hearing Jameson's words, South finally understood what was going on, his face turning pale.

Could their plan have failed?

"Clan Chief, what exactly happened?"

South's breathing became hurried.

"Just now, Vice Dean Smith from Saint Martial Arts College delivered the corpses of Levi and Morgan Simmons..."

Jameson took a deep breath.

Levi? Morgan?

South's complexion changed abruptly, "Clan Chief, Levi and Morgan are dead?"

Levi and Morgan were the chess pieces in his plan, key contributors to Walter's plot to assassinate Wyatt.

"Correct, not only are they dead, they were killed by Wyatt!"

Jameson continued solemnly, "If they had succeeded in killing Wyatt, it would have been a different story... The Saint Martial Arts College might have just expelled them with practically zero impact on our Simmons Clan. However, not only did they fail to kill Wyatt, they instead were killed by him. Now, Vice Dean Smith of Saint Martial Arts College, in his efforts to justify Wyatt's actions, is not willing to let this matter drop so easily!"

"Do you realize that for merely this matter, Vice Dean Smith has reduced our annual quota of five nominations to the Saint Martial Arts College to a mere three slots!"

As Jameson finished speaking, his face reddened with rage.

In the past, the five quota slots were insufficient for all the high-ranking individuals within the Simmons Clan. Now that it has been reduced to three, one could only imagine the expression on their faces when they found out.

Upon hearing Jameson's words, South's body gave an involuntary shudder, his face turning ashen.

This was a complete failure!

"No... it's impossible... if Walter hadn't drugged them, they could never have attacked Wyatt."

South was reluctant to believe that any of this was true.

"Hmph!"

Jameson's face darkened as he coldly snorted and turned to leave, waving his sleeves as he did so. "Grand Elder, if you can't handle this matter, just speak up. I will assign someone else to deal with it."

After Jameson left, South pondered for a long time, failing to understand.

What had gone wrong with his meticulously laid plan?

The only reasonable explanation was that Walter had betrayed him, collaborated with Wyatt, and as a result, set up and killed two members of the Simmons Clan.

Just then.

"Grand Elder, here is a letter for you."

At that moment, the humble voice of a family member from outside the compound carried in, and a letter was handed to South.

South took the letter and quickly read it.

"Grand Elder South Simmons: My deepest apologies, I accidentally broke a wine glass during lunch, which your men misinterpreted as the signal to assassinate Wyatt..."

Yours, Walter.

The letter was only one short sentence, yet it caused South's body to tremble with rage, his vitality surging uncontrollably.

"Pfft!"

In the end, South spat out a mouthful of blood, so enraged by the letter.

South's eyes glinted with a bloody light, his icy voice carrying bone-chilling coldness, "Walter, I'll make sure your entire family pays for this!!"

Not far away, Roman's face was similarly grim.

He too had realized that his enemy, Wyatt, had escaped unscathed.

Saint Martial Arts College.

Under a big tree at the Martial Arts Performance Field, Wyatt was sitting cross-legged and cultivating, immersed in a state of tranquillity.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Suddenly, a hasty voice jolted Wyatt awake.

Opening his eyes, Wyatt saw Tiggi Field rushing over from a distance...

Wyatt descended from the tree and moved to meet him, "Tiggi, what's happened?"

"Wyatt, Walter has left."



Tiggi tried to force a smile as he spoke.

"Left?"

Wyatt didn't quite catch Tiggi's meaning at first.

"This is the letter Walter left for you."

Only when Tiggi handed him a letter did Wyatt's expression become serious.

Opening the letter.

"Wyatt Barnes, when you read this letter, I should already be on my way home riding the horse that I bought with money borrowed from you..."

"When I left the Simmons Estate last night, I had already made up my mind. Even if it means giving up a promising future, I, Walter, would never harm a friend... I plan to bring my parents away when I return this time. As for where to go, I haven't decided yet, but I might leave Crimson Heaven Kingdom."

...

"Forgive my abrupt departure, and please convey my farewell to Remi and the others."

"Perhaps, we may meet again someday... When that happens, I will return the money I owe you."

Signed, Walter.

Whoosh!

Wyatt clenched his hand into a fist, crumpling the letter.

This letter from Walter not only contained words of goodbye but it also detailed the events of what had happened...

By leaving Saint Martial Arts College and forfeiting his future, Walter did it firstly for the safety of his parents.

Secondly, he did it for him, his friend!

At this moment, many of Wyatt's questions were answered.

Why did the two Simmons Clan members confront Walter Simmons so aggressively even though he simply knocked over a cup at noon.....

Turns out, those two Simmons Clan members suspected Walter Simmons of giving them a 'Stasis Origin Pill'.

"Walter."

Wyatt Barnes shivered slightly within.

Though Walter Simmons tended to be reserved, Wyatt could feel his sincere friendship at this moment.

For the sake of their friendship, Walter willingly gave up a promising future!

"Walter, I believe, we will meet again."

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath, a look of anticipation flashed through his eyes, his mood slightly heavy.

However, Wyatt didn't realize that when he would see Walter again, it would already be many years later.....

"Wyatt, Walter left?"

At this moment, Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair also came over.

"You guys see for yourselves."

Wyatt sighed, handing over the letter in his hands to Remi.

Remi opened the letter, Seeker and Tiggi Field also gathered around to read.....

"That Simmons Clan's Grand Elder is despicable!"

After reading the letter, Tiggi's face darkened, his teeth gritted in anger.

He and Walter, became friends through their fights and adventures in the 'General Star System'. He considered Walter a close friend, never expecting him to leave like this.

He wondered if there would be a chance to meet again in the future!

After Remi and Seeker finished reading the letter, anger was mixed with a hint of admiration in their eyes.

Walter, for the sake of friendship, gave up a promising future and left.....

Such behavior was commendable!

Wyatt Barnes returned to his perch on the tall tree, leaning against the trunk, gazing at the clear blue sky through the dense branches and leaves.....

His eyes gradually narrowed.

"Simmons Clan..... since you guys want to play, I'll play with you!"

A cold smile appeared at the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth.

Walter's departure, to some extent, had caused a shift in Wyatt Barnes' mentality.

The current him seemed to revert to the cold 'Weapon King' he was once.

It was evening.

Outside the Holy Martial Arts School, a luxurious horse carriage was parked at the side of the road.

The man driving the horse carriage was an old man with white eyebrows. He had an extraordinary bearing, it was obvious he wasn't an ordinary character.

As soon as Wyatt Barnes stepped out of the gate of the Holy Martial Arts School, he noticed the carriage but it didn't interest him. After bidding farewell to Seeker and Remi, he walked forward.

As he was passing by the side of the carriage.

Whoosh!

A figure as fast as lightning blocked Wyatt's path, appearing like a phantom.

Only then did Wyatt notice the man standing in front of him was actually the old man who was driving the carriage.

"Huh?"

Wyatt's face darkened, he could feel the movement of the two small boa constrictors hidden in his sleeves.

With his experience as a Martial Emperor and his own spiritual power, he made a rough guess of the old man's cultivation level. The old man was a Seventh-Order Original Infant Realm powerhouse, or above.

In terms of power.

He was not weaker than Cruz Three, the Third Prince's steward!

However, this white-browed old man was obviously not a 'Half-Step Void Realm' powerhouse, unlike the Godly Might Marquis.

This kind of person could only be a threat if they launched a sneak attack when he was completely unguarded.

Otherwise, with the 'Bone Erosion Inscription', he was confident he could kill the old man instantly!

"Are you Wyatt Barnes?"

The white-browed old man asked in a deep voice, looking down at Wyatt Barnes from a high position.

"Scram!"

Wyatt's gaze turned icy, his expression changing to a more serious one. He had always held in disdain for these old men who used seniority to bully others!

Moreover, he had important things to do, no time to waste with this old man.

The old man with white eyebrows was taken aback, he never thought Wyatt would act like this towards him. His face showed a trace of anger....

Just as he was about to vent his anger.

"Old man Bai, don't forget the main purpose."

A man's voice lacking any emotional fluctuations came from the carriage, causing the white-eyebrowed old man to instantly retract his anger.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, slightly surprised.

Seemed like, the person in the carriage was not simple.

"Wyatt Barnes, my master would like to meet you."

The white-browed old man suppressed his anger, addressing Wyatt.

"Sorry, I'm not interested."

Wyatt shrugged, not showing concern.

"Stop!"

Just then, a woman's voice echoed from the carriage.

This voice, he heard it somewhere before, but Wyatt couldn't recall it at the moment.

Immediately after, the woman's voice rang out again.

This time, she was talking to the man in the carriage, "Cousin, seeing this Wyatt Barnes acting so proudly, why not let Old Bai kill him."

There was silence in the carriage compartment afterward.

"It's her?"

Wyatt finally remembered, wasn't this voice belonging to 'Lela Tucker'?

The person she called 'cousin'....

Who else could it be other than the 'Fifth Prince'?

## Chapter 175: Counter-Tracking

"So it's the Fifth Prince, my apologies."

Wyatt Barnes took a glance at the carriage, a faint smile lingering on his face.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way."

Wyatt said, before continuing on his path.

"Wait."

At that moment, the cold, emotionless voice of the Fifth Prince rang out again.

Wyatt halted his steps.

He was curious, what could the Fifth Prince possibly want.

"Kneel down, kowtow three times... and all the grudges between you and my cousin will be cleared."

The voice of the Fifth Prince continued, with an air of unparalleled certainty.

Kneel down, kowtow?

A hint of anger flashed across Wyatt's face.

"Cousin, I don't want him to bow, I want him dead!"

The icy voice of Lela Tucker echoed from the carriage, giving no room for negotiation.

"Such idiots!"

Wyatt chuckled coldly, continuing on his path.

"Wyatt Barnes, if you leave now, you'll regret it."

The Fifth Prince's voice continued to sound.

"I'm sorry, but the word 'regret' simply does not exist in my dictionary!"

Wyatt's face seemed to be covered in a layer of frost, completely unfazed by the Fifth Prince's threats.

A man kneels only to heaven, the earth, and his parents.

Even the almighty emperor could not make him bow and scrape.

Not to mention a mere prince!

"Such audacity!"

The old man with the white eyebrows changed color, a terrifying aura exuding from him, as if he wanted to catch up with Wyatt and punish him on the spot.

Wyatt came to a halt, his gaze sharp as a hawk, a cold smile rising on his lips.

If this elderly man dared to make a move, he would kill him with the 'Bone Erosion Inscription'.

"White Elder, let's go."

The Fifth Prince's voice echoed once more, carrying a faint chill.

The old man with the white eyebrows took a deep breath, suppressing his anger and driving the carriage away.



Inside the carriage.

Lela Tucker was displeased, "Cousin, didn't you say you'd help me get revenge? Why did you only make Wyatt kneel?"

The Fifth Prince made a faint smile, "Cousin, for some people, death isn't the greatest punishment... Such as Wyatt Barnes, making him kneel and kowtow is much more difficult than killing him! But today, I gave him a chance... In the future, even if I really kill him, his family, the Barnes Clan, won't say anything."

Lela Tucker suddenly understood and felt embarrassed, "Cousin, I misunderstood you. But didn't Wyatt refuse to identify as a member of the Barnes Clan? Why do you still care about the Barnes Clan?"

The Fifth Prince's eyes sharpened, "It's true he said that, but after all, the direct bloodline of the Barnes Clan still runs in his veins... Don't worry, anyone who bullied you, I won't let them go, let's allow him to live a few more days."

As he said these words, a strong sense of doting surfaced across the Fifth Prince's face.

"Thank you, Cousin."

Lela Tucker chuckled, her eyes gleaming with cruelty, as if she had already seen Wyatt dismembered before her eyes.

Elsewhere.

"This Fifth Prince, is even more arrogant than the Third Prince!"

Wyatt continued on his way, a chill creeping up his heart, "You'd better not provoke me... or else, even if you're of royal blood, I will show no mercy!"

With Walter Simmons' departure today, Wyatt's mood was already sour, an indistinct spark of anger ignited within him.

Now, the arrogance of the Fifth Prince and Lela Tucker, coupled with their look down upon attitude, was like adding fuel to the fire, causing his anger to skyrocket, unable to be suppressed.

It wasn't until he reached the Crawford Mansion that Wyatt's face relaxed and a hint of a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

In the entire Imperial City, other than his family and a few friends, only the Crawford Mansion could warm his heart.

Wyatt arrived at the main gate of the Crawford Mansion, where a young gatekeeper soldier stepped forward and sternly shouted, "Halt!"

Smack!

Before Wyatt could react, another middle-aged soldier from behind caught up and slapped the young soldier on the back of the head.

"Zhang, why did you hit me?"

The young soldier turned back to glare at the middle-aged soldier.

The middle-aged soldier didn't pay any heed to the former and respectfully ushered Wyatt into the Crawford Mansion, "Young Master Wyatt, please come in."

"You know me?"

Wyatt seemed surprised. He remembered that when he came last time, the soldiers guarding the gate did not include this man.

"Young Master Wyatt, I happened to see Vice General Pang inviting you in last time."

The middle-aged soldier respectfully said, that time he clearly saw how respectful Vice General Pang was to the young man and how he dared not show any negligence.

Wyatt gave a nod and then said, "You go about your work, I can find Lord Crawford by myself."

With that, Wyatt walked into the Crawford Mansion alone, as if he were familiar with the place.

"Zhang, who is he exactly?"

The young soldier, rubbing the back of his head, wasn't mad anymore, realizing that the young man in purple was no ordinary person.

"Hmph! You're really like a newborn calf, not fearing a tiger... As for who he is, I don't know either. All I know is that last time he was here, Vice General Pang personally invited him. Moreover, when he left, both Lord Crawford and Young Marquis personally saw him off."

The middle-aged soldier's voice carried a hint of awe, "Now, would you say you deserved that slap?"

The young soldier turned pale, hurriedly nodding, "Yes! Yes!"

Upon entering the Crawford Mansion, Wyatt headed straight for the main hall.

After the soldier at the door reported his arrival, Wyatt once again saw Atharv Nigel, the Godly Might Marquis.

"Wyatt."

Upon seeing Wyatt Barnes, Atharv Nigel gave a brilliant smile, "Well then, do you have a favor to ask of Uncle Nigel this time around?"

Wyatt Barnes gave a subtle smile, "Uncle Nigel, you're indeed prescient."

Atharv chuckled, "Come now, stop with the flattery...let me guess, it's about the Simmons Clan matter, isn't it?"

"Uncle Nigel, your information network is quite efficient."

Wyatt squinted his eyes with a small smile.

"In the Martial Arts Academy, two students from the Simmons Clan tried to assassinate another student but ended up being killed... Vice Dean 'Heroic' was enraged, personally visited the Simmons Clan, and reduced the number of their annual recommended places in the academy from five to three! It seems, that Vice Dean has been looking out for you."

Atharv looked at Wyatt, his face a blend of a smile and a frown.

Wyatt's eyes hardened, he knew that the Vice Dean had visited the Simmons Clan, but he didn't know that the Vice Dean had reduced the number of Simmons Clan's annual recommended slots to three...

For a moment, he felt a surge of gratitude towards the old man.

"What is it that you need Uncle Nigel's help with."

Atharv affectionately looked at Wyatt, questioning.

"Uncle Nigel, I need information about the properties owned by the Simmons Clan throughout the Imperial City, including the details of the individuals in charge of these businesses."

Wyatt explained his purpose.

"You came all the way for this?"

Surprised, Atharv had thought Wyatt wanted him to suppress the aggression of the Simmons Clan, he hadn't anticipated that this was Wyatt's purpose...

"Yes."

Wyatt nodded.

"Nothing else?"

Atharv asked again.

"No."

Wyatt shook his head, he had come to Godly Might Marquis Mansion for these documents.

As for anything else, he could handle it himself.

"Alright, you can take it in three days."

Atharv looked deeply at Wyatt, without asking any other questions.

"Thank you, Uncle Nigel. In that case, I'll head back to avoid making my mother worry."

Added Wyatt.

Straight after, Atharv personally escorted Wyatt out of Godly Might Marquis Mansion.

Which caused a cold sweat for the guard at the gate, he felt relieved that he hadn't offended this young man in purple earlier, otherwise, the consequences could've been horrendous.

The next morning, as Wyatt reached the gates of the Martial Arts Academy, a frown formed as he was greeted by two restless small pythons and his sharp spiritual power informed him that someone was watching him from the shadows...

"Hmm!"

Wyatt halted his steps, turned to glance across, a sarcastic smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

He ignored whoever had sent those people.

If they dared to reveal themselves, he wouldn't mind turning them into corpses.

In a secluded alley outside the Martial Arts Academy, two straight-standing figures lingered.

"It seems like he's discovered us?"

A skinny middle-aged man wore a surprised expression.

"Seems so."

The other middle-aged man nodded.

"We've heard that he is at the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm... logically, he shouldn't be able to detect us."

The former was silent for a moment, then added.

"Perhaps it's a coincidence?"

The latter was unsure.

After Wyatt entered the Martial Arts Academy, he noticed the spy-like presence had disappeared. Normal as always, he entered the classroom to attend class.

During a morning session, the lengthy lecture by Enzo Hawkins passed...

At lunch, Walter Simmons was absent and Wyatt and a few of his companions found this unfamiliar, they tacitly maintained their silence.

At dusk, stepping out of the academy's gate, he said goodbye to Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair, the sensation of being watched resurfaced, this time by more than one person.

"It seems to be the same two people from this morning."

Wyatt had an inkling, he walked into a secluded alley, the same place where he had previously lured and killed two groups of people who were attempting to kill him.

However, this time, as he walked into the narrow alley and advanced slowly, the two individuals did not make their move.

"Who exactly are they?"

An impatient Wyatt frowned.

"Hmph! If you won't make a move, then I will."

Wyatt's eyes hardened, he quickened his pace and soon disappeared at the end of the alley.

The two middle-aged men revealed themselves in the alley, they moved quickly but they failed to discover any trace of Wyatt...

Although they are Original Infant realm warriors, they are not inscription masters, and their spirit power is not particularly acute.

Moreover, they didn't possess Wyatt's past life special force soldier and mercenary's tracking and counter-tracking skills.

"He actually managed to escape right under our noses."

The thin middle-aged man smiled wryly.

"What we felt this morning was right, he has indeed spotted us."

The other man's face was solemn.

"Are you two enjoying play hide-and-seek?"

At that moment, a serene voice echoed from behind the two middle-aged men, leaving their faces stark-white!

#### Chapter 176: Two Tiger Generals

The two middle-aged men only felt their scalps tingling, cold sweat breaking out all over their bodies, as they slowly turned around.

Staring at the purple-robed young man before them, their faces filled with a look of disbelief...

When did this young man get behind them?

They had not noticed him at all.

As they exchanged glances, a sense of 'horror' could be seen in each other's eyes.

When the two middle-aged men turned around, Wyatt Barnes was also looking at them, a cold smile on his lips.

"Who sent you?"

Wyatt Barnes stared at them, his tone composed, yet tinted with a frigid murderous intent.

Whoosh!

In an instant, a horrifying, bloody killing intent rolled off of Wyatt Barnes, enveloping the two men...

Instantly, their faces changed.

They found it hard to believe that a seemingly eighteen-year-old young man could emanate such a terrifying killing intent.



Suddenly, a murderous aura also rose from them, confronting Wyatt Barnes' killing intent.

The two murderous auras clashed, just barely holding off Wyatt Barnes' bloody killing intent.

"Hmm?"

Feeling the aura of the two men, Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow, his icy face relaxing slightly.

Only then did the two middle-aged men let out a sigh of relief, their faces full of lingering fear.

They could never have imagined that a young man at the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm could exert such terrifying pressure on them.

If it weren't for the fact that the person standing before them was indeed just a young man, they would have thought this was a powerful man who had walked out of a battlefield...

"Go back and tell your Lord Crawford that I appreciate his good intentions," Wyatt Barnes said, bypassing the two men and walking away.

"You... you know our identities?"

The two middle-aged men were somewhat surprised.

"Hmph! Such a strong battle aura can only belong to a veteran soldier who has been through countless battles. How many others could there be?"

Under the gaze of the two middle-aged men, Wyatt Barnes' figure gradually disappeared into the distance. However, the words he left behind left the two men somewhat red-faced.

A veteran of countless battles?

In front of this young man, they felt too embarrassed to claim that they were such veteran soldiers from the battlefield.

"It seems our general has underestimated his nephew," exclaimed the slender middle-aged man, shaking his head and forcing a smile.

"In that case, let's just go home... not to mention anything else, those within the Simmons Clan who could harm him are few and far between," replied the other middle-aged man with a bitter smile.

At Crawford Mansion...

Seeing his two beloved generals before him, dejected and dispirited, Atharv Nigel, the Godly Might Marquis, asked in astonishment, "Didn't I ask you to protect my nephew in secret? Why are you back?"

"General, you got it all wrong. It seems like your nephew should be the one protecting us," said the slender middle-aged man, shaking his head and still somewhat in a state of shock...

He simply couldn't understand how the purple-robed young man, with his abilities purely at the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm, had managed to sneak behind him undetected.

He could imagine, if the purple-robed young man had been an enemy on par with him, his death would have been certain!

The other middle-aged man, although silent, nodded in agreement.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Atharv Nigel, not understanding the situation.

The two men before him were his most trusted generals. They were invincible on the battlefield, and there were few who could match them.

But now, the two men looked as droopy as frostdrooping eggplants.

He couldn't imagine what had happened to make his two beloved generals react in such a way.

Finally, through the two generals' account, Atharv Nigel managed to piece together what had transpired...

"He spotted your traces immediately?"

"And evaded your pursuit, then sneaked up behind you without your notice?"

Atharv Nigel looked incredulous. He knew that his nephew was mysterious, but he hadn't expected him to be this mysterious...

"Lanni, what kind of monster did you give birth to?" Atharv Nigel twitched his mouth, a hint of envy, jealousy, and admiration in his eyes.

He had been amazed that the boy had reached the ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm and become a ninth-grade alchemist at the mere age of eighteen.

He hadn't expected the boy to have such terrifying abilities in addition to these.

Ordinary people might not think much of the boy's tracking and counter-tracking skills, but as a figure equivalent to the 'Military God' of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom, a man who had walked off the battlefield, he could fully appreciate the fear this ability could instill.

If one possessed such skills, they could infiltrate the enemy's camp as though they were stepping into uncharted territory!

Even assassinating the enemy general wouldn't be difficult!

The agreed three days had arrived.

Wyatt Barnes returned to Crawford Mansion once again.

In the main hall, Atharv Nigel handed a stack of documents to Wyatt Barnes, "Wyatt, this is what you requested."

"Thank you, Uncle Nigel. If there's nothing else, I will..."

After taking the items, Wyatt Barnes prepared to leave.

However, would Atharv Nigel let him go so easily?

"Wait."

Atharv Nigel looked at Wyatt Barnes, his eyes narrowed into a small smile, "Wyatt, there's something I think we need to have a chat about..."

"About what?"

Wyatt Barnes raised his guard upon seeing Atharv Nigel's fox-like grin.

"Didn't you stealthily sneak behind my two loved ones a couple of days ago without them knowing it?"

Atharv Nigel looked at Wyatt Barnes, his gaze was burning.

"Uncle Nigel, is that what you want to talk about?"

Understanding dawned in Wyatt Barnes, he thought it would be a bigger problem.

"I've been thinking, this 'skill' of yours, if utilized throughout the military, will create an invincible army... Penetrating enemy lines wouldn't feel like one is venturing into hostile territory, and taking the enemy generals' heads would be as easy as taking candy from a baby!"

When Atharv Nigel spoke about warfare, an intense aura of blood and steel subconsciously emanated from his body.

This surprised Wyatt Barnes.

As expected of the 'Military God' of Crimson Heaven Kingdom, this aura of blood and steel far surpassed what he had encountered a few days ago.

"Uncle Nigel, do you want me to teach you this 'skill'?"

Wyatt Barnes guessed Atharv Nigel's intention.

"Yes."

Atharv Nigel's eyes lit up and he nodded, "If you're willing to teach me, I promise to grant any request you make."

Wyatt rolled his eyes at Atharv Nigel, "Uncle Nigel, remember you owe me a big favor for treating Grandfather Nigel's poison."

Atharv Nigel smiled awkwardly and rubbed his hands together due to his keen interest in Wyatt Barnes's skill.

"Uncle Nigel."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Atharv Nigel, with a serious face, "The 'skill' I possess isn't difficult nor simple... but it cannot be mastered overnight."

"I understand, just like handling an army, it requires accumulated experience to establish a 'Hundred Victories Army'."

Atharv Nigel nodded, he didn't find this surprising.

"In that case... Uncle Nigel, please send two people to me. I think the two who were assigned to protect me last time are suitable. Let them follow me for a while, I will ensure they completely grasp my 'skill'."

The corners of Wyatt Barnes's mouth curved up as he spoke slowly.

"You're quite demanding, do you know that they are top-notch 'Tiger Generals' under my command!"

Atharv Nigel scolded in jest, "However, if you teach them your 'skill', I don't think they will refuse."

As Atharv Nigel commented.

The two middle-aged men assigned by Atharv Nigel to secretly protect Wyatt Barnes a couple of days ago, once they heard that Wyatt was going to teach them awesome tracking and trailing skills, their eyes immediately brightened and their breathing quickened.

Having witnessed Wyatt's skills, they recognized the implications of having such a 'skill' at their disposal.

"Wyatt, how long will they need to learn?"

Atharv Nigel's eyes narrowed slightly, as he asked Wyatt Barnes.

"What, Uncle Nigel, are you having second thoughts? Don't worry, I need them for at most a year... After a year, even if they have not reached my level, they should have grasped the essentials. With more practice, they can eventually catch up."

Wyatt Barnes responded confidently.

"A year? That's not too long."

Atharv Nigel raised an eyebrow and nodded.

"However..."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Atharv Nigel, wanting to speak but hesitated.

"What, do you have any other demand?"

Atharv Nigel inquired.

"Uncle Nigel, during this year, I want them to be completely loyal to me, obeying only my commands... No one else, including you, has the authority to command them! I need complete control over them."

Wyatt Barnes shared his requirement, "If you can't meet this demand, then everything said earlier will be void."

Atharv Nigel's eyebrows slightly furrowed but then smoothed out quickly, he shook his head, "Alright, let's do it your way... I suppose you young man should have some measure of propriety."

The Atharv Nigel today, would not know.

This decision will turn out to be his biggest regret in this lifetime...

In the days to follow, he realized that in this young man's 'mindset', there was no such thing as 'propriety'.

Wyatt Barnes laughed, "Deal!"

"What are your names?"

Wyatt Barnes asked the two middle-aged men.

The tall, slim middle-aged man didn't hesitate, "Young Master Barnes, my name is 'Frank Graham'."

The other middle-aged man of average height respectfully said, "Young Master Barnes, my name is 'Gideon Dunn'."

"From now on, you can simply call me 'Young Master'."

Wyatt Barnes casually mentioned.

"Yes, Young Master."

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn responded immediately, showing utmost respect.

Although the cultivation level of the teenager before them was inconsequential to them, his 'skill' had them convinced of his worth.

"Uncle Nigel, I'll take them with me now."

Even though Wyatt Barnes would only have these two 'Tiger Generals' with Seventh-Order of the Original Infant Realm for only a year, he was still quite delighted.

This time, Atharv Nigel didn't see Wyatt Barnes off.

He truly was worried he might end up regretting his decision!

He had a hunch that, this nephew of his, was not as easy-going as he seemed.

"I hope he doesn't stir up any trouble..."

Atharv Nigel's face broke into a wry smile.

Chapter 177: Boarded the 'Pirate Ship

After leaving the Crawford Mansion, Wyatt Barnes looked at Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn, "Have you two started a family?"

Both nodded, a warm and blissful smile spreading across their faces.

It was obvious that they were thinking of their wives and children back home.

From their conversation, Wyatt learned that their families also lived within the Crawford Mansion.

Bringing them back to his own house, Wyatt called over his housekeeper, Valentina, "Valentina, have the maids prepare two rooms for them."



"Yes, Young Master."

After Valentina left, Wyatt turned to Frank and Gideon, his expression turned serious: "In this house where I live, I don't want anyone else to know about it, except me, the two of you, and the people here, including Godly Might Marquis... Understood?"

"Yes, Young Master."

Frank and Gideon had spent their entire lives in the military. They understood that commands were absolute. In their eyes, Wyatt was their 'commander' for this coming year.

"In the future, you'll live here for three days, then return to the Crawford Mansion for one day. Also, when I'm at the Martial Arts Academy, you can go back and spend more time with your families, then wait for me outside the Martial Arts Academy in the evening."

Wyatt continued to instruct.

"Thank you, Young Master."

Frank and Gideon had been prepared to stay away from their families for a year. They didn't expect Wyatt to be so understanding and empathetic. They felt deeply grateful.

Soon, Valentina had the maids prepare their rooms.

After Frank and Gideon returned to their rooms, Wyatt went to the backyard.

"Who are these two guys you've brought back?"

Jovie Lee asked curiously.

"They're the men I borrowed from Uncle Nigel."

Wyatt smiled slightly.

Jovie nodded, not asking further. She understood that everything this man did had a reason.

Soon, after greeting the three women, Wyatt returned to his room.

He took out the stack of files he'd received from Atharv Nigel.

The files included information on all the major industries in the Imperial City owned by the Simmons Clan, as well as the profiles of those in charge.

After flipping through them casually, Wyatt couldn't help but marvel, "Indeed, they're one of the top three clans in the Imperial City, with a vast range of businesses. They have inns, pharmacies, weapons shops, and restaurants everywhere in the inner and outer city... "

"And these people in charge, they're all at the Original Infant Realm or higher."

Suddenly, Wyatt's gaze fell on one of the files:

"Lany Simmons, Third-Order of the Original Infant Realm. Nephew of Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, South Simmons. In charge of the Prosperous Radiance Inn, located within the Simmons Clan's properties in the inner city. Obsessed with women, his greatest hobby is forcing himself onto common women. It is known that he once massacred a family of seven just for a mere common woman..."

Reading this, Wyatt's eyes narrowed, a cold light flashing through them as he sneered, "Like uncle, like nephew... You're the one!"

Storing the stack of files into his Storage Ring, Wyatt left his room and headed toward the front yard.

Calling Frank and Gideon out, Wyatt led them out of the residence.

By now, it was late at night.

The streets were deserted.

Under Wyatt's lead, the three of them quickly arrived outside an inn.

"Young Master, what are you..."

Frank looked puzzled.

"Murder!"

A chilling look appeared in Wyatt's eyes.

Frank and Gideon shuddered, drawing a sharp breath. Only this young man could mention 'murder' so casually.

Though they too had killed plenty during battles.

But that was on the battlefield, and this, the Imperial City — the implications were entirely different.

"This place seems to be one of the Simmons Clan's properties."

Frank narrowed his eyes.

"Let's go!"

Wyatt led the pair up the side wall of the inn onto the roof, with Frank and Gideon obediently following.

After some searching, Wyatt located their target and silently positioned themselves above his room.

"Please... no... I beg you... don't..."

Helpless cries of a woman could be heard from the room.

Softly lifting a roof tile, Wyatt had a clear view of what was happening inside.

A fat man with a large belly was forcing himself onto a modestly dressed, rather attractive woman. The woman was resisting fiercely.

"Damnable woman!"

Out of patience, the fat man kicked the woman. She flew across the room, hit the wall, and slumped to the ground, no longer moving.

This unexpected scene took the trio by surprise.

Though Wyatt was fuming, he stuck to his discipline, his face darkened.

"Beast!"

But the two hardened soldiers with him couldn't control their rage and let out a low growl.

"Who's there?!"

The fat man inside the room was startled. Upon looking up, he noticed a tile had been moved on the roof.

"You two... seriously..."

Wyatt shook his head in resignation at Frank and Gideon, "It seems that the first lesson I have to teach you is how to control your emotions... Well, now you've alarmed the man, so it's yours to deal with."

He spread his hands in resignation as he finished.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn had been waiting for Wyatt Barnes' go-ahead. As soon as Wyatt spoke, they used force to blast through the rooftop, storming into the place.

Wyatt Barnes joined in right after.

"Where did you thieving rats crawl in from to covet me? Do you not know who I am?" the middle-aged fat man, also the nephew of the Simmons Clan's Grand Elder, South Simmons, said, his face full of disdain. His name was Lany Simmons.

"Never mind, since you're here, might as well stay!" Lany Simmons approached, his body trembling from the movement. A spiritual projection of four hundred ancient mammoth shadows emerged above his head representing the power of the Third-Order Original Infant Realm, rushing towards the trio.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

A fat palm fell from the sky, producing tremors that turned into three palm imprints, directly rushing towards Wyatt Barnes and his two companions.

"Humph!"

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn moved first, and above their heads emerged the spiritual projection of hundred elephant shadows...

Two hundred ancient elephant shadows, surged out, their momentum was like a rainbow!

"Two Seventh-Order Original Infants!"

Lany Simmons was shocked. He had initially thought they were mere thieves but hadn't expected two Original Infants of the Seventh Order. His expression immediately changed to horror.

"Who are you?" Lany Simmons questioned sternly.

Unfortunately, all he received in return were the furious attacks from Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn...

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn effortlessly shattered Lany Simmons' palm imprints before raining a storm of attacks onto Lany Simmons himself.

In an instant, Lany Simmons' body was deformed beyond recognition, and he became motionless.

Only then did Wyatt Barnes tossle stroll over and take the Storage Ring from Lany Simmons' hand and claim it as his own.

Seeing the abundance of bank checks and silver ingots inside the Storage Ring, Wyatt's eyes lit up, mumbling to himself, "These checks and USDs added up should be at least seven or eight million... not bad."

"S...seven or eight million?"

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn were astounded.

"Young Master, who was that fatso?" asked Frank Graham, swallowing hard. He had a terrible premonition.

"You didn't know who he was, yet you rushed up and beat him to death?" Wyatt Barnes was somewhat speechless.

"Forget it, since he's dead now anyway. He was my target in the first place... His name was 'Lany Simmons', and he was the innkeeper of this inn. His actual identity, though, was that of a direct descendent of the Simmons Clan and the blood nephew of the Simmons Clan's Grand Elder, South Simmons."

As Wyatt Barnes finished speaking, he shrugged non-chalantly.

The complexions of Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn changed instantly...

A direct descendent of the Simmons Clan!

Even the Godly Might Marquis wouldn't dare to openly kill a legitimate descendant of the Simmons Clan, right?

"What, you think he shouldn't have died?"

Looking at the two's faces, Wyatt Barnes was puzzled. Weren't they the ones who had rushed fiercely forward just now?

"Manager, what happened here?"

Just then, some commotion could be heard from outside the room, growing louder and closer.

"If you don't want to be found out, you better leave now!"

Wyatt Barnes gave Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn a glance, as he made the first move and jumped onto the torn rooftop.

Without further thought, Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn quickly followed suit.

If the Simmons Clan were to find out that they were the ones who killed 'Lany Simmons', even the Godly Might Marquis wouldn't be able to protect them!

This was a direct descendant of the Simmons Clan!

For a powerful clan like the Simmons Clan that valued reputation above all else, killing one of their heirs was equivalent to slapping them in the face.

After leaving the inn and circling a few streets, Wyatt Barnes finally slowed his pace.

"So, how was it? Refreshing, right?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at the two men and grinned.

"Sure, it was exhilarating...but that was a direct descendant of the Simmons Clan. If the Simmons Clan traces this back to us, we are done!" Frank Graham bitterly laughed, regretting that he had

decided to leave the Godly Might Marquis Mansion with the young man. They hadn't learned anything significant yet and had already invited such disaster upon themselves.

Even though Gideon Dunn didn't say anything, his discontent was written all over his face - it was obvious he shared the same sentiment as Frank Graham.

"As you said, they would have to trace it back to us first, right? So, just don't let them trace it back to us." Wyatt Barnes was a bit speechless - this guy, couldn't he think convolutedly?

Swish!

Wyatt Barnes raised his hand, took out two stacks of bank checks, and handed them to Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn. "Not a bad harvest tonight... This is for you guys. One million each!"

One million each?

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn were completely stunned. Even as Seventh-Order Original Infants, who were considered 'generals' in the military, they had barely saved up a few hundred thousand after an entire life of serving in the military.

And now, they had killed a despised fat man and earned this much money?

Were they dreaming?

Despite their shock, both men declined the bank checks Wyatt Barnes offered them, "Young Master, we cannot accept this money."

"Quit the act and just take it already... Tonight is just the beginning. Follow me in the future, and I guarantee that you'll earn so much it'll make you dizzy."

Ignoring their refusal, Wyatt Barnes stuffed the bank checks into their hands, and said nonchalantly.

Tonight is just the beginning?



Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn were on the verge of tears, feeling as if they had boarded a pirate ship...

#### Chapter 178: Invincible Below the Original Pill Realm

"Put away the bank checks, and we're going back! If you don't want to die, make sure that no fourth person knows about what happened tonight, including the Godly Might Marquis and your families."

Wyatt Barnes strode forward, heading towards his home.

"Yes, Young Master."

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn put away their checks and followed Wyatt Barnes.

What a joke!

If the events of tonight were to be discovered, they could not deny their involvement.

Despite their numerous meritorious deeds on the battlefield and being the trusted confidantes of Godly Might Marquis...

But the Simmons Clan would not care at all.

During that time, even the Godly Might Marquis couldn't necessarily protect them.

When Wyatt Barnes returned to his home with Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn, each returned to their bedrooms to sleep...

The Simmons Clan was in an uproar!

Among the numerous businesses under the Simmons Clan, they also ran inns...

However, on this night, the family-run 'Prosperous Radiance Inn' encountered a disaster.

The manager of Prosperous Radiance Inn, 'Lany Simmons', who was responsible for the inn and also the nephew of the Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, was killed in his own room...

Smash!

Inside the grand hall of the Simmons Clan, Clan Chief 'Jameson Simmons' looked furious. He smashed the armrest of his freshly changed seat with a slap of his hand.

The Elders of the Simmons Clan shivered in their hearts.

It seemed that Clan Chief's seat would need a new chair again...

"Who can tell me exactly what happened?"

Jameson Simmons' face darkened, he roared, his demeanour as head of the family was completely gone, replaced only with frustration.

The Simmons Clan recently had a series of unfortunate events, first, their most talented direct descendant 'Roman Simmons' was disabled, then they lost the qualification to recommend students to the Holy Martial Arts School, and now, a direct descendant of the Simmons Clan was brazenly killed!

"Clan Chief, my nephew was murdered horribly! We must track down the murderer and make them pay in blood!"

The Grand Elder 'South Simmons', who was sitting below Jameson Simmons, was grief-stricken and filled with rage.

It was definitely going from bad to worse!

In the past, there would definitely be many people agreeing with South Simmons, the Grand Elder.

But not now.

"Grand Elder, as far as I know, Lany Simmons often abducted innocent girls. It's possible that he did too many evil deeds and incurred the retaliation of a righteous power!"

The old man sitting across from South Simmons spoke calmly, his tone indifferent, but containing a vague sense of schadenfreude.

"I think the second elder makes sense. Grand Elder, you must have known about Lany's heinous actions, why didn't you guide him?"

"Exactly, if you, Grand Elder, had given proper guidance, Lany would have certainly restrained himself, and would not have lost his life because of it."

...

The remaining elders of the Simmons Clan all chimed in.

Some of the words from elders were sarcastic and mocking.

Ever since they found out that because of a decision made by Grand Elder 'South Simmons', the Simmons Clan had lost two recommendation spots for the Holy Martial Arts School, they had been very dissatisfied.

The coveted recommendation slots were now even harder to get!

All because of Grand Elder 'South Simmons'!

"You all..."

The face of South Simmons turned incredibly pale, he naturally knew why he had become the target of everyone, but in the face of these honest remarks by the elders, he didn't know how to refute them.

"Clan Chief, even if my nephew 'Lany Simmons' was at fault, he was a direct descendant of our Simmons Clan. Are we just going to let his death go unchecked?"

South Simmons looked at Jameson Simmons, his face full of anger.

"Humph!"

Jameson Simmons gave a cold snort, "Killing a direct descendant of our Simmons Clan is like slapping our Simmons Clan in the face... Send out orders to investigate the murderer! Whoever provides clues will be rewarded ten thousand silver pieces!"

Ten thousand silver pieces?

The next morning, when Wyatt Barnes had just arrived in his classroom, he heard some of his classmates discussing the events at the Simmons Clan from last night.

"The Simmons Clan is really stingy, a direct descendant's life is only worth ten thousand silver pieces in their eyes?"

Wyatt Barnes looked strange, but he also felt incredibly satisfied deep down.

Soon, a cold light flashed in Wyatt Barnes' eyes, "South Simmons, last night is just the beginning...Since you want to play, I'll play with you and your Simmons Clan!"

South Simmons, the Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, was the mastermind who forced Walter Simmons to leave!

That afternoon, as usual, Wyatt Barnes sat cross-legged under a big tree at the side of the Martial Arts Performance Field, practicing.

Boom!

What he thought would take a while to breakthrough, under the unswerving focus of Wyatt Barnes, broke through in an instant.

His cultivation realm officially entered the Sixth Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm!

"I broke through?"

Wyatt Barnes opened his eyes, a hint of surprise on his face, "How could it be so fast?"

Wyatt Barnes didn't know.

The cultivation path of the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique' was a 'domineering as you wish' approach.

This time, due to Walter Simmons' departure, there was a significant shift in his mindset, as if he had reverted back to the unscrupulous weapon king from his previous life...

"Anyone who bullies my friends, my brothers, or my family, I will surely pay them back tenfold, hundredfold, even thousandfold, millionfold!"

This mindset perfectly aligns with the 'domineering heart' principle of the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, allowing Wyatt Barnes' cultivation to advance rapidly, directly breaking through the bottleneck of the Condensed Pill Realm Fifth Level and stepping into the 'Condensed Pill Realm Sixth Level'!

Even better, as long as Wyatt maintains this mindset, his future rate of cultivation on the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique will assuredly advance as rapid as 'a thousand leaps in a single day'!

The Nine Dragons War Sovereign is, after all, a technique of the same category as the supreme cultivation method practiced by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, the Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture...

It is superior to the top-notch techniques like Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula, Mysterious Divine Skill, or Sun Moon Star Formation!

Upon breaking through to the Condensed Pill Sixth Level, Wyatt felt joy welling up in his heart.

"Tonight, when I return home, I'll formulate another 'Dragon Blood Pill', allowing my body to finish the Origin Force tempering... then, I can continue pushing for the Condensed Pill Seventh Level!"

Wyatt was somewhat excited.

Once he finishes the body tempering of the Sixth Level Condensed Pill Realm, even without the spirit weapon 'Purple Emperor Soft Sword', he can exert the force equivalent to sixteen ancient giant elephants!

The Purple Emperor Soft Sword, as an eighth-rank spirit weapon, can boost nearly twenty percent of the power...

By then, if he uses the Purple Emperor Soft Sword, he could exert the force equivalent to nineteen ancient giant elephants!

Typical warriors at the Ninth Level of the Condensed Pill Realm bear the strength of twelve ancient giant elephants. To display the strength of nineteen ancient giant elephants, they would need to rely on a 'fourth-rank spirit tool'

And yet, this 'fourth-rank spirit tool', let alone in 'Crimson Heaven Kingdom', even in the 'Green Forest Royal Country' where sects and powerful warriors are plentiful, is not necessarily available.

It goes without saying that, after tonight, Wyatt could...

Whether looking across the entire Crimson Heaven Kingdom or even the entire Green Forest Royal Country, he could be deemed 'unbeatable under the Original Pill Realm'!

At dusk, upon leaving the Sacred Martial Institute, Wyatt's eyebrow slightly lifted.

"How interesting..."

A barely noticeable cold smile spread across Wyatt's lips.

He noticed, in addition to his subordinates Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn, another three people lurking in the shadows were watching him...

"Ah, are the people of this world so unprofessional when it comes to tailing someone?"

Wyatt shrugged his shoulders and casually walked into a small alley in the distance.

Not long after he entered the alley, three figures, like gusts of wind, sprinted towards Wyatt, surrounding him in a triangulated formation.

Three middle-aged men, their faces cold and emotionless.

Their icy eyes were fixed on Wyatt, as if they were looking at a 'dead man'.

"Do your masters think that the three of you can take my life?"

A cold smirk played on Wyatt's lips. He could vaguely sense that the cultivation of these three men was only between the First and Third levels of the Original Infant Realm...

Even the fat man 'Lany Simmons' from the Prosperous Radiance Inn last night, would be superior.

"Target confirmed, kill!"

One of the middle-aged men spoke, his voice cold as ice. As his words fell, he moved, rushing towards Wyatt.

The other two men moved as well.

The man who spoke had three hundred ancient giant elephant figures floating above his head, evidently a Second Level Original Infant Realm warrior.

The other two were both First Level Original Infant Realm warriors.

Facing the combined strike of the trio, Wyatt made no attempt to dodge. In fact, he didn't even command the two little pythons hidden under his long sleeves to attack.

The moment the three men lunged at Wyatt.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two figures, several times faster, dashed in like two lightning bolts, instantly joining the fray, standing beside Wyatt and shielding him.

Above their heads in the void, the force of a thousand ancient giant elephants emerged!

"Original Infant Realm Seventh Level!"

The faces of the three middle-aged men changed drastically.

"The information was wrong, retreat!"

The Second-Level Original Infant Realm warrior quivered in the void, pushed off the ground with his foot, intending to escape with that advantage.

The other two hurriedly withdrew and fled in opposite directions.

"Hmph!"

A cold snort, followed by a lightning-fast figure, instantly crossed over the Second-Level Original Infant Realm warrior.

The other lightning-fast figure also caught up to the other two Original Infant Realm warriors.

"Leave one alive!"

Wyatt's eyes squinted slightly as he gave the command.



He wanted to know who sent these three...

No matter who sent them, he was going to make them pay a price for this!

A moment later, a palm from Frank Graham fell, severely injuring the Second-Level Original Infant Realm warrior. Like a hawk clutching a chick, he carried the man and presented him in front of Wyatt.

On the other side, after Gideon Dunn has killed one of the First-Level Original Infant Realm warriors, he seized the other one.

"As long as you tell me who sent you, I can spare your lives."

Wyatt slowly stepped forward, his gaze falls on to the two ashen-faced middle-aged men, his voice cold, seemingly from the depths of the underworld.

Suddenly, Wyatt's face changed!

A scene that only appears in his previous life's martial arts novels rose before his eyes.

The two middle-aged men bit their teeth, apparently crushing some sort of poisonous pill and died instantly from the poison...

## Chapter 179: Big Deal

Watching as the two middle-aged men's faces turned black, poisoned and gasping, they killed themselves.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn looked at each other, their faces changing, "Death warriors!"

"Death warriors? What are death warriors?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned, not understanding why Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn were reacting so strongly.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn looked at Wyatt Barnes, their scalps tingling!

Who exactly had this young master offended?

Frank Graham took a deep breath and slowly explained, "Young Master, the so-called 'death warriors' are fearless 'pawns' trained by those with big ambitions. They only serve one master and are willing to give everything for them, including their lives!"

"These death warriors, in the process of carrying out their missions, would rather die than reveal their masters' identities."

When Frank Graham finished speaking, he and Gideon Dunn both looked at Wyatt Barnes.

They were curious as to how the young master had provoked the people behind these 'death warriors'.

"So this is what a 'death warrior' is."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, feeling a chill in his heart. For the allegiance to their mission, defying death...

These people were practically 'killing machines' who have lost their humanity!

"Young Master, did you offend someone?"

Gideon Dunn asked hesitantly.

"I've offended quite a number of people, you're aware about the Simmons Clan, aren't you?"

Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow and answered directly.

"Young Master, these death warriors shouldn't logically be from the Simmons Clan..."

Frank Graham shook his head, "As far as I know, these death warriors generally come from the military... Only those in high positions secretly gather these people, forming a team of death warriors who can become sharp blades, piercing their enemies' chests at crucial moments!"

"So, who do you think these death warriors most likely belong to?"

Wyatt Barnes slightly frowned, asking.

"Young Master, in the Imperial City, these death warriors are most commonly seen under the Princes of the Imperial Family. Any prince with ambitions for the 'throne' generally trains a group of death warriors without exception."

Gideon Dunn said with a solemn expression, a hint of doubt reflecting in his eyes.

Could the young master have crossed paths with those high-ranking individuals?

Princes?

Wyatt Barnes' eyes narrowed, a cold light flashed and disappeared quickly.

Without thinking, he could guess that the three death warriors who tried to assassinate him either belonged to the Third Prince or the Fifth Prince.

"Third Prince, Fifth Prince... regardless of who made the move, I hope you know your limits. Otherwise, not to mention the 'throne', even your lives will be difficult to protect!"

A cold look crossed Wyatt Barnes' face, murderous intent brewing in his heart.

"Let's go, we're heading back."

Wyatt Barnes called out to Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn, heading straight back to their residence.

Along the way, Wyatt Barnes didn't forget to tutor the two, "Can't you two be more professional when following me secretly? I discovered your trail the moment I left the Saint Martial Arts Academy..."

As Wyatt Barnes tutored them, he also instilled in them the 'tracking knowledge' he had learned from his previous life as a special forces soldier.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn listened intently to these novel concepts, completely engrossed.

They never expected that something as simple as 'tracking' could have so many intricacies!

The respect in their eyes for Wyatt Barnes grew even further.

At the same time, they couldn't help but wonder, where on earth did this young man learn all these things from?

"You two rest up and prepare yourselves. Tonight, I'm going to take you on a big venture."

Upon returning to the residence, Wyatt Barnes told Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn before heading straight into the main building to his room.

Big venture?

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn exchanged looks, both seeing a bitter smile on each other's faces.

They naturally knew what the young man meant by 'big venture'. However, at this point, did they have any choice?

As the saying goes, one wrong step leads to continuous errors...

Both of them shook their heads helplessly and went to their rooms to rest.

As for Wyatt Barnes, right after coming back, he didn't have the time to greet the three beautiful women in his home before heading straight to his room.

He took out his medicine tripod and began concocting the 'Dragon Blood Pill'.

After the Dragon Blood Pill was successfully concocted, Wyatt Barnes took it immediately.

Within an instant, his physical body underwent tempering of the Sixth-Order of Condensed Pill Realm, gaining the strength equivalent to an ancient giant elephant.

This meant that he could directly attempt to break through to the 'Seventh-Order of Condensed Pill Realm' in his next step.

"Almost caught up with those two girls."

A smile appeared on Wyatt Barnes' face.

Since settling down in the inner city of the Imperial City, both Keer and Jovie had been practicing for over a dozen hours a day with the help of endless supplies of high purity 'Ascension Pill'.

Now, both girls had successfully advanced to the 'Seventh-Order of Condensed Pill Realm'!

But Wyatt Barnes believed that with his current cultivation speed, he would soon be able to catch up with the two girls.

"Young Master, it's dinner time."

A silver-bell-like voice came from outside. Wyatt Barnes opened the door to see Keer standing at the entrance.

Looking at the graceful young girl standing there, Wyatt Barnes' gaze became a bit dazed.

The Keer now was no longer the little girl from before, she had grown up.

Looking at Keer's white as jade pretty face, and the full buds on her chest, a heat filled Wyatt Barnes' lower abdomen, wicked thoughts emerged...

Perhaps, it was time to make a move on Keer.

"Young Master, I'll go out first. You should come out for meals soon."

Noticing Wyatt's gaze, Keer's heart raced, and she blushed, quickly heading out.

"This girl, getting shy now."

Wyatt Barnes chuckled and followed her out.

After the meal, Wyatt went back to his room and began scanning through the information related to the Simmons Clan's various business heads.

In the end, he identified a target.

"Aaron Simmons, a martial artist of the Original Infant Realm's Sixth level, cousin of the 'South Simmons', the Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, runs the largest pharmacy, the 'Clear Cloud Pavilion' in the inner city of the Simmons Clan. He has two sons, who have committed all sorts of atrocities, each time it's Aaron cleaning up after them and forcefully eliminating all threats!"

After having read Aaron's details, Wyatt decided it was him.

The main reason for choosing him was of course his relationship with South Simmons.

Next, it was because of his heinous acts.

Besides giving birth to two wastrel sons, he himself was notorious too...

As the saying goes, like father, like sons.

"In this world where the powerful are respected, this is the way it works... there is no rule of law, the maximal might represents the ultimate right!"

"Just like Aaron, his behavior and that of his sons are known to everyone in the Imperial City... Yet, even the Imperial Family, who controls the entire Crimson Heaven Kingdom, turns a blind eye to their activities, for the sake of the Simmons Clan, and does not punish them."

While Wyatt had no intentions of playing a 'savior', he had decided to show the true colors of the Simmons Clan, so he wouldn't go easy.

"Only blame your own bad luck. Had it not been for your Simmons Clan pushing people too far, I wouldn't have set my sights on you."

After Wyatt finished reviewing the other details on Aaron, he left his room.

As night fell, it was too dark to see one's finger in front of them.

In the north direction of the inner city of the Imperial City, there was a residential area with a large mansion compound.

Within the compound, the lights were off, and everyone inside was seemingly asleep.

Whish! Whish! Whish!

Three figures, like stealthy cats, jumped over the compound walls and infiltrated within.

"Let's move!"

Bathed in moonlight, the figure leading them was revealed to be a young man clothed in black with his face covered.

It was Wyatt Barnes!

His target for tonight was 'Aaron Simmons' of the Simmons Clan.

Aaron didn't live in the Simmons mansion but bought a separate mansion where he kept some concubines, living a comfortable life.

Under Wyatt's lead, Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn, also in black attire with their faces covered, followed behind.

Through the moonlight, the 'helplessness' was evident in their exposed eyes.

When did they ever sneak around like this before?

"Young Master, I say, since Aaron is only a 'Sixth Level Original Infant Realm' martial artist, why don't we just barge in openly and take him out?"

Frank Graham suggested.

Though Gideon Dunn didn't speak, he nodded in agreement.

Wyatt's mouth twitched.

Why did these two guys seem even more ruthless than him?

"Storm in openly?"

Wyatt chuckled softly, "If you guys burst in directly, wouldn't it make no difference whether I'm there or not? Don't forget why you generals are following me... "

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn suddenly understood; the Young Master was training them.

"Kill Aaron if necessary..."

With Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn in tow, Wyatt entered the main building and reached the door of the master bedroom.



With one push Wyatt shattered the doorknob.

Bang!

Wyatt smashed open the bedroom door.

"Who's there?!"

Immediately, a loud yell came from inside the room, followed by lights turning on.

The entire room was illuminated.

The middle-aged man, who had been naked a moment ago, threw on a robe from the bedside, jumped down from the bed, glaring with a ferocious look from his triangular eyes at Wyatt and the two others hidden under black clothing, his expression grim, "Who are you?"

"Ah!"

A young woman in her twenties on the bed, pulled the blanket over her naked body and shrank to a corner of the bed in alarm.

"Take him down!"

Wyatt's eyes flickered. He whispered a command.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn made their move, darting towards the middle-aged man. Their momentum was unstoppable!

Above their heads appeared shadows of a thousand ancient colossal elephants...

"Two Seventh Level Original Infant realm fighters!"

The middle-aged man, also known as 'Aaron', paled, realizing the trouble he was in.

His gaze quickly fell upon the window not far away. With a sudden move, he crashed through the window.

Above his head, 800 ancient colossal elephant shadows appeared...

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn's pupils contracted as they followed him out.

"No... don't kill me!"

The young woman curled up in the corner of the bed, seeing Wyatt approach, changed her expression, fear evident in her eyes.

Chapter 180: Rising Wind, Scudding Clouds

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes heard a commotion coming from the front yard of the mansion, knowing that their movement had alerted others.

Under the woman's frightened gaze, Wyatt raised his eyebrows and knocked her unconscious with a wave of his hand before chasing out of the window.

After all, his face was still covered, so he was not worried about being recognized.

Outside the window was the backyard of this mansion, where Aaron Simmons now laid lifeless against the wall, clearly unsuccessful in his escape.

It made sense.

How could a Sixth-Order Original Infant Realm martial artist possibly escape under the joint attack of two Seventh-Order Original Infant Realm martial artists?

At this time, Frank Graham took the Storage Ring from Aaron's body and respectfully handed it to Wyatt, "Young Master."

"Let's go!"

Wyatt made a few quick strides to the wall, exerted force in his legs, and his Origin Force surged.

Above his head, the strength of a dozen ancient behemoths flashed and disappeared, directly leaping over the enclosing wall to the outside of the mansion.

As Wyatt, Frank Graham, and Gideon Dunn left, they could faintly hear a heartbreaking outcry from the backyard: "Master!"

On the road, Wyatt became the owner of the Storage Ring, and its wealth inside made his eyes glint.

"Over thirty million USD..."

Just as he had thought, Aaron, who had worked for most of his life, had accumulated more wealth than that fat Lany Simmons from last night.

Speaking of which, Lany was also Aaron's nephew.

These two uncles and nephews collectively gave him almost forty million USD.

"Take this!"

Wyatt took out two million USD in checks and divided them between Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn.

This time the two didn't refuse and accepted it directly.

They thought about it in this way.

Working with this audacious young man now was like walking on a tightrope at the very edge, fraught with danger. If they were to accidentally fail one day, this wealth could at least be left to their wives and children.

With the Godly Might Marquis there, they didn't have to worry about their family being burdened by them.

It could be said that they had already prepared for the worst!

After all, what they are doing now is like tightrope walking at the edge of a cliff, with any mistake leading to a deadly fall, bones shattered!

The Simmons Clan, after all, was no easy opponent.

If Wyatt knew what Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn were thinking, he would definitely be speechless again...

He had done similar things countless times in his previous life.

Apart from that time when he was betrayed, when had he ever failed?

When he returned to his mansion, the already cheerful Wyatt received another pleasant surprise...

Fill Bear had actually spent all the fifty million USD he had given him last time and collected enough materials to inscribe a dozen 'Bone Corrosion Inscriptions'.

"After today, the Simmons Clan will definitely be more alert... let's take a few days off, and help mother and those two girls inscribe some 'Bone Corrosion Inscriptions' over the next few nights."

A thought arose in Wyatt's mind, he had made a decision.

To him, nothing was more important than the safety of his family.

The jubilant Wyatt sneaked into Jovie Lee's room.

Jovie hadn't slept yet and was sitting cross-legged on the soft bed practicing. Hearing the sound, she opened her eyes and saw Wyatt at first sight.

Before she had the chance to react, she was knocked over onto the bed by Wyatt.

"Jovie, your husband has arrived!"

Soon, accompanied by Wyatt's heavy breathing, the soft bed began to sway, composing a romantic and seductive melody...

It wasn't until deep into the night that their movements finally ceased.

The sound of panting filled the room.

Just as Wyatt, content and satisfied, hugged a blushing Jovie and fell asleep...

The higher-ups of the Simmons Clan once again gathered in the main hall in the middle of the night.

"Two consecutive nights, murdering two direct descendants of the Simmons Clan... It seems like someone is deliberately picking a fight with our Simmons Clan!"

Clan Chief Jameson Simmons, in his anger, struck the arm of his new chair with his palm, shattering it.

The eldest elder of the clan, South Simmons, whose face was also extremely grave...

Last night, his nephew was killed!

Tonight, his cousin was killed!

He suddenly felt that all these arrows were seemingly unintentionally pointing at him.

Not only South Simmons thought so, but the other elders of the Simmons Clan had similar thoughts...

"Grand Elder, have you offended someone?"

"Yes, Grand Elder, if you have offended someone, you can say it out loud, and we can use that clue to track down the real murderer."

"Grand Elder, are you in some kind of trouble?"

"Grand Elder, we hope you can put the overall situation first!"

...

The elders of the Simmons Clan, one by one, pointed the finger at South Simmons.

The gaze of Clan Chief Jameson Simmons also inevitably fell on South Simmons, as even he began to have his doubts.

"Clan Chief, I, South Simmons, can swear I have not offended anyone recently... If I have to talk about contradictions, it should be with Walter Simmons and Wyatt Barnes! However, they two definitely don't have the ability to kill Lanny Simmons and Aaron Simmons."

Misunderstood by so many people, South's face turned red with anger, and his hatred for the 'murderer' reached his bones.

"Walter Simmons?"

Many of the elders from Simmons Clan in the venue knew who 'Walter Simmons' was and asked one after another, "What does this have to do with Walter Simmons?"

South Simmons took a deep breath, explained his disputes with Walter Simmons, including the fact that Walter Simmons had by now left the Saint Martial Arts Academy...

He was also surprised when he first learned about this matter.

He had never expected.

That Walter Simmons, for his friend Wyatt Barnes, for the safety of his parents, was willingly ready to forfeit a promising future.

In his opinion, Walter Simmons' choice was simply heartbreakingly foolish!

"Sneer! Grand Elder, you are really capable, you even don't spare a child!"

An elder from the Simmons Clan, who in the past had a good relationship with Walter Simmons' father, could not help but sneer, giving South Simmons a disdainful look.

In his opinion, it was revolting for the dignified Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan to resort to such methods!

"Walter Simmons is impossible...As for that Wyatt Barnes, although he is Lanni Barnes' son, he has not returned to the Barnes Clan, it is impossible for him to have such 'energy'. Did you, Grand Elder, overlook anything?"

Jameson Simmons pondered for a moment, looking at South Simmons, his gaze piercing.

"Absolutely not!"

South Simmons shook his head, confirming.

Jameson Simmons frowned, contemplated for a while, then spoke, "Regardless of whether it was last night's 'Lanny Simmons' or tonight's 'Aaron Simmons,' after being murdered, their 'Storage Ring' is also nowhere to be found...Could it be that the perpetrator's motive is money?"

"If it's about money, then that can be explained. Lanny Simmons and Aaron Simmons are both in charge of businesses under our Simmons Clan."

An elder from Simmons Clan said.

"Pass my order down, let all the business managers return and stay in the Simmons mansion recently! I want to see if that person dares to intrude upon my Simmons mansion!"

Jameson Simmons nodded, immediately issuing the order, his pair of eyes, flickering with a cold and severe gleam.

Within two days, two legitimate sons of the Simmons had died, he being the Clan Chief of Simmons Clan, was shamed, feeling an extreme disgrace.

The following morning, the entire Imperial City was buzzing. News about the Simmons Clan losing two men on consecutive nights were spreading everywhere...

And, those who died were all legitimate sons of the Simmons Clan!

"The Simmons Clan might have provoked someone."

"Who knows...But the two who died weren't saints either."

"True, the more persons like these die, the better it is."

"Shush! Keep your voice down, do you have a death wish? If your words are overheard by someone from the Simmons Clan, your life can't be spared!"

...

Whether it's the outside of the Imperial City or the inner city, similar discussions are found everywhere.

At the Fifth Prince's residence.

"Your Highness, the three death warriors dispatched yesterday haven't returned all night, I'm afraid it's unlikely for them to be safe."

In the quiet pavilion, an elderly man with white eyebrows respectfully reports to a handsome young man in elegant clothes sipping tea inside.



"Three Original Infant Realm warriors couldn't even take the life of that Wyatt Barnes?"

The handsome young man, also the 'Fifth Prince,' looked slightly gloomy, "It seems that the Barnes Clan is indeed very generous to this rebellious legitimate son, taking a good care of him..."

"Your Highness, you mean people from the Barnes are protecting him?"

The old man with white eyebrows was taken aback.

"Besides this, do you think he can have other sources of support?"

The Fifth Prince scoffed and asked.

The old man with white eyebrows remained silent, after a while, he said, "Your Highness, then shall we still..."

"Let the matter rest for now. I heard that Simmons Clan has lost two legitimate sons in the last two nights, you send someone to investigate, if there's any trace found, we can do Simmons Clan a favor...Once successful, when the time comes for the struggle for the throne, I want Simmons Clan to help, I believe Simmons Clan Chief 'Jameson Simmons' won't refuse."

The Fifth Prince's eyes flash a trace of wisdom then disappears.

"Yes."

The old man with white eyebrows promised and left.

"Wyatt Barnes, you have harmed my cousin again and again...Even if the people from the Barnes Clan are secretly protecting you, you won't be able to jump around for much longer!"

A flicker of cold light passes through the Fifth Prince's eyes.

The 'Ghostly Shadow' assassin organization, in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom, can be said to be ubiquitous.

Even within the Imperial City, 'Ghostly Shadow' has a stronghold too.

In the inner city, a remote corner.

Few people knew that the headquarters of 'Ghostly Shadow' in Imperial City was here.

Deep in the night.

A mediocre-looking middle-aged man, sneakily looked around before entering the headquarters of 'Ghostly Shadow' organization, reached the lobby, and stood before the counter.

"Target."

Behind the counter, a young man with a blank face, his voice cold to the bone.

The middle-aged man shuddered and said frantically, "Wyatt Barnes, Ninth-Order of the Condensed Pill Realm, a first-year student of Saint Martial Arts Academy."

"Saint Martial Arts Academy?"

The young man's voice seemed to be somewhat cautious.

"He is not residing inside the Saint Martial Arts Academy."

The middle-aged man added hurriedly, just like reading a textbook, obviously he was driven by someone else to post this mission.

"Down payment, 200,000 USD, confirm in three days."

The young man said coldly.

The middle-aged man clumsily took out a stack of bank checks from his bosom, put it down and left hastily.