

L. Wyatt 381

Chapter 381: The Eccentric 'Young Master Sword

Following the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan, the Giant Roc's wings, resembling a cloud hanging in the sky, suddenly flapped.

Swish!

Instantly, the Giant Roc overtook the elder and swooped down with a howl. The air exploded continuously where it passed.

Wyatt Barnes could see the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan being swept off his feet by the strong wind generated by the Roc's wings, fluttering clumsily in midair...

"Elder Giant Bird didn't do it on purpose, right?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at the Giant Roc under his feet and thought to himself.

The Giant Roc dropped off Wyatt Barnes and his group onto an open space, glanced at Zeke Foxsong, then rose into the sky, disappearing behind the clouds.

Whoosh!

Finally, the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan landed, dropping not far from Wyatt Barnes and his group.

Despite being outmaneuvered by the Giant Roc, the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan dare not voice his anger. He respectfully led Zeke Foxsong and several others into a valley...

"This is the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan's 'Inner Valley,' similar to our Seven Stars Sword Clan's Primary Peak, Heavenly Pivot Peak, where the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan's Spiritual Cave is located. The high-ranking members and inner sect disciples of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan usually practice here."

Colin Clark explained to the few young people.

They headed towards the Inner Valley.

Wyatt Barnes's eyes instantly widened, seeing the buildings in various places and the ongoing stream of disciples from the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan...

Some of the Disciples of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan who spotted them couldn't help but stare.

"Are they from the Seven Stars Sword Clan?"

"They should be. The four young men are wearing the attire of Seven Stars Sword Clan's inner sect disciples... hey, that young man, he looks just about twenty-one or twenty-two, he isn't here to take part in this Five Major Sects 'Martial Meet', is he?"

"No way... It is indeed extraordinary to become a disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan at such an age, but to participate in the Five Major Sects 'Martial Meet', he seems a bit young."

"Indeed. In the Five Major Sects 'Martial Meet', any disciple below thirty can participate, among which there are those who have reached the fourth or fifth level of the Original Infant Realm, like our Demonic Lotus Blade Clan's 'Elder Brother Dragonsmith', who ranks fifth among the Five Young Masters. He's now just a step away from breaking through to the 'Seventh-Order Original Infant Realm'!"

"This disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, likely just came along to watch the excitement."

...

Wyatt Barnes and his group, led by the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan, continued towards the inner valley. Along the way, they could clearly hear the whispering of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan disciples.

Young Master Blade 'Dragonsmith'.

Hasn't he broken through to the Seventh Level of the Original Infant Realm yet?

A glint flashed through Wyatt Barnes's eyes, gone almost as quickly as it arrived.

The leading Elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan glanced at Wyatt Barnes several times, expressing his surprise that Wyatt Barnes could become a disciple of the inner sect of the Seven Stars Sword Clan at such a young age.

"Sect Leader Foxsong, it seems your sect has another young prodigy."

The elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan said to Zeke Foxsong, his words somewhat indifferent.

In his view, it was commendable for one to become a disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan's inner sect at such a young age.

But in terms of talent, compared to their Demonic Lotus Blade Clan's 'Young Master Blade Dragonsmith', who was one of the Five Young Masters of the Green Forest Royal Country, it was simply not worth mentioning.

You should know that their Demonic Lotus Blade Clan's 'Young Master Blade Dragonsmith' had stepped into the Seventh Level of the Original Pill Realm and became an inner sect disciple at the age of twenty.

In his view.

This young man is probably no more than in the Seventh or Eighth Level of the Original Pill Realm.

"Elder's eyes are indeed discerning."

Zeke Foxsong responded indifferently.

Upon hearing Zeke Foxsong's words, the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan felt disdain in his heart, but his expression remained unchanged.

Soon, the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan led Wyatt Barnes and his group to the central building complex of the Inner Valley, where there were relatively less Disciples of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan.

"You, come over."

The elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan called over a passing disciple of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan and ordered indifferently, "You, take these four promising young men of the Seven Stars Sword Clan to the Martial Arts Institute."

As he spoke, he looked at Wyatt Barnes, Sonny Clark, Garrett Yellow, and Eugene Morgan.

"Yes."

The Demonic Lotus Blade Clan disciple quickly and respectfully responded.

Wyatt Barnes and the others did not leave, instead all of them looked at Sect Leader 'Foxsong'.

"Gentlemen, all the talented young men from the Four Great Sects, including our Demonic Lotus Blade Clan, are waiting in the Martial Arts Institute. You can go there and have a rest... Later, the high-ranking members of the Five Great Sects will arrive together to announce the start of the Five Great Sects 'Martial Meet'."

The elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan smiled at Wyatt Barnes and the others and then looked at Zeke Foxsong, making a hand gesture, "Sect Leader Foxsong, two Peak Masters, our Sect Leader has been waiting for a long time. Please."

"You may go."

Zeke Foxsong nodded at Wyatt Barnes and the others, followed by Colin Clark and Iker Colby, and left with the elder of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan.

Having obtained the permission of Zeke Foxsong, Wyatt Barnes and the others followed the Disciple of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan in a different direction.

On the way, Wyatt Barnes learned from Sonny Clark.

Not only was the Martial Arts Institute set up in the Inner Valley of the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan, but also in the primary peak of their Seven Stars Sword Clan, the Heavenly Pivot Peak.

The Martial Arts Institute was specifically prepared for the Five Major Sects 'Martial Meet'.

The Five Major Sects 'Martial Meet' occurred every three years, hosted in turn by each of the five Sects, each sect hosting once every eighteen years...

This time, it was the Demonic Lotus Blade Clan's turn.

With the introduction from Sonny Clark, Wyatt Barnes gained some understanding of the other three major sects among the five in the Green Forest Royal Country.

The other three major sects are respectively.

Returning Origin Sect, Mountain-Opening Sect, and Snow Moon Sect.

Before long, disciples of the Demon Lotus Blade Sect led Wyatt Barnes and the others into a spacious courtyard.

Entering the courtyard, they were met with a vast open space, surrounded by pavilions...

At present, people were sitting in four of the pavilions.

The people sitting there were all young, with the oldest not exceeding thirty.

"These people, are they the disciples from the other four sects participating in the 'martial arts competition' of the five major sects?"

Wyatt Barnes quietly observed them, contemplating.

"Four senior brothers, you can find a pavilion to rest for a while. When the Sect Leader and the others arrive, the 'martial arts competition' will begin."

After bidding goodbye to Wyatt Barnes and his fellows, the Demon Lotus Blade Sect disciple left straight away.

Wyatt Barnes and his fellows moved towards a nearby pavilion.

"People from Seven Stars Sword Sect are here!"

Soon enough, some sharp-eyed person spotted Wyatt Barnes and his group.

"It seems that the Seven Stars Sword Sect is really declining. Of the four spots, they actually let a seemingly twenty-something youngster take one."

Someone couldn't help but sigh.

Wyatt Barnes and his group sat down in the pavilion where there were plenty of snacks and tea prepared in advance.

Wyatt Barnes's gaze swept over the other four pavilions.

It was then that he noticed four youths in matching outfits sitting in each pavilion.

In one pavilion, there was even a young woman.

What was surprising was, the three young men sitting beside the young woman seemed somewhat fearful in front of her.

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

"That is the genius disciple 'Aliza Mullins' from Snow Moon Sect, one of the most talented young martial artists in Green Forest Royal Country as well, second only to the Five Young Masters... Although she is female, her skills are in no way inferior to men, she is a highly dangerous person."

Sonny Clark noticed where Wyatt Barnes's gaze was directed and explained in a low voice.

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

This Aliza Mullins was roughly twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. Although her appearance was ordinary, her strength was astonishing.

Level Six of the Original Infant Realm!

"To think that a mere woman actually surpasses 'Garrett Yellow', the direct disciple of the Sect Leader of my Seven Stars Sword Sect..."

Now, Wyatt Barnes could understand the feelings of Sect Leader Foxsong.

If the Seven Stars Sword Sect keeps going this way, it will eventually be destroyed by this generation of youth.

"That is 'Kase Dragonsmith', also known as Young Master Blade."

With Sonny Clark's words, Wyatt Barnes's gaze shifted into the distance.

At a pavilion in the distance, a young man, approximately twenty-six years old and holding a sheathed broad blade, was sitting there quietly, eyes closed, as if unconcerned about everything around him.

The three other young men by his side didn't dare to breathe loudly, fearing they might disturb him.

"Young Master Blade, Kase Dragonsmith?"

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

With his sharp spiritual power and the experience of the Martial Emperor in Previous Life, he could discern Young Master Blade's exact cultivation state...

"Just half-step away from breaking into 'Level Seven of the Original Infant Realm'! This Young Master Blade seems to have encountered a bottleneck which he can't break through."

Just at one glance, Wyatt Barnes could tell how deep Young Master Blade's cultivation was.

"At this 'martial arts competition' of the five major sects, it seems that Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' and 'Aliza Mullins' are the strongest."

Sonny Clark continued.

The strongest?

Wyatt Barnes curiously asked, "Isn't it said that one of the Five Young Masters was also from one of the five major sects? Didn't that person come?"

Sonny Clark laughed and said, "Junior Brother Wyatt Barnes, you don't know... The person you mentioned is ranked fourth among the Five Young Masters, nicknamed 'Young Master Sword'. This Young Master Sword is a truly unique eccentric guy."

"Why is that?"

Wyatt Barnes was interested.

"Young Master Sword is from the 'Returning Origin Sect' and has a fondness for the pleasures of life... Rumor has it, since Young Master Sword left the Returning Origin Sect two years ago, he has spent every day in the biggest 'Song and Dance Plaza' in Imperial City and never cared about worldly affairs again... He truly embodies the saying 'beauty destroys heroes'."

Sonny Clark had a weird look on his face when talking about Young Master Sword.

"This Young Master Sword really is freewheeling."

Wyatt Barnes smiled. He could sense Young Master Sword's 'nonchalance', "By the way, since he's from the Returning Origin Sect, don't they care about him?"

"The people from the Returning Origin Sect can't control him."

Sonny Clark shook his head and laughed. "In the beginning, a few elders from the Returning Origin Sect wanted to take him back, but he straightforwardly responded... 'If you dare to touch me, I will announce to the world that I am no longer a part of the Returning Origin Sect starting today!'

"For a while, a few elders from the Returning Origin Sect were at a total loss."

Chapter 382: In the Spotlight

Upon hearing Sonny Clark's words, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but smile.

This Young Master Sword, really, is...a character.

Of course, Wyatt Barnes knew in his heart that it was Young Master Sword's standing within the Returning Origin Sect that allowed him to silence the sect's elders with just a sentence.

If it had been any other ordinary disciple of the Returning Origin Sect, they would have probably been expelled from the sect already.

Not to mention have several Returning Origin Sect elders personally 'invite' them.

"Humph! This Young Master Sword, being one of the five great masters of the Green Forest Royal Country, is so despicable, really disgracing our generation of young people in the Green Forest Royal Country."

Sitting aside, Eugene Morgan, who had also heard Sonny Clark's words, snorted coldly, apparently disliking Young Master Sword's behavior.

Wyatt Barnes cast a casual glance at Eugene Morgan; he didn't agree with him.

In his view.

One should live one's life with a clear conscience.

Although he didn't know Young Master Sword, nor had he ever met him, the latter's true temperament won his deep admiration.

"This Eugene Morgan, he's in trouble."

As Eugene Morgan's words just fell, Wyatt Barnes noticed.

In a pavilion not far away, the faces of four young men changed color when they heard Eugene Morgan's unlowered voice.

In a short while, one slender young man stepped out from the pavilion and stood on a spacious flat ground.

For a moment, in the Martial Arts Institute, apart from Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' who was still holding the blade and sitting with his eyes closed, everyone else's gaze fell on this young man.

"What does this disciple of the Returning Origin Sect want to do?"

Many people were puzzled.

Just at this moment.

Wyatt Barnes could see, the Returning Origin Sect disciple's sharp gaze swept towards their pavilion, falling on Eugene Morgan.

"Senior Brother Holland, is the person I respect most in my life... This man from the Seven Stars Sword Clan, the one who dared to target Senior Brother Holland in his words, should indeed be strong. Although the competition hasn't even started yet, we could warm up with a duel now, what do you think?"

The Returning Origin Sect disciple said to Eugene Morgan in a light tone, implying some provocation.

"Hmph! Are you thinking I would be scared of you?"

Facing the challenge from the Returning Origin Sect disciple, Eugene Morgan was not in the least afraid, and sprang from his seat to face the disciple head on.

"Young Master Sword's surname is Holland?"

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows, watching with great interest the showdown before his eyes.

Except for Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith', everyone else watched the scene in front of them with the same interest as Wyatt Barnes.

Suddenly.

The disciple from the Returning Origin Sect launched.

Whoosh!

He changed into a flash of lightning, swiftly sweeping across the ground.

In his right hand, the Origin Force was rising and roaring. The 'Spiritual Palm Cover' flashed a dazzling light...

Swish!

The Returning Origin Sect disciple struck down, forming three substantial palm prints in mid-air, shrieking as they fell, covering Eugene Morgan.

Above his head, the six hundred ancient giant elephant shadows suddenly added nearly one hundred and seventy more shadows...

This Returning Origin Sect disciple is clearly a fourth-layer martial artist of the Original Infant Realm.

As for his Palm Cover, it is a Seventh-Class Spirit Weapon.

The force contained in his palm was equivalent to the power of about seven hundred and seventy ancient giant elephants!

"Come on!"

Eugene Morgan shouted, his feet moving as if he had turned into the wind, meeting his foe head-on.

Zoom!

Eugene Morgan shook his hand and took out a Seventh-Class Spirit Sword. As he swung the sword, it transformed into a flurry of sword shadows, like falling petals meeting his foe head-on.

In the sky, seven hundred and seventy ancient giant elephant shadows appeared as well!

Eugene Morgan is also a martial artist of the fourth layer in the Original Infant Realm.

"Their strengths are equal!"

Many people exclaimed.

In the blink of an eye, the Returning Origin Sect disciple and Eugene Morgan collided hard. The three substantial palm prints roared and fell, colliding with the swinging sword shadows in Eugene Morgan's hand.

Boom!

The terrifying collision of forces shook the air, creating a ripple effect that turned into a gust of wind, blowing towards the spectators in the pavilions.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

The Returning Origin Sect disciple and Eugene Morgan passed by each other at the same speed, clashing several more times.

It was a draw!

On the ground, the dust filled the air, almost enveloping the two.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

...

The sound of the palm wind echoed continuously.

Zoom! Zoom! Zoom! Zoom! Zoom!

...

The sound of the sword shadow was always following them.

"They probably won't be able to determine a victor."

Wyatt Barnes's gaze never left the two...

With his keen mental power, he could tell.

Discussing power.

The disciple of the Returning Origin Sect is on par with Eugene Morgan.

Discussing speed.

Both of them are evenly matched.

Even now, the consumption of their Origin Force is nearly identical.

This battle, which lasted half an hour, still had no definitive victor.

The spectators, losing their patience, said, "It's a draw; continuing this fight is pointless!"

"Indeed. Both of you have similar strength and speed, and there's little difference in your usage of martial techniques and combat experience. Continuing this will only drain your Origin Force and affect the subsequent 'Martial Arts'."

"Stop fighting."

...

Many were kindly advising.

"Kid, I'll let you off this time... But, if you dare slander Senior Brother Holland again, even if it means going down with you, I'll kill you!"

The disciple from the Returning Origin Sect moved aside, casting a cold gaze at Eugene Morgan.

"You are willing to risk your life for Young Master Holland, who is infatuated with vanity?"

Eugene Morgan's face turned ugly to the extreme, and he didn't doubt the other's words.

If this disciple of the Returning Origin Sect was really determined to die with him, he indeed would have no escape.

"No matter what Senior Brother Holland has become, I only know that he once saved my life, and if he ever needs me, I can give this life back to him at any moment."

The pupils of the Returning Origin Sect's disciple were filled with coldness, and his speech was mixed with murderous intent.

Everyone present could feel the resolution of this disciple of the Returning Origin Sect.

"Crazy!"

Eugene Morgan couldn't help but curse, yet he dared not speak ill of Young Master Holland anymore.

If he spoke ill of Young Master Holland again, he did not doubt that the disciple of the Returning Origin Sect would charge at him once more.

This guy is simply mad!

Seeing the disciple of the Returning Origin Sect retreat to the pavilion, admiration appeared in Wyatt's eyes...

The disciple of the Returning Origin Sect knew how to repay kindness and was indeed a real man!

Following this, many others left the pavilion, stepping onto the spacious field in the middle of the Martial Arts Institute, sparring with each other...

Wyatt lazily chewed on his snack. After watching a few rounds, he grew a bit drowsy.

"Brother of the Seven Stars Sword Sect, how about we have a spar?"

Suddenly, Wyatt heard a sharp voice in his ear. As he lifted his head, he saw a young man with an obscene appearance and a skinny build standing not far away, smiling at him.

There was a hint of mockery in the young man's eyes.

"Wyatt, ignore him! This disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect has just lost to me and another two participants. He's trying to regain his confidence by challenging you."

At this moment, Sonny Clark's voice rang in Wyatt's ear through Origin Force.

Pick on me to regain balance?

Upon hearing this, Wyatt realized that this young man, who had been mistreated three times, likely thought he could easily be defeated due to his young age. He intended to regain his balance and vent his frustration on him...

Want to vent his anger on me?

A faint, unnoticeable smile appeared on Wyatt's lips.

"What, Seven Stars Sword Sect brother, are you scared to spar with me?"

The obscene-looking disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect stared at Wyatt, his face bearing a mocking smile, "It seems that the disciples of the Seven Stars Sword Sect are nothing special! You're even afraid to spar with me. How disappointing... In my opinion, you disciples of the Seven Stars Sword Sect should go back to where you came from. Your presence here is just an embarrassment!"

"The first sect of the Royal Country... I spit!"

By the end, the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect even started cursing the Seven Stars Sword Sect.

Just when Wyatt's gaze turned cold, ready to retaliate.

"Ridiculous!"

Sonny Clark suddenly stood up, sneered at the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect, "Since you say the disciples of the Seven Stars Sword Sect are nothing special...then how about I fight you again?"

Even though both are at the fourth level of the Original Infant Realm, Sonny Clark is already halfway into the fifth level...

There are few at the fourth level of the Original Infant Realm who can stand against him.

The face of the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect turned grim upon seeing Sonny Clark intervene.

"Sonny Clark."

At this moment, a sudden voice entered Wyatt's ear, "I think what this disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect said makes sense... Since we are here today, we should fight for the honor of the Seven Stars Sword Sect! You've just defeated this disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect and brought honor to our sect, which is commendable."

"Now, since this disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect has specifically challenged Wyatt, naturally, Wyatt should be the one to confront him... to uphold the dignity of our Seven Stars Sword Sect! Wyatt, do you agree with what I said?"

The person speaking now was none other than 'Garrett Yellow,' the personal disciple of Sect Leader of the Seven Stars Sword Sect, Zeke Foxsong!

Half a month ago, when Zeke Foxsong gave Wyatt a Green Origin Fruit, this 'Garrett Yellow,' who was constantly annoyed by Wyatt, emerged.

"Garrett Yellow, you!!!"

Seeing this, Sonny Clark's face turned pale, and he pointed at Garrett Yellow angrily, "Are you really a disciple of our Seven Stars Sword Sect? Helping outsiders to bully your fellow disciples... if one didn't know better, they might think that you are a disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect."

Garrett Yellow calmly said, "Sonny Clark, your words are a bit exaggerated. I am merely stating a fact... Eugene Morgan, what do you think?"

"I agree with Garrett Yellow."

Eugene Morgan nodded, and when his eyes swept across Wyatt, they emitted a cold light.

With Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan working in tandem, Wyatt was pushed into a precarious position.

Their words fell in Wyatt's ears, causing his expression to darken and a cold smile to appear at the corner of his mouth.

What this pair was planning, he understood all too well.

They simply wanted him to make a fool of himself in full view of the public...

Even on the way to the 'Demon Lotus Blade Sect,' he had already noticed their various hostilities towards him.

These hostilities were driven mostly by jealousy.

Chapter 383: The Undefeated Myth

In the past, Wyatt Barnes didn't take much notice even though he clearly saw the jealousy Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan had for him.

As the saying goes.

Mediocrity does not attract envy!

If someone is jealous of you, it undoubtedly means there's something commendable about you.

That's a good thing.

However, now, when Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan are forcing him into a 'fire pit' in front of others, an endless rage welled up from the bottom of his heart....

"You...you guys!!"

The melody of Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan made Sonny Clark's face extremely ugly.

Sonny Clark never dreamed that Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan would make things difficult for Wyatt Barnes like this.

"Brother Wyatt, you don't need to bother with them."

Sonny Clark looked at Wyatt Barnes and advised.

"Wyatt?"

The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple had already been beaming at the words of Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan, but upon hearing Sonny's address to Wyatt, he set his mocking gaze on Wyatt, "This junior from the Seven Stars Sword Clan, his name is not bad. Wyatt, Wyatt... over the blue sky, quite imposing!"

"Unfortunately, the name does not match the reality, he is at best a coward... I think you should just change your name. Yes, from now on you are 'Kneel Ground', what do you think?"

A smirk appeared on the wretched face of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple. From beginning to end, he teased Wyatt Barnes.

Just like playing with an ant!

"Kneel Ground? That name is not bad..."

Quickly, someone echoed.

"Hahaha..."

Many people burst into laughter, their eyes full of ridicule and mockery when they looked at Wyatt Barnes.

"Wyatt Barnes, you're not really going to let them change your name, are you?"

Garrett Yellow looked at Wyatt Barnes, taunting him.

"Who knows, maybe Wyatt Barnes likes this name."

Eugene Morgan laughed, and his laughter was radiant.

"You...you two, you are also the personal disciples of our Seven Stars Sword Clan's Sect Leader and Peak Master. Now you are helping outsiders to bully your fellow disciples? Are you trying to make outsiders laugh at our Seven Stars Sword Clan?"

Sonny Clark looked at Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan, his body slightly trembling with anger, extremely irritated.

"Make outsiders laugh?"

Garrett Yellow lightly glanced at Sonny Clark, "Sonny Clark, open your eyes and see clearly who is making our Seven Stars Sword Clan a laughingstock? The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple sincerely invited Wyatt Barnes to a contest. But this Wyatt Barnes doesn't even have the courage to accept, it's really a disgrace to our Seven Stars Sword Clan! Making a joke out of our Seven Stars Sword Clan."

"It's just a contest, his refusal is going too far. What, Wyatt Barnes, you still want to maintain your 'undefeated legend' in the Seven Stars Sword Clan?"

Eugene Morgan looked at Wyatt Barnes, there was a hint of mockery in his eyes.

Undefeated Legend!

When Wyatt Barnes was in the Seven Stars Sword Clan, he rarely lost face in public.

Especially for the several times he stepped onto the Life and Death Stage, he killed his opponents with lightning speed, sweeping all before him, earning a widespread reputation in the Seven Stars Sword Clan...

In the Seven Stars Sword Clan, many idle clan members crowned Wyatt Barnes with the title of 'Undefeated Legend'.

To them, Wyatt Barnes was an 'Undefeated Legend'.

"Undefeated Legend? Him?"

Eugene Morgan's voice was not small, and the wretched-looking Mountain-Opening Sect disciple heard it clearly, and after a while, the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple looked at Wyatt Barnes and couldn't help but laugh, finally holding his stomach and laughing, "No...I can't, my stomach hurts...hurts so much from laughing."

Undefeated Legend?

In a moment, the title given to Wyatt Barnes by a group of Seven Stars Sword Clan disciples was well known by everyone in the 'Martial Arts Institute'.

"It seems that the Seven Stars Sword Clan really has no one left... a youngster like this is also recognized as the 'Undefeated Legend'?"

"The Seven Stars Sword Clan is really in decline."

"In a few decades, the number one sect in the Royal Country of the Green Forest may not be the Seven Stars Sword Clan, but our Returning Origin Sect...we have a top tier character, Young Master Sword, among the five young masters from our Returning Origin Sect!"

"Hmph! Our brother Dragonsmith of the Demon Lotus Blade Sect is also one of the Five Young Masters. In the future, he will surely lead our Demon Lotus Blade Sect to replace the Seven Stars Sword Clan and become the first sect in the Royal Country of the Green Forest!"

...

Before long, the disciples of the Returning Origin Sect and the Demon Lotus Blade Sect began to argue.

It was not until a figure appeared on the spacious area in the distance that they all closed their mouths.

Now, not far in front of the wretched-looking disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect, stood a young man.

This young man was the youngest person among everyone present.

Seven Stars Sword Clan Inner Sect disciple, Wyatt Barnes!

"Is this Seven Stars Sword Clan disciple going to accept the challenge?"

"Pfft! He's just asking for trouble. Although this Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's strength is average, he is still a martial artist in the fourth layer of the Original Infant Realm. How can a youngster like him compete with that."

"The good show is on."

...

For a while, the gaze of some people in various pavilions all fell on Wyatt Barnes.

In these gazes, there was a lot of mockery.

They did not think Wyatt Barnes could be a match for this Mountain-Opening Sect disciple.

After all, Wyatt Barnes was too young, so young that it was astonishing.

In a pavilion, Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan looked at each other, smiling.

They seemed to have already envisioned the scene of Wyatt Barnes being defeated and humiliated...

Only Sonny Clark, after glaring at Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan, looked worriedly at Wyatt Barnes and hastily used his Origin Force to convey, "Disciple Wyatt, if it becomes too much, you can forfeit right away! If he doesn't hold back even after you concede, I will step in."

"Brother Sonny, don't worry."

Warmed by Sonny Clark's concern, Wyatt Barnes used his Origin Force to reply.

At the same time...

Wyatt Barnes glanced indifferently at the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect who stood in opposition to him. His tone was frightfully calm, "A disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, you say? As Wyatt Barnes, a disciple from the Inner Sect of Seven Stars Sword Clan, I don't seem to recall rejecting your challenge, do I?"

"All the nonsense you just spouted sounded quite fluent... Are you trying to bolster your pathetic existence?"

When Wyatt Barnes spoke up, every word stung.

The lewd-looking disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect was so angry his face turned red, nearly roaring, "You bastard, I'm going to kill you!"

In a flash, over his head in the empty space, 600 images of ancient giant elephants were coming together. They looked lifelike and ready to strike.

Original Infant Realm, fourth layer!

"Kill me?"

Wyatt Barnes squinted slightly, with a look of nonchalance, "If you wish to kill me, let's see if you have the skills to do so."

The spectators couldn't help but get goosebumps seeing Wyatt Barnes continue to provoke the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect.

"Is that disciple from the Seven Stars Sword Clan trying to rile up the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect... is he courting death?"

"He was already no match for the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, and now he's further provoking him. This is a serious error in judgment! Today, he's bound to face the consequences."

...

The disciples from many large sects watching felt as if they could already see the scene of Wyatt Barnes being utterly defeated by the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect.

Just as the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect roared, his Origin Force exploded, preparing to make a move...

"It seems you youngsters are having a lot of fun."

A dignified yet gentle voice, followed by footsteps, came from outside the 'Martial Arts Institute'.

Suddenly...

"Sect Leader!"

In the pavilion where the disciples of the Blade Clan were, aside from Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' who remained unmoved, the other three disciples' eyes lit up, as they stood up and saluted.

The Sect Leader of the Blade Clan?

Wyatt Barnes looked over.

At this moment, a strong and sturdy figure stepped into the 'Martial Arts Institute'.

This was a burly man in a red robe with whiskers. His stern eyebrows bore a powerful aura, yet beneath them, his eyes were glinting with an intelligent light, contrasting his outward appearance...

Wyatt Barnes could tell that this sect leader of the Blade Clan was no ordinary lad!

He was a cunning man, definitely not your average brute.

"When we participated in the 'Martial Arts' competition of the Five Great Sects back then, wasn't it the same? Before the elders arrived, we were all sparring with each other."

Another middle-aged man, slow stepped in.

This middle-aged man, dressed elegantly, wore an extremely modest expression.

"Sect Leader!"

The four disciples of the Snow Moon Sect respectfully saluted this elegantly dressed middle-aged man.

The identity of the middle-aged man was clear.

Sect Leader of the Snow Moon Sect!

"I remember, I participated in the outer Five Great Sects 'Martial Arts' competition with Sect Leader Foxsong... At that time, Sect Leader Foxsong, with a man and a sword, was so imposing that none of the disciples from our Four Great Sects could compete!"

Under Wyatt Barnes's gaze, a middle-aged man with ordinary looks, inconspicuous in a crowd, entered side by side with Zeke Foxsong.

"Sect Leader!"

This included the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect who was in a standoff with Wyatt Barnes, as well as the other three disciples from the same sect, all respectfully saluted this middle-aged man.

This middle-aged man was the 'Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect'!

"Those are all things of the past,"

Zeke Foxsong smiled faintly, and together with the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect, they walked into different vacant pavilions.

"Sect Leader!"

The trio of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, Garrett Yellow, Eugene Morgan, and Sonny Clark, respectfully saluted Zeke Foxsong.

"Indeed, back then I was also there. Sect Leader Foxsong's demeanor was indeed awe-inspiring."

A sturdy, imposing middle-aged man followed behind, stepping in.

"Sect Leader!"

The four disciples from the Returning Origin Sect saluted respectfully.

Then, a sparsely scattered group of ten entered.

They were the elders from the Five Great Sects.

Each sect brought two elders who sat next to their respective Sect Leaders.

"Haha... I've heard about Sect Leader Foxsong's past prowess! It's a pity that I am a few years older than Sect Leader Foxsong. Back then, I didn't get the chance to meet Sect Leader Foxsong at the 'Martial Arts' competition of our Five Great Sects."

The Sect Leader of the Blade Clan, seated in his pavilion, laughed heartily.

"Huh."

Suddenly, the Sect Leader of the Snow Moon Sect, with a look of surprise, focused his attention on Wyatt Barnes.

Standing right in the middle of the 'Martial Arts Institute', his youthful face appeared extremely radiant at this moment.

Chapter 384: Stunning the Entire Audience

Now, not only the Sect Leader of the Snow Moon Sect, but also the leaders of the other three major sects, all had their eyes drawn to Wyatt Barnes.

Because...

Wyatt Barnes was simply too dazzling!

"Sect Leader Foxsong, is this young man also one of the disciples from your Seven Stars Sword Clan participating in our 'Martial Arts Institute' this year?"

The Returning Origin Sect leader glanced at Wyatt Barnes's Seven Stars Sword Clan inner sect uniform and asked Zeke Foxsong with a surprised look on his face.

"Sect Leader Foxsong, isn't this disciple of your Seven Stars Sword Clan only twenty-one or twenty-two years old?"

The sect leaders of the Demonic Lotus Blade Sect and the Mountain-Opening Sect also looked towards Zeke Foxsong.

"He is twenty-two this year."

Zeke Foxsong nodded with a smile. Seeing Wyatt Barnes and the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect facing each other, he asked with slight confusion, "Are you two preparing to spar?"

"Yes, Sect Leader."

Wyatt Barnes responded, his gaze immediately fell on the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, and a faint smile appeared on the corner of his mouth, "This brother from Mountain-Opening Sect said that I'm not worthy of the name 'Wyatt Barnes', so he wants to give me a new name..."

"What name?"

Zeke Foxsong was taken aback, vaguely sensing that something was not quite right.

"Let him say it himself."

Wyatt Barnes glanced at the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, a cold light flashing in his eyes.

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect showed no fear and said coldly, "Yes, I want to give this ignorant boy a new name...You are unworthy of the name 'Wyatt Barnes'. From now on, you will be called 'Kneeling to the Sky'."

Kneeling to the Sky?

Hearing the words of the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, Zeke Foxsong's expression froze for a moment, and he frowned.

This disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect was really overstepping his bounds!

Even as an outsider, after hearing the humiliating words of the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, he couldn't help but feel a trace of anger rising in his heart.

One could imagine, Wyatt Barnes, the person involved, would definitely be filled with fury at this moment!

Sitting next to Zeke Foxsong, Colin Clark and Iker Colby also had ugly expressions on their faces.

The leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect frowned but didn't say anything in the end.

The Seven Stars Sword Clan was no longer what it used to be. Without fresh talents, the Sword Clan would eventually be surpassed and replaced by their four sects...

The slight apprehension that had just risen in his heart was completely gone.

The leaders and elders of the other three major sects watched Wyatt Barnes with interest.

They could feel the tension in the air.

"If you want to give me a new name, let's see if you're qualified first."

Wyatt Barnes remained calm, but the coldness deep in his eyes had reached a bursting point and could erupt at any time!

"You'll soon find out if I'm qualified."

With a triumphant grin, the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect didn't take Wyatt's words seriously. He interpreted Wyatt's composure as an attempt to bluff.

"I am looking forward to it!"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes narrowed, his body radiating an overwhelming desire to fight...

Fight!

At this moment, none of the sect leaders from the five major sects had any intention of stopping the conflict between Wyatt Barnes and the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect.

Today was the day of the martial arts competition among the five major sects.

The content of the martial arts competition was the disciples of the five major sects sparring with one another to determine the top three strongest, who would receive the rewards set by the five major sects.

"Haha... good."

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect looked at the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect and laughed when he saw the latter nodding encouragingly at him. He once again set his gaze on Wyatt Barnes with a ruthless intention in his eyes.

All of a sudden.

Buzz!

A 'Seventh Grade Spirit Blade' appeared in the hand of the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect, and the Origin Force ran wild and pervasive.

In a blink of an eye, the images of 768 ancient giant elephants took shape above the head of the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect...

Whoosh!

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect moved like a cheetah pouncing on Wyatt Barnes, his Seventh Grade Spirit Blade seemed to turn into the blood-soaked mouth of a cheetah, biting at Wyatt Barnes aggressively.

Buzz!

The Seventh Grade Spirit Blade in the hand of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple, emitting the power that could split mountains and rocks, created a wind where it passed, as if intending to cleave Wyatt Barnes in two.

"Humph!"

Facing the furious disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect, Wyatt Barnes's eyes were slightly cold, and a mocking smile appeared on the corner of his mouth.

In a blink.

Wyatt Barnes also made his move.

Rising Wind Sweeps Away the Scattered Clouds!

In an instant, Wyatt Barnes was like a hurricane, meeting the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect head-on.

Of course, he was not using the Momentum Wind.

This disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect wasn't worthy enough for him to use his trump card...

Whoosh!

As Wyatt Barnes rushed out, 600 images of ancient giant elephants appeared out of thin air above the void and charged out along with him...

"Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer!"

The moment Wyatt Barnes dashed out, there was a chorus of astonished cries from the Martial Arts Institute.

Crack!

Zeke Foxsong, the Sect Leader of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, trembled and crushed the teacup in his hand. But he seemed not to notice it at all, staring blankly at the scene in front of him.

Wyatt Barnes, at the Fourth Layer of the Original Infant Realm?

This...

How is it possible?!

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Zeke Foxsong would have found it hard to believe that this was true.

What on earth is happening?

When did Wyatt Barnes break through to the 'Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer'?

Before the battle between Wyatt Barnes and the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple had begun, he had already mentally prepared himself. If Wyatt was in danger, he would step in to save him at the first opportunity.

In his eyes, Wyatt Barnes was the future of the Seven Stars Sword Clan...

He couldn't afford to lose him!

However, the scene unfolding before him was beyond his wildest expectations.

Wyatt Barnes, unbelievably, was a martial arts practitioner at the Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer. This was simply too hard to believe!

"This little guy, he really knows how to keep his power hidden,"

Sitting next to Sect Leader Foxsong, Colin Clark shook his head and let out a bitter laugh.

Although somewhat surprised, he wasn't particularly shocked.

In his view, no matter what kind of miracle happened to Wyatt Barnes, it would all be unsurprising.

Wyatt Barnes was a miracle himself.

"This Wyatt Barnes, only twenty-two years old, has already reached the Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer? This kind of talent completely surpasses the most outstanding of the new generation of the Five Great Sons of the Royal Country's Green Forest,"

Iker Colby was also startled.

He was the peak master of Seven Stars Sword Clan's Tianguang Peak; he'd heard of Wyatt Barnes early on.

Since Wyatt Barnes had killed a fellow disciple of Tianguang Peak, 'Clark Burton' on the Life and Death Stage, he had known of Wyatt's existence.

Later, Wyatt's rise to fame had left him profoundly shocked.

Wyatt Barnes's rise offered him a glimpse of the future of the Seven Stars Sword Clan... at that time, he firmly believed that as long as Wyatt was there, the Seven Stars Sword Clan's future would definitely continue to be glorious.

Now, Wyatt Barnes had given him another 'big surprise'.

"I thought this kid was just at the 'Original Infant Realm Second Layer', I didn't expect he's actually at the 'Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer'..."

Iker Colby let out a bitter smile, yet there was also a hint of delight in his expression.

"No...No...Impossible...Impossible!"

Almost at the same time, not far away in a pavilion, Garrett Yellow and Eugene Morgan's pupils contracted, their emotions were in a state of turmoil, unwilling to believe that what was happening was real.

"Junior Brother Wyatt Barnes!"

Sonny Clark's eyes also contracted, filled with the excitement of joy.

The worry in his heart had finally been laid to rest.

He believed that with the skills Wyatt Barnes had displayed in the past, now that he was a martial arts practitioner in the Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer, defeating another Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer fighter shouldn't be a difficult task.

"Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer!"

The surprised people weren't just from the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

Everyone from the other four sects, from the Sect Leaders and Elders, down to the disciples, were all dumbstruck.

"His talent... surpasses the Five Great Sons."

Aliza Mullins, the only female disciple of the Five Great Sects present, had a complicated look in her eyes, focused on Wyatt Barnes.

Being in the 'Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer' at only twenty-two years old...

In terms of talent,

it was more than enough to crush the Five Great Sons effortlessly!

"Hm?"

At this moment, even the "Young Master Blade" Kase Dragonsmith, who always sat with his eyes closed and showed no movement, opened his eyes.

A flame seemed to be flickering in Kase's eyes.

Now, his gaze was fixed on Wyatt Barnes.

"Such a young 'Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer'? Interesting, interesting..."

Kase raised an eyebrow. A barely noticeable curve appeared at the corner of his mouth, it was hard to tell what he was feeling at that moment.

The reactions of everyone present were almost instant once Wyatt Barnes made his move.

At the exact moment when everyone was shocked by the power displayed by Wyatt Barnes,

His opponent, that disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, was also stunned.

"He's also at the Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer? How is that possible?!"

Despite his disbelief, seeing Wyatt Barnes's speed equalling his own, he didn't dare to be careless. The Origin Force of the grade seven spirit blade in his hand surged and roared as it struck down.

This blade carried the power to cleave mountains and intended to bifurcate Wyatt Barnes.

He was giving his all!

At this moment, even if he wanted to hold back, he couldn't.

Wyatt Barnes was a martial arts practitioner at the Original Infant Realm Fourth Layer, like him. If he held back at all, he would undoubtedly be the one to lose.

"The power of your blade isn't bad... it's just a pity, your swordsmanship is not yet fully mastered."

Wyatt Barnes voiced out calmly. The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's face changed, his eyes were filled with a vicious light and his grade six spirit blade fiercely came down, "Die!!"

"As pointless as an insect trying to stop a carriage,"

A cold smile appeared on Wyatt's face. He didn't even bother to use his grade six spirit sword, casually picking up a low-quality grade seven spirit sword instead.

Sword Drawing Technique!

The sword went out like a flash of lightning, straight and fast.

In terms of speed,

The sword in Wyatt's hand was much faster than the blade in the hands of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple.

The Sword Drawing Technique emphasized the ultimate speed.

Among all martial arts, the fastest is invincible!

This was something Wyatt Barnes firmly believed.

Swish!

The extremely fast sword crossed with the blade in the hands of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple.

At this moment, another one hundred and sixty-eight ancient giant elephant shadows appeared beside the six hundred original shadows over Wyatt Barnes's head.

The might of seven hundred and sixty-eight ancient giant elephants clashed with the same amount of power from the opponent.

Chapter 385: Crush

No one knew that all of this was deliberately done by Wyatt Barnes.

He only used a low quality seven-rank spirit sword, equivalent to the strength enhancing and Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's seven-rank spirit blade...

He did not want to have an unfair advantage against his opponent in terms of spiritual weapons.

He wanted to make his opponent admit his defeat willingly and be thoroughly intimidated by him.

Having experienced two lifetimes, Wyatt Barnes was deeply aware of this.

Killing a person was easy, but to truly make someone fear you, and stop them from harboring any thought of being your enemy again, was extremely difficult.

Now, what Wyatt Barnes wanted to do was the latter.

He wished to make this disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect thoroughly fear him, chilling his courage whenever he saw him in the future...

Buzz!

Whoosh!

A blade carrying the force to split Mt. Hua and a sword flashing as fast as surprised swans directly clashed.

Going head-on...

Clang!

A harsh sound of metal clashing reached their ears, along with the collision of two vast Origin Forces...

In an instant, the collision of Origin Forces affected the air, forming ripples throughout it and spreading outwards.

Dust all over the ground rolled and filled the air.

At this moment, every member of the four great sects, including the sect leaders and elders, held their breath involuntarily apart from a few people from the Seven Stars Sword Clan...

They all wanted to know who would win in a head-on showdown between these two.

Their hearts leaned more towards the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect.

After all, the martial arts practiced by the disciples of the Mountain-Opening Sect generally emphasized 'power'.

If strength was the discussion, the disciples of the Mountain-Opening Sect of the Royal Country's five sects were unrivalled...

It was rumored that a thousand years ago, the founding master of the Mountain-Opening Sect was a third-level Cave Void Realm entity possessing enormous strength.

With his extraordinary martial force, he cut a long and expansive mountain range in half with just one slash. The gorge that was forcibly torn open was exactly where the Mountain-Opening Sect's base is located.

There, originally buried beneath the vast mountain range, was a spiritual cave, which was discovered and subsequently excavated by the Sect's founding ancestor.

Therefore, the new sect founded by that powerful Cave Void Realm entity came to be known as the Mountain-Opening Sect.

Clang!!

The harsh sound seemed to echo in the ears of the people in the Martial Arts Institute.

"You little runt, die!"

The disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect suddenly roared, veins popping on his forehead, the Origin Force on his seven-rank spirit blade surged dramatically, attempting to crush Wyatt Barnes's seven-rank spirit sword.

"Want me to die? Ask yourself first, if you even have the capability."

Facing the raging disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect, Wyatt Barnes's face was calm as ever, looking nonchalant, completely composed.

Suddenly.

Wyatt Barnes' face held a cold expression, his mouth curled in a wicked smile.

"This isn't good!"

The wicked smile on Wyatt Barnes's face was seen by the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect. Although he didn't know why Wyatt would show such a smile at this moment, subconsciously, he felt he should retreat.

However, if he were to back off in this way, wouldn't it look like he admitted defeat to this disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan in front of everyone?

Just when the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect was undecided on what to do...

Trembling Power!

The Origin Force on the seven-rank spirit sword in Wyatt Barnes's hand started vibrating more and more rapidly...

The terrifying 'Trembling Power' erupted from Wyatt's seven-rank spirit sword and without holding back, sent an overwhelming surge into the seven-rank spirit blade held by the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect.

Instantaneously, the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect's face turned pale.

He could clearly feel the 'power of trembling' coming from the sword of the Seven Stars Sword Clan disciple in front of him. This trembling power made his tiger mouth numb, and along with it, his whole body as if it was also shaking.

"Drop your weapon!"

All of a sudden, Wyatt Barnes bellowed.

And right at that moment, the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect whose palm was bursting with blood from the shock, timely let go of his seven-rank spirit blade.

The moment he dropped his seven-rank spirit blade, he felt the trembling cease in his body.

At that moment, he felt a rush of relief similar to the feeling of putting down the butcher knife and attaining instantaneous enlightenment.

However, before he could fully savor this feeling, he felt a strong gust of wind rushing towards him, carrying astonishing power...

"No!!"

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect had only enough time to yell out a word.

After using the 'Trembling Power' to have the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple drop his seven-rank spirit blade, the seven-rank spirit sword in Wyatt Barnes' hand sharply vibrated, directly slicing towards the disciple.

"Spare his life!"

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes heard Zeke Foxsong, the Sect Master of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, condensing his Origin Force into sound.

At this moment, apart from a few people in the Seven Stars Sword Clan, probably no one was lucid

Everyone else was stupefied by Wyatt Barnes' sudden shout of 'Drop your weapon'.

In their eyes, following the shout of this disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect did indeed drop the seven-rank spirit blade in his hand...

This scene was far too strange, far too incredible for them!

They couldn't get a clear grasp of what exactly happened.

"Demon!"

Many disciples of the five sects had this thought come to their minds, their eyes filled with apprehension when they looked at Wyatt Barnes.

Just by shouting 'Drop your weapon', he could make his opponent relinquish their weapon?

What kind of trick is this?

It's too mysterious!

Of course, there were also numerous observant individuals who noticed the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's shattered and bloodstained fists...

Whoosh!

The piercing sound of the wind echoes through the silence of the 'Martial Arts Institute', making it exceptionally clear.

Slap!

In Wyatt Barnes's hand, the seventh-grade spirit sword, at a critical moment, transforms from the 'blade' to the 'body' of the sword, slapping heavily onto the body of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple.

The latter is hit by a tremendous force that shakes his internal organs. He is propelled backward spitting out several mouthfuls of coagulated blood, finally collapsing heavily.

At that moment.

Wind sweeps away scattered clouds!

Wyatt Barnes moved, his whole being seemingly transforming into a whirlwind, arriving at the spot where the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple was set to fall, one step ahead of him.

Whoosh!

As the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple is about to fall, Wyatt Barnes sweeps a leg across, hitting him precisely at the junction of his lower and upper leg.

Crack!

"Ah!"

The clear sound of a breaking bone, the sharp cry, almost resounding simultaneously, extremely piercing, setting off chills down the spines of the spectators.

Boom!

Finally, the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple lets out a scream as he falls to the ground, kneeling right in front of Wyatt Barnes.

His facial features distorted in pain, showing the unbearable extremity.

"How dare you!"

Finally, the sect leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect, regains his wits, his face changing drastically, suddenly standing up, intending to rush towards Wyatt Barnes.

Almost at the same time.

"Sect Master Thorn."

Zeke Foxsong glanced at the Mountain-Opening Sect Leader, "Before their battle, your disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect said something to Wyatt Barnes. I believe you heard it clearly. Let the younger generation resolve their issues... What do you think?"

The Mountain-Opening Sect Leader was speechless.

Only then did he remember, even before the fight between his disciple and this abnormal disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, his disciple had indeed radically humiliated the latter.

Even went so far as to say that the latter should change his name to 'Wyatt Kneel-on-the-ground'...

Knowing he was in the wrong, he was left with no choice but to suppress the anger in his heart and sit back down.

Yet his gaze towards Wyatt Barnes, was still tinged with an intimidating chill...

The Seven Stars Sword Clan, it seems, has spawned such a monstrous genius disciple.

Merely twenty-two years old, he is already at the fourth layer of the Original Infant Realm!

Such talent, it's even more abnormal than the most brilliant of the five princes in the young generation of the Green Forest Royal Country...

Even the leader amongst those five princes, considered to be the most gifted in the martial arts of the Green Forest Royal Country in the past hundred years, seems to pale in comparison to this disciple from Seven Stars Sword Clan.

Looking at this disciple from the Seven Stars Sword Clan, his heart was filled with both envy and jealousy.

Why couldn't his 'Mountain-Opening Sect' receive such a monstrous disciple?

"Now, what do you think?"

Wyatt Barnes looked down at the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple kneeling before him; his gaze terrifyingly calm, "You are now kneeling on the ground, in front of me... Do you still believe that I'm not deserving of the name 'Wyatt Barnes'? Do you still believe you're qualified to change my name?"

Do you still think you have the right to rename me?

Wyatt Barnes's words, were heard by everyone in the 'Martial Arts Institute', letting out sighs of understanding.

Clearly, Wyatt Barnes's anger, was directed at the words which the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple had said earlier.

The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple was already dealing with the indescribable pain of a broken bone, gritting his teeth tightly with his body shivering...

Now, after hearing Wyatt Barnes's words and recalling his previous actions, he felt a sense of shame. His blood and energy surged an uncontrollable wave of emotion.

"Puff!"

In the end, the chest of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple rose and fell like a bellows, his face reddened and he spits out a mouthful of coagulated blood, collapsing and fainting from the intense pain.

Wyatt Barnes knitted his brows, didn't expect the other party to be so weak.

Only a few steps away to his pavilion, Wyatt felt a multitude of gazes, as if rain falling, landing on him.

"Younger martial brother Barnes, I had no idea, you've already advanced to the fourth level of Original Infant Realm, you've caught up to me."

Sonny Clark greeted Wyatt Barnes to sit next to him, smiling excitedly.

But deep within his gaze, there was a tinge of gloom.

He was seven years older than Wyatt Barnes, his cultivation base was only equal to Wyatt's current state, which in his heart was a source of shame...

However, he quickly brushed it aside.

His martial brother Barnes was a 'deviant'; anyone comparing themselves to him, would simply be inviting discomfort.

Garrett Yellow's face was as unsightly as one could imagine.

Just now, he was giving Wyatt Barnes a hard time, hoping the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple would teach Wyatt Barnes a lesson.

"This Wyatt Barnes, he has actually advanced to the 'fourth layer of the Original Infant Realm'!"

However, Garrett Yellow never expected that Wyatt Barnes, whom he considered at the 'second layer of the Original Infant Realm', had such a deep hidden power, having advanced to the 'fourth layer of Original Infant Realm'!

Eugene Morgan sat next to Garrett Yellow, his face alternating between shades of blue and white.

He realized, from today onwards, he would forever be at odds with Wyatt Barnes...

At this moment, his heart was filled with regret.

Garrett Yellow was giving Wyatt Barnes a hard time, that was his own business, why did he have to join in?

If not for that, he wouldn't have ended up on completely opposite sides with Wyatt Barnes.

Chapter 386: Mystic Infant Pill

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes, who had returned to the pavilion, had unsurprisingly become the focus of everyone's attention.

"Twenty-two years old at the Original Infant Realm stage four..."

Besides the top three executives of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, the Sect Leaders and Elders of the other four great sects looked at Wyatt Barnes with mixed feelings.

In the past, they had observed the lack of promising successors among the younger generation of the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

They had initially thought that the Seven Stars Sword Clan would fall into decline.

Who would have thought that the Seven Stars Sword Clan could produce such a monstrous talent!

"This disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, only twenty-two years old, has already advanced to the 'Original Infant Realm stage four'? That's simply abnormal!"

"Such talent surpasses anyone in our Green Forest Royal Country among the five great young masters."

"That's right. Even the one who's considered the first among the five great young masters can't match this disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan in terms of talent."

"Wyatt Barnes... his name suits him. He has the potential to rise above the heavens! That blind disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect provoked him, not only having his legs broken but also fainting from anger."

...

The disciples of the various sects came to their senses, one after another, shocked.

The scene before their eyes had completely taken them by surprise!

If they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, they would not believe that this was all real.

In the midst of the Green Forest Royal Country, a warrior with such monstrous talent had actually emerged...

"In the history of the Green Forest Royal Country, there seems to be no one who has managed to reach the 'Original Infant Realm stage four' at the tender age of twenty-two."

Aliza Mullins, a female disciple of the Snow Moon Sect, sighed.

She thought very highly of her own martial arts talent. In the Green Forest Royal Country, she was only second to the five great young masters...

In the past, only the five great young masters could make her acknowledge their superiority.

But today, after seeing the strength demonstrated by this disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan at such a young age, she finally realized that hidden within the Green Forest Royal Country was someone with martial arts talent surpassing even the five great young masters.

"The Seven Stars Sword Clan has actually produced such a monstrous disciple?"

Youth Master Blade, Kase Dragonsmith, gazed at Wyatt Barnes with eyes aflame, seemingly interested in dueling with Wyatt Barnes, "Wyatt Barnes, is it? I, Kase Dragonsmith, will remember you."

Now, it was not only Kase Dragonsmith who had committed the name 'Wyatt Barnes' to memory.

Perhaps everyone present would never forget this name in their lifetime.

Twenty-two years old at the 'Original Infant Realm stage four'...

Such an achievement guaranteed that this person was extraordinary.

Sitting calmly in the pavilion, facing the numerous gazes sweeping towards him, Wyatt Barnes remained unmoved, his face serene.

Such composure won the admiration of many present, "This Wyatt Barnes, not only is his martial arts talent high, his mental strength is also extremely strong... neither arrogant nor hasty, neither humble nor pushy. Truly remarkable!"

"Sect Leader Foxsong, it is indeed a cause for joy and celebration for your sect to have produced such a monstrous disciple."

As the host, the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect was the first to regain his composure, and he congratulated Sect Leader Foxsong of the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

The words of the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect were like a fuse that ignited the atmosphere at the scene.

The Sect Leaders of the other three great sects also congratulated Sect Leader Foxsong one after another: "Congratulations Sect Leader Foxsong, the Seven Stars Sword Clan has a promising future."

"You all flatter me."

Sect Leader Foxsong nodded with a smile, emanating an aura of magnanimity and propriety.

The two Peak Masters of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, Colin Clark and Iker Colby, sitting next to Sect Leader Foxsong, felt greatly honored...

They had accompanied the Sect Leader to watch the 'Martial Arts Competition' of the five great sects more than once.

But they had never felt as elated as they did now.

For a moment, their gazes seemed to meet and they both looked at Wyatt Barnes, their faces blooming into radiant smiles.

They understood clearly.

They could enjoy everything they were experiencing now, all thanks to Wyatt Barnes.

Of course, there were those whose faces had soured terribly.

Sitting in the same pavilion as Wyatt Barnes, Garrett Yellow clenched his fists, his eyes brimming with endless resentment...

In his view.

It was Wyatt Barnes who had taken everything that should have belonged to him.

Now, Wyatt Barnes might even become the future Sect Leader of the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

He couldn't accept it!

He was the personal disciple of the Sect Leader of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, the one who should become the next Sect Leader of the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

"No one can take my position as Sect Leader... not even you, Wyatt Barnes!"

Garrett Yellow's cold gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes, as if ready to tear him to shreds.

"The 'Martial Arts Competition' of the five great sects, continue!"

Seeing that the unconscious disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect had been carried back to the pavilion by his companions, the host, the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect, suddenly spoke out.

Although his voice was not loud, it reached the ears of everyone present, "The rewards for the top three in this 'Martial Arts Competition' will be the same as before... But I will personally contribute a 'Mystic Infant Pill' as an additional reward for this time's 'Martial Arts Competition' champion."

Mystic Infant Pill!

No sooner had the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect spoken-

As expected, the Martial Arts Institute was filled with the sound of gasps...

The Mystic Infant Pill, a six-grade pill medicine.

Also known as the most challenging six-grade medicine to concoct.

The Mystic Infant Pill, although just a 'six-grade pill medicine', has hardly ever been successfully concocted by a 'six-grade alchemist'.

At least, in the history of the Cloud Skies Continent, there has not been a single six-grade alchemist who has managed to successfully concoct a 'Mystic Infant Pill'...

Even when attempted by a five-grade alchemist, the success rate of concocting the Mystic Infant Pill is very low.

Less than one percent.

The value of the Mystic Infant Pill is self-evident.

Of course, the value of the Mystic Infant Pill is not just because of this single factor.

The most valuable aspect of the Mystic Infant Pill is its medicinal strength.

It is said that those who ingest the 'Mystic Infant Pill' will see a great enhancement in their talents within the next six months...

During this period, their cultivation progress would be extremely fast.

Six months of cultivation would be equivalent to a year's worth of normal practice.

"The Mystic Infant Pill!"

At this moment, all the disciples of the five great sects, except for Wyatt Barnes who seemed unaffected as though he had not heard what the Sect Leader of the Blade Sect said, including Young Master Bladesmith 'Kase Dragonsmith', had their eyes light up.

A single Mystic Infant Pill could dramatically amplify their efforts...

Using the Mystic Infant Pill to cultivate for six months could be comparable to a year's worth of the past!

To them, the Mystic Infant Pill is extremely tempting.

"The Mystic Infant Pill?"

Wyatt Barnes wore a serene look, eyes flickering, "If I hadn't taken the elixir from the ten thousand year old stone 'Giovanni Stone', the Mystic Infant Pill might be useful to me... Now, even if you gave me a hundred Mystic Infant Pills, they would be of no use."

"Because the talent I possess is already at the extremes of what a martial artist on the Cloud Skies Continent can hope to have!"

As one who has merged his memories with that of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, Wyatt Barnes naturally knew what the 'Mystic Infant Pill' was.

The Mystic Infant Pill, it's a 'six-grade pill medicine' where the input far outweighs the yield.

Six grade alchemists wouldn't be able to successfully concoct it.

Even if a five-grade alchemist attempts to concoct it, the success rate wouldn't exceed one percent...

"Even the Reincarnation Martial Emperor only had a faint chance to successfully concoct the 'Mystic Infant Pill' at a hundred percent rate after he became an 'Emperor Grade Alchemist'!"

The success rate of concocting the Mystic Infant Pill is related to the grade of the red flame.

The higher the red flame's grade, the higher the success rate for the Mystic Infant Pill.

Through the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, Wyatt was aware that high-grade alchemists wouldn't invest their time, energy, and resources in producing the Mystic Infant Pill, which is known as one of the medicines with the lowest success rate in the Cloud Skies Continent.

All because concocting the Mystic Infant Pill is a thankless task.

"The materials needed to concoct a 'Mystic Infant Pill' cost a hundred thousand gold coins... one hundred of those would then cost ten million gold coins! Even if a five-grade alchemist undertakes the task, after spending ten million gold coins on materials, they might not be able to concoct a 'Mystic Infant Pill'."

Wyatt Barnes was aware that the incredible low success rate of the Mystic Infant Pill is beyond belief.

In the second life of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, he once witnessed a stubborn five-grade alchemist go insane trying to concoct just one 'Mystic Infant Pill'.

Not because of anything else, but because after spending one hundred million gold coins on materials, the five-grade alchemist still didn't manage to concoct a mere single 'Mystic Infant Pill'...

At its core, the Mystic Infant Pill represents a disparity between investment and return.

At the very least, Wyatt Barnes had no interest in concocting the Mystic Infant Pill.

"Perhaps, only those alchemists truly abundant in wealth and patient enough would choose to concoct the Mystic Infant Pill... The mystic infant pill does indeed have an astonishing medicinal strength. For the person who consumes it, they may not feel much of a difference, but for the alchemist, it's an ordeal and torment."

Wyatt Barnes knew this very well.

"Of course, there's one exception... maybe a very small number of five-grade alchemists, fortunate beyond belief, could concoct the 'Mystic Infant Pill' on their first try."

Just as Wyatt was thinking this...

"This Mystic Infant Pill in my hand was successfully concocted by a five-grade alchemist friend of mine through sheer luck and chance, using only a single portion of materials."

The words of the Sect Leader of the Blade Sect entered Wyatt Barnes' ears at the perfect moment.

"There really was an alchemist who hit the jackpot?"

Wyatt Barnes was startled.

You should know, a five-grade alchemist's success rate for concocting a 'Mystic Infant Pill', although fixed at 'one percent'...

But if they hit the jackpot, a five-grade alchemist would have a chance to concoct it in one go.

If they were out of luck, even after a thousand tries, they might not be able to concoct a single 'Mystic Infant Pill'.

The friend of the Blade Sect was undoubtedly in the former group.

He hit the jackpot!

"So that's how it is."

"I was wondering, who would go through the trouble of concocting a 'Mystic Infant Pill'... Sect Leader Dragonsmith, your friend's luck is really against heaven's will!"

"Sect Leader Dragonsmith, by bringing out this 'Mystic Infant Pill' as the reward for 'First in the Martial Tournament', is it your intention to award it to your adopted son 'Kase Dragonsmith' from the Blade Sect?"

Besides Sect Leader Foxsong, the other three prominent Sect Leaders turned their gaze towards the Sect Leader of the Blade Sect, speaking one after another.

The Sect Leader of the Blade Sect gave a slight smile, turning to look at the last speaker, Sect Master Bell of the Snow Moon Sect, "Sect Master Bell, why would you want to boost my adopted son's confidence while undermining the prestige of your own disciple 'Aliza Mullins'? Aliza and my adopted son are both martial artists of the Original Infant Realm sixfold. Aliza, too, has an equal chance of achieving 'First in the Martial Tournament'."

Chapter 387: Poaching

The Sect Leader of the Snow Moon Sect merely smiled lightly without saying much at the words of the Demonic Lotus Blade Sect Leader.

He had self-awareness.

Although his personal disciple 'Aliza Mullins' was quite strong, there was still a gap between her and the adopted son 'Young Master Blade' of the Sect Leader of the Demonic Lotus Blade Sect.

"I knew it... I wondered why the Sect Leader of the Demonic Lotus Blade Sect was so generous, willing to take out the 'Mystic Infant Pill' as a reward for the 'martial arts champion'. It turns out that he just wants to bestow it to his adopted son, Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' in a roundabout way."

Sonny Clark, sitting next to Wyatt Barnes, frowned slightly and snorted lowly.

Now, not only Sonny Clark has this idea.

The majority of the people present share similar thoughts.

The Mystic Infant Pill is extremely precious.

Just because Wyatt Barnes doesn't care, that doesn't mean others don't.

Wyatt Barnes possesses a talent for martial Tao that can be said to be the limit of martial artists on the Cloud Skies Continent, but others do not.

To them, if they can get the 'Mystic Infant Pill', their future cultivation can save half a year's time.

Though it's just half a year, it's enough to pull ahead of many of their peers and stand out from the crowd.

"What, are you interested in that 'Mystic Infant Pill', Brother Sonny Clark?"

Wyatt Barnes chuckled and asked.

"Of course I'm interested."

Sonny Clark nodded hastily, a passionate light flashing in his eyes, "That Mystic Infant Pill can help martial artists quickly improve their cultivation level... If I can take the Mystic Infant Pill, maybe I only need half a year to successfully break through to the 'Original Infant Realm Level Five'!"

Wyatt Barnes nodded, his eyes gleaming subtly.

Sonny Clark didn't notice this.

However, even if he did notice, he wouldn't be able to discern what Wyatt Barnes was pondering, what he was thinking.

Soon, the host, the Sect Leader of the Demonic Lotus Blade Sect, declared the continuation of the 'martial arts competition' of the Five Great Sects.

Immediately, disciples of each sect, one by one, stepped onto the stage, nominating and challenging disciples of other sects...

Competitions after competitions are in full swing.

Whoosh!

Garrett Yellow, from the pavilion where Wyatt Barnes was, moved his body and flew out.

Battling with a Level Five Original Infant Realm disciple of the Returning Origin Sect.

The fight between the two was fierce!

In terms of speed.

Garrett Yellow was on par with his adversary.

In terms of strength.

The two were not much different.

In the end, it was Garrett Yellow who relied on another set of sword techniques, which were wonderfully performed. He created seven sword lights, as if turned into seven shooting stars, howling and flying out at lightning speed, decisively defeating his opponent.

He was clean and efficient!

"Has this Garrett Yellow practiced two sets of sword technique?"

Wyatt Barnes was somewhat surprised, Garrett Yellow's two sets of sword techniques had clearly reached the completion stage.

Especially the last sword technique that was executed to defeat his opponent, which could even be said to be miraculous...

In Wyatt Barnes's estimation, his Sword Drawing Technique might not have the upper hand in speed if encountered with this set of sword techniques.

"These sword technique is far superior to more than ninety percent of high-ranked Profound-level swordsmanship."

Wyatt Barnes deeply looked at Garrett Yellow.

This Garrett Yellow is a narrow-minded person, but he does have some skills.

At least, up to now, amongst all those who have gone on stage, he has not seen anyone stronger than Garrett Yellow.

Just then.

"Seven Star Sword Technique!"

Surprised exclamations reached Wyatt Barnes's ears.

Seven Star Sword Technique?

Hearing these exclams, Wyatt Barnes's eyes narrowed.

He had heard of this sword technique, it was the Sect Guardian Sword Technique of the Seven Stars Sword Sect...

Of course, the Sect Guardian Sword Technique of the Seven Stars Sword Sect couldn't just be a high-ranking Profound level Sword Technique.

The Sect Guardian Sword Technique of the Seven Stars Sword Sect was a high-ranked Earth-Level Sword Technique!

"I heard a long time ago that the 'Seven Star Sword Technique' of the Seven Stars Sword Sect, is the only high-ranked Earth-Level Sword technique in the Seven Star Sword Sect ... And the

'Seven Star Sword Technique' also has a foundational sword technique, referred to as the 'Minor Seven Star Sword Technique'."

Wyatt Barnes thought, "What Garrett Yellow has mastered should be the 'Minor Seven Star Sword Technique'."

The 'Minor Seven Star Sword Technique', derived from the Sect Guardian Sword Technique 'Seven Star Sword Technique' of the Seven Star Sword Sect, is naturally extraordinary.

It's said that once someone has practiced the 'Minor Seven Star Sword Technique' to the completion stage, and then breaks through to the 'Peep Naught Realm', they will be able to comprehend the 'initial sword move' in a short time ...

By then, the high-grade spirit technique 'Seven Star Sword Technique' will also step into the minor completion stage.

"Sect Leader Foxsong, this 'Minor Seven Star Sword Technique', is the 'basic Chapter' of your Seven Stars Sword Sect's Sect Guardian Sword Technique 'Seven Star Sword Art'... As far as I know, your Seven Star Sword Sect has a rule that the 'Seven Star Sword Technique' is only passed on to the heir to the Sect Leader. Is that so?"

The Demonic Lotus Blade Sect Leader looked at the Seven Stars Sword Sect Leader 'Zeke Foxsong' and asked with a smile.

"Correct."

Sect Leader Foxsong nodded, feeling quite pleased seeing his own direct disciple bringing honor to the Seven Star Sword Clan.

"So it seems, Sect Leader Foxsong, you're planning to let your disciple succeed you, to become the next sect leader of the Seven Star Sword Clan?"

The Sect Leader of the Returning Origin Sect also looked at Zeke Foxsong, with a smile that wasn't quite a smile.

At this point, hearing the Sect Leader of the Returning Origin Sect's words, Garrett Yellow's face showed a sense of smugness.

Yes, his master bestowing the Minor Seven Star Sword Technique to him undoubtedly conveys his intention to, also, pass the Seven Star Sword Technique— the Clan's treasured martial art — to him.

After all, the Minor Seven Star Sword Technique he is practicing now is the foundational version of the Seven Star Sword Technique.

For a moment, Garrett Yellow looked at Wyatt Barnes with a smug look on his face, as if to say to Wyatt:

Kid, take a good look, I'm the future sect leader of the Seven Star Sword Clan!

However, he quickly noticed that from the beginning, Wyatt Barnes merely glanced at him indifferently and showed no further interest in looking at him.

This made Garrett Yellow's expression grow increasingly grim.

This Wyatt Barnes, damn him!

Right then.

With a laugh, the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect said, "Sect Leader Foxsong, it seems you have no intention of letting Wyatt Barnes succeed you as the leader of the Seven Star Sword Clan... considering Wyatt Barnes's talent, is he not qualified to be the next sect leader of your Seven Star Sword Clan?"

"Sect Leader Foxsong, initially, I, as an outsider, shouldn't comment on the affairs of your Seven Star Sword Clan... But now, you are being too unjust. In my opinion, with Wyatt Barnes's talents, surpassing your direct disciple would take him less than a year."

The Sect Leader of the Snow Moon Sect stopped gazing at Zeke Foxsong and focused on Wyatt Barnes, "If Wyatt Barnes were a disciple of my Snow Moon Sect, I would agree to immediately make him the successor to the position of the next Sect Leader of the Snow Moon

Sect and teach him our clan's treasured martial art, the Snow Moon Sword Technique, without any reservations!"

The words of the Snow Moon Sect's sect leader were like a fuse, igniting the atmosphere on the scene.

"Wyatt Barnes, if one day you find it boring to stay in the Seven Star Sword Clan, our Returning Origin Sect is always open for you. I'm willing to make you the successor of the next sect leader of the Returning Origin Sect, and teach you our sect's ancestral martial art, the Turning Origin Palm!"

The Sect Leader of the Returning Origin Sect didn't want to be left behind and, looking at Wyatt Barnes, extended an olive branch.

"Wyatt Barnes, our Mountain-Opening Sect will treat you fairly as well."

The Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect also made a promise.

The promise of the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect was heard by one of Mountain-Opening Sect's disciples who had just regained consciousness after being knocked out by Wyatt Barnes.

Instantly, the disciple's facial expression changed again, he spat out a mouthful of blood and fainted once more.

This left the other three disciples of the Mountain-Opening Sect speechless.

"Haha..."

The Sect Leader of the Young Master Blade's camp laughed heartily, "Since the three sect leaders have stated their positions, I, as the host, should also make my stand."

Saying that, the Sect Leader of the Young Master Blade camp looked at Wyatt Barnes, "Wyatt Barnes, if you ever want to join my Young Master Blade camp, I can provide you with the best training environment... Not only that, you can frequently spar with my adopted son, Kase

Dragonsmith. I can promise you, the moment you surpass my adopted son, Kase Dragonsmith, I will make you the successor to the position of the next sect leader."

The four key sect leaders united in prying away the corner of the Seven Star Sword Clan.

They wanted to dig out Wyatt Barnes, this extreme talent, and bring him under their respective sects.

The scene before them left all the disciples from various sects completely flabbergasted.

Over at the Seven Star Sword Clan.

"Brother Wyatt Barnes."

Sonny Clark looked at Wyatt Barnes, his face filled with trepidation. He was really worried that Wyatt Barnes would not be able to resist the lure of the four key sects and would go over to one of them.

Garrett Yellow's face looked incredibly unpleasant.

He suddenly felt that compared to Wyatt Barnes, he was like a clown.

Especially when the Sect Leader of Snow Moon Sect trampled on his dignity to honor Wyatt Barnes, it made him so angry it felt like his chest was about to explode.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

At this moment, Garrett Yellow's hatred for Wyatt Barnes reached a point where it was almost uncontrollable.

Eugene Morgan gave a bitter smile.

He realized that the biggest mistake of his life was to become enemies with Wyatt Barnes and to stand on the opposing side.

Taking a deep breath, he made up his mind in his heart.

If Wyatt Barnes decided not to join any of the other four key sects, he would definitely apologize to Wyatt and ask for his forgiveness after the 'martial arts meeting' of the five key sects was over.

The faces of the two Peak Masters of the Seven Star Sword Clan, Colin Clark and Iker Colby, also didn't look well.

These four key sects, they were too shameless!

They tried to topple them in front of their faces and the face of the Seven Star Sword Clan's leader.

Did they treat them like they didn't exist?

Finally, the Sect Leader of the Seven Star Sword Clan, Zeke Foxsong, stated his position, "Four Sect Leaders, you all should know that since the Seven Star Sword Technique is our Seven Star Sword Clan's treasured martial art, it only gets passed down to the next sect leader... then you should also know that the Minor Seven Star Sword Technique cannot represent the Seven Star Sword Technique!"

"As for the position of the sect leader of the Seven Star Sword Clan, I have already planned... As long as Wyatt Barnes is willing, I can step down immediately for him to be the new sect leader of my Seven Star Sword Clan. I am willing to stand behind him and assist him."

Sect Leader Foxsong slowly said.

His words were filled with sincerity, without any pretense.

"As for the Seven Star Sword Technique, after the 'martial arts meeting' of the five key sects is over and we return to the Seven Star Sword Clan, I will personally teach it to him."

Sect Leader Foxsong looked at Wyatt Barnes and continued.

Sect Leader Foxsong's statement left the sect leaders of the other four key sects momentarily stunned.

They did not expect Sect Leader Foxsong to be so bold as to step down immediately.

Chapter 388: Swing the Sword Down!

"Sect Leader Foxsong, in the past, even though I was not as strong as you, I never accepted you... but today, you made such a decision, Teng has to admit defeat!"

The solemn-faced Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect bowed slightly towards Zeke Foxsong.

"I finally understand why the Seven Star Sword Sect has consistently suppressed the four of us... It's because of the 'determination' of the Sect Leader of the Seven Star Sword Sect! At least, the four of us don't have your determination."

The sect leader of the magic lotus blade sect shook his head and sighed.

Both the Snow Moon Sect Leader and the Returning Origin Sect Leader nodded in agreement.

Zeke Foxsong's determination had completely won them over.

They asked themselves.

Even if Wyatt Barnes really wished to join their sect, they wouldn't have the determination like Zeke Foxsong to step down so directly...

Whoosh!

The disciples of the other four sects in the Martial Arts Institute came back to their senses, all of them were shocked.

They were also shocked by Zeke Foxsong's determination!

"Worthy of being the sect leader of the Seven Star Sword Sect... For the future of the Seven Star Sword Sect, he did not care about personal gains and losses."

"Yes, the Seven Star Sword Sect has such a sect leader, why worry about not being glorious forever?"

...

The other four major sect disciples were full of admiration for Zeke Foxsong.

Eugene Morgan came to his senses and couldn't help but shudder.

"The sect leader... is willing to give up the throne to Wyatt Barnes to lead the Seven Star Sword Sect?"

Taking a deep breath, Eugene Morgan no longer hesitated, and directly used the Origin Force to tell Wyatt Barnes, "Wyatt Barnes, please forgive my previous actions... I will never oppose you again! If you become the Sect Leader of the Seven Star Sword Sect, I will support you with all my heart."

Eugene Morgan, a direct disciple of the Peak Master of the Heavenly Epoch Peak.

With Eugene Morgan's talents, unless there are accidents, becoming the next Peak Master of the Heavenly Epoch Peak is a sure thing.

Eugene Morgan's Origin Force made Wyatt Barnes somewhat unprepared.

Thinking that Eugene Morgan had no deep hatred with him, and just fanned the flames before, Wyatt Barnes nodded calmly at Eugene Morgan.

Seeing this, Eugene breathed a sigh of relief.

He knew that he had escaped a disaster!

Garrett Yellow, who had just returned to the pavilion, was slightly stiff.

The words of his master, Seven Star Sword Sect Leader 'Zeke Foxsong' were still echoing in his mind.

"As the four sect leaders, if you know that 'Seven Star Sword Technique' is the exclusive sword technique of Seven Star Sword Sect, passed to the next sect leader... then you should also know that 'Minor Seven Star Sword Technique' cannot represent 'Seven Star Sword Technique'!"

"As for the position of the leader of the Seven Star Sword Sect, I have a plan in my heart... if Wyatt agrees, I can step down now and let him become the new leader of my Seven Star Sword Sect. I am willing to stand behind him and assist him."

Garrett's face was terribly gloomy.

No!

I'm not willing to accept it!

Garrett sat aside in the gazebo, lowering his head. His face twisted with unconcealed rage, his eyes flashed with malicious hatred...

"Serve under Wyatt Barnes?"

"I'd rather die than be beneath him!"

Garrett roared in his heart.

As for Wyatt Barnes, due to Zeke Foxsong's words, his mood was slightly stirred.

Although he had no intention of becoming the Sect Leader of the Seven Star Sword Sect.

But Zeke Foxsong's statement still brought up a warm feeling from the bottom of his heart.

It's a kind of trust, a trust that can entrust everything.

After this storm, the martial arts meeting of the five major sects continued.

All the disciples of each sect went down to exchange and learn from each other...

As night fell with the red twilight enveloping the sky, the martial arts competition of the Five Major Sects was also gradually coming to an end.

At present, except for the female disciple 'Aliza Mullins' of Snow Moon Sect and Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' of the Magic Lotus Blade Sect, almost everyone else has been on the stage.

Only Aliza and Kase have not been down.

And no one challenged them.

Both of them had the highest cultivation among the five major sects this time.

They were all at the Sixth Layer of the Original Infant Realm!

The strongest among others can only reach the Fifth Layer of the Original Infant Realm and are no match for them.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

A disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect who was at the Fifth Layer of the Original Infant Realm, openly challenged Wyatt Barnes.

For a moment, jeering sounds erupted.

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening sect blushed but he had to stand his ground...

Because this was an order from his Master, the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect!

Challenging a martial artist at the Fourth Layer of the Original Infant Realm with a Fifth Layer of the Original Infant Realm cultivation, indeed felt a bit bullying.

At the moment, only a few people from the Seven Star Sword Sect were looking at him with a glimmer of hope...

When he was in the Seven Star Sword Sect, Wyatt Barnes had demonstrated the hand of the 'weak defeating the strong' multiple times. He even killed an Inner Sect disciple at the First Layer of the Original Infant Realm when he was only at the Ninth Level of the Original Pill Realm!

Perhaps, Wyatt Barnes can defeat this disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect.

Being challenged by the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect, Wyatt Barnes didn't refuse. He stepped into the ring to face off against the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect.

"Wyatt Barnes, be careful,"

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect didn't dally. He raised his hand and produced a long stick. It was unknown what material it was made of, but the stick was shrouded in flowing light.

Just now, Wyatt Barnes has seen this disciple from Mountain-Opening Sect make his move.

He knew that the long stick in the opponent's hand was a 'seventh-grade spiritual weapon'.

With this seventh-grade spiritual weapon, he consecutively defeated several martial artists of the Original Infant Realm, only to be defeated by a disciple of the Original Infant Realm from the Seven Star Sword Clan and 'Garrett Yellow' of their own clan.

This disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect was the strongest among the four disciples who participated in the 'martial arts contest' of the five major sects.

His 'seventh-grade spiritual stick', when swung, seemed as if it had eyes of its own and was impossible to guard against.

Suddenly.

Whoosh!

The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple moved, stepping on Origin Force, dashed towards Wyatt.

Above the void, the shadows of seven hundred ancient giant elephants formed and charged out with a great momentum.

Whoosh!

The Origin Force in his seventh-grade spiritual stick surged, and he hurled it down at Wyatt Barnes, carrying an immense force as if it could crush everything!

An extra hundred and ninety-eight shadows of ancient giant elephants conjured alongside the original seven hundred above the void...

The power contained in this strike was equivalent to the strength of eight hundred and ninety-eight ancient giant elephants!

In an instant, the air currents were affected, creating a humming sound...

The sounds of an explosion echoed, rising and falling continuously.

"Good move!"

Seeing the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect so fierce, attacking with such a strong move, Wyatt Barnes felt the blood in his veins boiling.

Whoosh!

He raised his hand, and a 'narrow sword' appeared in his hand.

Facing an opponent in the Original Infant Realm, Wyatt Barnes did not dare to underestimate him.

He directly drew the best spirit sword he had.

The next moment, Wyatt made his move.

Wind Rolls the Remaining Clouds!

In an instant, he transformed into a whirlwind and charged forward fearlessly.

To the bystanders, it seemed as if Wyatt Barnes was courting death.

As Wyatt charged, six hundred ancient giant elephant shadows materialized above his head in the void...

Original Infant Realm, Fourth layer!

This represented Wyatt's current true cultivation level.

Initially, with the help of three 'Nurturing Infant Pills', he broke through to the 'First level of the Original Infant Realm' in just two months.

Leveraging his unparalleled talent and 'Nurturing Infant Pills' with over ninety percent purity, he took a bit more than three months to successfully reach the 'Second Layer of the Original Infant Realm'.

Then, after spending four months, he successfully reached the 'Third layer of the Original Infant Realm'!

It was then that he hit a bottleneck in his cultivation and began shifting his focus to the high-level movement technique 'Wind Rolls the Remaining Clouds', which supplemented the fourth variation of the 'Dragon War Sovereign Technique'...

Subsequently, he received the 'Green Origin Fruit' gifted by Sect Leader Foxsong.

With the help of the Green Origin Fruit, he finally broke through the bottleneck of the third level and advanced to the 'Fourth layer of the Original Infant Realm'!

Now he possessed the strength of six hundred and eleven ancient giant elephants when fully unleashed.

In other words, he was holding back.

He held back the power of eleven ancient giant elephants.

He did so not out of contempt for the disciple from the Mountain-Opening Sect but because he found it unnecessary...

Whoosh!

As the Origin Force flowed through the narrow sword in Wyatt Barnes's hand, two hundred and twenty-eight ancient giant elephant shadows conjured up alongside the existing six hundred...

That is to say.

At present, the strength that Wyatt Barnes exuded through his narrow sword was equivalent to that of eight hundred and twenty-eight ancient giant elephants!

A sixth-grade spirit sword!

The moment Wyatt Barnes used his narrow sword, everyone in the field couldn't help but shrink their pupils.

They never expected that Wyatt Barnes, a mere martial artist of the fourth layer of the Original Infant Realm, would possess a 'sixth-grade spirit sword'...

Upon further thought, they found it reasonable.

Given Wyatt Barnes's talent, it's plausible for the Seven Stars Sword Clan to bestow a 'sixth-grade spirit sword' to him.

Now, only Sect Leader Foxsong and his two Peak Masters knew that the sixth-grade spirit sword in Wyatt's possession was not a gift from the Seven Star Sword Clan.

Under everyone's gaze.

Hum!

Wyatt Barnes did not use the Sword Drawing Technique, instead, he gripped the sixth-grade spirit sword in his hand as if it were a long stick and fiercely smashed it against the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's seventh-grade spiritual stick!

This scene dumbfounded everyone.

"Wyatt Barnes, is he really not using a sword technique?"

"Is he treating his 'sixth-grade spirit sword' as a stick to strike with?"

...

In an instant, most people were filled with similar thoughts.

Watching the scene before them, it gave them chills.

Has Wyatt Barnes gone mad?

Even if the narrow sword in his hand was a sixth-grade spirit sword, his own cultivation was far below that of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple.

The maximum power he could muster with his 'sixth-grade spirit sword' was equivalent to the power of eight hundred and twenty-eight ancient giant elephants.

However, the power of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's seventh-grade spiritual stick was equivalent to the strength of eight hundred and ninety-eight ancient giant elephants...

A difference of seventy whole ancient giant elephants in strength!

Chapter 389: Turning the Tables!

At this moment, aside from a few people from the Seven Stars Sword Clan, everyone else from the other four major sects, including the sect leaders and elders, believed there was no suspense left in this battle.

The gap of the power of seventy ancient elephants was enough for Wyatt Barnes to suffer a crushing defeat!

"A gap of the power of seventy ancient elephants?"

However, the people from the Seven Stars Sword Clan had bright smiles on their faces...

According to what they knew.

A year ago, on the Life and Death Stage of the Heavenly Pivot Peak which is the main peak of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, when Wyatt Barnes defeated Inner Sect disciple 'Aya Willow' of the Original Infant Realm's first level...

The power exhibited by Aya Willow at her full strength was even more than ninety ancient elephants stronger than Wyatt's!

Yet even so, Aya Willow was still taken down by Wyatt.

"There is no suspense anymore."

Sonny Clark's hanging heart finally relaxed, a smile crept up at the corner of his mouth.

Back when Wyatt defeated Aya Willow, he was watching the battle at the sidelines. Among all the Seven Stars Sword Clan members present now, no one was more aware of the situation at that time than him.

Wyatt Barnes, with his tact of winning against stronger opponents, could even cross the gap of the power of over ninety ancient elephants.

Was he still afraid of a measly gap of the power of seventy ancient elephants?

"Refreshing!"

Swinging his sixth-grade spirit sword and smashing it out, Wyatt Barnes only felt that his surging blood and battle intent had a place to vent. He exhaled a turbid breath and suddenly let out a roar.

Hum!

The sixth-grade spirit sword in Wyatt Barnes' hand went straight for the hard collision with the stick swung down by a disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect.

Whoosh!

The seventh-grade spiritual stick swung down by the disciple of Mountain-Opening Sect was filled with tremendous power.

Yet, the previously overconfident disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect felt an unexplainable chill in his heart at the sight of Wyatt Barnes fiercely stepping up after roaring.

However, he had no choice but to confront Wyatt Barnes now!

"There is no problem, definitely no problem... my power is seventy ancient elephants stronger than his, enough to easily crush him!"

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect continually reassured himself.

But when he saw Wyatt's confident gaze, his heart couldn't help but waver again.

Why did Wyatt Barnes have such strong confidence?

Did he believe that he could overcome me in this hard collision?

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect did not want to believe it.

"No... it's impossible, impossible! He is definitely bluffing, definitely."

At this critical moment, the thoughts of the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect took a sharp turn as he continued to reassure himself.

Seeing his 'seventh-grade spirit stick' falling heavily, just about to collide with the 'sixth-grade spirit sword' swung down by Wyatt Barnes...

"Ah!!"

The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple let out a roar, trying to overcome the fear and unrest in his heart.

At the same moment, all the strength from the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect was poured unreservedly into the seventh-grade spirit stick in his hand...

Whoosh!

Like a divine aid, the stick fell heavily.

"Refreshing!"

Wyatt Barnes swung his sixth-grade spirit sword, swaying his arm like a mad snake's tail, heading straight for that heavily falling stick.

At the same time.

Trembling Power!

In an instant, the Origin Force on the sixth-grade spirit sword swung and smashed by Wyatt Barnes started to vibrate violently, the frequency getting faster and faster...

Before colliding with the heavily swung stick of the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple, the 'Trembling Power' peaked.

Maximum Trembling Power!

Effective range, the power of a hundred ancient elephants...

That is to say, in a head-on confrontation, as long as the power of Wyatt Barnes' opponent does not exceed the power of his hundred ancient elephants, 'Trembling Power' can provide help like divine aid.

And now.

The stick swung by the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple was indeed mighty but only had the power of seventy more ancient elephants than Wyatt's.

It fell within the effective range of 'Trembling Power'

Whoosh!

The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's stick came down, carrying the force to rip the air apart, and heavily fell.

Hum!

Wyatt Barnes swung his sixth-grade spirit sword, in an open and unhindered manner, abandoning the sword edge, and used the back of the sword to smash toward the incoming stick.

The power on the stick was comparable to the power of eight hundred and ninety-eight ancient elephants.

The power on the sword was comparable to the power of eight hundred and twenty-eight ancient elephants.

The difference between the two was the power of seventy ancient elephants!

At the moment when the stick and sword were about to collide, it was as if time had come to a standstill.

"Wyatt Barnes is going to lose!"

"Their powers are differing by the power of seventy ancient elephants, there's no suspense left in the victory."

"Wyatt Barnes has gained from his loss! It is hard to believe that he is only a twenty-two-year-old disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan."

...

A group of people from the four major sects watched the scene before them unblinkingly, their thoughts spinning quickly.

"Victory!"

The Sect Leader of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, Zeke Foxsong, and the two Peak Masters beside him, revealed smiles of relief on their faces.

"Good job, Junior Brother Wyatt!"

An exceptional smile filled Sonny Clark's face.

Eugene Morgan also showed a smile, "Wyatt Barnes, impressive!"

Only Garrett Yellow, looking at Wyatt Barnes with a gaze full of ferocity and cruelty, showed a face of refusal to admit defeat, "Wyatt Barnes... Wyatt Barnes! Why is it always you who outshines everyone, why?!"

Clang!

The sharp impact of weapon collisions echoed throughout the Martial Arts Institute.

Although everyone present was mentally prepared, the disciples of various sects who were lower in cultivation couldn't help but change their expressions. They only felt that their eardrums were almost shattered by the piercing sound.

Whoosh!

At the moment when Wyatt Barnes' swung his Grade Six spirit sword and clashed with the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple's Grade Seven spirit rod, both Origin Forces collided. The explosion sounded continuously as the disturbed air formed ripples that spread out.

Suddenly, a strong wind swept away from Barnes and the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect, sweeping in all directions.

The clothes of the onlookers nearby started to flutter in the wind.

However, none of them cared about this because they were all focused on the two who were at loggerheads in the field.

They wanted to know how the result would turn out.

Suddenly.

"Let go!"

A stern shout entered the ears of everyone present.

Immediately after, most people were horrified to discover that

As Wyatt Barnes, a disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, sharply cried out, the Mountain-Opening Sect disciple who followed the footsteps of the previous Mountain-Opening Sect disciple—who had been defeated by Wyatt Barnes—had his hand shocked and blood smeared, tossing his weapon away directly.

Clang!

The grade seven spirit rod landed on the ground, making a harsh noise that caused a wave of palpitations among most people.

They didn't know what had happened.

Now, perhaps only the person concerned, that Mountain-Opening Sect disciple, knew exactly what happened...

He initially thought that his strength, which was seventy ancient gigantic elephants stronger than Wyatt Barnes, could easily crush Wyatt and defeat him.

Who knew...

Just at the instant when his Grade Seven spirit rod collided with Wyatt Barnes' Grade Six spirit sword, he felt that the Origin Force on his rod did not last long and was dispersed by a 'Trembling Power' extended from Wyatt's sword.

Not only that, that horrible Trembling Power, subsequent to this, spread from his Grade Seven spirit rod onto his hand, then his whole body, including his bones and internal organs.

At the moment when his power was dispersed and the hand holding the rod was split, he realized that if he didn't let go, he might be shaken to death!

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes' sharp cry made him dare not hesitate anymore; he quickly let go of the Grade Seven spirit rod in his hand...

Now, he could empathize with the feelings of the fellow disciple who was defeated by Wyatt Barnes earlier.

This 'Trembling Power' exhibited by Wyatt Barnes was too weird... it's unpredictable.

Hum!

Wyatt Barnes' Grade Six spirit sword trembled, the 'Trembling Power' was withdrawn, and the sword body was swung down, landing on the body of the nearby Mountain-Opening Sect disciple.

The Mountain-Opening Sect disciple didn't have time to reactivate his dispersed Origin Force. He was hit by Wyatt's sword and knocked away, fiercely hitting the ground.

"Thank you for letting me win."

This Mountain-Opening Sect disciple did not speak disrespectfully to Wyatt Barnes, so Wyatt did not continue to attack and stopped at the point of contact.

"You are very strong. I admit my defeat wholeheartedly."

The disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect struggled to stand up, smiled and nodded at Wyatt Barnes, picked up his Grade Seven spirit rod, and returned to the pavilion where the other three disciples of the Mountain-Opening Sect were located.

At this moment, everyone recollected their thoughts and their eyes fell once again on Wyatt Barnes, as if they had seen a ghost.

"With a gap of seventy ancient gigantic elephants of strength, Wyatt Barnes has won?"

"Why do I feel like I am dreaming... the weaker party, actually won in a head-to-head clash?"

"It's just like watching a drama!"

...

No matter what the spectators thought, or how they doubted, Wyatt Barnes won, and he won fair and square.

Now, only a few people from the Seven Stars Sword Clan seemed unsurprised at all.

"What exactly happened?"

The Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect asked with a sound born from concentration of his Origin Force, directing the question at the disciple who had just been defeated by Wyatt Barnes—his personal disciple—"you are clearly stronger than Wyatt Barnes... why did you still lose in the end? Why was your hand split? Why did you discard the spirit artifact in your hands?"

The Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect was full of doubts.

The process of his personal disciple being defeated by Wyatt Barnes was no different from the earlier sibling disciple who got defeated...

If there were differences to be pointed out...

It would be that the strength of the disciple who was pitted against Wyatt earlier was equal to Wyatt's.

But when it came to this personal disciple of his, he was defeated by Wyatt Barnes, despite his strength being potent enough to crush Wyatt Barnes. Wyatt had used the tactics of 'overcoming the strong with the weak' to defeat his disciple.

The defeat was unexpected and sudden without any foreshadowing...

Everything was so sudden!

At this moment, the Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect felt gloomy. He had let his personal disciple challenge Wyatt Barnes intending to discipline Wyatt.

After all, Wyatt Barnes had broken the legs of his Mountain-Opening Sect disciple. Although the injury could be healed with the 'Grade Seven Golden Healing Elixir,' it still made the Mountain-Opening Sect lose face...

Who could have anticipated this...

The lost face hasn't been retrieved yet and they have already lost face again.

This vexed the Sect Leader to the point of explosion!

Chapter 390: Wyatt Barnes' 'Madness

"Master, that Wyatt Barnes is too peculiar..."

A disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect bemoaned after hearing his master's Origin Force-filled voice.

"In the moment of our clash, a bizarre force suddenly surged from his sword, dispersing my Origin Force!"

"Moreover, that force could even manipulate my body to shake... At that moment, I felt that if I hadn't released my grip in time, all my bones would have been shattered by him."

The disciple's voice carried a hint of apprehension as he recounted the events.

"What?!"

The Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect looked surprised and incredulous, "Could he have used an Inscription?"

"No, it isn't an Inscription."

The disciple shook his head. "If it were an Inscription, let alone me identifying it... even you, Master, and the leaders and elders of other sects would have noticed it immediately! That unusual force doesn't come from an Inscription. It seems to emerge from his Origin Force, more like a certain method of Origin Force use."

"I never thought that this disciple from the Seven Star Sword Clan would not only have extraordinary talent but also such a terrifying method of Origin Force use."

The Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect said with a gleam in his eyes and a grave tone.

"He is someone who should be a friend rather than an enemy."

The disciple's face showed a sign of apprehension.

Currently, not only the Master and disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect were astounded, but members of the other three major sects were also thoroughly shocked.

It took them a long time to come back to reality.

"Sect Leader Foxsong, your Seven Star Sword Clan truly brought out a 'monster' this time!"

The Host and Sect Leader of the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan sighed as he looked at Zeke Foxsong: "I can now understand why you were willing to abdicate the Sect Leader position in favor of him... Looking at the history of the Royal Country of Green Forest, there has never been such a monstrous talent."

"Indeed. Sect Leader Foxsong, your Seven Star Sword Clan really hit the jackpot this time."

The Sect Leader of the Snow Moon Sect nodded in agreement.

"Sect Leader Foxsong, in the past, we underestimated your Seven Star Sword Clan... Indeed, with the Seven Star Sword Clan's deep-rooted foundations, how could there possibly be a lapse."

The Sect Leader of the Returning Origin Sect let out a long sigh.

"You all praise us too much."

Zeke Foxsong responded with a slight smile and humility.

However, hidden deep within his eyes, there was a hint of pride...

"He defeated a martial artist of the Original Infant Realm's fifth level?"

The Snow Moon Sect's female disciple, Aliza Mullins, stared blankly at Wyatt Barnes, her face filled with disbelief.

When Wyatt challenged the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect, she, like the majority, thought that Wyatt was sure to lose...

However, the outcome was beyond her expectation!

Wyatt, despite his weaker strength, counterattacked and triumphed over the disciple of the Mountain-Opening Sect.

"What techniques did he use, exactly?"

Young Master Blade from the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan, Kase Dragonsmith, had an uneasy look superseding the previous calm demeanor.

Before today, he could not imagine

that a twenty-two-year-old young man could invoke such trepidation in him.

Of course, him being apprehensive about Wyatt Barnes doesn't mean he fears him...

In his eyes, Wyatt's techniques may be uncanny, but shouldn't pose a threat to him.

Moreover, he also possesses a 'sixth-grade spiritual weapon'!

"The force contained in the blow of the Mountain-Opening Sect's disciple was equivalent to the power of eight hundred and ninety-eight ancient elephants... whereas my power, once fully utilized, is comparable to the strength of eleven hundred ancient elephants!"

"Unless he can bridge the near three hundred ancient elephant's strength gap, he cannot be my match!"

Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' thought to himself.

Whoosh!

From the pavilion where the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan disciples were gathering, a figure swiftly appeared and stood on the level ground.

"Garrett Yellow, it's our turn now."

The moment the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan disciple appeared, he looked squarely at Garrett Yellow from the pavilion of the Seven Star Sword Clan disciples. His gaze was solemn as if facing a lifelong rival.

Garrett Yellow flashed from the pavilion, confronting the disciple of the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan.

Wyatt watched the unfolding scene with a calm expression.

Considering previous matches, Garrett Yellow and this Mystical Lotus Blade Clan disciple were among the strongest of the disciples from all major sects present, second only to Mystical Lotus Blade Clan's Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' and the Snow Moon Sect's female disciple 'Aliza Mullins'.

Of course, that did not include him.

Suddenly, Garrett Yellow and the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan disciple both made their move.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

With Garrett Yellow's move, countless sword shadows danced across the sky, carrying an aura of grimness, engulfing the disciple from the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan.

Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum!

...

The disciple from the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan was not at all intimidated. His spirit blade darted around, skillfully parrying each of Garrett Yellow's incoming swords.

The two figures continuously passed by each other.

A spectacular display of blade and sword lights crisscrossed throughout the sky, dazzling the spectators.

Unlike Wyatt's previous match-ups of indomitable clashes, Garrett Yellow's battle with the disciple of the Mystical Lotus Blade Clan was more of an evenly matched contest...

For a while, the battle raged on but neither seemed to gain the upper hand; it was an unresolvable stalemate.

Minor Seven Star Sword Technique!

At last, Garrett Yellow finally showed his biggest trump card — the fundamental sword technique of Seven Star Sword Clan, namely the Minor Seven Star Sword Technique.

Once the Minor Seven Star Sword Technique appeared, the seven sword beams darted out like shooting stars ...

A disciple from the Spirit Lily Blade Sect was directly defeated by Garrett Yellow!

"The Seven Star Sword Technique of the Seven Star Sword Clan really lives up to its reputation... The Minor Seven Star Sword Technique, which is only the basic technique of the Seven Star Sword Technique, is already this fearsome. It is hard to imagine how formidable the full-scale Seven Star Sword Technique would be!"

A disciple from the Spirit Lily Blade Sect felt a bit shaken, laughed after taking a deep breath, and looked deeply at Garrett Yellow, saying, "Garrett Yellow, it's a real pity. I'm afraid you won't have the chance to perform the authentic Seven Star Sword Technique ... Hahaha."

He couldn't help but laugh as he finished.

His gaze discreetly fell on Wyatt Barnes and after a deep glance, he went back to join the other disciples of the Spirit Lily Blade Sect under the pavilion.

Garrett Yellow's body suddenly shuddered.

Every word of the Spirit Lily Blade Sect disciple was like pouring salt into his wound, igniting his hatred to its extremity ...

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Returning to the pavilion, Garrett Yellow's eyes turned cold and swept over Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes just shot a cold glance back at Garrett Yellow then bothered no more with him.

The leader of Spirit Lily Blade Sect, having watched the subtle competition between Garrett Yellow and Wyatt Barnes, chuckled, "The power of my nephew Garrett Yellow is indeed extraordinary... If it weren't for Wyatt Barnes today, you, nephew, would surely be the third in this 'Martial Gathering' among the five great sects."

"Yes, judging by the way Wyatt Barnes defeated Sect Master Thorn's adopted disciple, perhaps none of the fifth layer Origin Infant Realm martial artists present can match him... Wyatt Barnes being third in this 'Martial Gathering' is the collective expectation."

The Sect Leader of Returning Origin Sect agreed, loving chaos.

"Of course, nephew Garrett, if you disagree with Wyatt, you can challenge him and vie for being the third of this 'Martial Gathering'!"

The Sect Leader of the Mountain-Opening Sect said, joining the discussion too.

"No need... I am not his match," said Garrett Yellow, his voice somber and cold.

Seeing Garrett Yellow's statement, Zeke Foxsong, Leader of Seven Star Sword Sect, slightly relaxed the frown on his face...

He was really worried that Garrett would truly challenge Wyatt Barnes.

With Wyatt Barnes's current strength, his adopted disciple was in no way a match for Wyatt Barnes!

If Garrett Yellow was to challenge Wyatt Barnes, he would only humiliate himself, as well as becoming a laughingstock for the other sects...

Seven Star Sword Clan couldn't lose face.

Garrett's statement at the critical moment satisfied him deeply.

In his view, it didn't matter much whether it was Garrett Yellow who ranked 'third in the Martial Gathering' or Wyatt Barnes.

After all, both of them were disciples of the Seven Star Sword Clan.

No matter who seized the 'third of the Martial Gathering,' they were glorifying the Seven Star Sword Clan.

"Since Nephew Garrett admits he's not as good as Wyatt Barnes, then the third place in this 'Martial Gathering' among the five major sects belongs to Wyatt Barnes."

The Sect Leader of Spirit Lily Blade Sect timely commented.

Garrett Yellow's body quivered slightly, his face pale and grim...

He hated Wyatt Barnes to the core!

Suddenly, Garrett Yellow heard a condensed voice of Origin Force. He shuddered, then raised his head to look into the distance.

There was the presence of the Leader of Returning Origin Sect.

Garrett Yellow frowned. He looked fierce and struggled for a while, but eventually nodded to the leader of the Returning Origin Sect, and much of the gloom on his face lifted...

"Wyatt Barnes, one day, I will trample you beneath my feet!"

Garrett Yellow looked at Wyatt Barnes, his eyes revealing a glimpse of ferocity.

"Third?"

Hearing the words of the Spirit Lily Blade Sect, Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow and spoke indifferently, "Sect Leader Dragonsmith, you determined so quickly that I'm the third in this 'Martial Gathering' among the five major sects. Isn't that a bit impulsive?"

Wyatt Barnes's voice wasn't loud, but it clearly entered the ears of everyone present.

It was like a bolt of thunder!

"What does Wyatt Barnes mean by this? Is he planning to challenge Aliza Mullins of the Snow Moon Sect and Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' of the Spirit Lily Blade Sect?"

"Does Wyatt Barnes think that, by defeating a fifth-layer Origin Infant Realm martial artist with a sixth-grade spirit sword, he can challenge a martial artist of the sixth-layer of Origin Infant Realm?"

"If that's the case, he's too arrogant!"

"Youthful arrogance!"

...

The disciples from the other sects began to mingle and discuss.

Spirit Lily Blade Sect's Sect Leader, seeing his words doubted by Wyatt Barnes, frowned slightly. He glanced at Wyatt Barnes and said, "What, do you wish to challenge Sect Master Bell's adopted disciple, 'Aliza Mullins', for second place in the Martial Gathering?"

'Sect Master Bell' was the leader of the Snow Moon Sect.

Now, the words of the Sect Leader of Spirit Lily Blade Sect clearly marked his adopted son 'Kase Dragonsmith', a.k.a. Young Master Blade, as the 'Champion of the Martial Gathering'.

Perhaps, he didn't think Wyatt Barnes would have the guts to challenge Kase Dragonsmith.

"No."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head.

Second place in the Martial Gathering?

He wasn't interested.

In his view, the second and the third were not much different.