

L. Wyatt 201

Chapter 201: Before Departure

In the Red Dawn Kingdom, Divine Might Marquis and General Nie Yuan are undoubtedly the embodiment of 'General'.

On the 'Prime Minister' side, Prime Minister Gu Youting holds the highest honor.

Gu Youting holds an outstanding position in the Red Dawn Kingdom and to a certain extent, he could be considered the 'spokesperson' for the emperor.

Normally, all minor and major affairs of the Red Dawn Kingdom must pass through his hands.

Moreover, he himself is a powerful figure just one step short of reaching the Void Realm!

"He's Prime Minister Gu Youting's son?"

Wyatt frowned as he watched Clarke Drake, who was walking towards him with a formidable air, and felt somewhat confused.

He could be certain that today was definitively the first time he had seen this Clarke Drake!

However, Clarke seemed to harbor great hostility towards him, which left him rather puzzled.

It had been four months since Wyatt had first arrived in the Imperial City...

So, he was quite familiar with some of the events here.

He had also heard of Prime Minister Gu Youting.

Although Prime Minister Gu did not hail from any prominent families, due to the trust from the emperor of the Red Dawn Kingdom, his Prime Minister's Mansion was also famous in the Imperial City.

Even members of the three major families in the city dared not provoke Prime Minister Gu's mansion easily.

Because everyone knew that behind the Prime Minister Gu, stands the supreme Emperor of the Red Dawn Kingdom!

Soon, Wyatt watched as Clarke approached him.

"Can I help you?"

Wyatt's eyebrows twitched slightly as he looked at Clarke Drake and asked indifferently.

"Wyatt, I'm warning you, stay away from Irene!"

Clarke's face darkened, his eyes revealed a cold light as he stared at Wyatt.

At this moment, he looked like a venomous Red Gyokuro Snake!

Upon hearing Clarke's words, Wyatt suddenly understood, now he finally knew the reason why the other party viewed him as a hostile figure...

It turned out to be because of 'Princess Irene'!

All the way here, he also heard a lot of discussions about him and Princess Irene, but Wyatt didn't take those outrageous guesses seriously and directly ignored them.

In his view, the innocent have nothing to hide, there's no need for further explanation.

"Irene? You mean Princess Irene, right?"

Wyatt calmly looked at Clarke and asked indifferently.

"Exactly!"

Clarke's eyes flashed, his tone mixed with a sense of superiority, "Did you hear what I said just now?"

Wyatt's face darkened.

Regardless of his non-existent relationship with Princess Irene, even if there was, it seemed to have nothing to do with this Clarke Drake, right?

Wyatt sneered at Clarke's high and mighty posture, and a trace of anger began to rise in his heart.

"What if I heard, what if I didn't?"

The tone of Wyatt's response was very calm.

"Wyatt, I know you have great martial arts talent and you are more protected by the Barnes family as the direct descendant... But in my eyes, you are nothing, do you understand?"

Clarke's voice suddenly became extremely gloomy.

In Clarke's view, in this Imperial City and even the entire Red Dawn Kingdom, the only people he cared about were the Imperial Family and people from the Divine Might Marquis's Mansion.

As for those so-called three big families, they were nothing in his eyes!

His father is the Prime Minister, the 'spokesperson' of the Emperor of the Red Dawn Kingdom. He commands great respect from all under him!

"Oh?"

Wyatt suddenly laughed, "I'm sorry, but in my eyes, you are nothing too..."

Having said this, without paying any attention to the gloomy-faced Clarke, Wyatt called out to Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair and headed towards the exit of the Martial Dao Academy.

"This son of Prime Minister Drake, is too arrogant."

Remi Sinclair frowned, clearly somewhat disgusted by Clarke's treatment of Wyatt.

"It's not strange, after all, he has a father with overwhelming power... Moreover, this Clarke Drake is quite talented and may even succeed the position of 'Prime Minister' in the future."

Seeker Sinclair shook his head and spoke slowly.

Wyatt didn't say much, in his opinion, this Clarke amounted to nothing more than a spoiled brat.

He was no different from the young masters he had defeated before like Roman Simmons and Lewis Bell.

As long as they didn't cross the line and provoke him personally, he would let things slide.

If they go too far, he wouldn't mind teaching them a harsh lesson!

That night.

Wyatt didn't practice any martial arts, nor did he engrave any 'Inscriptions'.

He finally fulfilled a long-held dream of his, in his own room, he spent the night under the same blanket with the two young girls from his home, enjoying the bliss of their company...

The two girls, as if they were aware that Wyatt would leave the next day and would be gone for at least a few months, let Wyatt have his way.

He didn't know how many times he had taken advantage in one night, only when he was entirely exhausted did he finally fall asleep cuddling the two girls.

The next day, when the two girls got out of bed, their walking posture seemed a bit strange.

A sense of guilt surfaced on Wyatt's face.

Last night, it was too wild!

At breakfast, Wyatt's face thickened as he ignored his mother Christina Lee's burning suggestive gaze, whereas the two young girls lowered their heads, their faces flushed with embarrassment.

"Little Black, Little White, stay home nicely, protect Keer and Jovie, as well as my mother, understand?"

Wyatt caught the two snakes from his sleeve, tapped their little heads and told them seriously.

"Hiss hiss~~"

The two little snakes seemed to understand Wyatt's words in a rough sense, nodding their heads while flicking their tongues.

Wyatt saw a hint of reluctance in the sharp eyes the two little snakes.

The two little snakes obviously showed the initial signs of 'human nature'.

"Mother, I'm leaving."

At the entrance of the courtyard, Wyatt looked at his mother who was adjusting his clothes with a gentle smile.

"Stay safe."

Christina Lee said quietly, with a hint of worry on her face.

As the saying goes, 'a mother will always worry when her child is far from home'!

"Don't worry."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, and gave his mother and the two young girls beside her a smile, "Take good care of my mother while I'm away, I'll be back soon."

Keer and Jovie Lee both nodded, their bright autumn eyes glistening with unshed tears.

"Fill Bear, Valentina, while I'm away, everything at home depends on you."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Fill Bear and Valentina standing off to the side.

"Don't worry, Young Master."

Both of them quickly nodded, Valentina's eyes also showed a hint of reluctance to bid farewell.

Over the past few months, she was very grateful to the 'Young Master' who trusted her unconditionally.

It was because of his care that her family was leading an abundance-filled life.

"Alright, I'll be off now."

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath, turned around, and walked away,

He was afraid that if he took one more look, he would not want to leave.

"Frank Graham, Gideon Dunn."

After Wyatt Barnes had distanced himself from his home, he suddenly called out.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn instantly appeared by Wyatt Barnes' side.

"Are you two coming with me, or are you going back to the 'Godly Might Marquis' Mansion'?"

Wyatt Barnes asked.

"Young Master, we're going with you."

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn spoke in unison.

"Then continue to stay hidden... When we reach the battlefield, I will teach you more about tracking, hiding, and assassination techniques."

Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow and slowly said, "Unless I give the order, do not reveal yourselves, do you understand?"

"Yes."

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn quickly responded, their eyes filled with anticipation.

They held a strong desire to learn the various techniques Wyatt Barnes intended to teach.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes entered the Sacred Martial Arts Academy.

Many people had already gathered in the Martial Arts Performance Field, and of course, most of them were people of the 'General Star System'.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Wyatt Barnes had just taken a few steps when he saw Seeker Sinclair off to the side waving and smiling at him, so he walked over.

"Huh, don't you guys have any change of clothes?"

Wyatt saw that both Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair were empty-handed, and he couldn't help but feel puzzled.

He also noticed that most of the other students carried all sorts of bags and luggage...

Unlike Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair who stood out in the crowd.

"Look."

Seeker Sinclair raised his hand, revealing an ancient ring, "I asked my Grandfather for a 'Storage Ring' yesterday."

"All my stuff is in Seeker Sinclair's Storage Ring."

Remi Sinclair laughed.

"Wyatt Barnes, is that a Storage Ring in your hand too?"

Seeker Sinclair looked deeply at Wyatt Barnes and his gaze then fell on Wyatt's hand.

Wyatt Barnes nodded his head.

"Wyatt Barnes, it seems the Barnes Clan really values you a lot, they even gifted you such a precious item as a Storage Ring."

Remi Sinclair naturally assumed that the Storage Ring on Wyatt Barnes' hand was given to him by the Barnes Clan and his face was full of envy.

Even he, the grandson of the Grand Elder of the Sinclair Clan in Aurora City, did not possess a Storage Ring.

In fact, only the Clan Chief and the Grand Elder in the entire Sinclair Clan of Aurora City had Storage Rings.

Wyatt Barnes smiled lightly and didn't explain.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

At that moment, a loud voice came from afar.

A powerful youth around twenty-five years old with a smile on his face slowly approached Wyatt Barnes.

"Who are you?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at the newcomer with confusion, but he could sense the person meant no harm.

"My name is 'Shore Barnes', I'm a collateral descendant of the Barnes Clan and also a six-grade student of the 'General Star System'... Wyatt Barnes, this is given to you by the Clan Chief."

The muscular young man with a bag slung over his arm extended his hand to give Wyatt Barnes an ancient ring.

It was a 'Storage Ring'!

Under Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair's astonished gazes, Wyatt Barnes accepted the ring and nodded his thanks at Shore Barnes, saying, "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

After handing over the Storage Ring to Wyatt Barnes, Shore Barnes gave a grin before he turned and left.

Wyatt Barnes received the Storage Ring and found out that besides a few million bank checks, there was nothing else inside.

It seemed to be something the Clan Chief 'Firey Barnes' had given him for his luggage.

This Storage Ring only had one cubic space and was rather low-level.

"Wyatt Barnes, is that 'Storage Ring' in your hand not given by the Barnes Clan?"

Remi Sinclair looked at Wyatt Barnes, a surprised expression on his face.

"It's given by the Grand Elder. I didn't expect the Clan Chief to send another one over... I will take the money inside, and this Storage Ring is for you to use."

While Wyatt Barnes looked for an excuse, he retrieved the money from the Storage Ring, unlinked it as the ring's master, and handed it to Remi Sinclair.

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However, Remi Sinclair did not take the 'Storage Ring' that Wyatt Barnes handed over. He shook his head and said, "Wyatt, this is too valuable. I can't accept it. You should keep it for yourself, or perhaps give it to Jovie Lee to use."

"If I give it to you, just take it. When did you become such a fretter?"

Wyatt shook his head, reached out, and shoved the Storage Ring directly into Remi's hand, grumbled.

Remi's eyes flickered, gratitude swept across them, but he did not refuse again.

If he refused again at this point, it would seem a bit excessive.

"Thank you."

Remi smiled at Wyatt, and a warm feeling surged in his heart.

A Storage Ring, can only be refined by a Seventh-grade Artifact Refiner.

Although it's not a spiritual tool, it's still a rare item. A single one is worth no less than several million taels.

And it is priceless.

"The Vice Dean is here!"

Suddenly, someone shouted, and immediately, the entire Martial Arts Performance Field fell silent.

All eyes fell on the gray figure walking slowly in the distance.

He was an old man in gray clothes, exuding an aura of authority between his brows. He walked in with great strides, a force to reckon with; this was the Vice Dean of the Holy Martial Arts College, 'Smith'.

Upon his arrival, Dean Smith announced loudly, "All students of the 'General Star System', move to the right side now. All students of the 'Star System', move to the left."

The moment Dean Smith's words echoed, the crowd in the Martial Arts Performance Field parted to two sides.

The General Star System, with exactly three hundred people, clustered together into a dense group.

The Star System, however, had just twelve people scattered there.

Wyatt, Remi and Seeker Sinclair, three freshmen, occupied a quarter of it.

Wyatt noticed that among the crowd in the Star System was 'Clarke Drake', the Prime Minister's son. There were also two other people standing next to him.

These two people were somewhat familiar to Wyatt; they were with Clarke yesterday.

At this moment, Clarke looked at the trio of Wyatt, his face darkened, and his brows furrowed.

"Vice Dean!"

Clarke suddenly spoke, his voice high and dominant, overpowering most of the sparse voices on the Martial Arts Performance Field.

"Hmm?"

Smith looked towards Clarke upon hearing his words. Naturally, he knew who 'Clarke' is, the Prime Minister's son, "Clarke, go ahead, what do you want to say?"

"Vice Dean, to my knowledge, according to the traditional rules of our Holy Martial Arts College, whenever we go to the battlefield, the minimum threshold for our students from the 'General Star System' is the second year, and for the 'Star System', it's the fourth year... But these three, they are just freshmen from the 'Star System'. I suspect they are attempting to muddle through us and head to the Northwest Border battlefield."

Clarke pointed at Wyatt, his voice high, a look of disdain in his eyes.

For a moment, all the students put their focus on Wyatt and the others.

"Isn't that Wyatt Barnes?"

"And those two people next to him, they seem to be freshmen from 'Star System'."

"They really want to mix with us and go to the Northwest Border battlefield?"

"Hmph! Unless it's a person on the list, it's almost impossible for someone to sneak through!"

...

Many students pointed and whispered, the scene was full of discussion.

Clarke wore a smug face as he glanced at the trio, a sneer curled at the corner of his mouth, as if he had already envisioned the scene of Vice Dean Smith driving the trio away.

"This Clarke, he's really as disgusting as a fly."

Seeker's face darkened, a hint of sharpness flashing in his eyes.

"Hmph!"

Wyatt's eyes turned cold, he stepped forward, and looked at Clarke.

Before Smith could speak, Wyatt took a step ahead and raised his voice, reverberating into the sky, "Clarke, you keep harping on about rules, but why have I never heard of any rule that a freshman from the 'Star System' in Holy Martial Arts College cannot go to the battlefield?"

"Hmph!"

Clarke, hearing this, locked eyes with Wyatt, a sarcastic smile on his face, "Although there are no explicit regulations, it has been an unwritten rule in Holy Martial Arts College... It is certain, you three want to sneak through."

"Unwritten rule?"

A thin layer of frost emerged in Wyatt's eyes, he sneered, "You also called it an unwritten rule, does an unwritten rule mean it can't be broken? You keep talking about us sneaking through, but I'm curious, on what basis are you saying this? Just because we are freshmen, do you think we're inferior to you? Do you think we don't qualify to be here?"

"Naturally, first-year students, especially those from 'Star System', how much can they comprehend about the mysteries of 'Xiang'? People like you, even if you were to go on the battlefield, you would only be a hindrance."

Clarke snorted disdainfully, his words full of contempt for Wyatt and the others.

"Enough!"

At this moment, Smith intervened, "Clarke, Wyatt and the others are indeed the people on the list, so you do not need to question this... Wyatt is a person highly recommended by Master Hawkins, as for Remi and Seeker, they are the young marquis of the Godly Might Marquis Mansion, and also the people who were personally named by 'General Kanan Nigel' who leads the reinforcement this time, to be added to the list."

"Hmph! So they are three people who have used connections."

Hearing Smith's explanation, Clarke looked at Wyatt and the others with a face full of sarcasm and contempt.

Remi and Seeker's faces darkened, glaring at Clarke.

"Idiot!"

Wyatt looked at Clarke, a touch of coldness curled at the corner of his mouth, and he slowly spat out the word.

"What did you say?!"

Clarke's face changed, Wyatt Barnes dared to call him an 'idiot'?

As the son of the Prime Minister of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom, this was the first time he had ever been so humiliated!

In an instant, his chest was filled with uncontrollable rage!

Wyatt Barnes tilted his head, ignoring the furious Clarke Drake, leaving him stewing in his own anger.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

The complexion of Clarke turned gloomy, his eyes locking onto Wyatt. They sparkled with a savage light as he swore in his heart, "You just wait, sooner or later, I will have your life!"

Although he longed to burst out in fury and kill Wyatt right then and there, he was hesitant...

Firstly, the vice-dean was present, and any hasty actions on his part would undoubtedly have repercussions.

Secondly, if Wyatt were to use his strange inscriptions against him, he would be caught off guard.

One must remember, even Lester Bell, son of the leader of the City Guard – Lewis Bell, a being of the Second Layer of the Original Pill Realm, had his cultivation destroyed by Wyatt's inscriptions.

These inscriptions that Wyatt held were always a cause for hesitation in his heart.

So, unless he was completely certain of his odds, he would not act recklessly.

As the son of the Prime Minister, he was not some simple-minded brute. Even though he hated Wyatt immensely, he would still not act rashly.

"This Clarke Drake, he sure knows how endure."

As there was no reaction from Clarke for quite some time, Wyatt's eyes narrowed, somewhat surprised.

In his view, this Clarke Drake was much more dangerous than Roman Simmons and Lewis Bell...

This was a man who knew how to bide his time.

Such a man, who excels in hiding in the shadows and waiting for the right opportunity to strike, is extremely terrifying.

"Alright, you can all head to the front gate now, General Kanan Nigel has arranged horses for all of you."

Soon, three hundred twelve students from the Martial Arts Academy, led by Vice Dean Smith, marched out of the academy in grandeur.

Outside the gates of the Martial Arts Academy.

Over three hundred soldiers clad in armor, each sitting atop a horse and with an extra horse in their possession...

These extra horses were obviously prepared for the students of the Martial Arts Academy.

"Vice Dean Smith."

A broad-shouldered, muscular man with a thick beard, clad in armor, galloped forward, nodding to Vice Dean Smith upon reaching his side.

Wyatt gave the bearded man a glance, his brow twitching slightly. He could tell that this bearded man was a being of the Original Infant Realm and rather formidable.

"Lieutenant James, these are the students listed for this time."

Vice Dean Smith responded slowly, answering the muscular man's question.

"Thank you, Vice Dean Smith."

The bearded man nodded, then suddenly yelled, "Students of the Martial Arts Academy, all mount your horses!"

Immediately, the three hundred twelve students of the Martial Arts Academy, including Wyatt Barnes, all climbed onto their horses.

Exactly three hundred and twelve horses.

"Vice Dean Smith, we shall take our leave!"

The bearded man saluted Vice Dean Smith and steered his steed forward, yelling, "Move!"

In a flash, Wyatt and the others rode amidst the armored soldiers, following the bearded man's lead, marching grandly out of the Imperial City.

Along the way, they caused quite a stir.

The people on the streets all made way for them, paying homage to the passing group.

"Are these the reinforcements sent by the Martial Arts Academy to the Northwest Border battlefield?"

"No wonder they are students of the Martial Arts Academy, they all seem spirited and extraordinary."

"Eh, there's a young boy... he's in purple, could he be the extraordinarily talented warrior that everyone's been talking about, 'Wyatt Barnes'?"

"It should be him! Apart from him, the Martial Arts Academy probably doesn't have such young students."

...

Soon, the eyes of many fell onto Wyatt, and exclamations of surprise spread through the crowd.

Wyatt Barnes had become the focus of everyone's attention along the way.

"Hmph!"

Seeing Wyatt so popular, Clarke's face became unsightly, and his gaze grew colder.

The Mansion of the Fifth Prince.

In a pavilion, a young man of extraordinary temperament sat facing a middle-aged general clad in light armor.

"At this point, Wyatt Barnes should have already embarked on his journey."

The young man's eyes narrowed slightly, speaking slowly.

"Hmph! This time, there will be no return for him!"

The general's eyes hardened, displaying a bloodthirsty killing intent.

"General Lester, don't be too hasty in your words... Don't forget, Wyatt Barnes has 'Attack Inscriptions' that can deal with warriors at the Original Pill Realm. From what I know, even the grand-elder of the Simmons Clan's grandson 'Roman Simmons', had his cultivation wasted by Wyatt's 'Attack Inscriptions'."

A hint of hesitation showed on the young man's face.

"Your Highness, don't worry. This time we have a warrior of the Original Infant Realm acting, we will surely succeed!"

The middle-aged General Lester Bell responded confidently.

As soon as he found out that Wyatt Barnes was going to join the reinforcements heading for the Northwest Border battlefield, he harbored a mad scheme in his heart to have Wyatt assassinated on the way!

Chapter 203: Crisis

Outside the outer city of the Imperial City.

In the spacious open field, a group of soldiers clad in armor gathered together like a black cloud bearing down on a city, with an awe-inspiring presence.

"Are these the reinforcements? They seem to be only around ten thousand... Isn't that a bit few?"

Remi Sinclair gazed at the group of soldiers lined up neatly in the distance, with a slight frown on his face.

"Quality matters more than quantity in soldiers."

Wyatt Barnes rode his horse by Remi's side, smiling gently.

He could tell that these soldiers were different from ordinary soldiers. Every single one of them emitted a fierce aura, and their cultivation levels were clearly not low.

"Remi, don't underestimate this army of ten thousand. Even if they were to face a siege of several hundred thousand ordinary troops, they could easily break through the encirclement!"

Seeker Sinclair's eyes narrowed as he spoke slowly.

"Could this be the Crimson Drake Army under the command of the Godly Might Marquis, General Atharv Nigel?"

Remi Sinclair glanced at the group of soldiers escorting them out of the city and noticed that the armor of these soldiers was engraved with the pattern of a 'Crimson Drake'.

This type of armor was the emblem of the Crimson Drake Army!

"You just noticed?"

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and smiled; he had spotted this much earlier.

The Crimson Drake Army is one of the three elite armies under the command of the Godly Might Marquis. There are only ten thousand soldiers in each of the three elite armies.

These ten thousand soldiers are generally all martial artists of the Seventh-Order Condensed Pill Realm or above.

Among them are some centurions who are even of the Original Pill Realm...

As for the Centurions, they are all of the Original Infant Realm!

Soon, including Wyatt Barnes, a group of students from the Saint Martial Arts Academy, had also gathered with the other soldiers of the Crimson Drake Army.

At this moment, a tall youth wearing silver light armor stepped forward.

His gaze was cold, sweeping over the group of Saint Martial Arts Academy students, in a calm tone, "Hello everyone, I am the commander of the reinforcements heading to the Northwest Border battlefield this time, my name is 'Kanan Nigel'!"

Kanan Nigel!

The son of Godly Might Marquis Atharv Nigel!

A proud son of heaven!

After hearing Kanan Nigel's 'self-introduction', most students of the Saint Martial Arts Academy had their eyes gleaming.

"Is he Kanan Nigel?"

"He is indeed worthy of being the son of the Godly Might Marquis, so majestic. I heard that Kanan Nigel graduated from our Saint Martial Arts Academy just a few months ago. When he graduated, he was already a martial artist of the Fifth-Order Original Pill Realm."

"Twenty-six years old, Fifth-Order Original Pill Realm... With such talent, I am afraid that among the young generation of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom, the only ones who could surpass him are 'Wyatt Barnes' and 'Qadir Adams'."

"This time Wyatt Barnes and Qadir Adams have also joined the reinforcements. The top three geniuses of the youth generation in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom are all gathered together!"

...

A group of students from the Saint Martial Arts Academy, whispering to each other.

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows slightly, Qadir Adams has also come?

Looking around, he spotted Qadir Adams in the crowd.

The present Qadir Adams seemed to have lost some of his former sharpness while displaying increased composure, seemingly having changed a lot.

"Let me be clear upfront! Although you are students of the Saint Martial Arts Academy, from this moment on, you are also part of our 'Crimson Drake Army', and you must obey military orders. If you violate military orders, you will be punished according to military law! Now, someone will distribute the Crimson Drake Army armor to you, put it on as soon as possible."

Kanan Nigel's voice rang out loud and clear.

With those words, he rode off.

Next to Kanan Nigel, an old man in casual clothes sat on a horse, his eyes squinted, following Kanan Nigel like a shadow.

Like Kanan Nigel's 'shadow'.

Not many people noticed that when Kanan Nigel turned to leave, his gaze seemed to penetrate through numerous barriers and land on a purple figure among the group of students from the Saint Martial Arts Academy.

Sensing Kanan Nigel's gaze, Wyatt Barnes nodded slightly towards him.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair, and Seeker Sinclair had also put on the Crimson Drake Army's armor.

The armor appeared heavy but was actually light. Wearing it didn't interfere with movement and provided a degree of protection.

"You two look quite fitting in this armor."

Wyatt Barnes glanced at Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair, smiling slightly.

Both of them wore the Crimson Drake Army armor, and they looked quite the part.

"Aren't you the same?"

Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair looked at Wyatt Barnes.

The current Wyatt Barnes, with his straight eyebrows, handsome face revealing a trace of coldness, and body fitting armor, looked strikingly majestic and magnificent.

Wyatt Barnes' eyes narrowed slightly, a genuine smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Even after living two lives and seeing much of the world in his previous life, he couldn't help feeling a bit excited.

The wind rises, and clouds float. Brave men go and never return!

"Depart!"

At this moment, 'Kanan Nigel', acting as the commander of the reinforced Crimson Drake Army, suddenly gave the command.

The loud voice, like a thunderclap, reached everyone's ears.

Immediately, the army made up of over ten thousand people rode their horses out, their momentum thunderous!

Where they passed, the earth shook, and mountains trembled.

They set off in early morning, rested at noon, and then resumed their journey until sunset. Under the command of 'Kanan Nigel', the tens of thousands of the Crimson Drake Army finally stopped and made camp for the night in the wilderness.

Under the glow of the bonfire, tents rose one after another, creating a sea of darkness.

Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair, and Seeker Sinclair were now working together to set up a small tent.

This would be their residence for the night.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes frowned; his keen psychic power told him that a gaze was constantly on him.

As he looked over, he saw a group of soldiers from the Crimson Drake Army, but he could not tell who was watching him.

"This gaze, this morning, seemed to have fallen upon me the moment I put on the Crimson Drake Army armor... Who is it?"

Wyatt was slightly puzzled.

He was sure that the one gazing at him was not Kanan Nigel, nor a student from the martial arts academy.

Meanwhile, the camp had been set up. Wyatt Barnes no longer dwelt on the subject but instead, sat around the campfire in front of the tent with Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair.

At this moment, a group of Crimson Drake Army soldiers and some students from the martial arts academy all took out their dry food to eat.

Seeker Sinclair took out some dry food too, shared some with Remi Sinclair, and passed some to Wyatt.

"Eating this stuff isn't nutritious at all."

Wyatt did not take it, but grimaced instead. Then, he raised his hand and took out a huge chunk of ice from his Storage Ring...

Under the puzzled gaze of Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair.

Wyatt placed the ice next to the campfire.

Soon enough, the ice melted, revealing a 'suckling pig' inside.

"Damn, Wyatt Barnes, how big is your storage ring that you can carry this around?"

Seeker Sinclair couldn't restrain himself and cursed in surprise, his mouth agape.

Remi Sinclair was also stunned.

In their view, a regular storage ring has only one cubic space, and there wouldn't be room for many 'iced suckling pigs'.

"Hurry up and help dissect it! All that talking, do you not want to eat?"

Wyatt tossed the suckling pig in his hand to Seeker Sinclair, glaring at him.

Seeker Sinclair took the hefty pig and smiled, "Of course I want to eat! Who would eat dry food when there's meat?"

At this moment, Wyatt also took out a few long iron rods, along with a pile of seasonings and salt.

Buzz!

Wyatt's hand swiped at his waist, and the Purple Emperor Soft Sword whistled into action. With Seeker's help, they quickly dissected the preprocessed suckling pig.

"Wyatt, you don't seem like you're preparing for battle. Instead, it's like you're going on a vacation."

Remi Sinclair pierced a piece of the pig meat with an iron rod and started roasting it over the campfire. He sprinkled salt and seasonings on it, shaking his head as he laughed.

"It's not every day that we go out, so why not treat ourselves well? Where would we get the energy from eating those pieces of dry food?"

Wyatt rotated the iron rod in his hand, roasting the meat as he smiled.

Suddenly, the fragrance of the grilled suckling pig from the hands of the three began to spread...

"Damn, where is this fragrance coming from?"

"Isn't this the smell of grilled suckling pig? Who's eating grilled suckling pig?"

"It's Wyatt and the others! They sure know how to enjoy themselves. They even brought a suckling pig out to roast."

"No wonder he's a valued genius from the Barnes family, having a storage ring truly is convenient."

...

A group of students from the martial arts academy all looked enviously at Wyatt, their mouths watering profusely.

Compared to the group of students from the martial arts academy, a group of soldiers from the Crimson Drake Army was much calmer. They grilled their own food by the campfire, eating their dry food. After finishing, they went into their tents to rest.

"Awesome!"

While munching on a grilled pig, Seeker Sinclair had a satisfied smile on his face.

Wyatt and Remi Sinclair were also eating meat heartily, the delight evident on their faces.

"It would be perfect if there were some drinks right now."

Seeker Sinclair's eyes sparkled.

The students from the martial arts academy who were not far away were utterly speechless after hearing Seeker Sinclair's words.

What an insatiable greed!

We don't even have a roasted suckling pig to eat, yet you, while gnawing on your grilled pig, still aren't satisfied and need a drink?

How infuriating!

However, next moment, those students from the martial arts academy were stunned once more.

They saw Wyatt extending his hand and three wine pots instantly appeared in his hand...

"A meal isn't complete without wine, come, drink up!"

Wyatt smiled.

"Wyatt, you really brought wine!"

Remi Sinclair swallowed hard, his face full of surprise. Immediately, he and Seeker Sinclair grabbed the wine pots and started drinking...

Under the stares of the hungry crowd, the three of them ate and drank heartily, not stopping until they were full.

"So full!"

Soon, the three of them picked a suckling pig clean, and the empty wine pots were cast aside.

"I'm going out to relieve myself."

Seeker Sinclair announced before running off into the nearby jungle.

After Seeker Sinclair and Remi Sinclair returned from relieving themselves, Wyatt also went out...

However, as soon as Wyatt stepped into the bamboo forest, his psychic power became alert. He could sense an impending crisis rapidly approaching, seemingly about to hit at any moment.

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt moved swiftly, directly flying for the front.

Spiritual Serpent Movement!

And just at this moment, a flurry of noises came from behind, and a robust figure leapt forward, overtaking Wyatt in the blink of an eye and blocking his route.

This was a middle-aged man in the armor of a Crimson Drake Army soldier. His eyes, contrasting against the night, flickered with a terrifying glow.

Chapter 204: Seeking One's Own Destruction

"The third level of the Original Infant Realm?"

Gazing at the 'Four Hundred Ancient Elephant Shadows' atop the head of the middle-aged soldier blocking him, Wyatt's eyes slightly coalesced, and the corners of his mouth slightly curved upward.

The middle-aged soldier's gaze was ice-cold, looking at Wyatt with no glimpse of emotion.

"Are you the one who has been watching me from the shadows since early this morning?"

Wyatt's tone was calm, as if talking about something unrelated to him.

"Indeed, you are the top genius of the Holy Martial Academy, able to sense my spying on you in the shadows, I thought I was careful enough."

The middle-aged soldier was slightly surprised, not expecting Wyatt to have noticed him already.

"You're certainly not from the Crimson Drake Army, right?"

Wyatt looked deeply at the person before him, who was a warrior in the third level of the Original Infant Realm, only wearing ordinary soldier armor, not even a centurion...

He didn't believe that someone with such cultivation would be willing to be an ordinary soldier in the Crimson Drake Army.

"You are very smart."

The middle-aged soldier nodded, "Yes, I am not from the Crimson Drake Army."

"Being able to infiltrate the Crimson Drake Army without anyone noticing, your backing seems to be extraordinary... I'm really curious, who sent you?"

Wyatt's gaze, which seemed to see through everything, was firmly fixed on the middle-aged soldier.

"Dead men need not know that much."

The middle-aged soldier ignored Wyatt and stepped forward, his momentum overwhelming.

The four hundred ancient elephant shadows that had just disappeared from his head congealed into form again...

"Are you so certain I will die?"

Wyatt's gaze was slightly frosty, a touch of disdainful smile on his lips.

"Hm?"

Seeing Wyatt so calm, the middle-aged soldier slightly frowned, gave the surroundings a look, found nothing unusual, sneered, "You think you can escape by playing tricks? Don't waste your time! Certain actions require bearing the consequences... Today, no one can save you!"

The middle-aged soldier took another step and

was about to make a move against Wyatt.

"Really?"

Wyatt was still standing there, unmoved like a mountain, his face calm as an ancient well.

"I think it's you who cannot be saved!"

At that moment, a low voice tinged with anger came from behind the middle-aged soldier.

Then, two figures appeared behind the middle-aged soldier in an instant. One of them struck out with a palm, directly knocking the middle-aged soldier to the ground and his foot stomping the soldier into the ground, preventing him from moving.

The middle-aged soldier fell heavily to the ground, subconsciously turned his head, but his eyes almost popped out when he saw the scene behind him!

God!

What did he see?!

A thousand ancient elephant shadows!

The one now making a move against him was an 'Original Infant Realm Seventh-Order Warrior'!

"How is that possible? Wasn't it said that the Wyatt's family did not send anyone to protect him?"

A chill arose in the middle-aged soldier's heart, his eyes filled with despair.

"Young Master."

The two who appeared were Frank Graham, who had stepped on the middle-aged soldier, and Gideon Dunn.

Upon hearing this familiar voice, the middle-aged soldier's face turned pale. He struggled to turn his head back and finally saw the faces of Frank and Gideon through the darkness.

"General Frank, General Gideon!"

The middle-aged soldier's pupils shrank; he clearly had recognized Frank and Gideon.

Frank and Gideon were competent generals under the command of the Godly Might Marquis, Grand General Atharv Nigel, and they also commanded high prestige in the army of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

Therefore, many soldiers in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom's army recognize them.

"You recognize us?"

Frank Graham's eyebrows furrowed, and his foot stepping on the middle-aged soldier increased its force.

The middle-aged soldier went pale, looking horrified. Who can tell him what the hell was happening?

Why were these two fearsome figures here?

And it seemed like they were protecting this 'Wyatt' in secret!

Wasn't Wyatt just a direct descendant of Wyatt's family? How could these two fearsome figures deign to protect him?

The middle-aged soldier suddenly realized that this mission was simply a suicide mission!

"Speak, who sent you to kill the Young Master?"

Gideon Dunn's face grew dark, his eyes flashing with relentless killing intent.

"General Frank, General Gideon... Isn't he... Isn't he a Wyatt's family member? Why... Why would you..."

The middle-aged soldier took a deep breath; he just wanted to figure out what was happening.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn both looked toward Wyatt at the same time, seemingly asking if Wyatt could reveal the truth.

Wyatt nodded.

He also understood that this middle-aged soldier was a tough one. If they could not completely break down his inner defenses, he might not reveal the person directing him even if he died.

"Correct, the Young Master is a member of the Wyatt family. However, the Young Master is also Lord Crawford's nephew... As for us, we were sent by Lord Crawford to protect the Young Master."

Frank Graham spoke smoothly and calmly.

However, his words felt like a needle prick to the middle-aged soldier's ears.

Lord Crawford?

He naturally knew who the 'Lord Crawford' referred to by Frank Graham was.

It must be that venerable and distinguished figure in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom!

This Wyatt, he is that figure's nephew?

"Young Master, please spare my life... This lowly servant didn't know your identity, please spare me..."

The middle-aged soldier's face was pale, drained of color, struggling to beg Wyatt Barnes for mercy.

He suddenly realized that his actions were akin to seeking his own death!

"Speak up, who sent you?"

Wyatt Barnes asked again.

"Young Master, if I speak the truth, would you spare my life?"

A light of survival shone in the middle-aged soldier's eyes.

"You're not in a position to negotiate terms with me."

Wyatt Barnes's voice turned colder, "Given that you recognize Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn, and have achieved the skill level of the Original Infant Realm, your status in the army of the

Crimson Heaven Kingdom should not be low... Do you think, with my Uncle Nigel's capabilities, we won't be able to find out your true identity?"

A bitter smile appeared at the corner of the middle-aged soldier's mouth.

If Godly Might Marquis wanted to investigate him, it would naturally be effortless...

"Young Master, I am a centurion in the Imperial City Guard."

The middle-aged soldier lowered his head, revealing his identity.

He believed that without his further explanation, the young master before him could guess the rest.

"City Guard?"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes narrowed slightly, "It was him... Lester Bell!"

"What a Lester Bell, daring to let his city guards infiltrate the Crimson Drake Army, doesn't he know that is a grave offense in the army?"

Frank Graham's face changed slightly, his eyes flashing with anger.

Gideon Dunn also looked extremely unpleasant.

"Generals, spare me..."

The middle-aged soldier's face was ghastly pale; all he wanted now was to survive, with no other thoughts in mind.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn looked at Wyatt Barnes.

"Clean it up."

Wyatt Barnes spoke indifferently. His voice was void of any emotional fluctuations. He then turned around, loosened his trousers to relieve himself. After finishing, he directly returned to his camp tent.

As soon as Wyatt Barnes's voice fell, the middle-aged soldier hadn't even reacted yet when he was killed by Frank Graham.

When Wyatt Barnes left, Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn cleaned up the soldier's body and rehid it.

"Wyatt Barnes, why were you gone so long?"

After Wyatt Barnes returned to the camp, Seeker Sinclair asked.

"Can't I take a good dump?"

Wyatt Barnes gave Sinclair a glance, speaking with annoyance.

Lying in the camp, Wyatt Barnes's eyes slightly squinted, a flicker of anger rising in his heart.

Although he knew that the city guard commander Lester Bell wouldn't give up easily, he hadn't expected Lester Bell to be so reckless as to seek his death on the way to the Northwest Border.

"Lester Bell..."

Weaving Webb weaved killing intent into Jarvis Barnaby Barnes's heart.

The next morning, the sun rose from the east.

"Everyone, pack up your camps, we leave in ten minutes!"

The booming voice of 'Kanan Nigel', disrupted the tranquillity of the morning, awaking all the martial arts students from their dreams. They emerged from their tents hastily, packing their properties.

As Wyatt Barnes stepped out of the tent, he saw that the 10,000 soldiers of the Crimson Drake Army were already fully equipped and ready to go. Only their Saint Martial Arts Academy's camp was sporadically scattered around.

"This Crimson Drake Army is indeed the elite army of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom!"

Wyatt Barnes praised inwardly.

Soon, the group of students from the Saint Martial Arts Academy also had their camp packed up and were ready to depart.

Along with a command from 'Kanan Nigel'.

Tens of thousands of horses, carrying tens of thousands of soldiers, surged forward, once again shaking the earth beneath them.

On their way, they encountered some merchant and vehicle convoys who hastily made way, not daring to obstruct the Crimson Drake Army's advance.

After spending a total of two months, Wyatt Barnes and the others, following the Crimson Drake Army, finally reached their destination.

The Northwest Border's Flourishing City.

Flourishing City was a remote and awkwardly positioned city.

Just thirty miles north of Flourishing City was the border city of South Barbarian City, part of the South Kingdom...

Due to its peculiar location, clashes between the two countries were frequent in the area.

Any time one country finished regrouping its forces, they would aggressively send out troops with the intention to seize the border city of the other, aiming for plunder.

Over the thousands of years, things were always like this.

Half a year ago, the army from the South Kingdom started to instigate the Crimson Heaven Kingdom's Flourishing City repeatedly, putting immense pressure on the city's army. Hence, they requested for reinforcements from the Imperial City.

"This Flourishing City isn't very large, it's about the size of Aurora City."

Wyatt Barnes looked at the distant Flourishing City from afar, raising his eyebrows.

"Indeed, other than the Imperial City and County Cities, the other cities are all more or less the same size."

Remi Sinclair nodded.

Soon, tens of thousands of the Crimson Drake Army soldiers rode into Flourishing City, simultaneously slowing down their speed.

Half of Flourishing City to the south was bustling with shops and crowd, whereas the half closer to the north was the camp of the border army. The northern city wall had been heavily fortified into a bronze-wall-iron-bastion specifically built to withstand wars.

"It's the Crimson Drake Army!"

"The Crimson Drake Army have arrived, they will definitely bring a crushing defeat to the army of the South Kingdom this time!"

"Long live the Godly Might Marquis!"

...

Wherever the Crimson Drake Army passed, the residents of the Flourishing City standing on both sides were extremely excited, yelling in unison.

Chapter 205: Super Pervert

Throughout their journey, Wyatt could see 'hope' and 'expectation' written across the faces of these residents of 'Flourishing City'.

Such was their faith in the Crimson Drake Army!

In the Godly Might Marquis!

"Uncle Nigel is undoubtedly the 'Military God' of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom... In this border city where war is frequent, his prestige may even exceed that of the 'Emperor' of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom!"

A thought flashed through Wyatt's mind.

Soon, Wyatt's group of students from the Martial Arts Academy, along with a force of ten thousand from the Crimson Drake Army, moved into the spacious campsite at the north of Flourishing City.

Wyatt and his group, as well as all other newcomers, were assigned to various tents within the camp.

The three of them-Wyatt, Remi, and Seeker-were placed in the same smaller tent.

Although it was a small tent, it was tens or even hundreds of times better than the makeshift one they had pitched on their journey.

"To be witnessing a brutal 'war' soon, I am quite excited..."

Seeker said with an excited flush on his face.

Remi didn't say anything, but the sparkling of his eyes revealed much.

Wyatt grinned and shook his head, pulled something out—it was a 'medicine tripod'.

He had finally broken through to the eighth level of the Condensed Pill Realm two days ago.

Now, he needed to refine the 'Dragon Blood Pill', consume it and complete the 'body refining' of the Condensed Pill Realm Level Eight.

Only then could he continue to strive for the ninth level in the Condensed Pill realm!

The Dragon Blood Pill was special; once refined, it must be consumed within ten hours, or its medicinal power would cease to exist.

Therefore, Wyatt couldn't prepare them ahead of time.

To Wyatt, taking out the medicine tripod naturally wasn't a big deal.

However, when Remi and Seeker saw him bring out the medicine tripod, they were both taken aback.

"Wait... Wyatt, don't tell me you've become an 'alchemist'..."

Seeker widened his eyes, his breath became more urgent. Wyatt couldn't be planning another surprise, could he?

Remi also looked at Wyatt, puzzled.

Wyatt smiled and shook his head.

He raised his hand, sft!

In an instant, a wispy milk-white flame ignited in Wyatt's palm.

"A nine-grade flame!"

Seeker exclaimed in shock.

His older brother, River Sinclair, was a ninth-grade alchemist, so he was quite familiar with a ninth-grade flame.

Remi's mouth twitched.

When did Wyatt become an alchemist?

Usually, martial talents like Wyatt would focus entirely on their cultivation, they couldn't possibly devote time to mastering the way of alchemy, Artifact Refining and the Inscriptions...

Because if they spend time studying the latter, it would consume much of their focus and energy, leading to mediocrity in every aspect.

In the past, in his eyes, Wyatt's prowess was due to his single-minded focus on cultivation, not wasting energy on alchemy, artifact refinement, or the inscriptions.

However, the 'ninth-grade flame' in Wyatt's hand has given him a huge shock!

A major cultivator like Wyatt even spent time studying alchemy and became a 'ninth-grade alchemist'?

Remi felt his scalp tingling.

A freak!

He's such a freak!

"If Wyatt hadn't spent time studying alchemy, wouldn't his current strength be even greater? He might even have broken through to the Original Pill Realm at seventeen?"

The more Remi thought about it, the more shocked he became.

By now Seeker was similarly, completely stunned by Wyatt's revelation.

That was because they knew well that those who practiced alchemy progress slower in their martial cultivation compared to others.

Because they divide their attention between alchemy and martial cultivation, they cannot focus completely on training in martial arts!

Just like Seeker's brother, River Sinclair. Despite having similar martial talent, his cultivation was inferior to Seeker's even though he was a year older.

This was entirely because River devoted himself to alchemy, hence resulting in slower progress in his cultivation.

"What are you guys doing? Is it really that big of a deal?"

Wyatt just smiled and shook his head. He pulled out a pile of medicinal materials required for the 'Dragon Blood Pill', and one by one, put them into the medicine tripod.

"Is it really that big of a deal?"

Remi and Seeker both twitched at the corner of their mouths, feeling if Wyatt was doing it on purpose.

"Freak!"

Both of them exclaimed simultaneously, in perfect sync.

Wyatt was left speechless.

Of course, this might be because Wyatt wasn't familiar with Remi and Seeker's current line of thought, otherwise, he would certainly just smile...

As soon as he merged with the memory of Martial Emperor, he inherited everything that belonged to the Martial Emperor.

The Martial Emperor was an Artifact Refiner and Alchemist of Emperor Grade realms at the peak of his brilliance!

Even the techniques related to inscriptions weren't left behind; he studied them to the peak, just like anybody else in that era when Art of Inscriptions was prospering.

By inheriting everything that belonged to Martial Emperor, Wyatt acquired the abilities of the Martial Emperor as well.

Of course, to maximize the use of Martial Emperor's abilities, he had to elevate his cultivation and mental power to a certain level...

For example, flame for alchemy, flame for artifact refining.

An eight-grade flame can be formed upon entering the first level of the Original Pill Realm.

A seventh-grade flame can be formed upon reaching the seventh level of the Original Pill Realm.

A sixth-grade flame can be formed upon entering the first level of the Original Infant Realm.

A fifth-grade flame can be formed upon reaching the seventh level of the Original Infant Realm.

...

And so on and so forth.

Inheriting all the alchemic and artifact refining techniques and experience of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, as long as Wyatt Barnes cultivated high enough, he could condense a red flame of the appropriate grade.

He didn't need to study or improve anything on his own!

The same was true with mental power.

As long as his mental power was strong enough, he could inscribe more advanced inscriptions.

At present, Wyatt Barnes's mental strength was on par with a Taoist cultivator of the Original Infant Realm. So, he could inscribe inscriptions like 'Bone Corrosion,' an inscription capable of killing cultivators from the Original Infant Realm.

If he could get his hands on some rare principal materials, he could even inscribe inscriptions capable of slaying a 'semi-Void Realm' strongman!

So...

As long as Wyatt Barnes had cultivated enough and his mental strength was enough, he did not need to spend his own time researching the paths of refining, alchemy, and inscriptions.

Within his mind, he retained memories of refining, alchemy, and inscribing researched to the peak!

For example...

Let's say, the paths of alchemy, artifact refining, and inscribing were the 'software.'

Then, Wyatt Barnes' cultivation and mental power were the 'hardware.'

The software was at the summit.

While the hardware was still in the stage of exploration and improvement. As long as the hardware continually improved, the software's functionality could be better utilized.

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes' hands fell, and the red flame condensed from the Origin Force was pressed into the medicine tripod by him, starting the refining process.

Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair took a deep breath, suppressing the shock in their hearts as they watched closely.

An hour later, Wyatt Barnes added Little Black's golden blood and completed the final steps.

Whoosh!

A golden glowing Dragon Blood Pill shot out and fell into Wyatt Barnes' hands.

It was the 'Dragon Blood Pill'!

Wyatt Barnes took it immediately.

In an instant, a radical transformation occurred in his body.

The flesh tempering of the eighth level of the Condensed Pill Realm was completed instantly!

Now, he could charge directly to the Ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm ...

Once he steps into the Ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm, after taking another 'Dragon Blood Pill,' he could complete the last flesh tempering of the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign.'

At that time, he could continue to charge to the 'Original Pill Realm' and become a true Original Pill Realm warrior!

Instead of the current 'pseudo-Original Pill Realm.'

Seeing Wyatt Barnes putting away the medicine tripod, Remi Sinclair, and Seeker Sinclair finally regained their senses. Seeker Sinclair asked in surprise, "Wyatt Barnes, what pill were you just refining? The pill seemed to shimmer with golden light; it doesn't look simple at all."

"It's not just any pill. It's the one matching my cultivation technique. If any ordinary warrior took it, they would explode and die instantly!"

Wyatt Barnes looked directly at Seeker Sinclair, "How about it? Seeker Sinclair, are you interested in trying one?"

"Forget it, I don't want to die!"

Upon hearing his words, Seeker Sinclair instantly refused, believing him without a doubt.

"Wyatt Barnes, when did you become a 'ninth-grade alchemist'?"

At this point, Remi Sinclair looked towards Wyatt Barnes, his gaze burning.

Seeker Sinclair also looked towards Wyatt Barnes.

"It's been a while."

Wyatt Barnes gave a faint smile, not saying exactly when.

Could it be that he had already been a 'ninth-grade alchemist' two years ago?

"Wyatt Barnes, you are definitely the most perverted pervert I've ever seen!"

Seeker Sinclair exclaimed in surprise: "At first, when my brother became a 'ninth-grade alchemist' at the age of twenty, I thought he was perverted enough...I didn't expect you to become a ninth-grade alchemist at the age of eighteen! Additionally, your cultivation level has also stepped into the 'Original Pill Realm'! You're simply a 'super pervert'!"

Super pervert?

The corners of Wyatt Barnes' mouth twitched.

Remi Sinclair nodded, evidently agreeing.

Suddenly, Seeker Sinclair seemed to recall something; his gaze lit up, "A few months ago, the genius alchemist who showed up at the Alchemist Union's headquarters and managed to one-up my brother with a single appearance..."

Seeing Seeker Sinclair look over, Wyatt Barnes's heart thumped.

Could it be that Seeker Sinclair had figured it out?

"...In terms of who's more perverted in the path of alchemy, it would be a tough competition."

Seeker Sinclair finished in one breath.

Wyatt Barnes breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed Seeker Sinclair hadn't connected him to the 'genius alchemist.'

"Could that genius alchemist be 'Wyatt Barnes'?"

Remi Sinclair looked at Wyatt Barnes, making Wyatt Barnes' heart skip a beat.

Quite naturally, Remi Sinclair had a sharp intuition. His intuition told him that the other eighteen-year-old 'genius alchemist' mentioned by Seeker Sinclair might very well be the same person as Wyatt Barnes.

"Absolutely not."

Seeker Sinclair shook his head.

"You're so confident? You've never seen him."

Remi Sinclair asked in confusion.

"I've never seen him, but don't forget, my brother has...I asked my brother, and he said the young man was very plain with no outstanding features. Do you think the person my brother described could be Wyatt Barnes?"

As Seeker Sinclair spoke, he looked at Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes was fast transitioning from a 'teenager' to a 'young man'...

In terms of appearance, he was undoubtedly extremely handsome.

It had nothing to do with being 'plain.'

Chapter 206: Let's Go!

"Could it really not be him?"

Upon hearing Seeker Sinclair's words, Remi Sinclair also began to hesitate in his heart.

He had always been confident in his own intuition.

However, he couldn't figure out why the 'genius alchemist' mentioned by Seeker's brother would be an ordinary-looking teenager.

How could he possibly know that Wyatt Barnes' 'pseudo-disguise' could only be described as 'masterful'!

For the next few days, Wyatt and his companions spent their time practicing inside the tent.

Five days later, all the Star System students who had come to the Sacred Martial Academy this time, including Wyatt and others, were gathered in a spacious tent.

In the center of the tent was something resembling an architectural model.

At a glance, Wyatt recognized it as a model of a city's perimeter.

At this moment, Kanan Nigel was standing next to this model with a middle-aged general, and the old man who had been following Kanan Nigel everywhere was behind him.

This elder was someone Wyatt had not seen before in the Crawford Mansion.

However, sensing his aura with his spirit power and based on his experience as a Revolving Martial Emperor, he could almost confirm.

This old man was a 'Half-step Void realm' powerhouse!

"It seems that the Crawford Mansion has more than one 'Half-step Void realm' practitioner," Wyatt mused to himself.

Upon thinking a bit more, it all made sense to Wyatt.

The standing of the Crawford Mansion in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom was second only to the Imperial Family.

With a real 'Void Realm' powerhouse present, it wasn't a surprise that there would be 'Half-Step Void Realm' powerhouses too.

Although the 'Void Realm' powerhouse was now not as powerful as before, the saying goes that a skinny camel is still larger than a horse. The potential of the Crawford Mansion was not to be underestimated.

The old man noticed Wyatt observing him, his blurry eyes hardened, and he nodded at Wyatt.

Wyatt returned a smile.

He held great respect for the people of the Crawford Mansion.

Soon, the twelve students from the Star System of the Sacred Martial Academy arrived one after another.

Then, two middle-aged men dressed like scholars slowly walked in.

They must be of the 'Military Strategist' rank.

Wyatt guessed silently.

"Hmm!"

Suddenly, Wyatt heard a cold snort and, at the same time, he noticed an indifferent gaze fixed on him.

Without even turning his head, he could guess whose gaze it was.

"Commander Nigel, these two are the 'Military Strategists' in our army."

The middle-aged general standing with Kanan Nigel introduced the two middle-aged scholars who had just arrived.

Kanan Nigel nodded slightly at the two middle-aged scholars, "Nice to meet you, Strategists."

The two middle-aged scholars were flattered, "Nice to meet you, Commander Nigel!"

Although Kanan Nigel was young, they dared not look down upon him. After all, he was the only son of Atharv Nigel, the revered Godly Might Marquis and the Great General, whose status was far beyond theirs.

"General Ho, these twelve are the elite students from the Star System of the Sacred Martial Academy who were dispatched this time."

Nigel smiled as he introduced Wyatt Barnes, Clarke Drake, and ten others to the man.

"Oh?"

The middle-aged general called 'General Ho', who was in charge of the entire border army of Flourishing City, swept his gaze over Wyatt and the other eleven students one by one.

His gaze hardened when it landed on Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair.

In his impression, at their age, Star System students from the Sacred Martial Academy were usually only first or second-year students right?

Such young students, even if brought to the battlefield, don't seem to be much use.

After all, as per the tradition, only after the fourth year, the Star System students from the Sacred Martial Academy start to delve deep into the 'strategy and tactics' of warfare.

Suddenly, his face went rigid.

Because he saw Wyatt Barnes!

"This one, should be no more than eighteen years old, right?"

Upon seeing a young man standing before him, General Ho furrowed his brows and asked.

Was the Sacred Martial Academy taking things too lightly this time?

"Yes."

Seeing General Ho's expression, Wyatt knew he was being looked down upon because of his young age.

He didn't mind.

Time would prove everything.

"General Ho, don't underestimate him... He is our Crimson Heaven Kingdom's most famous 'genius prodigy' recently!"

Nigel looked at Wyatt and winked, then said.

"Oh?"

Upon hearing Nigel's words, General Ho pondered for a moment, his eyes suddenly brightened, "Could he be the 'Wyatt Barnes' from the Barnes Clan? An Original Pill Realm martial artist at the age of eighteen?"

"Exactly."

Kanan Nigel nodded slightly.

"I apologize for my rudeness."

Upon learning Wyatt's 'background', the way General Ho looked at Wyatt changed completely.

Even if Wyatt wasn't very knowledgeable in the Dao of the Star System, his natural talent in the Martial Dao was enough to make him admirable.

The Cloud Skies Continent was a world where the strong were revered after all!

In his view, an eighteen-year-old Original Pill Realm martial artist would inevitably become a 'tremendous powerhouse' in the future!

"Nice to meet you, General Ho."

Wyatt Barnes also nodded and smiled at the middle-aged officer in front of him. Since the other party was polite, naturally, he would not be rude in return.

"So, you are General Ho? General Andni Ho?"

At this moment, an abrupt voice rang out.

It was Clarke Drake who was standing by the side and speaking.

"And who might you be?"

Andni Ho was somewhat surprised that the magnificent young man before his eyes could call out his name.

"General Ho, I've long heard my father say that you are the backbone of our Crimson Heaven Kingdom... Over the years, you have been able to repel the numerous attacks of the South Kingdom on the Northwest Border. You deserve all the credit."

Clarke Drake said with a slight smile.

"Real flatterer."

Seeker Sinclair scoffed in a voice as quiet as a mosquito's.

"This young friend flatters me, I dare not claim such praise. The Northwest Border has been able to hold out these years mainly due to the efforts of the Godly Might Marquis and the Great General Atharv Nigel. I am curious, who might your father be?"

Although Andni Ho responded humbly, his face was filled with a smile as a result of the praise.

"My father is Quentin Drake."

Clarke Drake replied with a manner of propriety and decorum.

Wyatt Barnes smiled faintly at the corner of his mouth.

He could tell.

This Clarke Drake was deliberately buttering up General Ho, making all these preparations just for this moment.

"Chancellor Drake?"

Upon hearing this, Andni Ho was shocked, "So you're the young master of the Prime Minister's family. I apologize for my manners."

"Greetings to Young Master Drake."

The two middle-aged scholars standing by also showed their reverence and saluted Clarke Drake.

For a moment, Clarke Drake, inside the army tent, became the focus of attention.

Even though Clarke Drake humbled himself in his speech, anyone could see the pride and satisfaction on his face.

"I have long heard that Young Master Drake has inherited the 'wisdom' of the Prime Minister. Now that you are here to aid our army, it seems that our army breaking through South Barbarian City is just around the corner!"

Andni Ho gave a hearty laugh.

As for the two middle-aged scholars, they also joined in the compliments.

"General Ho and esteemed strategists, you flatter me. I can't compare to my father."

Clarke Drake modestly replied with a smile. His eyes displayed satisfaction and occasionally glanced at Wyatt Barnes, obviously trying to flaunt before Wyatt.

But, he was annoyed to find that Wyatt Barnes hadn't looked at him...

As if he didn't care about any of this!

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Clarke Drake gritted his teeth in hatred, a flash of cold light in his eyes disappearing as soon as it appeared.

Upon hearing Andni Ho's words, Wyatt raised his brows.

Breaking through South Barbarian City?

It seemed this reinforcement had boosted the morale of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom's side, and they were preparing to switch from defense to offense.

"Young Master Drake, all of you, please come and observe the layout of the South Barbarian City. See if there is any way we can successfully break through the South Barbarian City and demonstrate the might of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom!"

At this point, Andni Ho returned to the side of the South Barbarian City layout, inviting the students of Star System from the Martial College forward.

Immediately, the students of Star System, including Wyatt Barnes, stepped forward.

For a while, the surroundings of the layout became crowded.

Three high-year students of Star System couldn't squeeze their way to the front.

"Hmph!"

Seeing that Wyatt Barnes and his companions had reached the model, Clarke Drake snorted with disdain, "Those first-year students shouldn't be crowding in here pretending to understand, right? Can't you see those three fifth-year students being squeezed out by you?"

"You!"

Upon hearing Clarke Drake's mockery, Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair's faces changed and they glared at Clarke Drake indignantly.

Wyatt, who had just looked at the layout of South Barbarian City, heard Clarke's words. He slowly raised his head and looked at Clarke Drake indifferently, "So it seems that Young Master Drake thinks we're unhelpful. And you, on the other hand, can strategize and help the army break through South Barbarian City?"

"Of course! There's no difference between having you three here and not."

Clarke Drake replied with a face full of arrogance.

"Young Master Drake, this place doesn't seem to be your Prime Minister's Mansion, does it? Your conduct seems a bit domineering, doesn't it?"

Wyatt spoke in a faint tone.

"Hmph! I'm just thinking the bigger picture... General Ho, what do you think? Shouldn't these three make way for our three fifth-year students from Martial College's Star System?"

Clarke Drake swept Wyatt with a disdainful look, then turned to Andni Ho.

"This..."

Andni Ho turned to Wyatt Barnes, hesitated for a while, and a look of apology appeared on his face, "Brother Barnes, how about you..."

He admired Wyatt's talent in martial dao indeed.

But this military strategy had nothing to do with martial arts talent.

At the same time, he did not think these three first-year students of Martial College's Star System could offer any 'good strategies'.

"Understood."

Wyatt interrupted Andni Ho's words, nodded his head, stopped Kanan Nigel from speaking with his eyes, and called out to Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair, "Remi, Seeker, since they don't need us here, there's no need for us to stay... What do you think?"

"Let's go!"

Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair snorted then left the tent with Wyatt.

Kanan Nigel gave Clarke Drake a glance, a hint of coldness appearing at the corner of his mouth.

This Clarke Drake, saying Wyatt is useless?

Does he think he can come up with a strategy like 'Deceiving the Heavens'?

Even Kanan Nigel greatly admired Wyatt's ability to come up with a strategy like 'Deceiving the Heavens'.

Chapter 207: Provoking Public Anger!

After leaving the tents...

Seeker Sinclair's face was full of indignation. "Wyatt Barnes, that 'Clarke Drake' really crossed the line!"

A trace of brilliance passed through Wyatt Barnes' eyes, he laughed and said, "Seeker Sinclair, some people are just asking to be humiliated, why get mad at him?"

Confused by Wyatt's comment, both Seeker and Remi Sinclair looked at one another in bewilderment.

"Do you really think taking down South Barbarian City would be that easy? Just wait and watch Clarke Drake make a fool of himself...Hmph!"

A hint of contempt surfaced at Wyatt's mouth.

Even though he had only glimpsed the positioning of the South Barbarian City earlier, he had understood it all...

He knew very clearly that even with the aid of the Crimson Drake Army, breaking through the South Barbarian City was going to be extremely difficult.

More so, the South Barbarian City was located at a naturally fortified position. If it couldn't be taken in one swoop, they themselves would sustain heavy losses...

At Wyatt's words, Remi and Seeker Sinclair both had an expression of half-understanding.

Half a month later...

The Kingdom of Crimson Heaven was preparing to launch a military attack on the 'South Barbarian City'.

Clarke Drake unsurprisingly became the military strategist for this battle.

"Wyatt Barnes, that Clarke Drake is about to lead the army in an expedition... How can you still sleep?"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes lounging in his bed in broad daylight, Seeker Sinclair looked worried.

"What's the rush?"

Wyatt Barnes responded with a shake of his head and an amused smile.

At Wyatt Barnes' response, both Seeker and Remi Sinclair were left speechless.

It wasn't until three days later when the army that went thirty miles away to attack South Barbarian City returned, they realized the meaning of Wyatt Barnes's words.

The Kingdom of Crimson Heaven attacking the South Kingdom...

South Barbarian City remained unshakable as Mount Tai.

While the troops of the Kingdom of Crimson Heaven suffered heavy losses.

Luckily, under the leadership of Kanan Nigel, the ten thousand Crimson Drake Army retreated in time, only a fraction of them were lightly wounded and no one died.

The three hundred students of the General Star System from the sacred martial arts academy, who were with the Crimson Drake Army, also returned safely.

However, the border troops suffered tens of thousands of casualties!

"Wyatt Barnes, you were so confident half a month ago, did you ever think Clarke Drake had it in him to take South Barbarian City?"

Seeker Sinclair was taken aback by this news, turning to Wyatt Barnes, he inquired.

"Hmph! Taking South Barbarian City won't be easy."

Wyatt Barnes responded casually.

When he first looked at the layout of the South Barbarian City, he knew that unless he employed a combination of 'Draining the ponds to catch the fish', 'Borrowing a corpse to resurrect the soul', and 'Borrowing the eastern wind' from the Stratagems of the Warring States, it would be impossible to capture the South Barbarian City.

However, Clarke Drake, in Wyatt's opinion, couldn't even dream of these.

"If it were up to you, would you have been able to find a way?"

Seeker Sinclair's eyes lit up as he asked.

"What do you think?"

Seeing the confident smile on Wyatt's face, Seeker Sinclair knew Wyatt was sure to have a solution.

"Wyatt Barnes, isn't it inappropriate for you to behave this way? If you knew there was a solution, why didn't you propose it on that day?"

Remi Sinclair, who had been quiet so far, frowned.

After all, the border army lost tens of thousands of soldiers this time!

Those were living lives!

Wyatt Barnes shrugged, "Remi Sinclair, you were present and witnessed it. Clarke Drake deliberately thwarted us, even General Ho listened to him and asked us to leave... What do you think, would they have believed me if I claimed to have a solution to break through 'South Barbarian City' back then? "

"So, the death of those tens of thousands of soldiers... if you're looking to blame someone, blame it on General Ho and Clarke Drake!"

Wyatt gave a cold laugh as he finished.

Of course, some things Wyatt didn't mention.

Before the troops of the Kingdom of Crimson Heaven set out, Kanan Nigel had found him and shared Clarke Drake's "strategy".

At that time, Wyatt Barnes had already spotted two obvious flaws in that so-called "strategy".

However, those two flaws were not obvious to the average person. Even if he pointed them out, others wouldn't believe him... However, those two flaws would inevitably be exposed at crucial moments.

So, he warned Kanan Nigel.

As soon as he noticed something was wrong, he should immediately lead the soldiers of the Crimson Drake Army to retreat from the battlefield without any hesitation!

If he hadn't reminded Kanan Nigel, the ten-thousand soldiers of the Crimson Drake Army wouldn't have returned unscathed.

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Remi Sinclair pondered for a while and also realized that what Wyatt said made sense. Remi Sinclair apologized to Wyatt, "Wyatt Barnes, I shouldn't have questioned you, I was too impulsive."

"No matter, after all, we're talking about tens of thousands of lives."

Wyatt shook his head, unconcerned.

"Hmph! That Clarke Drake, he was so arrogant, I wonder if he's still feeling good now... I heard after they returned today, they're all staying in the central camp. I guess his face must be as hideous as can be."

Seeker Sinclair snorted coldly, ridicule surfacing at the corners of his mouth, "This defeat is his responsibility entirely, it was his strategy that was flawed!"

Remi Sinclair also felt a chill in his eyes, "That Clarke Drake, he has utterly disgraced the Prime Minister's Mansion... Even if the 'Chancellor Drake' came to know of it, he would probably vomit blood in anger! One plan caused the death of tens of thousands of soldiers... I'm afraid only Clarke Drake could do that."

"I still remember the obsequious faces of General Ho and those two strategists in front of Clarke Drake... Claiming that Clarke Drake inherited the 'sophisticated wisdom' of Chancellor Drake. I am really curious, what their reactions would be when they face Clarke Drake again."

Even though Seeker Sinclair's words didn't mean to desecrate the tens of thousands of fallen soldiers, there was a touch of schadenfreude.

Of course, General Ho and the two military strategists under his command would naturally be upset now.

"We lost eleven thousand, three hundred and fifty-two brothers..."

Inside the spacious tent, General Ho's face was incredibly ugly. He looked at Clarke Drake whose face was equally ugly, filled with humiliation and rage, as though he had forgotten Clarke's noble identity, "Clarke Drake, don't you think you owe me an explanation? Our Border Army fully cooperated with your 'strategy', but ended up being killed in masses by the South Kingdom!"

"Didn't you say that your strategy was foolproof?"

General Ho's face turned beet red with anger.

General Ho's prestigious position today and the faith of hundreds of thousands of soldiers in him were all hard-earned through blood and sweat. He was renowned for his caring nature towards his subordinates.

Once, a Centurion under his command was infiltrated and murdered by South Kingdom's people in 'Flourishing City'.

He traveled alone to South Kingdom, infiltrated 'South Barbarian City', and killed two of their Centurions!

Ever since that time, he was known by the people of the South Kingdom as 'Mad Ho'!

From then onwards, the people of the South Kingdom no longer dared to carry out assassinations.

"Andni Ho, I've told you, those people from South Kingdom are too cunning."

Clarke Drake's expression darkened as he reiterated his statement.

The South Kingdom's people are too cunning?

What kind of excuse is that?

Pfft!

Andni Ho was so angered his face reddened, he spewed out a mouthful of stale blood, and pointing at Clarke Drake, he roared out in grief and anger, "Clarke Drake, had you not been the Prime Minister's son....solely for your crime of causing the death of my ten thousand brothers, you would without a doubt be dead today!"

This time, if it had been his Military Strategist who caused the deaths of tens of thousands of soldiers....

He would have killed him straight away!

However, Clarke Drake's background was too unshakeable, otherwise, he would not have let Clarke Drake live even for a second.

"Why, do you want to kill me too?"

Clarke Drake's face darkened, and he scoffed, "Merely ten thousand cheap lives, you think they're worth the noble life of this Young Master?"

At this moment, all sorts of pressure weighed heavily on Clarke Drake, nearly causing him to break down and lose his sanity.

If it were the usual him, he would certainly not have made such comments under these circumstances.

"What did you say?!"

Andni Ho's face turned pale, once again coughing up mouthfuls of stale blood, the killing intent on him could no longer be suppressed and was on the verge of exploding.

Kanan Nigel, who had been silent all this time, kicked Clarke Drake, sending him flying and roared, "Clarke Drake, you've caused the deaths of so many of our comrades, not only are you not

apologizing, but your words are also devoid of any shred of human decency... Today, I'll teach you a lesson on behalf of Chancellor Drake!"

"Kanan Nigel, you dare lay your hands on me!"

Clarke Drake stood up, his eyes cold, and hate surged through him.

"Brother Clarke Drake."

The two students from the Star System Academy who had followed Clarke Drake immediately restrained him, a bitter smile on their faces.

"Oh, so you two think I'm wrong too?"

Clarke Drake's face grew darker.

"Brother Clarke Drake, your words just now were indeed too extreme."

"Yes, those were ten thousand living lives."

The two of them said with bitter smiles.

At this moment, Clarke Drake took a deep breath and finally calmed down, realizing that he indeed had been a bit too hasty earlier.

However, asking him to admit his mistake and apologize was out of the question!

He was the Prime Minister's son, he was above all, he would never apologize to anyone.

"Kill Clarke Drake!"

"Let him pay for the lives of ten thousand brothers with his life!"

"Kill Clarke Drake!"

"Pay with your life!"

...

At this moment, ear-splitting voices echoed throughout the camp, the atmosphere was charged.

Clarke Drake paled.

Kanan Nigel furrowed his brows and stepped forward.

He looked around.

Only then did Kanan Nigel realize that in addition to the tens of thousands of soldiers from the Crimson Drake Army under his command, the nearly ninety thousand remaining frontier soldiers had all gathered around the tent, their faces filled with anger...

They were here to avenge the ten thousand brothers who had perished!

The Prime Minister's son, they did not care!

They only wished to use Clarke Drake's blood to comfort the spirits of their ten thousand departed brethren in heaven!

"If you don't want to die, it's best you don't go out."

Andni Ho's icy gaze swept over Clarke Drake, who had turned as white as a sheet and had trembling legs, he took a deep breath, his eyes were bloodshot as he stepped out of the tent.

"General!"

At the moment Andni Ho stepped out of the tent, nearly ninety thousand soldiers outside the tent immediately knelt on the ground.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Like an earthquake, like the mountains collapsing and the earth splitting!

"It is I who have failed our deceased brothers!"

Seeing this, Andni Ho could no longer control the tears welling up in his eyes...

A man does not shed tears easily, it is only because his heart is broken!

"General, you are blameless, it's all because of that Clarke Drake!"

"That's right, if he hadn't ordered our brothers to delve deeper, they wouldn't have died!"

"He sent our brothers to their deaths!"

"We suspect he's a spy from South Kingdom!"

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!"

...

The frontier soldiers were in an uproar.

Clarke Drake had courted public displeasure!

Chapter 208: Wise and Brave

When Wyatt Barnes, Remi Sinclair, and Seeker Sinclair walked out of the tent, they were taken aback.

A throng of nearly ninety thousand soldiers kneeled before the central tent, their expressions a mix of grief and anger. Waves of voices rolled over, echoing throughout the Flourishing City, as if a cloud of gloom had descended.

The residents of Flourishing City had congregated in the streets, their faces pallid with despair.

"I had thought that when the Crimson Drake Army arrived, they would certainly join forces with the border troops to counter the South Kingdom... I never expected such a devastating defeat!"

"Humph! This had nothing to do with the Crimson Drake Army. It is entirely due to the ridiculous commands of that damn military strategist that our border committed such a large number of soldiers!"

"How do you know?"

"I have a cousin in the border troops. He and his comrades are currently begging General Ho to sentence that damn military strategist to death!"

"A military strategist, who caused the death of countless warriors, should be sentenced to death without question. Why even ask for permission?"

"That military strategist has a not so simple identity. He is the son of the Prime Minister of our Crimson Heaven Kingdom, named 'Clarke Drake'!"

...

Similar opinions were being spread throughout Flourishing City.

Outside, anger and resentment were rampant.

Andni Ho stood in front of the central tent, tears welling in his eyes as he gazed at nearly ninety thousand soldiers, desolate and grieving, unable to find words to comfort them.

"General! If you're worried about 'Clarke Drake' being the Prime Minister's son, we can take him down ourselves, we're not scared!"

"Yes, we're not scared!"

"General, in battle, casualties are inevitable... If we had taken down ten thousand of the South Kingdom, we would have accepted it! But this time, we lost tens of thousands of brothers, while the South Kingdom only lost a thousand!"

"Our brothers did not die in vain!"

...

The soldiers were furious, their eyes red and voices thunderous.

"We lost tens of thousands while they only had about a thousand deaths or injuries?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned.

Although he foresaw that Clarke's ploy would not work, he didn't expect such devastation...

He knew clearly.

Even if Clarke lived through this day, he might be infamous forever.

Not to mention inheriting the 'Prime Minister' role!

Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair were also taken aback.

They were aware that tens of thousands of soldiers from the Crimson Heaven Kingdom had been sacrificed, but they didn't know about the losses on the other side.

Having heard about the enemy's casualties, they were silent.

"Tens of thousands of our soldiers died, just to take less than a thousand of theirs?"

Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair exchanged glances, both could see the wrath in each other's eyes.

"This Clarke Drake, he deserves to die!"

Seeker Sinclair's face darkened with anger.

Over ten thousand valiant warriors were trapped and killed by 'Clarke Drake'!

This was an absolute 'outrage'!

Inside the central tent.

Clarke Drake sat on the ground, his face white as a sheet and legs weak, unable to rise for a long while.

He could sense the anger emanating from the soldiers outside, and had no doubt that if he made an appearance at this time, they would not hesitate to tear him to pieces!

"I need to get out of here, I need to get out of here..."

Suddenly, Clarke Drake's eyes brightened as though clutching at the last straw.

"Brother Clarke...maybe you should, apologize."

The two people who had been by Clarke Drake's side spoke up hesitantly.

"Apologize?"

Clark Drake's face darkened, his eyes cold, "There's no way I'm apologizing!"

Outside, despite General Ho's attempts to placate them, the soldiers refused to back down.

"Without Clarke Drake dead, we won't get up from our knees!"

"Yes! Without Clarke Drake dead, we won't get up from our knees!"

...

The soldiers were firm.

General Ho finally did not know how to soothe them any longer, he could only turn to Kanan Nigel for assistance.

Kanan Nigel nodded towards General Ho, then stepped forward.

"Brothers, I am Kanan Nigel, the leader of the Crimson Drake Army!"

Kanan Nigel looked at the nearly ninety thousand border soldiers, his face grim with sorrow, "For the tens of thousands of brothers we've lost in this war, both General Ho and I share your grief! But they have already passed, why make things difficult for General Ho?"

"I assure you all, if you all rise and return now, we will expel Clarke Drake from Flourishing City, and have him return to the Imperial City! Moreover, within three days at most, we will launch another attack, and avenge the deaths of our fallen brothers!"

Kanan Nigel's voice resounded strongly.

Looking at a group of frontier army soldiers who seemed indifferent, Kanan Nigel continued, "I know that you have some doubts about my promise... but as for yesterday's events, you have witnessed them with your own eyes. Do you know why I was able to detect the changes in the

situation in time and led tens of thousands of brothers from the Crimson Drake Army to cover your retreat?"

At Kanan Nigel's words, the eyes of the frontier army soldiers present illuminated, turning towards Kanan Nigel.

He continued, "Actually, this was not because of my foresight, but because a student from saint martial academy's 'Star System' reminded me before my expedition, that if a certain situation was detected, I must resolutely retreat!"

"General Nigel, didn't all students from the saint martial academy's 'Star System' participate in planning this 'war strategy'? If he knew in advance that there were flaws, why didn't he speak out in time and avoid this disaster?"

A military strategist standing behind Andni Ho furrowed his brows, somewhat annoyed.

"At the time, he was not in the tent and did not participate in the planning."

Kanan Nigel looked at this strategist, his eyes calm.

"Could it be?"

As if recalling something, Andni Ho's pupils contracted.

He still found it somewhat hard to believe.

If it was really so, he could hardly escape blame!

Wyatt Barnes stood in the distance, suddenly hearing Kanan Nigel's words and noticed Kanan Nigel looking at him...

He knew that Kanan Nigel was planning to sell him out!

Wyatt shook his head, brought a puzzled-faced Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair, stepped forward, and stood beside Kanan Nigel.

"It's you guys!"

The faces of the two military strategists behind Andni Ho changed, revealing disbelief.

Could the 'Star System' student reminded by Commander Nigel be these three first-year students? The ones they found annoying and expelled from their first year class?

Their faces became somewhat unsightly.

"The one by my side is the recently famous genius in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom 'Wyatt Barnes'! People only know about Elder Brother Wyatt's exceptional martial arts talent, but they don't know that he also has an extremely brilliant unique insight into war strategies! Before the expedition, it was him who told me to be cautious of two types of situations and if either appeared, I must retreat at the first opportunity..."p>"At first, I also thought he was exaggerating these two conditions until one of them actually happened. Only then did I realize, there was no mistake in his initial judgment! Therefore, without hesitation, I led the Crimson Drake Army to cover your retreat... otherwise, your losses would not be limited to tens of thousands of brothers, but could potentially reach thirty, forty, or even fifty thousand!"

Kanan Nigel's voice was soaring with an infectious spirit.

"General Nigel, you saved us, we are all grateful to you! However, there's one thing I do not understand. If this young fellow is also a 'Star System' student and saw through the flaw in Clarke Drake's strategy, why did we still carry out the attack according to Clarke Drake's strategy?"

A 'Leader of Ten Thousand Warriors' from the frontier army, kneeling at the front, voiced the thoughts of many people present.

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows, stepped forward and spoke, "To answer that, allow me."

For a moment, all eyes were on Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt spoke calmly as though narrating an incident unrelated to him, "On that day, the two behind me and I had also participated in planning strategies against the South Barbarian City... However, later, Clarke Drake stated that we would only hinder the planning and were useless. He claimed that he could breach the South Barbarian City without us."

"At that moment, your General Ho was also swayed by Clarke Drake's words. He viewed us as young and thought we were just first-year students from the saint martial academy's 'Star System' so he expelled us from the planning discussion! Later, although I noticed a flaw in Clarke Drake's strategy, it wouldn't have been convincing without a real battle... and given our 'status' at the time, nobody would have believed us even if we did mention it."

Wyatt slowly explained.

"I can attest to this!"

Kanan Nigel added, "At that time, even I somewhat doubted the supposed 'flaw' mentioned by Brother Wyatt. Otherwise, I would not have risked my Crimson Drake Army brothers!"

Wyatt's words caused a great surge of anger in the hearts of the frontier army soldiers.

Kanan Nigel's words served as the fuse, igniting their anger, triggering a complete outbreak!

"It's that Clarke Drake again!"

"He has no ability yet is envious and jealous, suppressing the talented Brother Wyatt, who is both wise and brave!"

...

At this moment, a group of frontier army soldiers was once again expressing grief and indignation.

Thump!

Suddenly, the scene fell silent, leaving only the sound of kneeling on the ground.

It was Andni Ho, his face flushed, kneeling in front of a group of soldiers, "Brothers, this matter is my oversight... it is all my, Andni Ho's fault!"

"General Ho, there's no need for this. You were also being manipulated... After all, given our age and experience, anyone would typically not be convinced by us."

Wyatt gave a light smile, his words echoing around.

"Exactly, Brother Wyatt is right, this matter is unrelated to the General!"

"Unrelated to the General!"

...

A group of soldiers loudly voiced their agreement.

Seeing Wyatt speak up for him, a trace of gratitude showed in Andni Ho's eyes, his face filled with guilt.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Inside the tent, Clarke Drake gritted his teeth, his face filled with hatred.

Isn't what Wyatt said equivalent to pushing all responsibility onto him?

Even though, he had to admit, it was indeed his responsibility.

Suddenly, another sentence spoken by Wyatt Barnes from the outside made Clarke Drake's eyes brighten:

"Everyone, I understand that you wish to kill Clarke Drake. But I still hope that you can calm down and think for General Ho. After all, Clarke Drake is the son of the Prime Minister, his status is esteemed... If he were to die in Flourishing City, you may be unaffected, but General Ho will inevitably suffer the consequences!"

Chapter 209: The Desperate Clarke Drake

"I believe, none of you wish for anything to happen to General Ho, am I right?"

Wyatt Barnes's gaze fell on the group of soldiers before him.

Immediately, the scene fell into utter silence.

Nearly ninety thousand soldiers had fallen silent.

"Alright! To all of you, today, here, in front of everyone, I, Wyatt Barnes, make a military pledge... Three days from now, our side is bound to break through the South Barbarian City, strike at their heart, and avenge the ten thousand brothers we lost!"

Soon, Wyatt's voice rose a few degrees, his momentum like a rainbow.

Wyatt's words lit up the eyes of nearly ninety thousand soldiers.

Now, they dared not look down on this purple-robed youth.

This is the man that had pointed out the 'flaws' in the war strategy set by Clarke Drake... with Kanan Nigel bearing witness, they had no doubt about it.

"Get up! Rest well and gather your strength, three days from now, we march on South Barbarian City, to wash away our previous disgrace!"

Wyatt's voice suddenly surged, tremendously infectious.

Wham! Wham! Wham! Wham! Wham!

...

In an instant, the nearly ninety thousand border soldiers who had knelt down stood up, their expressions full of enthusiasm.

"To wipe away the previous disgrace!"

"To wipe away the previous disgrace!"

...

Amidst the massive excited shouts, nearly ninety thousand soldiers withdrew one after the other.

At this moment, nobody in the field dared to underestimate the purple-robed youth standing there...

"If he could always stay in Crimson Heaven Kingdom, in the future, he will definitely be an influential figure like Godly Might Marquis... No, he might even surpass Godly Might Marquis!"

Watching his brothers being persuaded and leaving by Wyatt Barnes, Andni Ho was slightly shaken, his eyes revealing a color of reverence.

The young man had earned his respect!

"This kid... has stolen all my limelight."

Kanan Nigel raised an eyebrow, shook his head with a smile, and muttered to himself.

"General Ho, please send away those irrelevant people... otherwise, I'm not in the mood to discuss strategy with you."

Wyatt's gaze fell on Andni Ho, with a meaningful look.

"Rest assured, Brother Ling Tian."

Andni Ho nodded, moved back to his camp, and looked at Clarke Drake, "Young Master Drake, I will arrange a horse for you, please leave."

"And you're not hurrying to arrange it?"

Clarke Drake glared, in this place, he no longer wished to stay for even a moment.

He just wanted to return to the Imperial City, to live his life as an affluent young master.

"Wyatt Barnes, you've really outdone yourself."

Seeker Sinclair looked at Wyatt Barnes and laughed: "You didn't see the faces of General Ho and those two strategists just now... It couldn't be more entertaining. However, you didn't tell us that you also reminded Team Leader Nigel about the 'flaws' in the strategy devised by Clarke Drake."

"Well, don't you know now?"

Wyatt shook his head with a smile.

Remi Sinclair looked at Wyatt Barnes, silent for a while, and in the end could only spit out these two words: "Pervert!"

Soon, the figure of Clarke Drake appeared before Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Humph!"

Clarke Drake glanced coldly at Wyatt Barnes and scoffed: "Wyatt Barnes, don't think I will feel grateful to you... Furthermore, don't get complacent! You're just a freshman from the 'Star System', you should take a good look at yourself. Do you honestly believe you can figure out a way to break through South Barbarian City?"

Before Wyatt could speak, Seeker Sinclair already couldn't bear it any longer and ridiculed: "That's still better than someone whose dumb strategy led to the death of tens of thousands of soldiers! I'm really curious, what will the Emperor do if he knows about this... At that time, even if the Prime Minister can save your life, I'm sure the punishment won't be light, right?"

"You!"

Clarke Drake's face changed due to Sinclair's words.

"Young Master Drake, you may leave now..."

Just then, the cold voice of Andni Ho came through.

Clarke Drake shot a resentful glance at Sinclair, his cold eyes swept over Wyatt one last time, then he finally left.

"He really got off easy!"

Seeker Sinclair watched Clarke Drake leave, his face sinking.

"That may not necessarily be the case."

Wyatt Barnes smiled faintly, his face mysteriously inscrutable.

Soon, Wyatt and Kanan Nigel walked side by side into the tent.

Andni Ho and the two strategists also entered.

Now, Wyatt was at the center, surrounded by everyone like stars around the moon.

"Brother Ling Tian, I want to apologize for what happened last time."

Andni Ho looked at Wyatt with sincerity.

"There's no need for that, General Ho, I mentioned before that you were biased due to someone's interference... Plus, given my age, it's hard to be convincing."

Wyatt shook his head and laughed, looking unconcerned.

"Brother Ling Tian, with such a breadth of mind at this age, you're destined to be an extraordinary figure in the future."

Andni Ho said, full of admiration.

"General Ho, let's not stand on ceremony ... Let's get down to business."

Wyatt Barnes's gaze quickly fell on the model layout of the outskirts of 'South Barbarian City' before him.

In an instant, Wyatt Barnes's eyes sparkled with wisdom. He pointed and spoke slowly...

It was as if he were commanding the world with his mere words!

The ancient thirty-six stratagems passed down from the H Kingdom on Earth in his previous life, including 'Stealing the Firewood', 'Surprise from the Hidden Warehouse', and 'Borrowing the Arrows' were all brilliantly implemented by Wyatt Barnes, narrated in detail.

Soon, almost everyone present was captivated by the strategy devised by Wyatt Barnes.

After a long silence.

"Genius! Absolute genius! Particularly the use of 'Borrowing the Arrows', making full use of the wide moat outside South Barbarian City... We don't have a lot of arrows to begin with, if we force an attack with them, we'd only last a while. But now it's different, we can definitely use their arrows against them."

Andni Ho had been in the army for many years and had a wealth of experience. His sharp 'instincts' told him that with these three strategies combined and timed correctly, they could certainly take 'South Barbarian City'!

The other two military strategists also expressed their reactions, looking at Wyatt Barnes and bending respectfully, "Elder Brother Ling Tian is indeed talented!"

Kanan Nigel took a deep look at Wyatt Barnes.

The shock in his heart was no less than that of Andni Ho and the other two.

Even though he had seen Wyatt Barnes' 'Deceptive Strategy', he did not expect Barnes to have so many brilliant plans.

Moreover, the three strategies Wyatt Barnes talked about now were closely linked to each other!

All the 'Star System' students, including Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair, stared at the young man in the purple robe in disbelief...

They now wished they could open up the young man's brain to see what it contained!

Even the two who used to follow Clarke Drake and always regarded Wyatt Barnes as an enemy, looked at each other and could see 'admiration' in each other's eyes.

"The strategy we devised today is just a rough plan... When we get to the battlefield, we'll have to play it by ear!"

Seeing the shock on everyone's faces, Wyatt Barnes was not surprised.

The thirty-six stratagems were the 'treasures' passed down from Earth H Kingdom's ancient ancestors. If applied correctly, they could be invincible!

"I believe that with Elder Brother Ling Tian's command, we will certainly win!"

A smile also appeared on Andni Ho's face, and there was a flicker of excitement in his eyes, because he could finally avenge the tens of thousands of brothers who had died under him.

"Let's set off three days later. Our Crimson Drake Army will carry out the 'raid', and you border troops will be responsible for the 'frontal attack'."

Kanan Nigel also nodded his head, finalizing their plan.

Soon, everyone dispersed one after another.

Three days later, they will march on 'South Barbarian City', to wipe out their past disgrace!

Just returned to the camp, Seeker Sinclair looked at Wyatt Barnes, asking: "Wyatt Barnes, what exactly is in your brain? 'Stealing the Firewood', 'Surprise from the Hidden Warehouse', 'Borrowing the Arrows'... I have never heard of these strategies before! How did you come up with them? Also, what do you mean by 'we'll see' when Clarke Drake left?"

Wyatt Barnes shrugged his shoulders, "Seeker Sinclair, you ask so many questions, how do you expect me to answer them all? Can't be bothered! When the time comes, you'll know."

Seeker Sinclair laughed bitterly.

Remi Sinclair seemed to have known all along that this would be the outcome, so he didn't ask a single question.

Even so, his gaze at Wyatt Barnes was incredibly complicated.

Perhaps, being friends with Wyatt Barnes in this life could be considered his greatest gain and honor...

Outside of Flourishing City, a steed galloped away.

A young man looking somewhat disheveled, kept spurring the horse's belly with his legs and whipping the horse in his hand, spurring the horse under him to speed up again and again.

Having galloped several miles, the young man found that the speed of the horse under him had slowed down.

Soon, the horse went straight down, foam coming out of its mouth, lying there motionless.

It was clearly dead from poisoning!

The young man's face changed slightly as he realized something was amiss.

Just then.

"Drive!"

"Drive!"

...

Ten magnificent horses galloped up, quickly surrounding the young man.

There were ten middle-aged men dressed casually on the horses, presently looking at the young man with cold gazes. Their eyes were filled with bloodthirsty killing intent.

"You guys... I recognize you, you're a Centurion from the border troops! And you too, you're also a Centurion!"

The young man thought a few of the men looked familiar and quickly remembered.

These men were on the battlefield just the day before, respectfully listening to his orders, leading the troops in attacking 'South Barbarian City'...

"Master Clarke, when you get to the Netherworld Path, remember to apologize to our tens of thousands of brothers."

A Centurion who had been recognized, his cold gaze fell on the young man, as if looking at a 'dead man'.

"You guys... you dare to mess with the Prime Minister's son?"

The young man was indeed 'Clarke Drake'.

Clarke Drake didn't expect that after fleeing from Flourishing City, he would still be intercepted and killed by the border troops. He looked extremely upset.

"The Prime Minister's son?"

Another Centurion sneered, "If it weren't for you being the Prime Minister's son, do you think you could have walked out of our camp? If we weren't worried about getting the general involved, do you think we would have kindly let you leave? That's over ten thousand lives!"

The Centurion seemed somewhat hysterical by the end of his outburst.

"You.. you can't kill me... you can't kill me... I'll give you whatever you want if you don't kill me... wealth and power, harem of beauties, whatever you want I can give you!"

Clarke Drake was scared. He was truly terrified.

For the first time in his life, fear and despair filled his heart.

Chapter 210: Wyatt Barnes's Discovery

"Do you really believe that the lives of our tens of thousands of brothers can be equated with any other object?"

Another Centurion spoke up, his tone cold with a chilling aura of murder enveloping him...

"If something happens to me, aren't you afraid that my father will make trouble for your border army?"

Seeing that the ten centurions were unmoved, Clarke Drake's face darkened and he changed his tactics from persuasion to threats.

Instantly, the Centurions looked at each other and all broke into laughter.

"Young Master Clarke, everyone knows that our general has already let you go and you have left Flourishing City... Do you really think that if you die out there, anyone would connect it back to our general?"

"Others would just assume that you were robbed and killed by horse thieves on the road."

"So, Young Master Clarke, there's no need for you to worry about our general."

...

The Centurions' mocking words turned Clarke's complexion even darker.

He naturally knew they were telling the truth.

Now, he regretted everything!

He should never have left the border army camp.

Even there was a need to stick shamelessly to the camp, waiting for the Crimson Drake Army to return.

At the very least, that would have left him with a chance of survival!

"No! Don't kill me!"

Clarke's face turned a ghastly white, his eyes filled with deep terror.

Unfortunately, no matter how much he begged, he could not escape his inevitable death at the hands of the ten Furious Centurions...

Even though he was a third-level warrior of the Original Pill Realm.

But in front of these ten ferocious border Centurions, he was still no match for them.

Clarke Drake was killed without surprise, and his body was buried in the wilderness.

Probably, to never be found again.

"They were pretty efficient."

Deep into the night, in Flourishing City, at an unremarkable corner of the border army camp, Wyatt Barnes said with a light smile.

Now, standing in front of Wyatt were, two others.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn.

Wyatt Barnes had just learnt of the murder of Clarke Drake from these two.

Perhaps, even the ten Centurions of the border army didn't suspect that all their actions had been observed by Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn.

"Humph! That Clarke, his death is worth no pity."

When Clarke was mentioned, both Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn was filled with indignation.

As officers in the army, they were very angry about Clarke Drake's actions that led to the deaths of tens of thousands of border soldiers.

"It's all in the past now... Three days from now, get ready to watch a good show."

Confidence emerged on Wyatt's face.

Three days later.

Flourishing City will dispatch troops again, heading towards the Kingdom of Southern Dynasty to attack the South Barbarian City thirty miles away!

The border army, consisting mostly of infantry, meant that the joint forces of the Crimson Drake Army and the border army, which amounted to a hundred thousand troops, would need a whole day to reach the South Barbarian City.

Wyatt Barnes rode forward, along with Kanan Nigel and Andni Ho, leading at the front.

Setting off early in the morning, by sunset, the hundred thousand strong army arrived on the outskirts of a mountain ridge.

"Hmm?"

The mountain ridge in the distance attracted Wyatt's attention.

The ridge looked as if it had been cleaved apart by the incalculable power of some great being.

"Elder Brother Wyatt, after crossing this mountain ridge, we'll be at South Barbarian City. Tonight, we'll rest on the other side of the mountain."

Andni Ho reminded him.

Wyatt nodded, but kept his gaze steadily on the mountain ridge...

"What is it, Elder Brother Wyatt, you seem interested in this mountain ridge?"

Andni Ho asked with a smile.

"I feel that the gully in the center of the mountain does not seem to be naturally formed."

Wyatt smiled faintly.

"Brother Wyatt, there's a legend here in our Northwest Border... it is said that a very long time ago, two powerful beings descended upon this land and engaged in earth-shaking battle! In the end, one of the powerhouse took action and with a single cut, he cleaved the mountain ridge!"

"And the gully in the middle of the ridge, this road, was created by the cut of that powerhouse."

Andni Ho slowly explained.

Wyatt nodded.

This legend, nine out of ten, is true.

And the powerhouse's strength should not be underestimated!

"It's unknown how many years have passed since that being took action... I'm afraid he should have already turned to dust by now."

Wyatt thought to himself.

In the Cloud Skies Continent, even the long-lived Martial Emperor has an end to his lifespan.

Passing through the gully in the middle of the ridge, the hundred thousand strong army arrived on the other side of the ridge just as dusk fell.

Tents were set up on the spot for the hundred thousand soldiers.

Night fell.

"Wyatt, you should get some sleep early. Tomorrow morning, we have to attack South Barbarian City."

Seeker Sinclair said to Wyatt before returning to his tent to rest.

Remi Sinclair followed suit.

They were both somewhat looking forward to the battle to conquer the city tomorrow...

However, Wyatt was not sleepy.

His tent was close to the mountain ridge, and now, his eyes were fixated on a huge rock not far away.

A pool of liquid was on top of the rock.

The liquid was a bright red, a pure color.

"This..."

Wyatt Barnes stepped forward, dabbing a drop of the liquid and bringing it up to his nose. "It's wine!"

In a flash, Wyatt found that the smell of the wine caused a surge in his inner Origin Force...

"This is no ordinary wine!"

Wyatt's pupils constricted, and he began searching through the lifetime memories of the Martial Emperor for related records...

In the Cloud Skies Continent, there weren't many wines that could affect one's Origin Force.

Especially those that appeared in these remote woods.

Eventually, Wyatt targeted one type of wine...

Monkey Wine!

Monkey Wine is typically made by the Fierce Beast 'Stone Monkey', made by fermenting all kinds of heavenly treasures...

It was of great help to martial artists below the Peep Naught Realm!

This kind of wine would only appear in places where Stone Monkeys are found.

Even though the Martial Emperor had lived through two lifetimes, he had only encountered Stone Monkeys and obtained 'Monkey Wine' in five places.

Moreover, even back then, his cultivation was already above the Peep Naught Realm, so when he took the 'Monkey Wine' from the Stone Monkey, it was merely to enjoy its unique taste.

"It seems like it is highly likely that there are Stone Monkeys in these mountains."

Wyatt's eyes sparkled as he silently pressed onwards, searching all the way and discovered several scattered traces of 'Monkey Wine'...

According to his guess, Stone Monkeys must have come here to drink 'Monkey Wine'.

In no time, Wyatt arrived at the foot of one side of the mountain range.

By now, Wyatt was far away from the base of the hundred-thousand-strong army.

"Young Master!"

Two figures quietly appeared beside Wyatt. They were quite curious. What was the Young Master doing here late at night?

Was he planning to enter the mountain range?

"Frank Graham, Gideon Dunn, how much do you know about this place?"

Wyatt asked Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn.

Frank Graham pondered for a moment before replying, "Young Master, to our knowledge, this mountain range is teeming with wild beasts, including numerous Fierce Beasts... There might even be Fierce Beasts of the Original Infant Realm level within it!"

"As expected."

Wyatt nodded, his eyes shining brightly.

His conjecture was not wrong. The mountain range was bound to have a lot of Stone Monkeys. There might even be 'Monkey Troops'.

"What good luck."

A smile crept onto Wyatt's face. The Monkey Wine could be highly beneficial for him.

If he could acquire the 'Monkey Wine', he was confident that he could breakthrough directly to the 'ninth level of the Condensed Pill Realm'!

Even advancing to the Original Pill Realm wouldn't take long!

"Frank Graham, Gideon Dunn, come with me."

As soon as Wyatt finished speaking, he moved, transforming into a rapidly darting serpent and directly ascended the mountain range.

Although Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn didn't understand Wyatt's interest in the 'mountain range', they still followed him.

Their duty was to protect Wyatt's safety.

Upon entering the mountain range, they naturally encountered numerous wild beasts and Fierce Beasts.

But they were all effortlessly killed by Wyatt and company.

Continuing further, they no longer saw wild beasts, only Fierce Beasts. Even at Wyatt's current strength level, he felt the pressure.

However, with Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn there, their progress didn't slow down.

Finally, within a broad canyon, Wyatt found traces of the 'Stone Monkey.'

Stone Monkeys, unlike regular apes, were small in size but fast as lightning.

An adult Stone Monkey, even the weakest one, had the strength of the 'Original Pill Realm'...

Some of the stronger ones were even comparable to warriors of the Original Infant Realm!

Back then, the Martial Emperor encountered several groups of Stone Monkeys, and amongst them, the 'Monkey King' of two groups had reached the 'Peep Naught Realm' and had transformed into a Demon Beast.

"I sure hope I don't wind up that unlucky..." Wyatt muttered to himself.

Currently, Wyatt was hiding in a large tree outside the only exit of the canyon.

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn also followed at Wyatt's side.

At this moment, they noticed the location of Stone Monkeys and were baffled, "Young Master, what kind of monkeys are these? They seem smaller than usual monkeys."

"Stone Monkeys!" Wyatt replied.

"What? Stone Monkeys?"

On hearing Wyatt's words, both Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn's eyes widened.

Although they had never seen Stone Monkeys before, they had heard many rumours about them.

Stone Monkeys were a type of formidable Fierce Beast.

What was most important was that they knew how to brew a type of spirit wine called 'Monkey Wine'.

This spirit wine, if consumed by warriors below the Peep Naught Realm, would aid significantly in increasing their cultivation. The lower the person's current cultivation, the greater the benefits.

For warriors in Condensed Pill Realm, after drinking Monkey Wine, it was likely that they could directly break through one or two levels!

"I did not expect that there would be Stone Monkeys residing in this mountain range."

"Moreover, they hid it so well."

Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn's eyes gleamed excitedly, their hearts filled with desire for the 'Monkey Wine'.

"Don't take this lightly. Based on my observations so far, this canyon houses a band of Stone Monkeys... They might even have a 'Monkey King' among them!"

Wyatt's face turned serious; he was not as optimistic as Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn.

"Monkey King?"

It was clear that Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn did not know much about the Stone Monkeys.

"The Monkey King could possibly be a Fierce Beast, or even a Demon Beast! Even if it's a Fierce Beast, it's definitely a top-tier existence in the 'semi-Peep Naught Realm'."

Wyatt slowly explained.