

# Legend of Wyatt

## #Chapter 25: The Little Fatty - Read Legend of Wyatt Chapter 25: The Little Fatty

*Chapter 25: Chapter 25: The Little Fatty*

It must be said, Mccoy Lee was very efficient.

The very next day, he delivered a pair of leather sword scabbards to Wyatt Barnes.

Interestingly, Mccoy Lee even added the remnants of the purple meteorite that were left over from forging the soft swords into the scabbards.

In doing so, he wouldn't have to worry about the sharp purple meteorite soft sword damaging the scabbard when drawn.

Between the two purple meteorite soft swords, Wyatt kept one for himself and gave the other one to Keer.

As for his mother, Christina Lee, Wyatt had other plans in mind.

Once he reached the Condensed Pill Realm, he would personally forge a spirit sword for her!

A spirit sword, also known as a long spirit weapon.

As long as it is infused with the Origin Force, it will have a significant attack boost, far superior to ordinary weapons!

"Mother, Manager Mccoy seems to respect you a lot, he even said that if it weren't for you pleading for him back in the day, he wouldn't have been able to stay... What happened?"

In the courtyard, Wyatt asked while gently massaging Christina Lee's shoulders.

"It all happened over a decade ago. Back then, Mccoy had an affair with a elder's daughter, and she unintentionally became pregnant. As you can imagine, he was expelled from the Lee Family... Eventually, the elder's daughter insisted on giving birth to the child, which literally enraged the elder to death."

"She was a pitiful woman. Although she successfully gave birth to the child, she still died of childbirth. Seeing the child left helpless and alone, I pleaded with the old patriarch to allow Mccoy to return to the Lee Family."

Christina Lee's eyes were somewhat misty as she slowly narrated.

Upon hearing Christina Lee's account, Wyatt suddenly understood.

He never expected that McCoy had such a past.

"Thinking back on it now, if I hadn't pleaded with the old patriarch to allow him back into the Lee Family, he might have left Clear Wind Town long ago. Without him, the Lee Family really would have lost a valuable talent."

Christina Lee added with a laugh.

Wyatt nodded.

In this world, some things are really fascinating.

"Alright, you should go back and cultivate. With the help of the thunderfire pill, given your previous cultivation progress, there's a good chance you'll break through to the Seventh-Order Body Tempering Realm after two months."

Christina Lee told Wyatt, pushing him to go back to his room to cultivate.

After seeing the power of her son's 'Sword Drawing Technique.'

In her eyes, as long as her son breaks through to the Seventh-order Body Tempering Realm, it's not impossible for him to kill Strength Garcia, the housekeeper of the Garcia Clan.

"Yes, my lady!"

Instantly, Wyatt stood straight, like a spear, and saluted Christina Lee.

Under Christina Lee's surprised gaze, he turned around and returned to his room.

"What was that gesture just now?"

Christina Lee was perplexed.

Perhaps, if she had the chance to visit Earth, she would know that Wyatt's gesture just now was the standard military salute.

Time flew by, just like a white horse passing a crevice.

In the blink of an eye, a month and a half had passed.

"Crack..."

Early in the morning, a rubbing sound could be heard from the joints coming from Wyatt's room.

Then the door opened, and Wyatt stepped out, bathing in the sunlight.

"Ahead of schedule by half a month."

Clenching his fists slightly, feeling the overwhelming power in his body, a hint of a smile appeared on the corner of Wyatt's mouth.

With the constant assistance of the thunder fire pill and the seven-treasure body tempering liquid, Wyatt took one and a half months to break through from the fifth order to the seventh order of the Body Tempering Realm.

Generally, a seventh-order Body Tempering Realm martial artist possesses a tremendous force of two thousand pounds...

But Wyatt, who cultivated the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign' technique, had the highest explosive force of more than three thousand pounds the moment he stepped into the seventh-order Body Tempering Realm.

Compared to the three hundred pounds of the fourth-order Body Tempering Realm, it had increased tenfold!

"With half a month left, it's just enough time to cultivate the 'Spiritual Snake Body Method' from the 'Spirit Snake Transformation' in the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique'!"

Thinking of this, Wyatt's eyes lit up.

He commenced practicing the 'Spiritual Snake Body Method' right there in the courtyard...

Having cultivated the 'Spirit Snake Transformation' from the 'Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique' to the Seventh-Order Body Tempering Realm, his body had unsurpassed flexibility beyond anyone's imagination.

Wyatt was undoubtedly convinced.

Even the most flexible yoga master on Earth in his previous life would be far inferior to his current state.

"Whoosh!"

Wyatt began practicing around the trunk of a large tree in the courtyard. His whole body turned into a spirit snake, swiftly traversing along the trunk of the tree.

In just a short while, he had gone round and round more than a dozen times.

'Spiritual Snake Body Method' is purely a body method technique, which allows the cultivator to maximize the flexibility of his body, while also demonstrating terrifying speed!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Wyatt, whose body meets the conditions for practicing the 'Spiritual Snake Body Method', cultivated with ease.

In an hour, he had mastered some of the essence of the 'Spiritual Snake Body Method'.

Of course, this was also thanks to his background in the Shape and Intent Fist cultivation from his past life, otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to grasp the essence of the 'Spiritual Snake Body Method' so quickly.

Wyatt was increasingly immersed in the cultivation.

After an unknown period of time, he only stopped when he heard the crisp opening of a door.

"Mother!"

Seeing the beautiful woman stepping out, a smile appeared on Wyatt's face.

As an orphan in his past life, he particularly enjoyed the maternal love given by Christina Lee in this life...

He was deeply immersed in it, unable to extricate himself.

"Wyatt."

Christina Lee worn a smile in return.

However, the smile on her face quickly froze.

"Wyatt, did you... did you break through?"

Christina Lee's voice trembled slightly.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"Good, good."

Christina Lee could hardly contain her excitement.

In recent days, her biggest worry had been that her son would not reach the seventh stage of the Body Tempering Realm before the agreed day.

It seems now that she had been worrying too much.

Her son had performed admirably, completing the breakthrough to the seventh stage of the Body Tempering Realm half a month in advance...

"Wyatt, mom is in a good mood today, I'm going to buy groceries now and cook something delicious for you!"

Christina Lee's beautiful face flushed as she spoke to Wyatt Barnes, then she left the house.

Warmth welled up in Wyatt's heart. He fully understood his mother's feelings.

The love of a parent for their child is as deep as the ocean...

"Boss, Boss!"

Just as Wyatt was preparing to continue practicing the "Spiritual Snake Body Method," a somewhat hurried voice rang out from outside the mansion.

"This fool really doesn't know when to quit, here he comes again..."

Wyatt frowned.

He knew who the voice belonged to.

In the past two months, the guy had come over at least ten times.

Most of the time, Wyatt would tolerate the visits, considering the good relationship his mother had with the Fifth Elder.

But now this fat idiot was pushing his luck!

He opened the slightly ajar front door and stepped out of the mansion.

"Hamza Lee, how many times have I told you, I'm not accepting you as my underling... If you bother me again, I'll go to your father!"

Wyatt looked at the chubby boy, his brows slightly furrowed.

"Boss, no! I came to you with real business this time, you're in deep trouble, big trouble."

Hearing that Wyatt wanted to go to his father, the chubby boy panicked.

"What's the matter? Spit it out!"

Wyatt's face darkened slightly.

In his opinion, this fat fool was never one to speak sensibly.

"Boss, I heard about this and came straight to you. I didn't even tell my dad, am I loyal enough?"

The chubby boy shyly showed his round face and chuckled.

"If you don't speak up now, don't bother."

Wyatt squinted his eyes, he didn't have much patience for this fat fool.

"Don't be so hasty, boss, I'll speak. I overheard this, it's a secret in the Garcia Clan..."

The chubby boy took a deep breath, his fat face trembling as he spoke.

"Garcia Clan?"

Wyatt's brows lifted up in surprise.

"Boss, I hear that Strength Garcia of the Garcia Clan recently broke through to the Condensed Pill Realm... Maybe we should forget the agreement half a month from now, after all, you're only 15. It's not a big deal if we break the agreement!"

After saying his peace, the chubby boy looked at Wyatt with expectation.

Without paying any attention to the chubby boy, Wyatt remained calm, seemingly not surprised at all.

But his eyes narrowed imperceptibly, a brief flash of alertness passing by...

The thing he was most worried about had happened.

Strength Garcia had actually broken through at this critical juncture!

At the ninth stage of the Body Tempering Realm, one could unleash their full physical strength, equivalent to the force of 10,000 pounds, and draw upon the world's energy, creating the projection of an ancient giant elephant...

And the first level of the Condensed Pill Realm.

Aside from physical strength being comparable to an ancient giant elephant's power.

The Origin Force, born from cultivation, could also rival the strength of an ancient giant elephant once utilized!

Warriors at the first level of the Condensed Pill Realm, at their full power, could rival the strength of two ancient giant elephants!

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt felt the pressure, his joy from breaking through to the seventh stage of the Body Tempering Realm subsiding.

"Hamza Lee, just tell me and don't tell a third person about this, understand?"

Immediately after, he looked at the chubby boy and spoke coldly.

"Can I not tell my dad either?"

The chubby boy innocently asked.

"Is your dad not a person?"

Wyatt glared at the chubby boy, making him squirm uncomfortably, offering an embarrassed smile.

"Boss, that..."

Suddenly, the chubby boy looked at Wyatt with expectation.

"What now?"

Wyatt frowned, this fat fool was such a bother. However, to keep him in line, Wyatt chose to be patient.

"Boss, I want you to teach Louis Lee a lesson."

The chubby boy twiddled his pudgy fingers, and beamed.

Wyatt thought for a while.

He remembered who Louis Lee was...

Louis Lee, the youngest son of the Second Elder.

The boy was a well-known genius in the Lee Family. His talent was no less than Hamza Lee's.

He is 17 this year, and with the assistance of the Thunder Fire Pill and the Six Treasures Body Refining Elixir, he entered the sixth stage of the Body Tempering Realm.

"You little rascal, you and Louis Lee are in the same situation, neither of you lack the Six Treasures Body Refining Elixir or the Thunder Fire Pill, why don't you defeat him with your own strength?"

Wyatt said, not very happily.

This Feat fool really was nothing like the Fifth Elder.

"I do have these... but the problem is, he's two years older than me."

The chubby boy looked at Wyatt expectantly, grinning cheekily.

"Boss, can you please help me? Last time, he almost kicked me like a soccer ball, he also called me 'fat pig'... I need to teach him a lesson so he would call me 'Chubby Bro' every time he sees me!"

"Boss, you must help me. If he beats me again, I'm afraid I might forget what you just told me..."

Seeing that Wyatt seemed to be considering, the chubby boy hurriedly seized the opportunity.

*Chapter 26: Chapter 26 Thunder Fire Inscription*

"Chubby Bro, are you threatening me?"

Cold light flashed in Wyatt's eyes, causing Chubby Bro to step back, "Bo... Boss, I was wrong, my bad!"

"Enough!"

With a frown, Wyatt stopped arguing with Chubby Bro.

Nonchalantly, he began to remove the bronze ring on his finger and turned to Chubby Bro, "Take this ring and give me the one on your hand!"

Chubby Bro was dumbstruck.



He glanced at the bronze ring in Wyatt's hand, then looked at the gold ring on his own thumb. Pain crept across his chubby face, "Boss, this ring was a birthday gift from my grandpa last year..."

"So, are we trading or not? If not, get lost!"

Wyatt glared and gave a low grunt, ready to walk away.

Chubby Bro, being the vixen he was, quickly read the cues. He stopped Wyatt with his chubby hands and chuckled, "Boss, is there a secret to that ring of yours?"

Wyatt snorted, "If you take this ring, defeating Louis Lee would be a piece of cake. But if you're reluctant to part with your grandfather's gift, forget it!"

Having said that, Wyatt prepared to walk back to the main yard.

"Boss, I've realized my mistake! Isn't that enough?"

Chubby Bro rushed forward in eagerness, clearly distressed. He asked Wyatt, "Boss, this ring of yours, could it possibly be inscribed with an 'Inscription'?"

"You've heard of inscriptions?"

Wyatt was rather surprised. He hadn't expected Darren Lee to know about inscriptions.

"Hehe."

Chubby Bro chuckled proudly, "When I was at my grandfather's house, I read about inscriptions in an ancient book. It said that inscriptions are usually engraved on personal items, and they allow people to control incredible powers."

"Even a fool can have a moment of fortune."

Wyatt shook his head, and handed the bronze ring to Chubby Bro, "Take it. If you're unwilling to let go of your gold ring, you can return this bronze one to me after you've used the inscription on it."

Chubby Bro took the ring with his chubby little hand, his eyes widened in shock, "Boss, I was just talking nonsense. Is there really an inscription on this ring?"

"No shit!"

Wyatt snorted.

This inscription on the ring was carved with materials he had bought previously.

He had originally made it as a precautionary measure against Strength Garcia, the housekeeper of the Garcia Clan.

Who would have thought that Strength had made a breakthrough at this critical juncture?

Sadly, inscriptions such as these only worked on martial artists in the Body Tempering Realm and were completely useless against those in the Condensed Pill Realm who had developed Origin Force!

So, he had simply given it to Chubby Bro without much thought.

After all, with his current strength, he didn't need the power of an inscription to defeat martial artists in the Body Tempering Realm.

"Boss, do you also know an inscription master?"

Chubby Bro squinted his eyes mischievously, evidently determined to probe until he got the truth.

"Enough, get out of here! Remember my warning, if you dare to spread the word about Strength's breakthrough and it reaches my mom's ears... beware that I'll reshape you into a ball and use you as one!"

Wyatt gave Chubby Bro a swift glare and entered the main yard.

However, Chubby Bro quickly followed him inside, "Boss, Boss!"

Wyatt frowned, "What now?"

Chubby Bro gave an awkward smile, "Boss, how do I activate the inscription on this ring?"

"Didn't you read that ancient book about inscriptions? Are you telling me, you still need me to teach you something as simple as this?"

Wyatt shot Chubby Bro a disgruntled glance. After instructing him on how to activate the inscription, he chased him out of the yard.

After Chubby Bro left, Wyatt's face turned gloomy.

Strength's breakthrough into the Condensed Pill Realm was undoubtedly bad news for him.

Though impressive, inscription techniques had their limits.

The inscriptions that Wyatt was able to create now were only effective on those who hadn't developed their Origin Force.

Inscriptions that could affect martial artists in the Condensed Pill Realm required Origin Force and various materials to be inscribed.

He had considered asking his mother to help, but inscription techniques were profound and complex. It would take those unfamiliar with inscriptions several years of diligent study to successfully carve their first inscription.

The only reason he could create the inscriptions with relative ease was because he possessed the memories of Martial Emperor. When using inscription techniques, he was virtually as proficient as the Martial Emperor, feeling no strain at all.

"It seems that if I want to kill Strength, I can't rely on other means anymore. I have to do it myself!"

Wyatt's eyes flashed as he headed back to his courtyard.

He practiced his 'Serpent Body Technique' earnestly, moving as if he were a flexible snake...

Perhaps, the Serpent Body Technique could prove to be his unexpected breakthrough!

He'd instructed Darren Lee to keep quiet about Strength's breakthrough for fear that his mother, Christina Lee, would find out.

He knew that if his mother learned of Strength's advancement, she would never let him confront Garcia Clan in two weeks.

The Garcia Clan hiding this news was probably for the same reason - they feared he would back down if he found out.

It was evident that the Garcia Clan hoped to use this chance to have Strength Garcia do away with him!

"Garcia Clan, you underestimate me too much!"

Wyatt's eyes flashed as a glimmer of cold light swept past...

At the Lee Family's Martial Arts Performance Field, 'Darren Lee' aka Chubby Bro stood with his hands on his hips, looking utterly smug.

He was surrounded by members of the Lee Family, all pointing and whispering, "Has Darren Lee gone mad? He's daring to challenge Louis Lee again. Doesn't he remember the beating he got last time?"

"Who knows? Maybe he has thick skin and doesn't feel any pain."

"The Fifth Elder is handsome and elegant, unlike Darren; other than the eyebrows, there really isn't a resemblance."

"Even if he looks like it, all that fat he has is covering it up."

...

Among the discussions, there were many who mocked him. Everyone thought that Darren Lee was overestimating his abilities.

"Fat pig, I've heard that you want to challenge me?"

Soon, a young man approached from afar and quickly made it to the front of Darren Lee. He looked at Darren Lee with a sarcastic expression, not taking him seriously at all.

This was Louis Lee, the youngest son of the Second Elder of the Lee Family.

"Louis, old grudges and new enmity, let's settle it all today!"

The chubby boy yelled out, his whole body shaking from the fat. He rushed out like a ball, his chubby fists aimed directly at Louis.

"Overestimating your abilities!"

Louis sneered, standing still. He thrust out both fists to meet the challenge.

In his mind, once his fist made contact with the chubby boy, he would be sent rolling away like a ball.

The surrounding Lee family disciples mostly shared this belief.

From their perspective, Darren Lee stood no chance against Louis...

"Bang!"

The two exchanged punches.

However, at that moment, the chubby Darren Lee, squinting his small eyes, activated the inscription on his bronze ring...

"Sss~~"

Immediately, Louis felt as if he had been struck by lightning, as his entire body suddenly lost strength.

Not only that, he also felt waves of pain as if he was being struck by lightning and fire from all over his body.

This kind of feeling, he knew it all too well. It was exactly what the 'Thunder-Fire Pill' medicine did when it took effect.

Before he had a chance to question why the effects of the Thunder-Fire Pill were happening at this moment, Louis, who had lost all strength, was pushed back by Darren's punch.

Then, Darren threw out another punch, landing it on half of Louis's face, knocking him to the ground!

Immediately after, came a flurry of punches...

This was completely one-sided!

"This has to be a joke, right?"

The Lee family disciples who were watching were slack-jawed with surprise.

Some of them even pinched their thighs hard enough to yell out in pain, only then realizing that they weren't dreaming.

Instantly, they were all shocked.

When did Darren become so strong?

Didn't Louis just break through to the Body Tempering Realm's sixth level a few days ago?

"Stop hitting me, stop hitting me!"

Once Louis recovered from the pain, he tried to fight back, but any attempt was met with more pain. He had obviously been injured by Darren's hits.

With no other option, he hurriedly pleaded for mercy.

"Will you call me 'fat pig' again in the future?"

Darren, who had the upper hand, stepped on Louis's thigh, causing him to scream. With his hands on his waist, he demanded an answer.

"No, no more!"

Louis responded somewhat hysterically.

"In the future, when you see me, call me 'Chubby Bro', understood?"

The chubby boy glared at him threateningly.

"Yes, Chubby Bro, Chubby Bro!"

Fearing another beating, Louis immediately complied.

He was injured all over and definitely not Darren's match at the moment. He chose to bear it for now!

In his mind, all he needed to do was recover from his injuries, and he could get his revenge!

Of course, he was very confused as to why the symptoms of the Thunder-Fire Pill suddenly came on when he exchanged fists with Darren...

Could it be an after-effect of the Thunder-Fire Pill?

"I never realized it before, but you're really a stubborn guy who only listens when you're beaten!"

With a cold laugh, Darren left Louis behind. Under the incredulous gazes of the crowd, he left the Martial Arts Performance Field.

After teaching Louis a good lesson, Darren was in high spirits, "The 'Thunder-Fire Inscription' from the boss is really useful. Louis must still be wondering why the symptoms of the Thunder-Fire Pill suddenly appeared in his body... He probably thinks it's an after-effect of the pill, haha!"

In the courtyard, a beautiful girl stood tall, her hand gripping a soft sword forged from purple meteorite, continuously practicing the 'Sword Drawing Technique'...

By her side, a handsome young man patiently explained the details of the Sword Drawing Technique. He answered every question, seeming very much like a tireless teacher.

"Boss, Boss!"

Suddenly, a shout came from outside the courtyard, causing the young man to frown, "This fat bastard really doesn't quit. Keer, I'll be right back, keep practicing."

"Yes, Young Master."

The girl obediently nodded her head.

The young man walked swiftly out of the courtyard. Seeing the chubby boy approaching, he frowned and asked, "What is it this time?"

The chubby boy smiled sheepishly. After taking off the bronze ring from his tail finger and the gold ring from his thumb, he handed them to the young man, "Boss, your rings..."

The young man didn't take them, looking at the gold ring mixed in with the bronze one in the chubby boy's hand, "What do you mean?"

The chubby boy laughed awkwardly, "Boss, I beat up Louis today. I reckon he'll come to settle the score once he recovers. I...I was hoping you could ask the Inscription Master to engrave a 'Thunder-Fire Inscription' for me too."

*Chapter 27: Chapter 27 Hard to Argue*

Glaring at the little fat boy, Wyatt Barnes snapped, "Fatso, do you think inscriptions are like cabbages that are available anytime you want? I haven't asked you for money yet. You should know that just this single 'Fire Thunder Inscription' requires materials that cost over thirty silver pieces!"

Inscriptions indeed require a large amount of money.

The Fire Thunder Inscription is just a low-level inscription.

The top-level inscriptions would cost thousands or even tens of thousands of silver pieces, possibly even more...

Wyatt assumed that after hearing this, the little fat boy would back off.

After all, even if it were the little fat boy's father, Fifth Elder Moshe Lee, his monthly salary was barely over a dozen silver pieces; he wouldn't let him squander money this way.

Unexpectedly, hearing Wyatt's words, the little fat boy suddenly started to laugh.

He reached into his pocket, directly pulled out a bundle of bank checks, each with a face value of one hundred silver pieces, and handed them to Wyatt, "Boss, is it just money? If money can solve the problem, then it's not even a problem! Here should be seven to eight hundred silver pieces, you take it all, let that master inscriber make a few more inscriptions for me."

Wyatt was stunned.

He was certain, the money in the little fat boy's hand definitely wasn't given by Fifth Elder Moshe Lee.

While it was true that Moshe Lee did earn five hundred pieces of silver through him last time...

Even so, Moshe Lee had a fortune of no more than one thousand five hundred silver pieces at most.

Otherwise, before Wyatt's duel with Hamza Lee, Moshe wouldn't have failed to put forth a second five hundred to bet with Mark Lee.

Taking the bank checks from the boy, Wyatt weighed them in his hand and asked, "Darren, where did you get this money?"

The little fat boy smiled broadly, his eyes squinting, "It's what my grandfather gave me before I returned to the Lee Family last time. Boss, please don't tell my father. Otherwise, I won't be able to keep the rest of my money."

"Beyond these checks, you have more?"

Wyatt was surprised, a glint in his eyes. He had never expected that the little fat boy was a goldmine.

"Hehe, I have some more."

The little fat boy casually said, "My grandfather told me to send him a letter when I ran out of money, and he would have people deliver more to me."

Wyatt's mouth twitched slightly. It seemed that the little fat boy's grandfather was not simple; he hadn't heard of him before.

In Wyatt's previous memories, he only knew that the little fat boy's mother died of an illness seven or eight years ago, and then the little fat boy went outside with his grandfather.

"As long as there's money, everything's negotiable..."

Wyatt squinted at the boy and gave him a slap on the shoulder, "Here's a list of materials required for the Fire Thunder Inscription. You can go and buy them yourself. As for the money, you can consider it as my fee. In the future, as long as you have materials, I will inscribe as many Fire Thunder Inscriptions for you, okay?"



"Boss, you just said you will inscribe...are you saying that you inscribed the Fire Thunder Inscription?"

The little fat boy was dumbfounded, hearing the meaning in Wyatt's words.

"Don't talk nonsense. As long as the inscription is useful, it doesn't matter who inscribes it!"

Wyatt casually stuffed the bank checks into his pocket and returned to his room in the big courtyard to take out pen and paper and record the materials needed for the Fire Thunder Inscription.

"According to the quantities on this list, one set of materials can create one Fire Thunder Inscription... Oh and prepare some more personal accessories. Each accessory can only accommodate one inscription at a time."

Handing the note to the little fat boy, Wyatt added.

"Okay."

The little fat boy looked elated as he took the note, then stared at Wyatt with a hesitant expression.

"Whatever you want to say, say it and then get lost!"

Wyatt snapped.

He had been annoyed enough by the little fat boy recently.

"Boss, can...can I learn the art of inscriptions from you?"

The little fat boy asked, his chubby face trembling, full of expectation.

Seeing Wyatt frowning, the little fat boy quickly added, "Boss, I can pay tuition. I won't learn for free."

Pay tuition?

Wyatt's frown eased, lights glinted in his eyes.

The thing he needed most now was money. Even though he currently had more than thirty thousand silver pieces in his hand, he knew that once he stepped into the Condensed Pill Realm, it wouldn't be long before he used up all the silver pieces in his hand.

No one would ever complain about having too much money, especially when he bore so many 'life professions'.

Alchemy, weapon refining, and inscriptions all consume wealth.

"Fine, seeing your sincerity, I'll reluctantly give you half an hour each day for your studies. How much you can learn depends on you."

There is no reason to turn down money.

Wyatt gave the little fat boy another slap on the shoulder and said, "In consideration of the Fifth Elder, I'll charge you one thousand silver pieces per month. Any problem with that?"

Upon hearing these words, the little fat boy was stunned.

Seeing his reaction, Wyatt thought that the boy considered it too expensive. He coughed awkwardly and began to say, "If you think it's too expensive, we can negotiate and maybe..."

"So cheap! Boss, thank you."

The boy interrupted Wyatt excitedly.

Wyatt decided to remain silent, but he also felt a bit regretful, wondering if he had set the price too low?

Seeing the little fat boy getting ready to leave with the note in his hand, Wyatt called out to him and said seriously, "Don't ever let anyone know that I know how to inscribe. Otherwise, you can forget about learning to inscribe from me."

"Boss, don't worry. I won't say a word even if it kills me!"

After making a solemn vow, the little fat boy happily trotted out.

The thought of Louis Lee suffering under his hand in the future filled him with joy.

He had decided to make at least a dozen or twenty more Thunderfire Inscriptions as a backup...

"My judgment is actually pretty good, the boss I recognized is so awesome. Not only does he have incredible strength, but he also knows Inscription Technique. I hit the jackpot, hit it big!"

The chubby boy muttered to himself all the way, excitedly walking home to get money.

The bank checks he had with him had all been given to Wyatt Barnes earlier.

After the chubby boy left, Wyatt returned to the courtyard and continued to stand behind Keer, close to her, teaching her the 'Sword Drawing Technique' hand by hand.

After more than two months of practice, Keer had almost mastered the essence of the Sword Drawing Technique, all she lacked was experience.

Smelling the fragrance of the girl's hair and feeling her body temperature, Wyatt's gaze became somewhat bewildered, and he took a deep breath of enjoyment.

"What are you guys doing?"

A playful voice, accompanied by scattered footsteps, suddenly came from behind.

Upon hearing the voice, Wyatt took a step back in slight embarrassment, separating from the girl.

The girl's face was flushed, looking like blood might drip out, "Ma'am!"

Christina Lee had just gotten back from getting groceries.

"Keer, stop practicing for now and come help me out. I bought lots of groceries today, just for you and Wyatt so you can replenish your strength."

Christina Lee swung the basket in her hand, and a sweet smile appeared on her face.

"Yes."

The girl hurriedly put away her sword.

"Mom, do you need my help?"

Wyatt asked with a smile.

"Out! You should focus on your practice. Even though you've broken through the Seventh Order of Body Tempering Realm, Strength Garcia is still a Ninth Order martial artist. If he luckily dodges your Sword Drawing Technique, then you're through."

Christina Lee gave Wyatt a glance, completely disregarding him.

"Young Master, have you broken through to the Seventh Order of the Body Tempering Realm?"

The girl looked at Wyatt with a surprised expression.

Wyatt laughed, "My Keer is already at the Sixth Order of the Body Tempering Realm, if I don't break through, it would be a bit embarrassing."

The girl's gaze dimmed a bit, slowly said: "Young Master, I will try to practice slower in the future."

Christina Lee chuckled, "Keer, don't listen to him, you just keep practicing hard. We women can only keep men in check if our strength surpasses theirs... If you don't want to be bullied by him in the future, you have to catch up soon."

Hearing Christina Lee's words, the girl's face turned red and she ran into the kitchen with the basket of vegetables, leaving only a shy figure for the mother and son.

"You lazy boy, don't slack off!"

Christina Lee gave Wyatt another glance before going into the kitchen.

Wyatt shook his head with a smile, then continued his movements.

His flexible body seemed to turn into a nimble snake, swiftly moving through the courtyard.

Quick as the wind, swift as lightning, his speed getting faster and faster...

During the past two months, the talent Keer displayed made Wyatt shake his head in disbelief.

Although Keer, like him, had far superior practice conditions than the other children of the Lee Family.

However, she was after all a girl, possessing this kind of talent was extremely rare.

According to his mother, Christina Lee, Keer's talent was far superior to hers when she was young.

But, Wyatt was happy that Keer had good talent and was rapidly improving her abilities.

At least when he left Clearwind Town for adventures in the future, he could take Keer with him.

Without Keer by his side, he really wouldn't be accustomed to it.

Soon, the two beauties finished cooking. The table was filled with a delicious aroma of food.

The family sat together for a meal, helping each other with the dishes. The atmosphere was full of happiness and warmth.

Meanwhile, in the courtyard where Second Elder 'Moshe Lee' resided.

Moshe Lee stood at the door of the room, looking at his young son, 'Louis Lee', who was lying on the bed. He looked very distressed, "You said, if Wyatt Barnes beat you up like this, I would have accepted it. But you actually got beaten like this by Darren Lee, that chubby boy. You may not feel ashamed, but I am ashamed!"

"Dad, I've said it hundreds of times, it was the aftermath of the Thunderfire Pill that suddenly hit me. Otherwise, Darren would definitely have been beaten to a pulp by me!"

Louis Lee lay half-reclined on his bed with a helpless expression, unable to defend himself.

"Look at you, still making excuses, your brother also took the Thunderfire Pill, how come he didn't have any aftermath?"

Moshe Lee shook his head, clearly not believing Louis's words, "You can't beat him now, just practice hard and beat him back later. Don't always think about finding an excuse, that's the behavior of a coward!"

After saying that, Moshe Lee turned around and left.

Louis lay on the bed. Just moving his body a little made him feel pain. He clenched his teeth and said fiercely: "Damn fatty, when I recover, I'll definitely teach you a lesson! I just don't believe your luck can always be this good."

In Louis's view, Darren beating him like this was all because of Darren's good luck.

If it weren't for the sudden onset of the Thunderfire Pill's aftermath, there's no way Darren would have been able to beat him.

Thinking of how his father and brother didn't believe his words, he couldn't help but smile bitterly, "Why don't they believe me? They should think about it, how can Darren, that damn fatty, possibly be my match!"

*Chapter 28: Chapter 28: Half a Month Later*

"Are you sure, you want me to engrave twenty Thunderfire Inscriptions for you?"

Looking at the pile of materials that the chubby boy had prepared, Wyatt Barnes frowned, feeling it was a bit exaggerated.

"Yes, boss."

The chubby boy nodded like a pecking chicken, and asked again, "Boss, is there any problem?"

"No problem."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head.

Then he added, "I just want to tell you, besides Louis Lee, you can't use Thunderfire Inscriptions on a second person, otherwise, it won't be long before someone will guess that you used the inscriptions on Louis Lee. If you only use it on Louis Lee, even if it keeps succeeding, he's left without an excuse, no one would believe what he said."

"Oh, why didn't I think of that."

The chubby boy slapped his own forehead and regretted, "I guess if I use Thunderfire Inscriptions on Louis Lee a few more times, he won't dare to mess with me anymore... Boss, won't the rest of the materials go waste?"

Wyatt Barnes calmly said "The rest of the materials you keep, you'll use them. The first inscription I'm going to teach you is the Thunderfire Inscription."

"Thank you, boss. Thank you, boss."

A big smile appeared on the chubby boy's face.

Suddenly, he saw Wyatt Barnes stretch out his hand to him, and asked in confusion, "Boss, what do you mean?"

"Tuition fee!"

Wyatt Barnes gave the chubby boy a glare and said irritably.

"Yes, yes, I almost forgot."

The chubby boy gave a sly smile and took out a stack of bank checks from his pocket and handed them to Wyatt Barnes, "Boss, I prepared it a long time ago. This is one thousand dollars, the tuition fee for the next month."

Wyatt Barnes reached out to take it and nodded, "Starting tomorrow, I will come to your house after lunch. I will teach you for half an hour every day. I'll do my best to teach you. How much you can learn depends on you."

"Thank you, Boss. I will not bother you anymore."

The chubby boy grinned, turned around and dashed away.

Weighing the one thousand dollar check in his hand, a faint smile appeared at the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth, "Every little bit counts. Save up more, in the future whether it's alchemy, refining, or inscription, they're all endless pits..."

Starting from the next day, Wyatt Barnes would take out half an hour after lunch to go to Darren Lee's house.

At first, Fifth Elder Moshe Lee found it strange.

However, seeing his son become good friends with Wyatt Barnes, he was quite pleased.

But these days, he kept hearing strange noises coming from his son's room.

"Smack!"

There it was, the noise again...

Moshe Lee shook his head and walked out of the courtyard.

In the room, a handsome young man with a striking brow harshly slapped the back of the chubby boy's head, "How can you be so stupid, I told you that the zircon sand and flame grass powder cannot be mixed together directly, and you just can't remember!"

"Boss, stop hitting me, I'll get even stupider."

The chubby boy rubbed his head, his face a picture of grievance.

"I don't know why I agreed to teach you Inscriptions, you are like a piece of block-headed wood! I'm telling you, if you don't show any progress by the end of this month, no matter how much money you give me next month, I won't teach you anymore. I don't want to waste my time."

The young man looked frustrated and disappointed.

The chubby boy gave a bitter smile, "Boss, rest assured, I will try my best and not let you down."

"I hope you do as you say. Half an hour is up, I should leave now. I'll come again tomorrow. I hope you'll have made some progress."

With a frown, the young man walked out of the room and left straight away.

Half a month later.

Early in the morning, the Lee Family's Martial Arts Performance Field was bustling.

The gathering members of the Lee Family are mostly young boys and girls.

At the moment, they were all chattering with the topic revolving around the Second Elder's son, 'Louis Lee' and the Fifth Elder's son, 'Darren Lee'.

"This time Louis Lee has issued a challenge to Darren Lee, it seems that he has recovered from his injury."

"Last time Louis Lee said he was sick, so he lost to Darren Lee, but I wonder if that was true."

"If he loses again to Darren Lee this time, then it was definitely a lie."

"Right, I think so too, he can't be 'unfortunately sick' every time, can he?"

...

Louis Lee had arrived early and stood in the middle of the Martial Arts Performance Field.

Listening to the discussions around him, his face couldn't look any more unpleasant.

Regarding the Thunderfire Pill, his father had strictly instructed him not to let the news get out. So last time, he had no choice but to use the excuse of being sick.

But he hadn't anticipated so many people doubting him.

Did they really think he was no match for Darren Lee?

"Darren Lee, this time I will have you bedridden for a good half month!"

Louis Lee gritted his teeth, exclaiming angrily.

"Darren Lee is here!"

Suddenly, the young boys and girls around the Martial Arts Performance Field all turned their heads, looking into the distance.

In the distance, a young man and woman who looked like a golden boy and jade girl led the way, a slightly creepy chubby boy followed behind them, acting like a lackey. Wasn't this one of today's protagonists, 'Darren Lee'?

"I heard that Darren Lee recognized Wyatt Barnes as his boss."

"To recognize an extraneous disciple as a boss, it's really a disgrace to our Lee Family."



"What's wrong with an extraneous disciple? If you are brave enough, stand up now and repeat what you just said louder. Dare you? If you don't have the guts, then don't pretend to be something you're not!"

"Exactly, even if Wyatt Barnes is an extraneous disciple, he has still won glory for our Lee Family by defeating the Garcia Clan repeatedly!"

"The three-month term will be over tomorrow. I wonder if Wyatt Barnes will really dare to challenge the Garcia Clan."

...

Wyatt Barnes, holding Keer's hand, had heard discussions about him from a distance.

For these words, he just shrugged them off with a laugh.

Then he looked at the chubby boy following him, "Don't be too harsh today, just let him back off. Otherwise, even if Second Elder is crafty, he will have to confront your father. Don't make things difficult for your father, understand?"

"Yes, boss."

The chubby boy nodded hastily.

In this world, the person he respects most now is Wyatt Barnes.

Seeing the arrival of Wyatt and his companions, the young men and women of the Lee family stepped aside to make way.

Wyatt, holding Keer's hand, stood at the forefront.

The chubby boy stepped forward, entered the Martial Arts Performance Field, and looked at Louis Lee with a smile, "Louis, healed up quite nicely, huh? You recovered quickly."

"Darren Lee, today I am going to redeem the disgrace you brought upon me half a month ago!"

Colour rushed to Louis Lee's face. He retorted fiercely.

The suppressed anger of half a month erupted...

"Don't worry, my boss gave his word. I won't be as heavy-handed as last time."

With a smirk, Darren Lee revealed a looking-for-trouble expression. It was as obnoxious as it could get.

"You're just looking for death!"

Louis Lee's eyes grew cold. His legs, which had been accumulating energy, quivered, and he sprung out like a tiger, towards Darren Lee.

The martial arts technique of the intermediate rank of the Great Success Stage, the 'Fierce Tiger Fist', was launched towards Darren Lee.

"Fierce Tiger Fist?"

Seeing this, Wyatt Barnes narrowed his eyes.

He remembered, Rudy Lee, the youngest son of the Second Elder, also used the Fierce Tiger Fist.

But Rudy's Fierce Tiger Fist was much worse than Louis Lee's; they weren't even on the same playing field.

That's the difference between the Small Success Stage and the Great Success Stage.

Only when the martial technique reaches the Great Success Stage can it exert its true power.

Darren Lee took action as well. He went right to meet him.

He didn't even use a martial arts technique. He blasted out a casual punch towards Louis Lee's fist.

In an instant, a smirk appeared on his lips as he activated the Thunder-Fire Inscription.

Suddenly, the scene from half a month ago reappeared.

Darren Lee completely froze, as if struck by lightning. The power on the fist disintegrated, leaving only inertia, unable to stop Darren Lee.

"Bang!"

Darren Lee punched out, directly knocking down Louis Lee, who was sweaty from whole-body soreness.

What followed was a round of fists and kicks...

The vicinity of the Lee family's Martial Arts Performance Field was deadly quiet.

The scene before their eyes was so familiar to those who had also witnessed the two's battle half a month ago.

Half a month ago, Louis Lee was injured by Darren Lee in the same way.

"No! Impossible... how can this be?!"

After Darren Lee stopped his movement, Louis found the soreness caused by the clash of Thunder-Fire power also disappeared.

His gaze scattered; he couldn't believe all of this was real.

If Darren's good luck caused the events half a month ago, then was Darren's luck still good this time?

Such a coincidence couldn't possibly occur!

"Don't provoke me in the future, or else, I won't mind making you lie in bed for another half a month."

Darren Lee's fat face trembled, he arrogantly left a remark, and returned to Wyatt Barnes' side under the gaze of the others.

Flattering smiles hung on Darren Lee's face. It was a stark contrast to how he was earlier, "Boss, I listened to you. I held back. This time, he'll be bed-ridden for no more than a few days."

Wyatt Barnes nodded lightly.

"Sister-in-law, I'm great, aren't I?"

Darren Lee looked at Keer beside Wyatt Barnes and chuckled.

Upon hearing Darren Lee's address, Keer blushed immediately.

"Stop flaunting. With the help of Thunder-Fire Pills and Seven Gems Body Tempering Fluid, it's shameful that you're only at the fifth level of the Body Tempering Realm."

Wyatt Barnes gave Darren Lee a look.

Ever since he grudgingly admitted Darren Lee as his little brother, he added an extra ingredient to Darren's Six Gems Body Tempering Fluid, turning it into Seven Gems Body Tempering Fluid.

Of course, this was a secret between him and Darren Lee, even Moshe Lee, the Fifth Elder, didn't know.

It was then that Darren learned that the Six Gems Body Tempering Fluid was actually his boss's creation. As a result, he admired Wyatt Barnes profoundly.

Darren Lee scratched his head awkwardly and laughed bitterly, "Boss, you think everyone is as abnormal as you and sister-in-law..."

The day before yesterday, Keer's cultivation level also stepped into the Seventh-Order of the Body Tempering Realm, following closely behind Wyatt Barnes. This left Darren Lee speechless; he had no choice but to concede.

"Get out! You're the weird one."

Wyatt Barnes glared at Darren Lee. Hand in hand with Keer, he turned and left.

The crowd automatically made way for them. The gazes converging upon him were filled with awe.

If four months ago, Wyatt Barnes was not worthy of their regard.

Now, unknowingly, Wyatt Barnes has become a figure they could only look up to...

Some even regretted not befriending him when he was weak.

If they had, they would be like Darren Lee now, following him around and sharing in his prestige!

"Boss, wait for me!"

Shaking his body fat, Darren Lee hastily followed, happily.

Only when the backs of the three disappeared from everyone's sight did the crowd look towards Louis Lee, who was lying in the Martial Arts Performance Field, gazing at the sky with an expressionless face. There was a wave of sneering, "This Louis Lee, he wouldn't say he's sick again, would he?"

"In my opinion, he excused himself as sick half a month ago, now, he's slapping his own face!"

"Such a disgrace!"

...

Hearing the scorn from the relatives of the Lee family who gradually dispersed, Louis Lee showed a bitter smile.

Till now, he could not comprehend why he had encountered such an bizarre

*Chapter 29: Chapter 29: Mind Made Up*

"Boss, tomorrow's the day you agreed to go to the Garcia Clan three months ago, are you really going?"

On their route back from the Martial Arts Performance Field, a plump young boy asked the teenager next to him with a serious expression.

The teenager smiled faintly, "Of course, I am."

In his past life of over twenty years, he had always been a man of his word. He never had a habit of taking back what he'd said.

That was also his rule of dealing with affairs.

If that changed, then he wouldn't be the Wyatt who once shook the world.

The chubby boy fell silent, and after a moment, asked again, "Boss, are you confident about this?"

The teenager shrugged, a smile playing on his lips, "Do you want the truth or a lie?"

"The truth, of course!"

The chubby boy said earnestly.

"I'm not absolutely confident."

The teenager's eyes flickered as he gently shook his head.

"Boss, if you're not confident, maybe you shouldn't go tomorrow... You're only fifteen, the same age as Strength Garcia's son. No one will mock you for not daring to confront Strength Garcia."

Worry flickered across the chubby boy's face, he advised sincerely.

"Darren Lee."

The teenager suddenly spoke.

"Boss, I'm here."

The chubby boy hastily responded.

"Remember, as a man, you need to be responsible. There's no reason to go back on a promise. This time, if I don't go, it would go against my principles. I might be haunted by

this for my entire life, because I was cowardly, scared... So even without absolute confidence, I'll still go!"

The teenager turned serious and said slowly.

A young girl next to the teenager, with autumn-like eyes, affectionately watched him.

She found that at this moment, there was a certain indescribable charisma on this teenager, touching the chord deep within her heart.

Causing her to fall deep within, unable to help herself.

"Boss, I can't argue with you, you always have your reasons."

The chubby boy said with a bitter smile, "But this time, you really need to listen to me, stay serious! You already know, that Strength Garcia is no longer just te..."

"Enough of the nonsense, you should pay more to your own affairs, I don't need you worry about mine!"

The teenager's eyebrows tightened and he gave the chubby boy a glare, interrupting him.

This guy really had no filter.

The chubby boy finally realised the existence of the young girl and gave an awkward smile.

After sending the chubby boy away, the teenager led the young girl into their large courtyard.

At this moment, worry clouded over the girl's delicate face. Her gentle gaze settled on the teenager. "Young Master, are you really not confident?"

The teenager gave her a gentle smile, lightly caressing her velvety and soft face. "Silly girl, I'm just saying I'm not entirely confident! Don't worry, no matter what, your Young Master won't be in danger. Even if I'm outmatched, I will make a safe retreat. I can't bear to leave my Keer."

The girl's eyebrows twitched subtly, tears welled up in her autumn-like eyes. She suddenly threw herself into the teenager's arms, sobbing, "Young Master, if anything happens to you... Keer... Keer can't live alone."

The girl's words, it was like a heavy hammer hitting Wyatt Barnes' chest, making his heart tremble...

Two lives he lived as a man, naturally he can tell that the girl was telling the truth, without a hint of lies!

This very moment, his eyes, which used to be devoid of any emotional displays but bloodshed, became moist.

He held the girl tightly in his arms and said softly, "Silly girl, don't you trust your Young Master?"

The girl nodded, tears pooling in her eyes, "Keer is just afraid...afraid that the young master will leave Keer, without you, there is no meaning to my life."

Ever since Wyatt Barnes brought her home and took care of her like family, she made a pledge in her heart.

This life was only for her Young Master.

Even if the Young Master has a wife and children in the future, she would silently stay by his side, willingly serving him, taking care of him until she's old.

Until she breathes her last breath...

For this man, she had no regrets in this life.

"Alright, look at you, you've even cried like a kitten."

After wiping off her tears, Wyatt Barnes smiled and said, "Once mom comes back and sees you in this state, she would definitely think I bullied you. You know, in her heart, the status of her future daughter-in-law is higher than her blood-related son like me."

"Young Master, you're so naughty, teasing Keer again."

The girl left Wyatt Barnes' embrace, blushing. She ran into the room and shut the door.

"That girl, getting shy again."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and laughed. Then his eyes revealed a determination that had never been seen before.

For Keer, for mother, and for himself, he couldn't afford to be hurt.

"Strength Garcia, you're as good as dead!"

A cold light flashed in Wyatt Barnes' eyes, revealing an endless chill.

The Lee family residence, the large courtyard belonging to Moshe Lee of the Fifth Elder.

Moshe Lee entered his home with a strange look on his face. Seeing his son daydreaming in the courtyard, he couldn't help but laugh and scold, "How did you manage to do it? Louis Lee actually lost to you twice."

He knew that his son had hurt Louis Lee half a month ago, and at that time he found it strange.

When he went to apologize to Second Elder Lee Sheng, he heard Louis Lee shouting that his Thunder-Fire Pill syndrome had suddenly acted up again.

Knowing full well the weight and measure of his own son, he naturally believed it to be true.

But this time, Louis Lee voluntarily challenged his son and was injured by him, leaving him speechless for a while.

He had just returned from the Second Elder's place when Louis Lee claimed relapse from Thunder-Fire Pill syndrome again and was scolded by the Second Elder...

On his way home, the more he thought about it, the more he felt something amiss.

Though his son's repeated victories over Louis Lee filled him with pride, he always had a feeling that things around this matter were not as simple as they seemed.

"Novah, what's wrong with you?"

Soon, Moshe Lee noticed that his son seemed preoccupied, a sharp contrast to the proud boy who had defeated Louis Lee half a month ago.

To be noted, his son was usually cheerful and would act like nothing had happened even if he was taught a lesson by the clan's descendants outside.

What was wrong with him today?

Was he not happy about defeating Louis Lee?

Moshe Lee couldn't help asking: "Novah, is something bothering you? You've been frowning all the time."

Darren Lee came back to his senses, gritted his teeth, as if having made a great resolution. He looked up at Moshe Lee and said seriously: "Dad, I've got something I need to tell you... but, the Grand Elder cannot know about this. Otherwise, the eldest would definitely disown me as his brother!"

Moshe Lee frowned, "What is it? Speak up!"



Darren Lee quickly recounted what he overheard about the Garcia Clan a half month ago, lamenting, "The eldest forbade me to tell anyone, so I've been keeping it a secret. But the eldest is going to the Garcia Clan tomorrow, even though he has broken through to the seventh level of Body Tempering Realm, how can he withstand Strength Garcia who has stepped into the Condensed Pill Realm!"

"Strength Garcia, Condensed Pill Realm?"

Upon hearing his son's words, Moshe Lee's face changed drastically, he exclaimed: "You reckless boy, you dared to hide such a big issue. Wait till I report to the clan lord, then I will teach you a lesson."

Having said that, Moshe Lee left in a hurry.

Only Darren Lee was left, mumbling to himself with a pouty face, "Eldest brother, don't blame me, I was just worrying about you. Even if you resent me or hate me afterwards, I will accept it."

By the evening, when Clan lord Jeremy Lee sent for Wyatt Barnes, Wyatt was taken aback.

In the Lee Family's grand hall, he saw not only Jeremy Lee but also Grand Elder Kayson Lee and Fifth Elder Moshe Lee, a realization dawned upon him the moment he saw them. They must have known what happened.

It must have been that blabbermouth's doing.

"Greetings to the Clan Lord, the Grand Elder and the Fifth Elder."

Wyatt Barnes paid respect to each of them.

"Wyatt Barnes, do you know why we asked for you?"

Jeremy Lee squinted his eyes and asked slowly.

"The Clan Lord must be bringing up Strength Garcia stepping into the Body Tempering Realm, correct?"

Wyatt Barnes cut straight to the chase.

"You're talented and smart... However, did you give enough thought to this matter?"

Jeremy Lee sighed.

Wyatt Barnes is a treasure for the Lee Family. As long as he is around, the Six-Jewel Body Tempering Fluid won't cease to exist.

The Six-Jewel Body Tempering Fluid is crucial for the Lee family's significance, which combined with Thunder-Fire Pill, has led to a rapid growth in strength among the descendants of the elders, significantly widening the gap between the young of Lee, Garcia, and Chan families.

"My Lord, a real man does what he sees fit and abstains from what doesn't. The situation tomorrow is something I pledged in front of you. A promise made by a man of honor is more valuable than a thousand gold. If you called me here to persuade me to break my promise, I'm afraid I will have to disappoint you."

"You..."

Jeremy Lee became aghast.

Wyatt's words were sharp and comprehensive, which left him confused about any potential advice.

"Young man, don't take this lightly. With your current skills and quick swordsmanship, you might be able to defeat the ninth level of the Body Tempering Realm, but the first level of the Condensed Pill Realm with the strength of two ancient elephants is far beyond the ninth level of the Body Tempering Realm."

Grand Elder Kayson Lee also spoke up, hoping to discourage Wyatt from going to Garcia Clan tomorrow.

"Thank you very much, Grand Elder, for your concern."

The gratitude surfaced on Wyatt's face, yet his gaze remained as determined as ever with absolutely no change.

"Forget it..."

After a long gaze, Kayson Lee sighed, "Clan lord, since he has made up his mind, let him do as he wishes."

"Grand Elder!"

Jeremy Lee and Moshe Lee were stunned.

"Thank you, Grand Elder!"

A smile crept onto Wyatt's face. He gratefully glanced at Kayson Lee and then at Jeremy Lee and Moshe Lee, "Clan Lord, Fifth Elder, before I step into the Garcia Clan tomorrow, please do not tell my mother about this. Thanks in advance."

After his farewell, Wyatt turned to leave, looking breezy and uninhibited.

"Grand Elder, why did you allow him to go?"

Moshe Lee had a bitter smile on his face, puzzled by the decision of the Grand Elder.

Jeremy Lee also looked at Kayson Lee. He had the same question.

"Moshe, you saw the young man's attitude as well. Do you think we can stop him? Are you suggesting that we should put him under house arrest? This is the path he chose. Everyone must take responsibility for their own choices, and he is no exception."

Kayson Lee stood up, ready to leave.

Before departing, he added, "Tomorrow, I will also make the trip, hidden in plain sight. For the sake of the Lee family, I don't mind putting my reputation on the line."

*Chapter 30: Chapter 30: On the Verge*

The next morning, at dawn, the sun was rising in the east, and everything was coming back to life.

The young man put on a set of purple clothes, then slipped a sword sheath that looked like a belt around his waist. Upon taking the Violet Meteor of a soft sword into his hand, he slid it into the sheath, making it disappear...

Those unaware would not be able to tell at a glance that there was more to the young man's belt than meets the eye.

Opening the door of his room, sunlight streamed in. The young man squinted his eyes and stretched lazily.

"Young Master."

A pleasing voice echoed in his ears.

The young man's gaze fell on the young girl standing upright in front of him.

Today, the girl was dressed in light green clothes with a purple leather belt around her waist, which did not seem out of place.

The girl's belt was of the same style as the boy's, except that it was much more delicate, favoring a feminine design.

Sensing Wyatt Barnes' burning gaze, the girl's delicate cheeks turned slightly shy, "Young Master, what are you looking at?"

Wyatt Barnes made a dreamy face, "Of course, I am admiring my family's beauty, Keer."

"Young Master, you are making fun of Keer again."

The girl blushed and then said, "Young Master, the lady and I have prepared breakfast for you. Come and eat."

With that, the girl led Wyatt Barnes to the dining table, which was covered with a hearty breakfast.

"Where is my mother?"

Wyatt Barnes asked.

"The lady was called away by the family head early this morning."

The girl replied.

"Hmm. Keer, my mother probably won't be back for now. Let's eat first."

Wyatt Barnes nodded to Keer, he was not surprised by his mother's absence.

After satiating their hunger, they stepped out of their house, "Keer, when we get to the Garcia Clan, stand beside my mother. Understand?"

"Yes, Young Master."

Keer obediently nodded.

Along the way, the golden boy and jade girl attracted a long "tail" as they passed through places.

The two left the Lee Family mansion, passed through the Lee Family market, entered the Garcia Clan market, and headed to the Garcia Clan mansion.

Today's market was extraordinarily bustling. The streets were teeming with people early in the morning, with many standing by the roadside, seemingly waiting for something.

Suddenly, these people seemed to have noticed something and looked into the distance.

"It's Wyatt Barnes from the Lee Family, I didn't think he would dare to go to the Garcia Clan!"

"I have said it before, Wyatt Barnes, who dared to kill Pete Garcia, will certainly not be afraid of the Garcia Clan. He will definitely go."

"The Garcia Clan's steward, Strength Garcia, is not comparable to Pete Garcia. The gap between the two in strength is vast. Wyatt Barnes is too impulsive."

...

Before long, with a pair of young man and woman stepping out, a long dragon-like train of people spread out from the three great markets of Qingfeng Town.

The dragon stretched from one end of the Garcia Clan market to the other. The sight was magnificent.

Furthermore, the dragon kept getting longer...

Finally, the young man and woman reached the gates of the Garcia Clan mansion.

After they halted, the outside of the Garcia Clan mansion was crowded with people.

Soon, a pathway was formed spontaneously in the crowd...

The people of the Lee Family took their time to arrive. Almost all the elders were present, apart from the Seventh-Order Elder Mark Lee, under the head, Jeremy Lee.

"Family head, respective elders."

Seeing the arrival of Jeremy Lee and others, Wyatt Barnes was not surprised. Accompanied by the young girl, he slightly bowed to them.

The surrounding crowd couldn't help whispering:

"It seems the Lee Family takes Wyatt Barnes very seriously, even the family head personally came."

"Yes, indeed. With the family head making a personal appearance, almost all the elders of the Lee Family gathering... It's evident that Wyatt Barnes is not an ordinary member of Lee Family, despite being an external surname!"

"It seems that today's matter between Wyatt Barnes and Strength Garcia is not merely a personal feud anymore. It's a showdown between the Lee Family and the Garcia Clan!"

...

After letting Keer stand beside his mother, Christina Lee,

Wyatt Barnes walked alone to the entrance of the Garcia Clan mansion, his voice boomed like thunder, "The three-month deadline has arrived. Does the steward of the Garcia Clan, Strength Garcia, dare to come out?!"

With Wyatt Barnes standing at the entrance of the Garcia Clan, yelling out loud, he had a commanding presence.

He was like an Undefeated War God.

"What is there to fear?"

From inside the Garcia Clan, a group of people stepped out.

Among those following behind, the one who was responding to Wyatt Barnes was Strength Garcia himself!

In front of Strength Garcia was the Garcia Clan head, Justice Garcia, and the elders of the Garcia Clan.

Next to Justice Garcia was an old man walking shoulder to shoulder with him. Now, Justice Garcia also showed heartfelt respect for the old man.

"It's the Grand Elder of the Garcia Clan!"

"Unexpectedly, apart from the clan head, almost everyone in the Garcia Clan is present! Even the Grand Elder has come out."

"If the Grand Elder of the Lee Family also came, it would be even more exciting!"

...

Hearing the discussions of the crowd, Wyatt Barnes looked at the old man next to Justice Garcia more closely.

This Grand Elder of the Garcia Clan, appeared calm, yet his gaze was hiding killing intent.

As a Weapon King who had come out of the rain of bullets, he saw through it at once.

After a group of people from the Garcia Clan came out, they greeted the group from the Lee Family and then stood not far from them.

Suddenly, the Grand Elder of the Garcia Clan turned his gaze in the direction of someone in the crowd and said casually, "Kayson Lee, since you're here, why hide?"

"Old man Garcia, it seems your cultivation has improved again."

Just as everyone was puzzled, an aged figure emerged from the crowd.

It was none other than the Grand Elder of the Lee Family - Kayson Lee.

"Grand Elder!"

Members of the Lee Family, from the Household Head Jeremy Lee downwards, swiftly paid their respects to Kayson Lee.

"Grand Elder."

Seeing Kayson Lee, Wyatt Barnes was slightly taken aback as well.

The spectators' eyes all gleamed simultaneously.

Such a grand spectacle - they considered it a once in a lifetime event, it was certainly worth the trip, providing them with a story to brag about when they returned home.

"Haha! Who would've thought both Grand Elders would show up in person, even Stand Holland has brought his daughter to join in."

At that moment, the crowd parted, making way for Stand Holland from the Holland family who arrived leisurely with his daughter Bria Holland. After paying their respects to the elders from the Lee Family and Garcia Clan, they stood aside.

"Huh?"

Wyatt noticed Bria glancing at him with a hint of worry in her eyes, he couldn't help but be taken aback.

Could it be that this does she actually have feelings for him?

"Strength Garcia!"

Standing in the open space at the entrance of the Garcia manor, Wyatt Barnes looked towards Strength Garcia in the crowd of Garcias with frosty eyes.

At this moment, Strength Garcia stepped forward, confronting Wyatt Barnes.

"Condensed Pill Realm First Level! This Strength Garcia, he's actually broken into the Condensed Pill Realm."

Just then, Second Elder Mark Lee's eyes fell on Strength Garcia. He seemed to have realized something. His face slightly changed as he whispered.

Suddenly, all present could not help but be startled except for the Garcias, Jeremy Lee, the household head of the Lee Family, Grand Elder Kayson Lee, and Fifth Elder Moshe Lee.

A dramatic shift came over the faces of people from the Lee family while others showed surprise.

The situation before them was beyond their expectations!

"Strength Garcia has broken into the Condensed Pill Realm?"

"Garcia Clan has really kept this a secret, such shocking news, and they have kept it completely hidden."

"The Garcia Clan deliberately concealed Strength Garcia's breakthrough. They must have been waiting for this moment to come!"

...

The spectators all chatted among themselves, their eyes full of sympathy when they looked at Wyatt Barnes.

Christina Lee, Ninth Elder of the Lee Family, was shocked beyond belief. She had never expected Strength Garcia to have become a warrior of the Condensed Pill Realm. Immediately, she took a step forward, looked at Wyatt Barnes, and sternly said, "Wyatt, let's go home! This ends now."

Before Wyatt Barnes could open his mouth, Pete Garcia, the head of the Garcia family, laughed, "Ninth Elder, your son made the boast that day. Are you going to renege on your word? The Lee Family wouldn't possibly retreat before the battle has even begun, would they?"

Ignoring Pete Garcia, Christina Lee determinedly decided to take Wyatt Barnes away.

In her view, if Wyatt was to face Strength Garcia of the Body Tempering Realm Ninth-Order there might be a chance of victory.

But if Wyatt was to face Strength Garcia of the Condensed Pill Realm First Level, Wyatt stood no chance at all!

"Ninth Elder, please don't make this difficult for me,"

An elder from the Garcia Clan stepped forward, blocking Christina Lee's way, making it impossible for her to continue.



The other Garcia Clan elders too stared fiercely at the Lee Family elders, preventing them from intervening.

The Garcia Clan was well prepared!

"I want to see who dares to stop me!"

Christina Lee tightened her grip on the sheathed steel sword.

As long as she could perform the Sword Drawing Technique, she was certain she could kill the Garcia Clan elder before her with one slash.

If she did though, it meant a complete fallout between the Lee Family and Garcia Clan, a fight to the death!

"Mom!"

Just then, Wyatt Barnes spoke, giving Christina Lee a reassuring look.

Christina Lee understood her son's thoughts, hesitated for a moment, and finally took a deep breath, slightly relaxing her grip on the sword.

However, she had made up her mind. If Wyatt were to be at the brink of life and death because of a defeat to Strength Garcia, even if it meant bloodshed and complete fallout with the Garcia Clan, she would ensure her son's safety.

If needed, she was willing to make enemies with the world for her son!

"Dad, what can we do, Strength Garcia has actually entered the Condensed Pill Realm, how can Wyatt Barnes possibly be his match?"

Bria Holland, with a worried expression, looked at her father who was standing next to her, "Help him please."

Stand Holland bitterly smiled, "Bria, we can only be spectators to today's matter... there's nothing your father can do."

Bria Holland's face changed, she bit her lip lightly and looked worriedly at Wyatt Barnes from a distance, hoping in her heart: Oh you bad boy, you better be fine. I haven't had the chance to take my revenge on you yet...

"Young Master!"

Keer turned pale, she had not expected the young master's opponent to have stepped into the Condensed Pill Realm.

Her slender hand was already holding onto the hilt of the purple falling soft sword at her waist, ready to unsheathe it at any moment.

"Boss, hang in there!"

The chubby boy stood among the crowd, gazing at Wyatt Barnes from afar, a serious look on his chubby face.

Strength Garcia looked at Wyatt Barnes, slightly surprised, "Wyatt Barnes, I didn't expect that in just three months, you would step into the Body Tempering Realm Seventh-Order... However, you're destined to die by my hands today. I will take revenge for my son, personally!"

Wyatt Barnes gave him a light smile, "Boasting usually leads to a slip of the tongue!"

Strength Garcia sneered, "Wyatt Barnes, isn't your strongest weapon the sword in your hand? Why didn't you bring it today... Could it be that you don't think I'm worthy of you using your sword?"

"Surprisingly, you're quite observant."

Wyatt Barnes grinned brightly, making the whole world seem brighter.

"You're seeking death!"

Strength Garcia's eyes turned cold, his forehead bulged with veins, and his palms came together with Origin Force emanating from them.

Simultaneously, above his head, the energy of heaven and earth started trembling, gradually forming two clouds of white mist which could morph into two ancient giant elephant phantoms at any time.