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.



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...

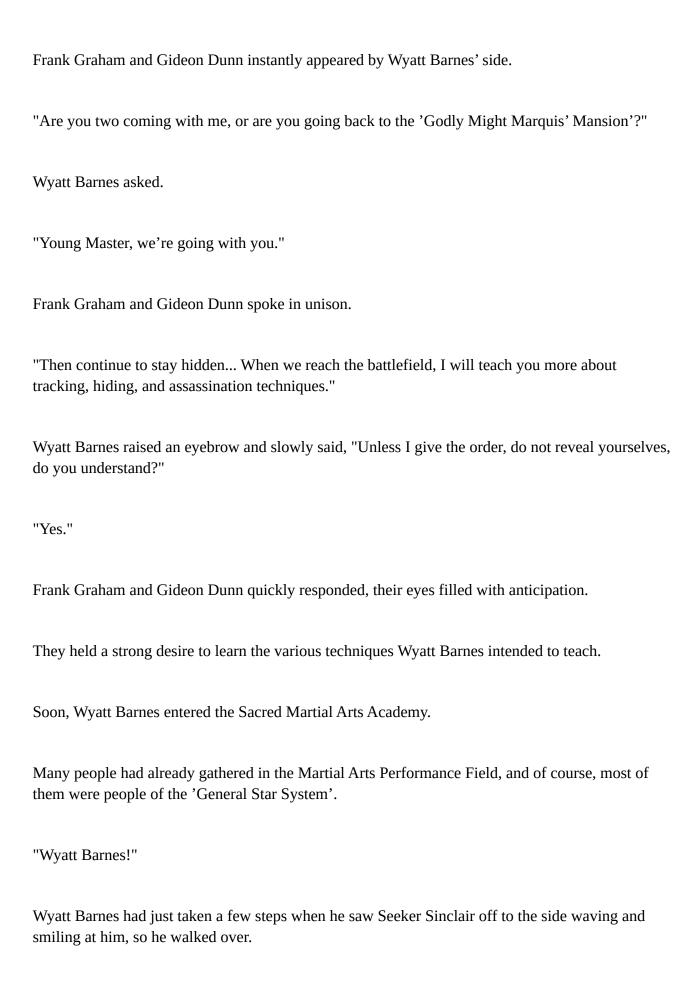
The two girls, as if they were aware that Wyatt would leave the next day and would be gone for at least a few months, let Wyatt have his way.

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.



"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!



"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

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

the Barnes Clan and his face was full of envy.

Storage Ring.



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.

Chapter 202: Departure

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.



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.

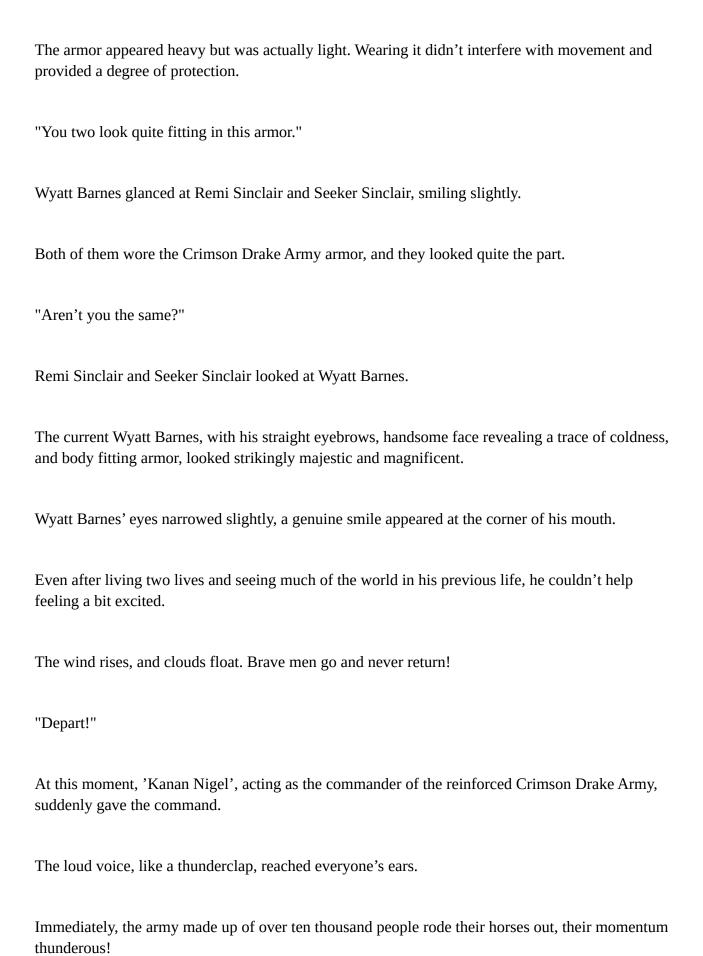
Next to Kanan Nigel, an old man in casual clothes sat on a horse, his eyes squinted, following Kanan Nigel like a shadow.

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.



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

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

when there's meat?"

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?"

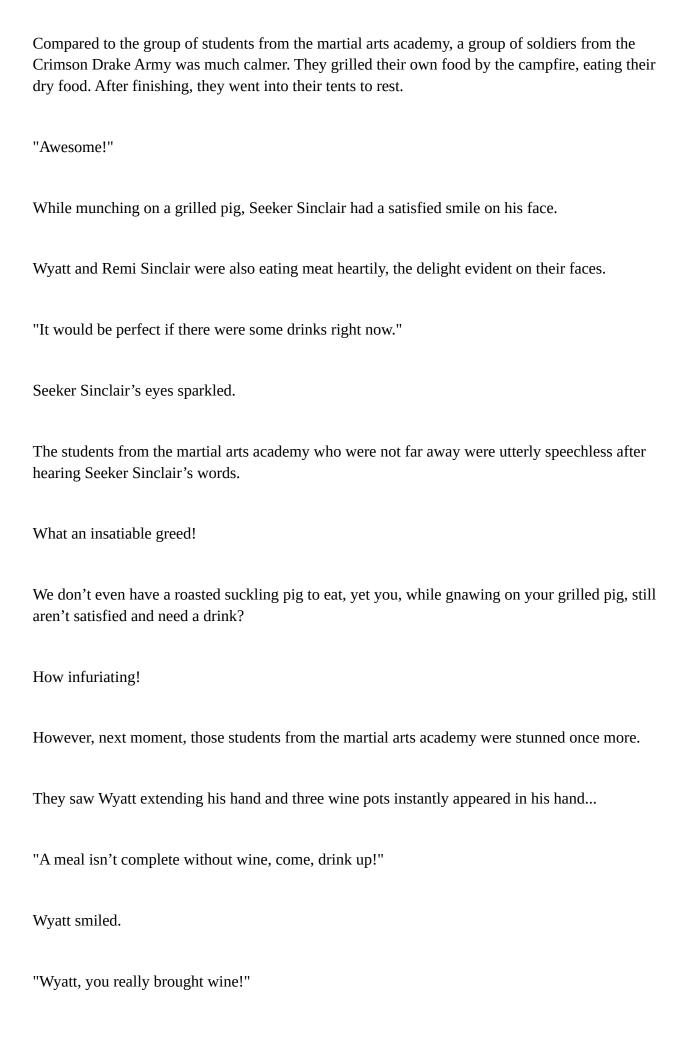
"Isn't this the smell of grilled suckling pig? Who's eating grilled suckling pig?"

"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.



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.

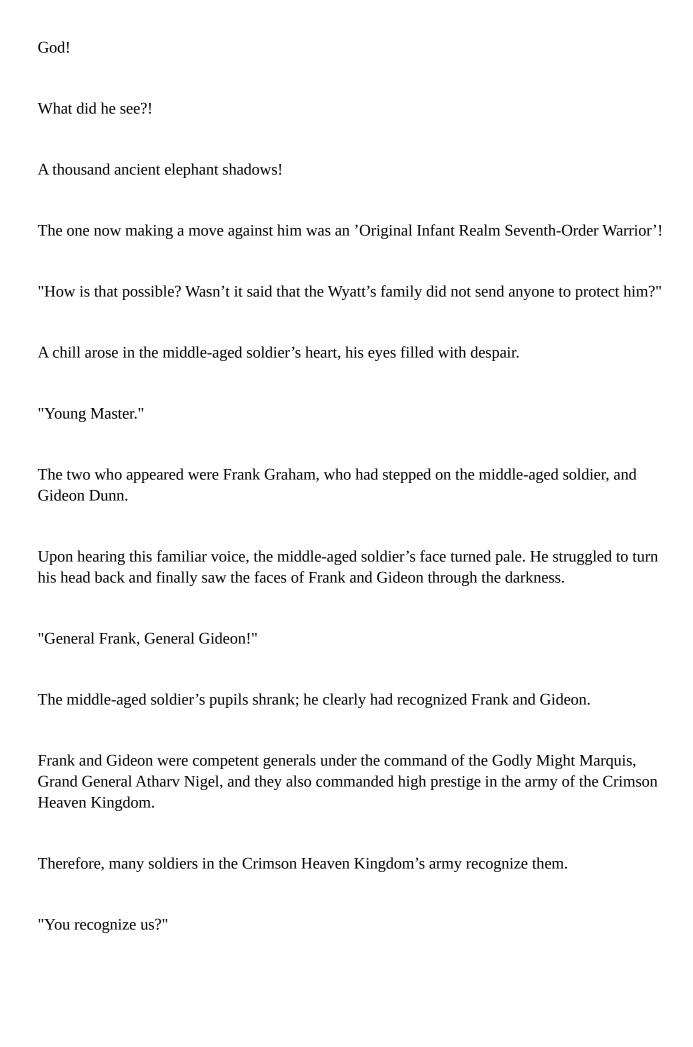
"Dead men need not know that much."

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!



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..."

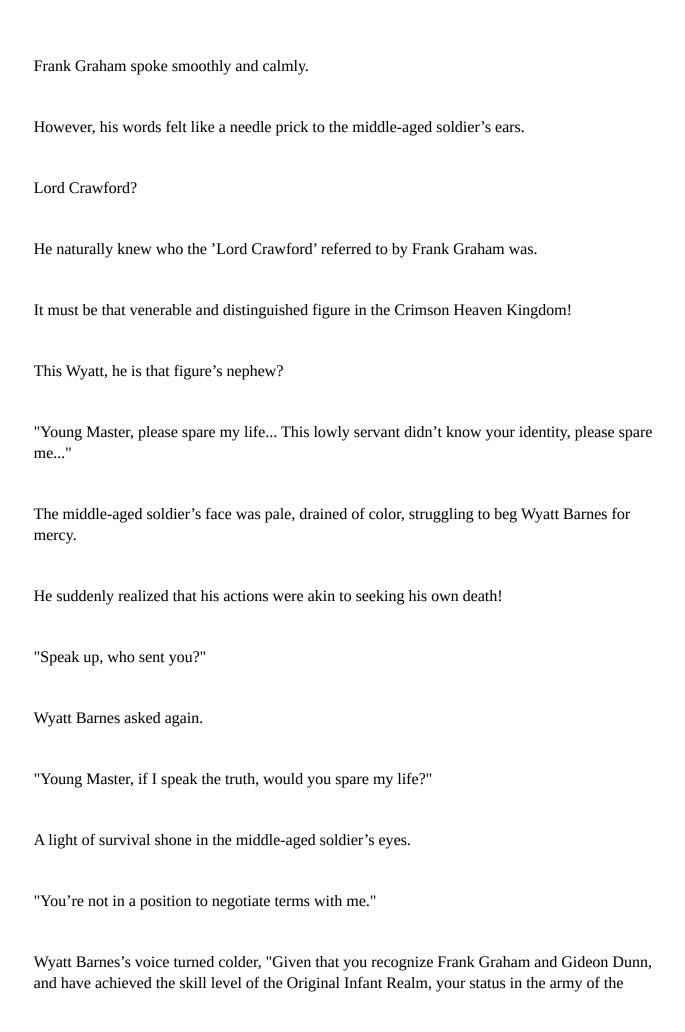
The middle-aged soldier took a deep breath; he just wanted to figure out what was happening.

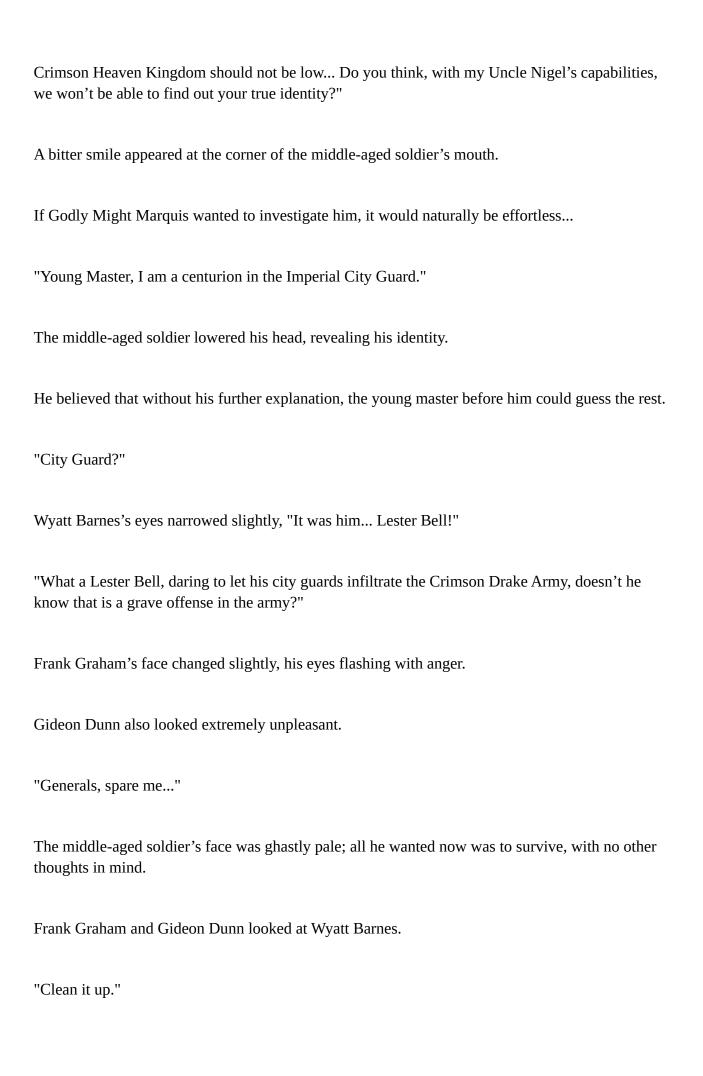
Frank Graham and Gideon Dunn both looked toward Wyatt at the same time, seemingly asking if Wyatt could reveal the truth.

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."





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 be 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.



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.'

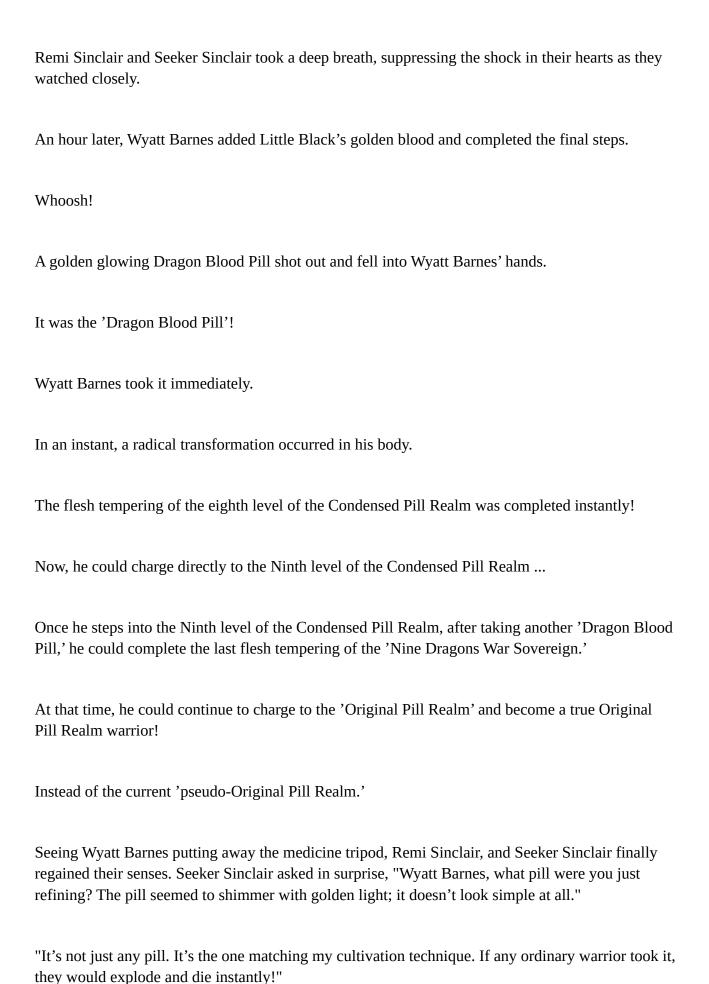
Then, Wyatt Barnes' cultivation and mental power were the 'hardware.'

The software was at the summit.

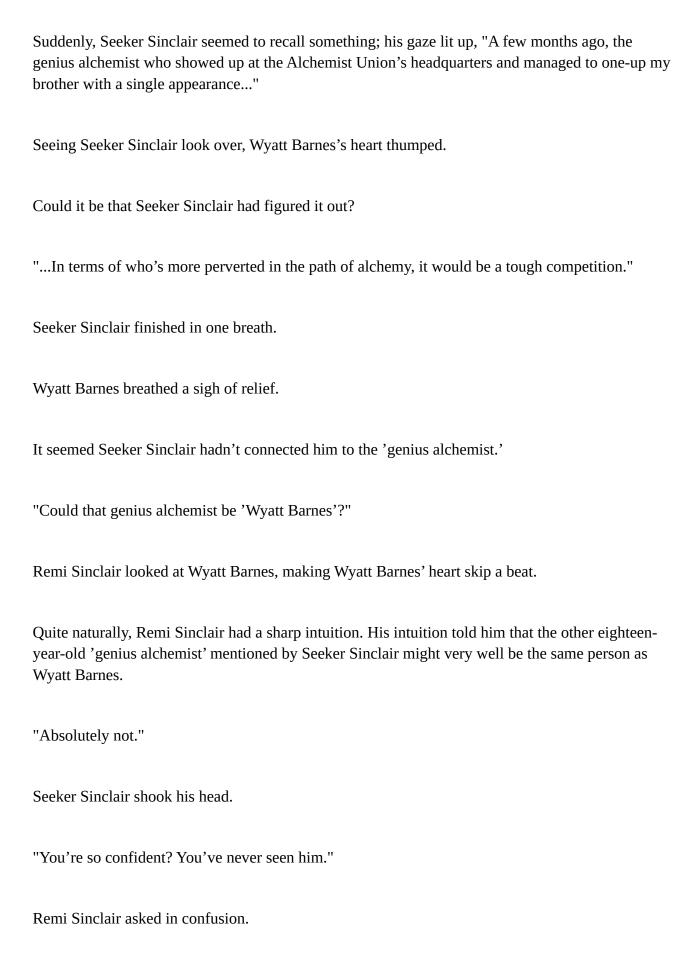
While the hardware was still in the stage of exploration and improvement. As long as the hardware continually improved, the software's functionality could be better utilized.

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.







"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.

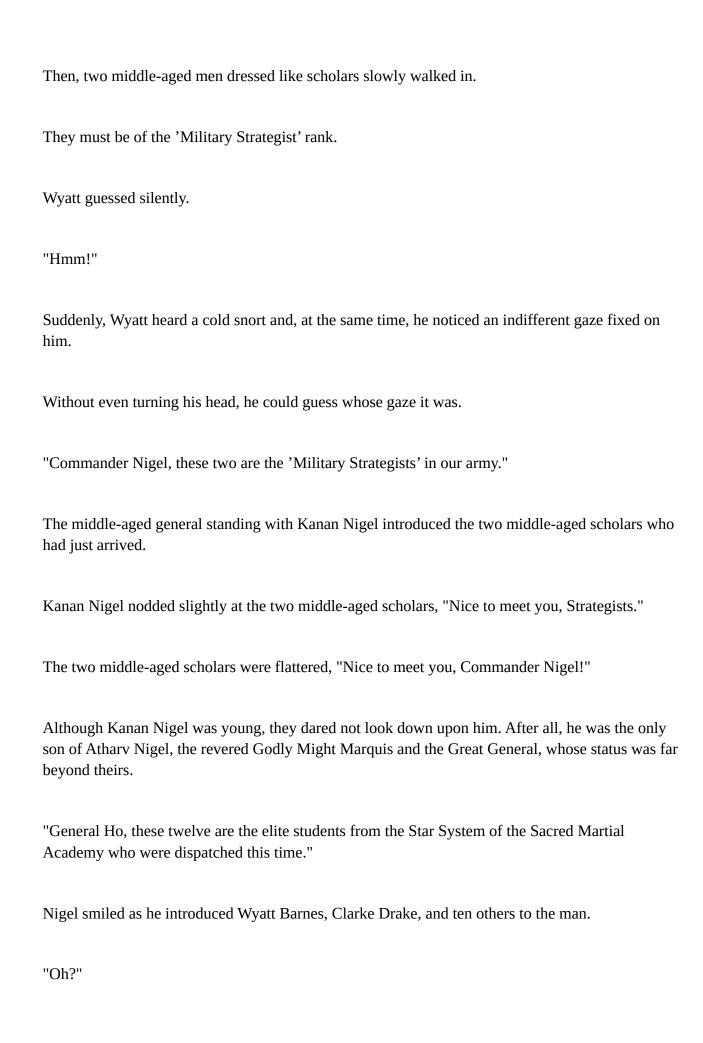
Although the 'Void Realm' powerhouse was now not as powerful as before, the saying goes that a skinny camel is still larger than a horse. The potential of the Crawford Mansion was not to be underestimated.

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

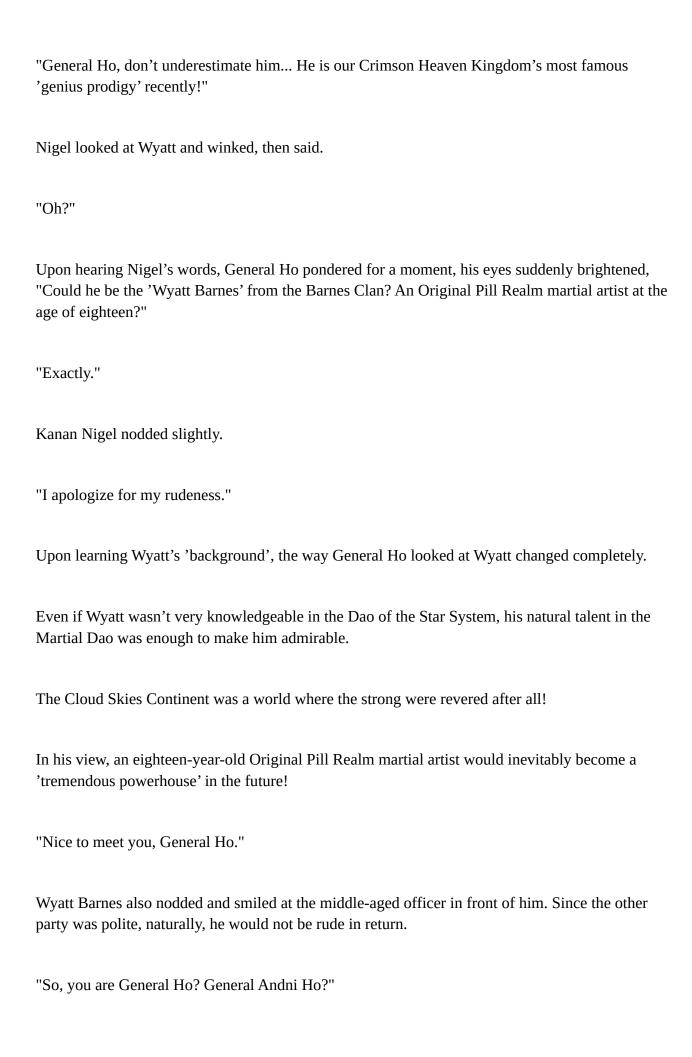
Wyatt returned a smile.

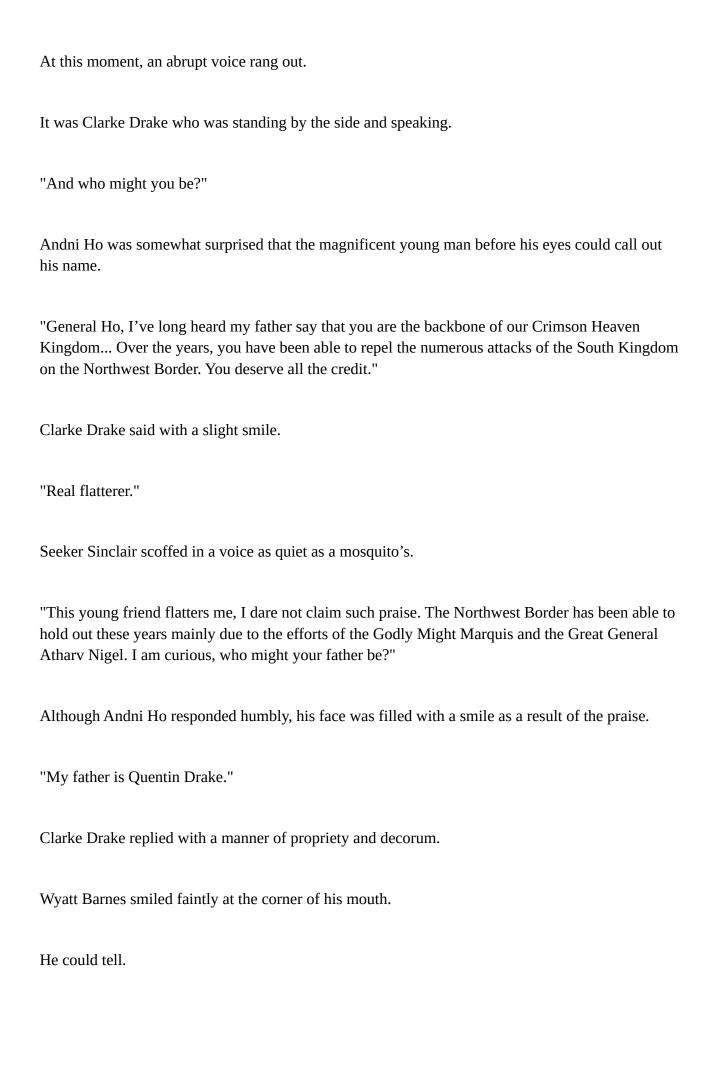
He held great respect for the people of the Crawford Mansion.

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



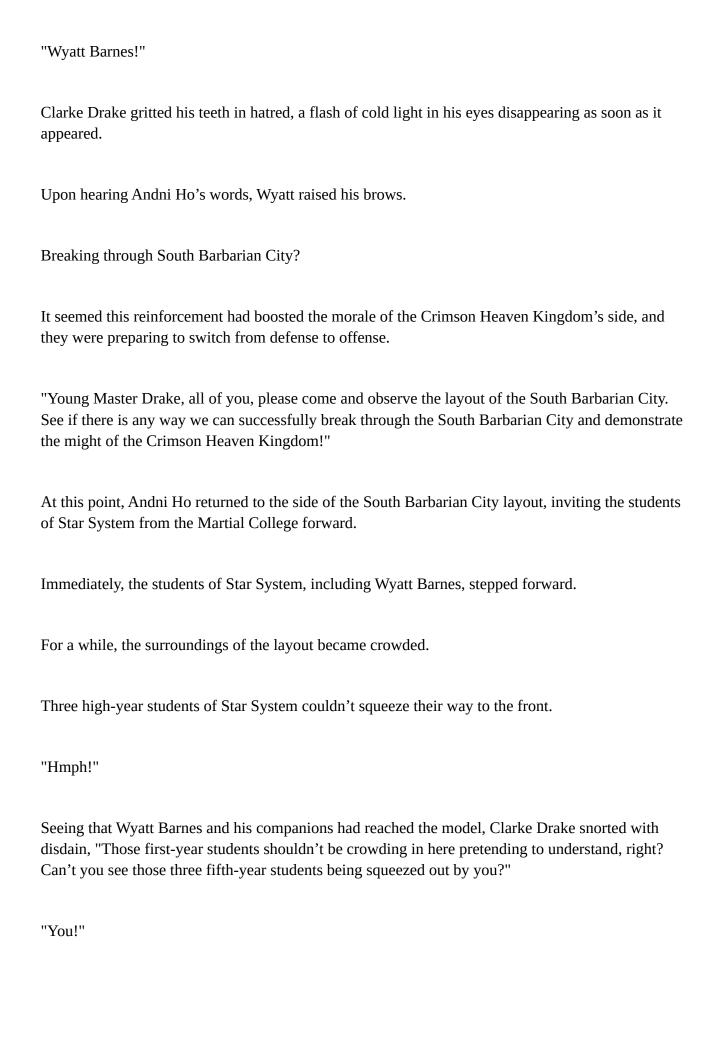
The middle-aged general called 'General Ho', who was in charge of the entire border army of Flourishing City, swept his gaze over Wyatt and the other eleven students one by one.
His gaze hardened when it landed on Remi Sinclair and Seeker Sinclair.
In his impression, at their age, Star System students 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.







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



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.



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'!

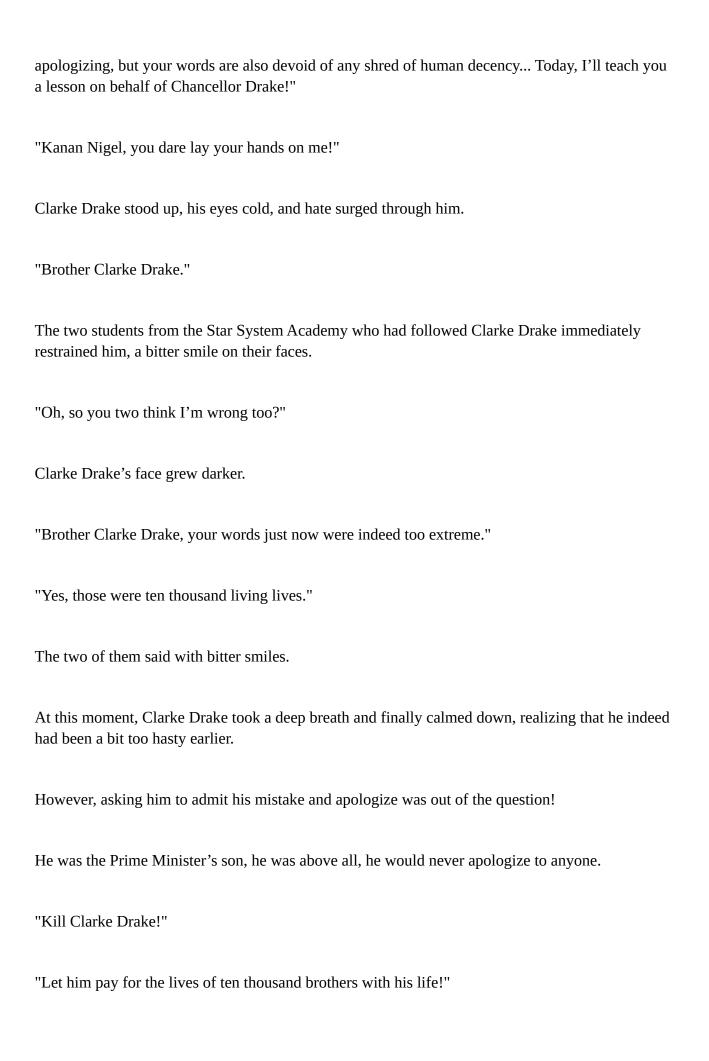
From then onwards, the people of the South Kingdom no longer dared to carry out assassinations.

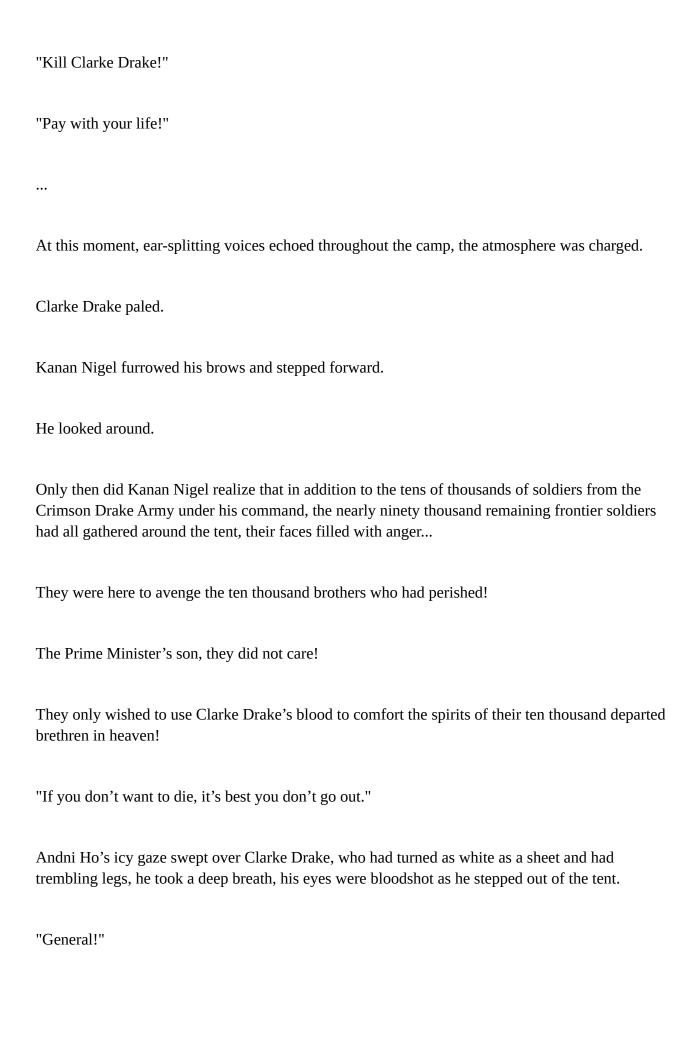
"Andni Ho, I've told you, those people from South Kingdom are too cunning."

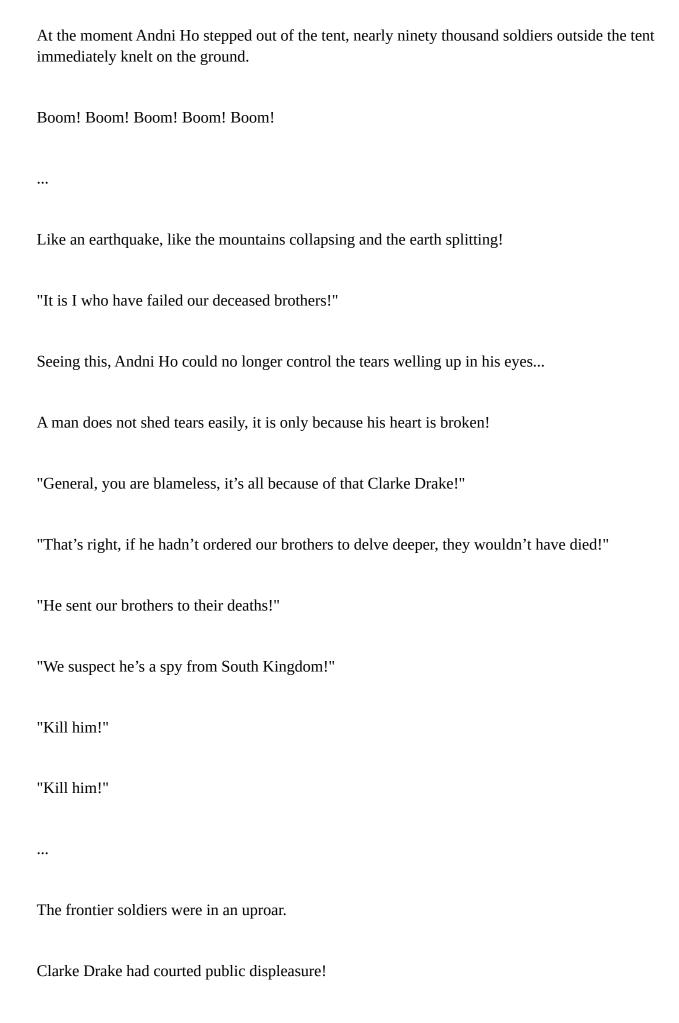
Clarke Drake's expression darkened as he reiterated his statement.

The South Kingdom's people are too cunning?









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.





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."

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 kneeing 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.

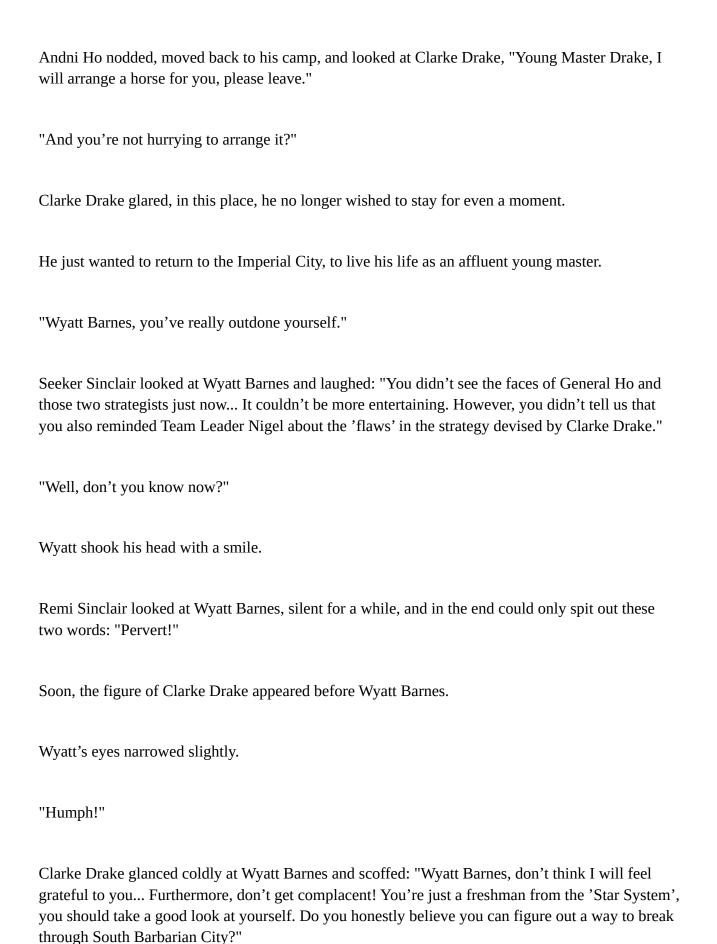
"Get up! Rest well and gather your strength, three days from now, we march on South Barbarian City, to wash away our previous disgrace!"

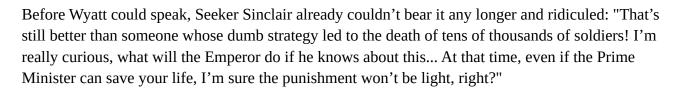
Wyatt's voice suddenly surged, tremendously infectious.

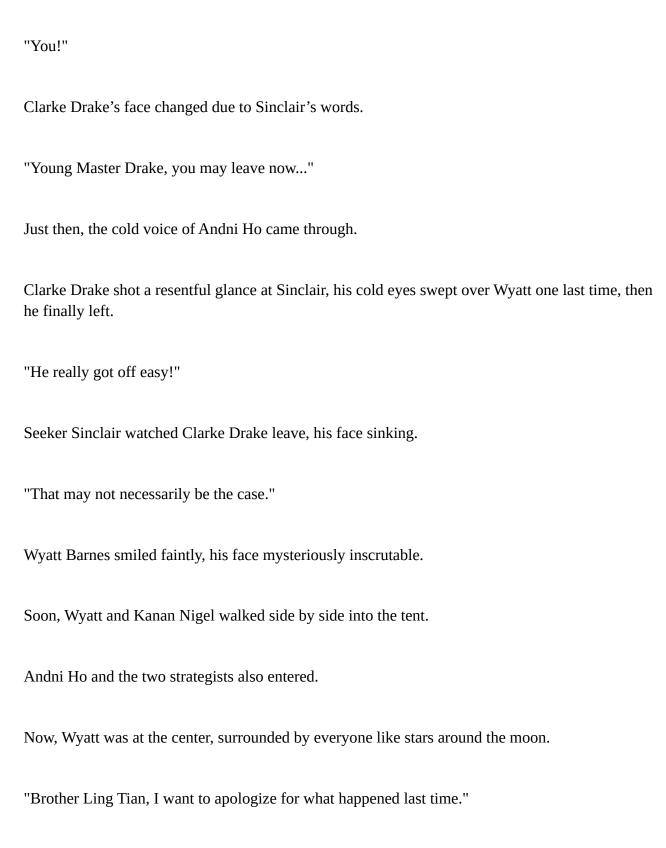
Wham! Wham! Wham! Wham!

•••









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.

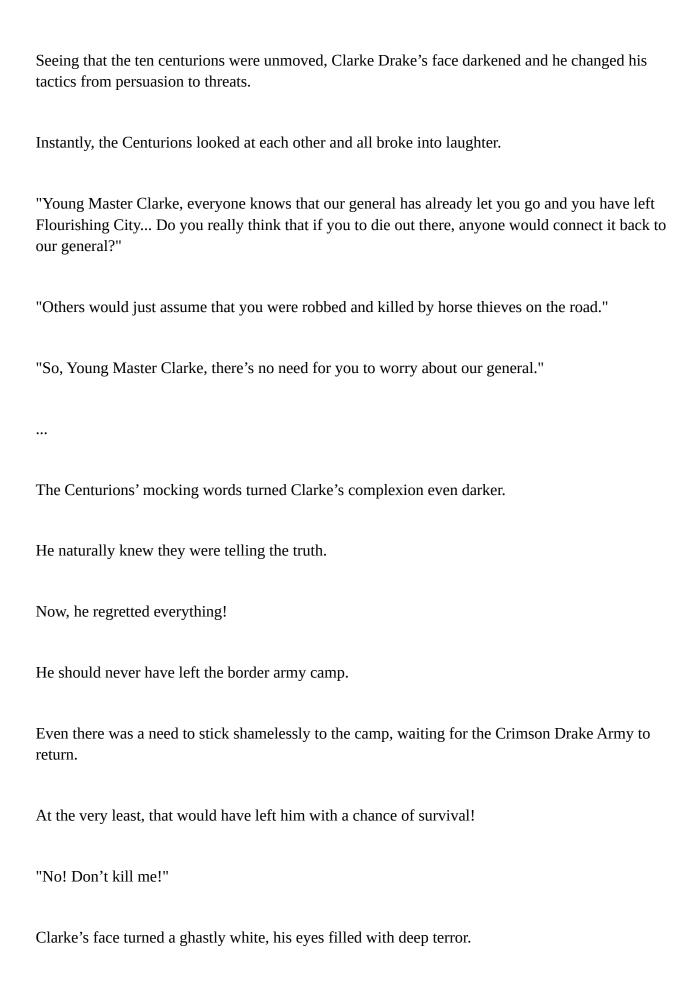
For the first time in his life, fear and despair filled his heart.

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...

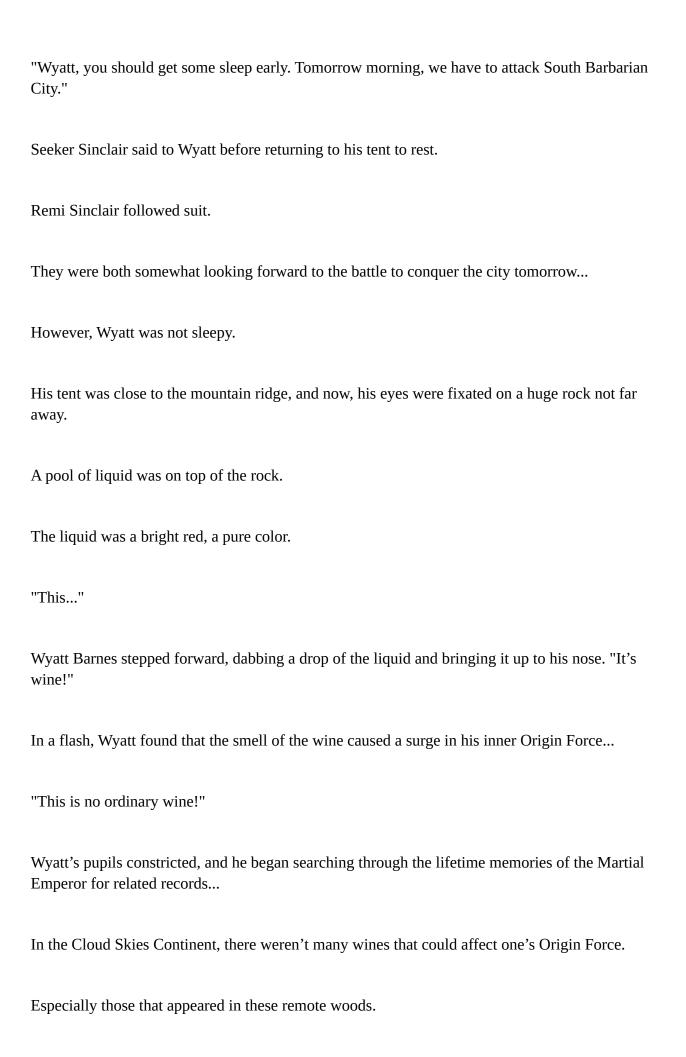
"If something happens to me, aren't you afraid that my father will make trouble for your border army?"



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."





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.