

## L. Wyatt 531

### Chapter 531: The First One

No matter what Millon Pond and the others thought, Wyatt Barnes did indeed kill the head of the horse thieves, who was at the 'Peep Naught Realm Fifth Layer'.

Although the process was mysterious, they could not see Wyatt Barnes relying on external forces.

With the head of the horse thieves dead, the rest of the thieves were just scattered troops and could no longer rise any storm.

Soon, this experiential learning officially ended perfectly.

A group of students gathered again outside 'Blackwind Ridge', ready to return to the 'Dragon Phoenix Academy' in the Imperial City.

"Eh, where are Aliza Mullins and the others from the Green Forest Triad?"

Soon, a student found that some people were missing.

Among the people present, except for a few disciples from the Green Forest Triad, all were accounted for.

"Really... Aliza Mullins and the others are missing!"

Many students exclaimed.

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows and exchanged a subtle glance with Millon Pond.

"You were in charge of recording the results of Aliza Mullins and the others. What happened?"

Millon Pond looked at a man in black clothes and asked with a deep voice.

The man in black sighed, "Vice Dean, early this morning, the disciples of the Green Forest Triad ignored warning and charged into Blackwind Ridge... I wasn't able to keep up with them."

Millon Pond frowned and said in a low voice, "You go and find them with a few others."

"Yes."

Several men in black left together.

These men in black were the ones who trailed a group of Dragon Phoenix Academy students into 'Blackwind Ridge' and were responsible for recording the performance scores of each student.

"Let's head back."

At Millon Pond's beckoning, Wyatt Barnes and the others left 'Blackwind Ridge' and headed towards Imperial City.

Along the way, Wyatt Barnes could feel glances landing on him from time to time.

The owners of these glances, apart from Vice Dean 'Millon Pond', were Young Master Mad, Young Master Sword, Young Master Flame and Fairy Sinclair.

Especially Fairy Sinclair 'Sophie Tyler', her gaze towards him was somewhat complicated.

Wyatt Barnes could guess.

Fairy Sinclair might have already known that he killed the head of the horse thieves.

Wyatt Barnes was right in his guess, Fairy Sinclair did know about it.

It was Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham' who told her using the Origin Force to create sound.

"His 'Demon Technique', could it really help him kill the head of the horse thieves who was in 'Peep Naught Realm Fifth Layer'?"

Fairy Sinclair trembled in her heart, her pretty face slightly changing color.

Although, now it's not only her who thinks that Wyatt Barnes knows the 'Demon Technique' in Dragon Phoenix Academy.

But she couldn't feel happy about it.

The stronger Wyatt Barnes's power was, the more it meant that her brother 'Mr. Zither' was in danger.

After all, her brother's goal was to break Wyatt Barnes's Demon Technique and defeat Wyatt Barnes...

And now, Wyatt Barnes could even kill those in the 'Peep Naught Realm Fifth Layer'.

Her heart was filled with worry.

Worry for her brother, Mr. Zither.

The Imperial City is not far from 'Blackwind Ridge', and Wyatt Barnes and his group quickly returned to the Imperial City and to the Dragon Phoenix Academy.

In the central square of the Dragon Phoenix Academy, all the students, except for the four from Green Forest Triad, gathered together.

Now, Vice Dean 'Millon Pond' stood in front of the lined-up group, holding a small booklet in his hand.

It recorded the results of everyone.

Now, except for Young Master Mad, Young Master Sword, Young Master Flame, and Fairy Sinclair, everyone else was looking at Millon Pond expectantly.

They wanted to know who got the 'First' place in this experiential mission!

Please note, the person who gets the first place in the mission will receive a 'Enter Void Fruit'...

"I wonder which 'Peep Naught Realm' Inner Hall student got the 'First'

"Surely it's not Ron Ferguson!"

"Eh, you also heard about Ron Ferguson's incident?"

"Of course! I am afraid there are few people present here who don't know about Ron Ferguson's misadventure into the horse thieves' lair, and he almost died at the hands of the fifth head of the horse thieves..."

"Ron Ferguson was really unlucky, and his nearly hundred points just went down the drain."

...

Many Outer Hall students were in a heated discussion.

Ron Ferguson stood among the Inner Hall students, hearing these harsh whispers, his body trembling, and his face extremely ugly.

At this moment, he felt like he was a laughing stock.

Being a 'Peep Naught Realm' Inner Hall student, scoring a zero in this experiential mission...

It was destined to be a joke.

"In this mission, everyone performed well... except for some people who ignored warnings and rushed into Blackwind Ridge!"

Millon Pond slowly started to speak, and as he proceeded to speak, a look of anger appeared on his face.

Seeing this, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but smile.

If Aliza Mullins and others could hear what Millon Pond was saying now, even if they were on the Netherworld Path, they would probably feel their lungs explode with anger, right?

"Vice Dean Millon, don't be angry, there's no need to get angry over a few people who don't follow the rules."

Many students comforted Millon Pond.

Millon Pond's face gradually softened.

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but sigh.

This Vice Dean Pond, he really knew how to act, from the surface, one could not find any flaws.

If he wasn't the one involved, he might have been deceived too.

"The person who scored 'First' in this mission has been determined..."

Millon Pond spoke again and paused at the crucial point.

Successfully attracting everyone's attention.

"The person who ranked first in the points received 736 points! It is the Inner Hall student 'Wyatt Barnes'."

Millon Pond announced everything in one breath.

Instantly, including Young Master Mad who was mentally prepared, everyone's eyes fell on Wyatt Barnes.

points!

Ranked first!

Wyatt Barnes, unsurprisingly, became the center of attention.

"736 points... This Wyatt Barnes, is really a 'freak'!"

"Yeah! I worked hard with my small team, risking our lives, and we only managed to gather 32 points in total as a team. But Wyatt Barnes alone obtained 736 points."

"He indeed is the unrivaled martial genius of our Royal Country."

...

Praises were heard everywhere.

The outer hall students looked at Wyatt Barnes with awe.

Perhaps, if Wyatt Barnes were only slightly stronger than them, and they had a chance to catch up, they might have felt 'jealous' towards him.

But now, Wyatt Barnes' achievement was something they couldn't reach.

Therefore, they only felt awe towards Wyatt Barnes.

"Wyatt Barnes' martial talent is unparalleled... Now that he has taken the 'Void Essence Fruit', there's no telling how powerful he'll become."

"Yeah... When the time comes, Wyatt Barnes might have the opportunity to participate in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Competition' in the Great Turdo Dynasty."

"If he can really advance to the Great Turdo Dynasty, our Royal Country will gain quite a lot of reputation!"

...

Many outer hall students, while whispering, looked forward to it.

"As for the others, as long as you have the points, you can go to the 'Dragon Wander Hall' tomorrow to exchange them for various cultivation techniques, martial arts, pill medicine, spiritual tools, etc... Your points will be displayed on the 'bulletin board' outside the Dragon Wander Hall."

After Million Pond said this, he waved his hand, "Dismiss."

The students scattered one after another.

For a moment, only Million Pond and Wyatt Barnes were left.

"Wyatt Barnes, I'm going to the palace now to get the 'Void Essence Fruit'. I will give it to you in the afternoon."

Millon Pond said to Wyatt Barnes.

"Thank you, Vice Dean Pond."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, then asked, "Vice Dean Pond, I wonder what kind of 'Grade-4 Spiritual Tool' you want?"

A Grade-4 Spiritual Tool!

Millon Pond's eyes lit up, and a 'boxing glove' appeared in his hand...

"Grade-6 Spiritual Tool."

Just a glance, and Wyatt Barnes recognized the grade of this spiritual boxing glove.

The boxing glove was dark gray, made of unique materials, very unusual.

"If possible, could you please tell the master craftsman to make a 'Grade-4 Spiritual Tool' according to this glove."

Millon Pond handed the glove in his hand to Wyatt Barnes.

"Okay."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, "In a few days, I will go see the craftsman and see what kind of materials he needs..."

"I appreciate it."

Millon Pond gave a slight smile, bid farewell, and turned to leave.

His face was a bit excited when he left.

Although he is a 'Sacrificial Officer' of the royal family of the Royal Country, he only has a 'Grade-6 Spiritual Tool' that increases by '38%'.

Now, he has the chance to get a 'Grade-4 Spiritual Tool' that can boost by '60%'.

He was over the moon.



Once he changed the spiritual tool, his strength could increase by the strength of nearly two Horned Dragons...

What kind of concept is that?

After Million Pond left, Wyatt Barnes returned to the inner hall.

Just as he entered the inner hall, he noticed a heated gaze...

It was from that 'Young Master Flame', Flame Graham.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Suddenly, a loud voice came to Wyatt Barnes' ears.

Then, Wyatt Barnes saw.

Flame Graham had left his courtyard, walked over, and looked at him. "I'm very interested in that 'Void Essence Fruit'... Name your price."

Wyatt Barnes stopped, looked up at Flame Graham, and said calmly, "I am also very interested in the 'Void Essence Fruit'... If you can find me another one, you can name your price."

"You..."

Flame Graham's face sank, looking somewhat embarrassed and angry.

"If there's nothing else, don't block the way."

Excitement flashed in Wyatt Barnes' eyes.

Flame Graham's heart skipped a beat.

It was then he remembered that this morning, Wyatt Barnes had killed the head of the horse thieves on Blackwind Ridge...

This Wyatt Barnes can even kill a 'Peep Naught Realm Level-5 Martial Artist'.

At such moment, irrespective of how Flame Graham felt, he could only step aside.

The horse-thief boss being killed by Wyatt Barnes this morning...

He knew that he was no match for Wyatt Barnes.

Even the last time Wyatt Barnes fought him, he was merciful.

Otherwise, once Wyatt Barnes used that 'magic', he would be completely defeated by Wyatt Barnes with one shot.

"It seems Little Gold is really tired."

After Wyatt Barnes returned to his room, he picked up Little Gold Mouse, who was lying on his shoulder, and gently placed it on the table.

"It was really thanks to Little Gold today... Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to kill that horse thief boss. I never thought that horse thief boss would be a 'Peep Naught Realm Level-5 Martial Artist'."

Thinking of this morning's scene, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but sigh.

"But fortunately, that horse thief boss is not an 'Enter Void Realm Level-1' Inscription Master, or a regular martial artist above 'Enter Void Realm Level-2'..."

## Chapter 532: Accidental Success

After all, Little Gold's current spiritual force level was only at the 'Enter Void Realm First level'.

This imposes a significant limitation.

That afternoon, Millon Pond came to see Wyatt, bringing him the 'Refining Void Fruit'.

The 'Refining Void Fruit' was completely milky-white, translucent and sparkling.

At a mere glance, it could make one drool with envy.

Wyatt sat cross-legged on the bed. After taking the 'Refining Void Fruit', he also took a 'Strength Void Pill', and then began to cultivate.

With the medicinal power of the 'Refining Void Fruit' and the 'Strength Void Pill' fusing into his body, the Origin Force within Wyatt continued to strengthen...

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Thunder Flood Dragon Transformation!

Wyatt circulated his cultivation methods, the Origin Force within his body growing stronger and ascending indefinitely, as if he never knew what fatigue was.

During cultivation, Wyatt lost track of time.

Wyatt's cultivation level also started to change dramatically.

Not long after, his cultivation at the 'Peep Naught Realm First Level' had reached its limit.

Then, he broke through the bottleneck.

He stepped into the 'Peep Naught Realm Second Layer'!

After breaking through to the Peep Naught Realm Second Layer, the medicinal power of the 'Refining Void Fruit' and 'Strength Void Pill' remained robust, infusing Wyatt's Origin Force and continuing to rotate with the 'Thunder Flood Dragon Transformation' from the Nine Dragons War Sovereign.

He had no idea how much time had passed.

It wasn't until Wyatt felt his Origin Force was saturated, that he stopped cultivating.

Haste makes waste!

At the same moment, he could distinctly feel.

That the medicinal power of the 'Refining Void Fruit' had plenty of residue, concealed inside his Dantian.

While the medicinal power of the 'Strength Void Pill' had been completely absorbed.

"Once I've completely digested the medicinal power of the 'Refining Void Fruit', I should be able to break through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Third Layer', or even higher, in a short time!"

Wyatt opened his eyes, a gleam flashing within.

"My mental strength has also broken through a level following my cultivation breakthrough... Now, my mental strength is still two levels higher than my cultivation. Fourth level of the Peep Naught Realm."

A smile appeared on Wyatt's face.

There's no denying, the gains from this were considerable.

"Squeak~~"

A squeak sounded in his ear, causing Wyatt to notice that Little Gold had somehow woken up.

"Wyatt brother, I'm hungry, I'm hungry..."

The urgency in Little Gold's condensed Origin Force was incomparable.

Wyatt shook his head and chuckled, stepping out of bed he opened the door, heading out into the courtyard, "I'm going to get them to prepare a feast for us... Come to think of it, I'm also hungry."

Whoosh!

Little Gold turned into a beam of golden light, finding a comfortable perch on Wyatt's shoulder.

In a while, Wyatt and Little Gold were enjoying a delightful feast.

By then, Wyatt had also asked the staff about the time.

The answer he received was beyond what Wyatt had expected, "I've actually been cultivating for ten days? Which means I can go out again now."

Immediately, Wyatt thought of Artifact Refiner Guild President Brendan Rowan.

According to his agreement with Brendan Rowan, he would pay a visit every month to offer his instructions on artifact refinement.

"Little Gold, hurry up and finish eating, we're going to go out for a stroll."

Wyatt said to Little Gold.

"Squeak, squeak~~"

Little Gold nodded excitedly, gulping down the food voraciously.

In a short while, it had finished off two servings of food.

Soon after, Wyatt left the 'Dragon Phoenix Academy' with Little Gold.

This time, Wyatt felt invigorated.

Not only because his cultivation and mental strength had broken through, but also because he found out that no one was following him...

"There's still plenty of time, let's take a walk around the Imperial City."

Wyatt understood.

Right now, the two elders from the Protector of the Green Forest Three Sects had been trapped by him in the 'Inscription Formation'.

The people from the Green Forest Three Sects shouldn't make any major moves against him anytime soon.

So he was careless.

"Squeak, squeak~~"

Suddenly, Little Gold squeaked and asked curiously with condensed Origin Force, "Brother Wyatt, what is this place? It smells so good..."

Little Gold stood on Wyatt's shoulder, beaming with interest as it took in the luxurious architecture before it.

Wyatt glanced and saw the three big words on the sign:

Spring Night Pavilion!

At present, at the entrance of the 'Spring Night Pavilion', a gaggle of brightly dolled-up women were continually beckoning passing pedestrians.

Their targets all had one thing in common.

They were all men!

Naturally, Wyatt figured out what this place was.

This was the 'Flower Market', a 'land of frolic and merriment' for men.

'Spring Night Pavilion'... this name is indeed quite similar to the 'Spring Breeze Pavilion' from Blackarmor City."

A look of reminiscence appeared on Wyatt's face.

Back then, when he was still in the Aurora City of Crimson Heaven Kingdom,

He joined the Genius Camp of the Iron Blood Army to compete for a spot at the Sacred Martial Arts Academy.

During his days in the Genius Camp, he had braved numerous tests.

Finally, the last test he faced was to disrupt the relationship between the Blackarmor Army and the Lian Clan in the neighboring Blackarmor City.

It was through exploiting the fondness for sensual pleasure of the only son of the Blackarmor Army Commander, that he managed to complete the task successfully.

"Genius Camp..."

Wyatt couldn't help but sigh.

Recalling the events of yesteryears felt like it was just yesterday.

But in reality, many years had passed.

"Young master, are you here for some fun? You're so handsome, I'll not only not charge you, but I'll even pay you. How about it?"

A woman dolled up in heavy makeup walked out of the Spring Night Pavilion and approached Wyatt, attempting to take his hand with a coquettish smile.

Wyatt furrowed his brows and stepped aside, avoiding the woman.

"Hmph! If you're not here for fun, stop loitering around the entrance of our Spring Night Pavilion. Get lost!"

The woman pouted and scoffed.

Without planning to argue with her, Wyatt turned around and prepared to leave.

Just then.

Whoosh!

Wyatt heard a sharp gust of wind coming from behind him.

Then.

Slap!

A crisp slap resounded.

"Mr...Master Holland, you...why did you hit me?"

Simultaneously, Wyatt heard the voice of the previously arrogant woman.



Yet now, her voice humbly revealed her subservience.

"You dare to mock him, knowing who he is? You, a lowly wench, dare to mock him?"

A familiar voice then reached Wyatt's ears.

Upon hearing this voice, Wyatt, who had been about to depart, paused and turned around.

At a single glance, he saw Young Master Sword, 'Handmi Holland', his dress in disarray.

At present, a woman, with a beautiful and delicate profile, was clinging onto Young Master Sword.

This woman was far more attractive than the heavily made-up one.

The heavily made-up woman's face drastically changed upon hearing Master Sword's words.

"Young Master Sword, who is this young master? I'm rather curious."

The woman, arms wrapped around Handmi Holland's neck and clinging onto him, asked softly with a breath as sweet as orchid.

"His surname is Barnes, what do you think?"

Young Master Sword lowered his head and kissed the woman on the cheek.

"Barnes?"

"Does that mean he's the genius disciple 'Wyatt Barnes' from the Seven Stars Sword Clan? The martial artist universally recognized as the most monstrous talent to ever exist in our Green Forest Royal Country?" The woman froze for an instant, before asking in astonishment.

"Yes."

Young Master Sword lightly nodded his head, and then turned to Wyatt, "Wyatt Barnes, since you've come to the entrance of Spring Night Pavilion, why not join us inside? I'll cover the expenses. How about it?"

Wyatt just smiled lightly, "Young Master Sword, I appreciate your offer. I'm not very fond of such places..."

Hearing this, Young Master Sword gave Wyatt a deep look.

His gaze then fell on Wyatt's lower abdomen, and he asked with suggestive undertones, "Wyatt Barnes, don't tell me... you're impotent?"

"Get lost!"

Wyatt annoyed, retorted back: "It's you who are impotent! Be a bit more moderate, or else you might exhaust your body and hamper your cultivation..."

Having said that, Wyatt turned around and left, ignoring Young Master Sword.

Nevertheless, this unexpected encounter inadvertently bridged the gap between the two of them.

The heavily made-up woman trembled with fear upon finding out Wyatt's identity.

She was but a simple prostitute, yet she had heard the buzz going around the Imperial City lately.

'Wyatt Barnes', previously a Seven Stars Sword Clan's genius disciple, had secured first place in the Dragon Phoenix Academy's first trial and obtained a Spirit Fruit coveted by the 'Peep Naught Realm Warriors'.

A big shot like that could sentence her to death with a single word.

Seeing Wyatt leaving without taking any note of her.

Bang!

She could no longer maintain her composure, collapsing on the ground, her pale face regaining some color.

The surrounding onlookers reacted soon after.

"So he was the 'Wyatt Barnes'!"

"Indeed, the universally acknowledged 'Number One Genius' of our Green Forest Royal Country is so young!"

...

A group of people watched as Wyatt left.

Only dispersing gradually after Wyatt's figure disappeared from their sight.

"Pretty lady, let's continue!"

Master Sword, holding the woman in his arms, passionately kissed her, and they soared into the air back into the Spring Night Pavilion.

The entrance of Spring Night Pavilion calmed down once again.

"Get lost! After today, you're no longer welcome at our Spring Night Pavilion."

Just then, a stern-looking madam walked out of the Spring Night Pavilion, her face ugly as she harshly reprimanded the woman in heavy makeup collapsed on the floor, "Here is your 'deed of sale', now scram... consider it my bad luck!"

Clearly, the madam was worried that Wyatt would seek retribution.

The woman, looking at the deed of sale in her hands, was stunned for a moment.

She had never thought that she would stumble into good fortune amidst adversity!

For years, her greatest wish had been to earn enough money to buy her freedom.

Yet.

The money she had saved until now had been woefully inadequate.

Today, a gigantic pie fell into her lap out of nowhere.

Under the many strange gazes fixed on her, the heavily made-up woman knelt on the ground, paying respect toward the end of the street with three deep, respectful bows.

Only she knew why she was bowing and to whom she was bowing.

Of all this, Wyatt had no knowledge.

After walking around for the morning and then having lunch in a restaurant, Wyatt once again arrived at the 'Artifact Refiners Guild Headquarters.'

The same attractive woman again respectfully led Wyatt to the third floor.

"Sir, please go in yourself."

The attractive woman respectfully bid Wyatt before she left, swaying her ample body.

Wyatt nodded his head, lifted the curtain to the third floor, and stepped inside.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

The moment Wyatt walked in, he heard an astonished voice coming from inside.

### Chapter 533: Young Master Mad's Shock

Wyatt Barnes was certain, even though he had only heard the voice but not seen the person.

The owner of the voice was not the Chairman of the National Artifact Refiners Association of the Green Forest Empire, Brendan Rowan.

It was a voice of a young man.

And in that moment, Wyatt Barnes found the voice eerily familiar.

When Wyatt Barnes looked up, he saw a familiar silhouette.

"Young Master Mad?"

Upon seeing the young man in front of him, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but be surprised.

The one standing in front of him was no other.

It was Young Master Mad, 'Alfonso Rowan', the man who was a fellow student in the Inner Hall of the Dragon Phoenix Academy with him.

At the same time, he was the leader of the 'Five Great Young Masters' of the Green Forest Empire.

Wyatt Barnes never expected to run into Alfonso Rowan here.

"Rowan.....Brendan Rowan.....Could it be....."

Wyatt Barnes felt a stir in his heart and couldn't help but speculate.

"Wyatt Barnes, why are you here? Are you here to ask my grandfather to refine a 'Sixth Grade Spiritual Artifact'?"

After surprise wore off, Young Master Mad curiously asked.

"No."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head.

It seemed that his speculation was correct.

Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan' was indeed the grandson of the Chairman of the National Artifact Refiners Association of the Green Forest Empire, Brendan Rowan.

"The grandson of the Chairman of the National Artifact Refiners Association...in Green Forest Empire, his status is no lower than that of Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham'!"

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham', was the third son of the current Emperor of the Green Forest Empire, the Third Prince.

In the Green Forest Empire, he held a lofty status.

However, the Artifact Refiners Association was an organization independent from the control of the Green Forest Empire.

Brendan Rowan, as the Chairman of the National Alchemists Association of the Green Forest Empire, even the Emperor of the Green Forest Empire had to treat him with respect and dare not show any neglect.

"No?"

Young Master Mad was taken aback, "Then you came to find my grandfather because..."

"Master, you've arrived!"

Just then, an elderly voice came from the inner room.

Soon after, an elderly man with a vibrant spirit came out and respectfully bowed to Wyatt Barnes.

Young Master Mad on the side was completely dumbfounded.

His grandpa was bowing to Wyatt Barnes?

Moreover, addressing Wyatt Barnes as 'Master'?

This...

At that moment, Alfonso Rowan felt like his mind could not keep up.

If Wyatt Barnes were an old man with white hair, he might not be so surprised.

But Wyatt Barnes was a young man who was even younger than himself!

"Chairman Rowan."

Wyatt Barnes responded with a smile.

This scene, happening before the eyes of Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan', left him dumbfounded.

His grandpa, the Chairman of the National Artifact Refiners Association of the Green Forest Empire, was bowing to a young man who was not even twenty-five years old.

He already found it to be beyond comprehension.

Now, the target of his grandpa's bow, this scarily young man, actually accepted all of it with ease?

Who could tell him what the heck was happening?

He was about to go mad with anxiety!

"Alfonso!"

Seeing Alfonso Rowan standing dazed on the side, Brendan Rowan frowned and said sternly, "Are you not going to come and show respect to the master?"

"Grandpa.....are you mistaken? He, like me, is only a student of Dragon Phoenix Academy, how could he be a master?"

Alfonso Rowan said with a bitter smile.

Slap!

To his surprise, no sooner had Alfonso Rowan finished speaking, Brendan Rowan seemed to transform into wind, appeared next to Young Master Mad, and slapped him on the back of his head.

"Ah!"

Alfonso Rowan cried out in pain.

"Bow!"

Brendan Rowan's eyes became fierce, causing Alfonso Rowan to shiver uncontrollably.

For the first time in his life, he had seen his grandpa this stern.



Even though he did not understand what was happening, he knew that if he continued to defy his grandpa, he would definitely not have a good ending.

"Mas...Master."

In the end, Alfonso Rowan gritted his teeth and nodded towards Wyatt Barnes as a token of respect.

"This is your idea of a bow?"

Brendan Rowan's voice then came timely with an added sternness.

Frightened, Alfonso Rowan shivered again, and hurriedly bowed in earnest towards Wyatt Barnes, "Master."

Watching the scene in front of him, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but find it both funny and annoying.

"Master, I apologize for my grandson's rudeness, I hope you won't take it to heart."

Brendan Rowan looked at Wyatt Barnes with an apologetic expression.

"Chairman Rowan, no need to be so formal... as Young Master Mad has said, I am like him, only a student of the Dragon Phoenix Academy. From now on, we will just go our own ways."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and smiled.

"Master, this kid is no match for you. It's not worthy for you to call him 'Young Master Mad'... you can just call him 'Little Alfonso'."

Brendan Rowan respectfully spoke to Wyatt Barnes.

Alfonso Rowan stood on the side with a helpless and bitter smile on his face.

"Wyatt Barnes, what have you done to my grandpa? Why do I have a sudden feeling that he's gone senile?"

Into Wyatt Barnes's ear, the slightly helpless voice of Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan' resounded.

"Your grandpa is not senile, he's very clear-headed."

Wyatt Barnes responded seriously.

"This is still called clear-headed?"

Upon hearing these words, the corner of Alfonso Rowan's mouth twitched, but he didn't dare to utter a word.

In the end, Wyatt Barnes demonstrated everything with his actions.

Hiss!

With Wyatt Barnes lifting his palm, his palm ignited a wisp of blue flame...

The blue flame was furious and restive, as if it could incinerate everything!

"Blu... Blue flames? Is this... Is this the 'Fourth-Class Flame'?!"

As Alfonso Rowan saw Wyatt's 'Fourth-Class Flame', he was utterly dumbfounded, finding it hard to believe that what was happening right in front of him was real.

It wasn't until Wyatt put away the flame that Alfonso came to his senses.

Now, he finally understood!

No wonder his grandfather respected Wyatt so deeply, even addressing him as 'Grandmaster'.

It turned out that Wyatt was not only a talented martial artist, but also a fourth-grade Artifact Refiner capable of condensing a 'Fourth-Class Flame'...

A Fourth-Class Artifact Refiner!

Just thinking about it made his heart quiver.

As the grandson of Brendan Rowan, he naturally understood the challenges of the craft of refining.

Even he himself had been unable to venture into the field of refining due to his lack of talent for it.

It had always been a regret in his life.

"Not even twenty-five years old, possessing the cultivation of 'Peep Naught Realm'... His achievements in alchemy are nothing short of against the heavens! A fourth-class Artifact Refiner... I find it hard to believe."

Alfonso's emotions were turbulent, and they took a long time to settle.

The shock Wyatt had brought to him was simply too great.

"Let's get started..."

Soon, Alfonso heard Wyatt's voice.

And he found out that with Wyatt's words, his grandfather, the president of the Alchemist Guild in the Royal Country, stood by like an obedient student, quietly listening to Wyatt's explanation of the Art of Refining.

Even though he was clueless about the matter.

However, he could see that his grandfather was deeply engrossed in listening.

Not just that, his grandfather even raised questions from time to time.

And Wyatt, each time, could quickly answer his grandfather's questions, making things clear to him.

"It's crazy... The world must be crazy! How could such an unfathomable thing occur."

At this moment, all Alfonso could feel was disorientation.

How could this world give birth to such a 'monster' like Wyatt...

If it could be said that before this day, he still carried the ambition to compete with Wyatt.

Now he was just feeling powerless.

Wyatt, surpassing him in martial talent, and his accomplishments in refining were even untouchable for his most respected grandfather.

Fourth-Class Artifact Refiner!

Generally speaking, such figures only existed in large dynasties.

But now, one appeared right before his eyes in the Royal Country...

Most importantly, Wyatt was a man not even twenty-five years old...

An afternoon's time quickly passed.

"You have a good understanding, but it's a pity you didn't have a 'Master' to guide you and have taken quite a few detours... I can guarantee that within half a year, you will become a 'Fifth-Class Artifact Refiner'!"

As Wyatt said to Honor Barnes.

Honor responded humbly: "It's all due to your excellent guidance, Master."

"Alright, it's getting late. I should be going."

Wyatt bid farewell to Honor, turned around, and prepared to leave.

"Alfonso, accompany Wyatt back to the 'Dragon Phoenix Academy'... When you're at the academy, remember to listen to Wyatt! If I hear that you dare disrespect him, I won't let you off easily."

Brendan looked at Alfonso and gave him instructions.

His tone hardened as he spoke.

"Understood, grandfather."

Alfonso responded with a wry smile.

On their way back.

"Young Master Mad, I do hope that the fact I'm a 'Fourth-Class Artifact Refiner' won't be spread around."

Wyatt slowly said.

"Don't worry, I'm not a talkative person... And from now on, stop calling me 'Young Master Mad'. Otherwise, if my grandfather finds out, he'd probably break my legs immediately."

Alfonso responded with a look of helplessness towards the end.

He was afraid of nothing, except his respected grandfather.

"Not calling you 'Young Master Mad'?"

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, a hint of a smile curling at the edges of his mouth, "How about I call you 'Little Alfonso' from now on? It sounds quite nice."

Frustrated, Alfonso retorted, "Can you just address me by my name?"

"Why? You have a problem with it?"

With a deep look, Wyatt responded, "Do you need me to bring this up to your grandfather?"

Hearing these words, Alfonso went silent; he was at a loss for words and, quite frankly, cowed.

"Wyatt, ten days ago, you took the 'Refining Naught Fruit'. By now, you should have broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Second Layer', right? How about a duel between us?"

With the 'Dragon Phoenix Academy' in sight, Alfonso challenged Wyatt for a duel.

"I'm ready anytime."

Wyatt shrugged his shoulders, his face full of nonchalance.

Then, the two of them entered the Dragon Phoenix Academy

They found a vacant field in the Academy, and stared each other down.

"Let's agree on this beforehand... you, can't use your 'Demonic Method'."

Before they started, Alfonso added another condition.

"Demonic Method?"

Wyatt asked, baffled.

"The ability you used ten days ago that left the horse thief leader in a daze."

Alfonso explained.

Finally catching onto what the young man was implying, Wyatt realized that Alfonso was referring to Little Gold's 'Soul Technique'.

"Even if I don't use the 'Demonic Method', do you think you can match me after my breakthrough?"

Wyatt simply laughed.

"Whether I can match you or not, we will know once we fight!"

A strong sense of confidence arose on Alfonso's face.

At the same time, he stepped forward, his Origin Force rampant and booming around him.

It was like a flicker of flame surging...

Whoosh!

Above the void, the shadows of four thousand ancient giant elephants solidified into existence.

Chapter 534: I am that Fool

"Peep Naught Realm third layer!"

Looking at the 'Four Thousand Ancient Giant Elephant Shadows' hovering above Alfonso Rowan's head, Wyatt Barnes' pupils constricted.

Has Alfonso Rowan... broken through?

Right after...

Whoosh!

Accompanying the Origin Force floating around Alfonso Rowan, a faint red aura appeared.

Another two hundred shadows of ancient giant elephants were added to the void above...

It was Alfonso Rowan's newly gained insight into the 'Emerging Fire Momentum'!

At this moment, Alfonso Rowan was darting about like flames spreading rapidly, sweeping towards Wyatt, as if he meant to reduce Wyatt to ashes.

Whoosh!

When Alfonso Rowan was near Wyatt, he abruptly raised his hand.

A long spear appeared in his hand, accompanied by unruly Origin Force and intertwined fire Momentum. It looked like a dragon emerging from its abode, fiercely rushing towards Wyatt.

Another one thousand five hundred shadows of ancient giant elephants appeared in the void.

Apparently, the long spear in Alfonso Rowan's hand was a 'Rank-6 Spirit Spear'!

As soon as Alfonso Rowan swung his spear, he arrived close to Wyatt. With a shock running through the body of the spear, the tip swarmed out like raindrops.



Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Starry sparks covered the sky, decorating the void. In the blink of an eye, they seemed to turn into shooting stars, all sweeping towards Wyatt.

Alfonso Rowan was going all in, using his spirit weapon and fire momentum.

His strength was equivalent to that of fifty-seven hundred ancient giant elephants.

On going all-out, Alfonso Rowan felt exhilarated.

Now as his body moved with the spear, a hint of a smile appeared on the corners of his mouth, as if he had already seen the scene of his victory over Wyatt.

"Impressive spear technique... Unfortunately, it's too fancy. It's dissipating a lot of power."

At this moment, Wyatt spoke.

As Wyatt was speaking, the 'Purple Emperor Soft Sword' appeared in his hand.

Origin Force was pervasive within. The 'Half-Stepped Wind Momentum' and the 'Half-Stepped Thunder Momentum' were then infused into it.

The next moment, Wyatt's gaze turned cold.

Sword Drawing Technique!

Wyatt stood still, raising his hand. His hand and the sword in it disappeared from Alfonso's vision in a flash.

"So fast!"

Alfonso's pupils constricted.

At that moment, Alfonso saw clearly that above Wyatt's head in the void, there appeared...

Fifty-eight hundred shadows of ancient giant elephants!

The power contained in Wyatt's sword was even more than the force of his all-out spear attack by one hundred ancient giant elephant shadows.

Instantly, Alfonso's pupils contracted, and a bitter feeling arose in his heart.

Only then did he remember,

Wyatt, aside from being a martial arts prodigy and genius, was also a highly talented 'Grade 4 Artifact Refiner'.

Obviously, the sword Wyatt was using now was a 'Grade 4 Spirit Sword'!

"Currently, Wyatt Barnes' cultivation is at the 'Peep Naught Realm's second layer', and without the use of the 'Grade 4 Spirit Sword' or any 'Momentum', he can exert the force of 3,000 ancient giant elephant shadows... Once he uses 'Momentum', his power increases by an extra 1,000 ancient giant elephant shadows!"

"Which means, Wyatt, while not using any spirit weapon and fully exerting his strength, could only exert the power equivalent to that of 'four thousand ancient giant elephant shadows'. But now..."

Looking at the 5,800 ancient giant elephant shadows in the void, Alfonso's mouth began to twitch.

The Grade 4 Spirit Sword in Wyatt's hand increased his force by '1,800 ancient giant elephant shadows'!

"Considering the base of 3,000 ancient giant elephant shadows and an increase of 1,800, if I calculate backwards, Wyatt's Grade 4 Spirit Sword can 'boost the power by 60%'?"

Alfonso was stunned.

All these thoughts, occurred within a split second.

When Alfonso woke from his thoughts, he had a serious expression on his face.

The 'Rank-6 Spirit Spear' in his hand was surrounded by Origin Force running rampant, and the fire momentum roared...

The tip of the spear quickly flicked out, turning into a meteor shower that filled the sky.

But even so, he still felt somewhat insecure.

Whoosh!

The piercing sound of a sword's cry, cutting through the air, and drawing a flower of swords in the air.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

...

The places where the sword light passed, the harsh sound of metal collisions continued to ring out.

It was Wyatt's Grade 4 Spirit Sword, floating in mid-air making a circle, and effortlessly blocked Alfonso's potshots with the spear.

The sword light kept circling back, so fast that it was horrifying.

"Wyatt, face my spear!"

Noticing that his spear technique was easily blocked, Alfonso yelled, his spear went out like fire, and he stabbed ferociously at Wyatt.

Whoosh!

The tearing sound exploded, whipping up unending air explosions.

"Bring it on!"

Wyatt's eyebrows shot up, his hand raised, and the Purple Emperor Soft Sword in his hand suddenly thrust out to meet Alfonso's spear tip.

At the same time, the Origin Force on Wyatt's Purple Emperor Soft Sword trembled violently.

Extreme Trembling Power!

Although the Extreme Trembling Power was equivalent to the power of a mere one hundred ancient giant elephant shadows,

in such a situation, it had a huge impact.

After all, the power on Wyatt's sword currently only surpassed the force on Alfonso's spear by the power of 'one hundred ancient giant elephant shadows'.

Although he would definitely be able to overpower Alfonso in a head-on collision.

However, given that Alfonso Rowan's strength was not far off from his own, even if Alfonso were defeated by him, he would undoubtedly be injured.

Now, by using 'Extreme Trembling Power', he could not only cushion the onslaught from Alfonso, but also resolve their battle as quickly as possible.

Whoosh!

As the sword whistled, it emitted a succession of 'humming' sounds in unison with the 'Extreme Trembling Power'.

Finally, his sword met Rowan's spear.

The clashing of the sword tip and spear tip generated an ear-piercing clash, sparking a trail of sparks.

Clang!

With a shake of Wyatt Barnes' hand, the Purple Emperor Soft Sword fiercely lifted and collided with the spear that Rowan was holding.

All of a sudden, Alfonso's complexion changed drastically. Acting swiftly, he dropped the spear from his hold.

At that moment, his own spirit weapon posed as much threat as a wild beast in a flood to him.

And as for Alfonso Rowan's spear-holding hand, the skin of his tiger's mouth was cracked open, blood trickling down.

"Such terrifying delivery of force..."

Reminiscing the spectacle earlier, Alfonso Rowan could still feel his heart pounding.

Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force was stronger than his, although not by much. He had the strength to fight head-on.

But just now, the Origin Force that Wyatt Barnes had unleashed carried an extremely terrifying trembling power, completely tearing his Origin Force apart.

There's more to it.

The trembling power carried by Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force was capable of affecting the flesh and bones of his entire body, including his internal organs.

He believed that had he not resolutely thrown away his sixth-grade spiritual spear, his hand would have been ruined.

"Wyatt Barnes, what kind of technique is that?"

After putting away his sixth-grade spiritual spear, Rowan looked at Wyatt Barnes with palpable anxiety.

Wyatt Barnes just smiled enigmatically without responding.

After sheathing the Purple Emperor Soft Sword, he moved towards the Inner Hall.

Alfonso watched as Wyatt's figure receded, his gaze growing increasingly complex.

Upon reaching the Inner Hall, Wyatt Barnes conversed with Vice Dean Pond, who was standing like a watchtower outside the small house:

"Vice Dean Pond, I've spoken to that Fourth Grade Artifact Refiner... He can help you craft a 'Fourth-grade Spirit Arm Gauntlet' based upon your 'Six-grade Spirit Arm Gauntlet'."

"What materials are required?"

Vice Dean Pond inquired, visibly excited.

"Compared to sharp weapon spirits like blades and swords, gauntlets require rarer materials. As the senior mentioned, upgrading your 'Sixth-grade Spirit Arm Gauntlet' to a 'Fourth-grade Armament' requires..."

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath, and listed seven kinds of materials.

He deliberately mentioned more materials.

Because he planned to craft a fourth-grade attacking spirit weapon for himself that can complement his 'Wind Thunder Finger' move.

"I shall gather these materials as soon as I can."

Vice Dean Pond responded, his voice charged with excitement.

Initially, Wyatt estimated that it would take Vice Dean Pond at least several months to gather these materials.

A month later,

When Wyatt saw the seven types of materials in the 'Storage Ring' handed to him by Vice Dean Pond, he was momentarily taken aback.

"Vice Dean Pond, where did you find these materials? Three of these seven types are extremely rare..."

Wyatt looked at Vice Dean Pond, somewhat doltishly.

Vice Dean Pond smiled, "Don't forget, apart from being the Vice Dean of the Dragon Phoenix Academy, I hold another identity."

Upon hearing this, a moment of realization washed over Wyatt Barnes.

Besides being the Vice Dean of the Dragon Phoenix Academy, Vice Dean Pond was also one of the five major Sacrificial Officers of the Venus Imperial Family.

Vice Dean Pond must have utilized the power of the imperial family to find these materials.

Or perhaps, he ransacked the treasury in the palace.

"Vice Dean Pond, I need to leave Dragon Phoenix Academy now, to get the senior to help craft your 'Fourth-grade Spirit Weapon'."

After bidding Vice Dean Pond farewell, Wyatt Barnes made his exit.

Of course, he wasn't actually going to look for a senior.

Instead, he went straight to the Headquarter of the Alchemists' Guild.

Upon reaching the third floor, he addressed Brendan Rowan bluntly, "I am prepping to craft two 'Fourth-grade Spirit Weapons'...You can observe from the side."

Hearing this, Brendan Rowan's eyes lit up, and his face flushed with excitement.

Finally, he got to watch the master craft 'Fourth-grade Spirit Weapons' again!

Soon, Wyatt Barnes took out the 'Sixth-grade Spirit Arm Gauntlet' Vice Dean Pond had given him.

Wyatt Barnes did not rush into crafting but looked at Brendan Rowan and asked, "Can you pinpoint any prominent shortcomings in this sixth-grade spirit weapon?"

Upon hearing this, Brendan Rowan's gaze fell onto the 'Gauntlet' in Wyatt's hand.

In a split second, his pupils contracted imperceptibly.

However, Wyatt Barnes did not notice this.

"Brendan is dull, please advise, Master."

Brendan Rowan looked at Wyatt respectfully.



Wyatt Barnes commented nonchalantly, "This sixth-grade Spirit Weapon 'Arm Gauntlet' is made of superior materials. With basic artifact-refining skills, it is easy to enhance its power by '30%'."

"Regrettably, the artifact refiner who crafted this Spirit Weapon 'Arm gauntlet' is too idiotic! How could the 'Thousand Years Ice Silkworm Thread' be wrapped in the 'Extreme Cold Golden Thread'... This is such a waste of resources!"

Wyatt Barnes frowned and said, "For this Spirit Weapon 'Arm Gauntlet', all that's needed is to bring out the property of 'Thousand Years Ice Silkworm Thread', and it will be effortless to enhance the power by '30%'."

"So stupid! Way too stupid! If the artifact refiner who crafted this Spirit 'Arm Gauntlet' were in front of me, I would scold him 'idiot' without hesitation."

As he spoke, Wyatt continued to shake his head.

"Master..."

At this moment, Brendan Rowan looked at Wyatt Barnes, opening his mouth as though wanting to say something, but then closing it again.

"Uh?"

Wyatt Barnes looked puzzled, unsure what Brendan was trying to say.

"Master, I... I am that idiot."

Brendan Rowan revealed with a bitter smile.

Chapter 535: Prison Arena

Wyatt Barnes's mouth twitched slightly in embarrassment.

He never expected the sixth-rank spirit tool gauntlet of the Dragon Phoenix Academy Vice Principal, Millon Pond, to be crafted by Brendan Rowan, the president of the Artifact Refiner's Guild of the Green Forest Royal Country.

"Master, you're crafting a 'fourth-rank spirit tool' for Millon Pond?"

Brendan Rowan took a deep breath, his eyes showing a hint of envy.

Wyatt Barnes nodded, "Yes, I owe him a favor."

A favor!

Brendan Rowan suddenly understood.

Although he was curious about what favor Wyatt Barnes owed to Millon Pond, he knew what to ask and what not to ask.

"Let's start."

Wyatt Barnes nodded at Brendan Rowan and then started his movements.

The mysterious artifact refining technique was effortlessly executed...

With divine aid.

For Brendan Rowan's sake, he deliberately slowed down.

Shortly after, Wyatt Barnes took out various materials, including the seven types that Millon Pond had gathered for him.

"Is this the 'Millennium Icy'? Is this 'Ten-thousand-year Turtle Shell'? Is this..."

As the president of the Artifact Refiner's Guild of Green Forest Royal Country, Brendan Rowan had a unique vision and quickly recognized these rare materials.

"It seems that old Millon Pond took a lot of trouble to make this fourth-rank spirit tool!" Brendan Rowan muttered internally.

Brendan Rowan quickly regained his composure and watched Wyatt Barnes refining the artifact.

After spending a whole morning, Wyatt Barnes finally finished crafting the 'fourth-rank spirit tool gauntlet', fulfilling his promise to Millon Pond.

Whoosh!

The moment Wyatt Barnes put on the gauntlet and unleashed his Origin Force...

Overhead, 4,800 virtual images of ancient giant elephants took shape, looking vivid and lifelike.

"Again, it has amplified '60%!'"

Seeing this, Brendan Rowan's pupils narrowed.

Wyatt Barnes nodded his head satisfactorily, as he finally fulfilled his promise to Millon Pond.

Then, Wyatt Barnes took off the gauntlet and put a light blue finger ring on his right ring finger...

This was not a storage ring.

It was a 'fourth-rank spirit tool' that Wyatt Barnes had crafted for himself.

All of a sudden.

Wind Thunder Finger!

Wyatt Barnes raised his hand, and a 'Wind Thunder Finger' was formed, shooting through the window of the third floor into the void outside.

Above his head, 5,800 images of ancient giant elephants materialized.

The reason he could command '1,000 more ancient giant elephant forces' than before was because Wyatt Barnes simultaneously used the 'Half-step Micro Momentum Wind' and 'Half-step Micro Thunder'.

"Is this an attack spirit tool?"

Brendan Rowan was flabbergasted.

He had clearly seen Wyatt Barnes craft the ring earlier.

He initially thought it was just a 'storage ring'.

Who would have guessed that it was actually an attack spirit tool, and another fourth-rank one that could amplify by '60%'!

Wyatt Barnes rotated the blue ring on his finger with satisfaction, a smile on his face.

In the afternoon, Wyatt Barnes continued to guide Brendan Rowan in the art of artifact refining.

Brendan Rowan's improvement was unprecedented.

At dusk, with much reluctance, Brendan Rowan saw Wyatt Barnes off at the stairwell of the third floor, "Master, I hope you have a safe journey."

Wyatt Barnes gave him a nod.

He left the Alchemist Guild and returned to Dragon Phoenix Academy.

In the following days, besides practicing at the Dragon Phoenix Academy, Wyatt Barnes would leave the academy every month to guide Brendan Rowan in the path of artifact refining at the Alchemist Guild...

The rest of his time was spent on various cultivation tasks released by Dragon Phoenix Academy.

Wyatt Barnes invariably ranked first in every task released by Dragon Phoenix Academy!

Unfortunately, none of the tasks that the Dragon Phoenix Academy subsequently released had rewards like the 'Refining Void Fruit'.

Wyatt Barnes exchanged all the points he accumulated for various materials.

As for techniques, martial arts, spirit tools, or Pill Medicines, he didn't need any.

Time flies.

Before he knew it, it was only half a month away from the 'Battle of the Geniuses' in the Green Forest Royal Country.

In half a month, the 'Battle of the Geniuses' in the Green Forest Royal Country will begin.

At that time, the top five in the 'Battle of the Geniuses' will be granted the opportunity to go to the Imperial City of the 'Black Stone Empire' to compete with the imperial youth and talents from various major royal countries.

If they can stand out in the Black Stone Empire, they can proceed to the 'Great Turdo Dynasty' and compete for the chance to participate in the 'Decennial Martial Competition'!

To the north of the Green Forest Royal Capital, there is a vast field.

This field looks like a sunken valley.

Surrounding the valley, there are neatly arranged rows of seats, which are the 'audience seats'.

Now, the spectator stands are full of people.

On the flat ground of the valley, there is a huge custom-made iron cage, enveloping the entire valley within.

Within the iron cage, two figures can be vaguely seen flickering.

Now, three figures appeared on the staircase leading outside the spectator area.

"Prison Battle Arena?"

A young man in a purple outfit raised an eyebrow, "What is special about this Prison Battle Arena?"

"Squeak~~"

Now, the little golden mouse standing on the shoulder of the purple-clad young man was also interested in the other two figures.

These two, one carrying a sheathed sword, the other looking heroic.

The two had one thing in common.

Both were young men in their early thirties.

"Wyatt Barnes, the Arena of Convicts is a place filled with passion that can cultivate courage."

The youth with the sheathed sword smiled faintly.

"That's right! I believe that you will grow to love it."

The valiant youth nodded in agreement.

"Are you two playing coy?"

The purple-clothed youth was indeed Wyatt Barnes.

Today, he was dragged here by Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan' and Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland'.

"Wyatt Barnes, once you climb to the highest step, you will naturally understand what 'the Arena of Convicts' is."

Rowan laughed.

Wyatt Barnes nodded, quickening his pace slightly.

At this moment, his curiosity was piqued by Rowan and Holland's hints.

The Arena of Convicts!

What could it possibly be?

Deep inside, Wyatt Barnes was filled with anticipation.

Before even reaching the top of the stairs, he began to hear the cacophonous voices.

Filled with curiosity, Wyatt Barnes finally ascended to the top of the stairs.

With just one glance, he saw.

At present, countless figures were either seated or standing, their backs turned towards him.

And these people were currently focused on the scene before them, with many standing up from their seats in excitement, yelling at the top of their lungs.

"Kill him!"

"Kill him!"

...

The raging cries were nearly infectious.

Wyatt Barnes looked up.

He realized at that moment, an immense circular arena was laid out before him.

In this large circular arena, there were many gaps where stairs led into the center.

On both sides of these stairs, there were boundless 'spectator seats'.

The scene before him reminded Wyatt Barnes of the 'bull-fighting arenas' he had seen in his past life on Earth, in Spain...

However, even those 'bull-fighting arenas' were nowhere near as bustling as this place.

"This is the 'Arena of Convicts'."

Rowan's voice came into Wyatt Barnes's ear.

Wyatt Barnes could only exclaim, "So many people."



The number of people sitting in the spectator seats was, at the very least, in tens of thousands.

Even the bustling markets of the Imperial City didn't present such a magnificent sight.

"I've been in the Imperial City for almost a year now, and I had no idea this place existed."

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but sigh.

Of course, this was because every month he left the 'Dragon Phoenix Academy', he immediately went to the Artifact Refiner's Guild to instruct 'Brendan Rowan' on artifact refinement.

Brendan Rowan essentially monopolized the only time he was allowed to leave the academy each month.

Otherwise, Wyatt Barnes would have long since thoroughly explored the Imperial City.

He wouldn't have been unaware of this 'Arena of Convicts' existence.

"Hehe... this Arena of Convicts is this lively every day."

Handmi Holland suggested, "Let's go find a seat."

Then under Holland's lead, Wyatt and Rowan closely followed.

For nearly a year, Wyatt and 'Alfonso Rowan' had become friends.

As for Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland', he had a straightforward personality and had severed ties with the former Returning Origin Sect, which resonated well with Wyatt.

Therefore, he was now considered a friend of Wyatt too.

In the time Wyatt had spent in the Royal Country, he had only made these two friends.

Wyatt and his friends walked down the stairs in the spectator area.

At this moment, Wyatt could finally appreciate the spectacle.

"What a huge cage!"

The large cage covering the entire spacious field startled Wyatt.

Soon, Wyatt saw a man and a beast fighting fiercely inside the huge cage....

The man was in a desperate struggle, having already lost an arm.

Yet, he was still fighting valiantly.

"So, this is the Arena of Convicts..."

Now, Wyatt Barnes fully understood the meaning behind the term 'Arena of Convicts'.

"I initially thought this place resembled the bull-fighting arenas back in Spain in my previous life... now it seems more like the gladiatorial arenas of ancient Rome."

A thought flashed across Wyatt's mind as he looked at the spectators.

"And these people are just like the 'nobles' of ancient Rome, watching slaves and beasts fight to the death in the gladiatorial arena. The nobles would get excited at the sight of blood, just like these people are now."

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but feel melancholic.

Although he had managed to integrate into this world, he still found it somewhat difficult to adapt to the 'slavery' system.

After all, in his previous life on Earth, people believed in equality for all.

However, he was not unfamiliar with the concept of 'slavery' in this world.

Back then, when 'Fill Bear' had been serving as the Protector of the Endless Sect and was chased by the Black Fiend Sect, he was hit by a 'Origin Lock Gu' that sealed all his Origin Force.

He had been captured and branded as a slave.

Later, Wyatt Barnes saved Fill Bear, he regained his Origin Force, and became Wyatt's follower.

Though Fill Bear was a 'slave', Wyatt had never treated him as one, offering him adequate respect.

This was the reason why Fill Bear was sincerely loyal to Wyatt.

"Fill Bear..."

Thinking of Fill Bear, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but sigh.

Chapter 536: Change

"I just hope that I can go to the 'outside territory' as soon as possible. Once I get the 'resurrection pill' from the great treasure left by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor... I will be able to help Fill Bear repair his Dantian!"

A thought passed through Wyatt Barnes' mind.

He always felt guilt about Fill Bear.

After all, it was because of him that Fill Bear's Dantian was destroyed, hence his cultivation was ruined.

He owed it to Fill Bear.

"Roar!"

A roar pulled Wyatt Barnes back to reality.

Wyatt saw it.

In the arena, the powerful Fierce Beast was continuously roaring in dominance after biting a human warrior to death.

"Is he dead?"

Looking at the mangled body of the human warrior, Wyatt furrowed his brows.

Seeming to perceive Wyatt's surprise, Alfonso Rowan explained from the side, "Once you enter the arena, whether human or beast, only one can live... One must survive for the arena fight to be over."

"Only the victor can leave the cage!"

Hearing Alfonso's words-

Wyatt frowned, "So, every single fight that takes place inside the arena involves a fight to the death?"

"You could say that."

Young Master Holland nodded slowly and said, "To the weak, this is 'Hell' ... because they could be killed by people or beasts at any moment."

Wyatt nodded.

So this is what the 'arena' is.

A place full of bloodshed and slaughter.

Of course, for those who constantly want to get stronger, this is undoubtedly the best 'touchstone'.

Those who can survive in the arena are undoubtedly the 'strong'.

Once you step into the arena, you only have one choice.

Either live or die!

"It appears that the man who was killed by the Fierce Beast just now was a 'slave'?"

Wyatt asked with curiosity.

"Yes."

Alfonso nodded, "The arena doesn't always have people willing to enter... so, when no one enters, the arena makes its captive slaves fight with Fierce Beasts and Demon Beasts, killing each other!"

"And the arena, they host gambling games, profiting from them."

Alfonso said in one breath.

Wyatt nods.

"Are there any rules in the arena?"

Wyatt asked again.

Young Master Holland explained, "Usually, the slaves or Demon beasts sent by the arena to kill each other are of equal strength... and the people on the stands, only those whose cultivation is comparable to that of the slaves, Fierce Beasts or Demon Beasts can step in and fight against the slaves, Fierce Beasts or Demon Beasts."

"Otherwise, if someone whose cultivation greatly surpasses the slaves, Fierce Beasts and Demon Beasts in the arena were to enter the 'arena', that would be a one-sided massacre, devoid of any meaning... the arena does not allow this to happen."

Young Master Holland continued.

"Hmm."

Wyatt nodded.

That rule is understandable.

Otherwise, wouldn't the arena go bankrupt?

"Moreover, those who dare to step into the 'arena', and those whose cultivation is equal to the slaves, Fierce Beasts or Demon Beasts in the arena, once they win, can get rich rewards!"

Alfonso Rowan added, "The rewards, varying for people of different cultivation levels... for instance, 'Peep Naught Warriors', if they can kill the slaves, Fierce Beasts and Demon Beasts of the same cultivation in the arena, the rewards they get are much richer than 'Original Infant Realm warriors'!"

"Also, those who enter the arena are not allowed to use any external force... it's 'any'!"

Young Master Holland added.

"Any?"

Wyatt raised his brow, "Does that mean we're not even allowed to use 'spiritual weapons'?"

"Yes."

Young Master Holland nodded.

Wyatt couldn't help but be astonished.

"After all, the slaves in the arena can't possibly use spiritual weapons to fight Fierce Beasts and Demon Beasts of the same cultivation level... in that case, it would be meaningless."

Young Master Holland continued.

Wyatt nodded his head.

Having heard what Young Master Holland said, he could understand.

"What kind of rewards are usually given?"

Wyatt asked with curiosity.

"The rewards include gold and silver, spiritual weapons, Pill Medicine, cultivation methods, martial skills, occasionally some rare materials, and 'spiritual fruit'!"

As he reached the end, Young Master Holland's eyes glowed with enthusiasm.

Spiritual fruit?

Upon hearing these words, Wyatt's eyes were also filled with desire.

"Sounds interesting."

Wyatt gave a smile.

Before they knew it, the three of them had arrived not far from the 'arena'.

At this moment, Wyatt got a clear view of the entire arena.

The arena was as wide as a football field in his previous life.

Above the expansive field, intersections of black iron formed a huge cage, sealing everything inside it.

"This is... thousand year ancient iron?"

Quickly, Wyatt recognized the material of the iron cage, causing his pupils to shrink.

Thousand year ancient iron!

Even the Peep Naught warriors would find it hard to break it open forcefully.

"This 'arena' is indeed opulent."

Wyatt couldn't help but exclaim.

"Hehe... Wyatt, this 'arena' has quite the background. It is the property of the 'Victory King', the royal brother of the current emperor!"

Young Master Holland clarified for Wyatt.

"So that's why."

Wyatt Barnes suddenly realized something.

"Eh, these seats..."



Soon after, Wyatt discovered that the audience seats closest to the 'Prison Battle Arena' were less occupied than those behind.

In a moment, he figured out why.

Just as they sat down, a middle-aged man, devoid of any expression, walked over and extended his hand towards Wyatt and his companions.

Wyatt didn't know how to respond.

Whoosh!

With a swift motion, 'Young Master Sword' Handmi Holland produced three gold tickets and handed them to the middle-aged man.

"Thirty thousand gold?"

Wyatt's eyes narrowed.

He saw it very clearly, the three gold tickets handed over by Young Master Holland were denominated in tens of thousands.

"These seats close to the 'Prison Battle Arena', due to their prime location, offer a great view... thus, a single seat is worth ten thousand gold coins," explained Alfonso Rowan, understanding Wyatt's surprise.

"One seat, ten thousand gold?"

Wyatt laughed bitterly.

In this 'Prison Battle Arena' of the Imperial City of Royal Country, gold and silver were absurdly cheap.

Just to watch a life-and-death battle, just for the seating fee, one had to spend ten thousand gold coins...

Ten thousand gold is equivalent to one million USD!

"Moreover, those who sit in the front row have the privilege to participate in the 'Prison Battle' first," added Young Master Holland.

As Wyatt and his companions sat down, the Fierce Beast in the prison battlefield had already left.

A stern-faced slave bearing a brand entered the 'Prison Battle Arena' under the guidance of an old man.

"This slave is a Seventh-Order 'Original Infant Realm'... Are there any guests interested in challenging him?"

The old man hovered above the slave, his voice imbued with Origin Force and echoed far away, "If any guest can kill him, they will receive our arena's reward of five hundred thousand gold!"

Five hundred thousand gold!

Immediately, a commotion ensued among the spectators.

Five hundred thousand gold, the incentive was quite substantial.

"Wyatt, if you were tasked to go down to the arena and fight a 'slave' or a 'Demon Beast' of equal level... which would you choose?" Alfonso Rowan asked Wyatt.

"Demon Beast!"

Wyatt responded without any hesitation.

Alfonso Rowan turned to Young Master Holland, "Young Master Sword, how about you?"

"Also, the Demon Beast."

Youth Master Holland responded without hesitation, then slowly explained: "Although slaves do not use spiritual weapons and tend to be less threatening compared to Fierce Beasts and Demon Beasts of the same level... But, regardless of how strong, Fierce Beasts and Demon Beasts are still beasts! Even if they develop spiritual intelligence, they are still far from matching humans."

"Therefore, generally speaking... slaves, who far surpass Fierce Beasts and Demon Beasts in their will to survive, often can unleash incredible potential at the brink of death and mount a counterattack!"

"In the Prison Battle Arena, I've witnessed too many of such scenes. Among equivalent-level Fierce Beasts, Demon Beasts, and slaves, the latter are far more terrifying!"

When Young Master Holland finished speaking, he was quite emotional.

"My thoughts are the same as yours."

Alfonso Rowan laughed, then turned to Wyatt, "Wyatt, you must think the same, right?"

Under the gaze of both men, Wyatt shook his head.

"No?"

Alfonso and Young Master Holland were taken aback.

"No."

Wyatt nodded, then sighed, "I would not choose the slave, not because they can unleash tremendous potential at the brink of death... but because they are 'people'!"

People!

Just like him, made of flesh and blood.

"People?"

Alfonso and Young Master Holland fell silent.

"These slaves, although they have no human rights, they are still 'people'... our own kind!"

Wyatt continued to speak.

Meanwhile, Wyatt's gaze grew distant.

He suddenly felt.

Compared to his past life, he really had changed a lot.

In his past life, many times, he would stop at nothing to achieve his goals, he was ruthlessly efficient.

But today, he had changed.

The present him, compared to his past self, was almost like a completely different person.

In his past life, he was decisive, regardless of right or wrong.

In this life, unless absolutely necessary, he would not harm innocent people in his actions.

Put simply, he had become more 'human.'

This was a change in mindset.

Perhaps, even Wyatt himself didn't know.

In this life, ever since he came to this world, he had been gradually changing...

And all these changes were influenced by the people around him.

In this life, he had parents, a fiancé, many brothers, friends...

He was no longer alone, as he was in his previous life.

"What a compassionate fellow... I really didn't expect to find someone so sympathetic in the 'Prison Battle Arena'. Ridiculous!"

A grating voice reached Wyatt and his companions.

Following this, a young man in brocade attire, surrounded by an old man, took a seat not far from Wyatt and his companions.

The condescending remarks were made by that young man in brocade attire.

"If you're really so compassionate, why are you here to watch slaves fight each other? Hypocrite!"

The brocade-clad young man's tone was as offensive as it could get.

Wyatt furrowed his brows, too indifferent to engage the man.

The frowning faces of Alfonso Rowan and Young Master Holland relaxed when they saw no reaction from Wyatt.

Chapter 537: Water Overcomes Fire

"I'm up!"

A booming voice erupted from the eastern spectator stands.

Then, a strapping middle-aged man rose from the seat and was escorted into the 'Prisoner's Arena' by the staff.

"It seems that the enticement of half a million pieces of gold is quite considerable,"

Wyatt Barnes chuckled.

"Not just half a million coins... for a martial artist, the 'death match' in the Prisoner's Arena is an excellent way to stimulate one's potential,"

Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan' remarked.

In his eyes, a glimmer of combative heat was evident.

"Alfonso, it seems you can't wait... However, you currently are in the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level', opponents are scant at this level,"

Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland' smiled.

"Wyatt Barnes, if there are 'slaves' or 'Demon Beasts' at the Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level, you can't contend them with me!"

Alfonso addressed Wyatt.

"The Demon Beasts are mine. You take the slaves,"

Wyatt retorted indifferently.

Coming to the Prisoner's Arena, he naturally wasn't just there to watch the commotion.

He also wanted to experience the thrill of fighting a Demon Beast of equal cultivation with all his might...

"Then it's settled!"

Alfonso nodded in agreement.

Despite having more concerns about the Demon Beasts than the slaves,

he was not afraid of ordinary 'Peep Naught Realm Level Four' slaves.

From the conversation between Wyatt and Alfonso, it became clear.

Wyatt Barnes, having steadily advanced to 'Peep Naught realm Level Four', was now on a par with Alfonso!

"Squeak~~"

The little golden mouse perched on Wyatt's shoulder let out a noise, its verdant eyes gleaming with fervor.

"What's wrong, Little Gold, do you want to join the action too?"

Wyatt turned to the little golden mouse, asking with condensed Origin Force.

"Squeak~~"

The small golden mouse nodded, its spirit lifting up, it condensed its Origin Force and said, "Brother Leandro, if there are any 'slaves' or 'Demon Beasts' of Peep Naught Realm Eighth Level, I want to battle them!"

Wyatt shot the small golden mouse a glance, immediately questioning Alfonso and Handmi, "Are there any slaves or Demon Beasts of Peep Naught Realm Seventh Level or above in the Prisoner's Arena?"

"Peep Naught Realm Level Seven?"

Hearing Wyatt's words, the two were momentarily puzzled before simultaneously shaking their heads.

"It's impossible for there to be slaves or Demon Beasts of Peep Naught Realm Level Seven or above!"

Alfonso echoed, "Even if there were slaves or Demon Beasts of Peep Naught Realm Level Seven or above in the Prisoner's Arena, they wouldn't be let out on the stage... Such beings are generally collected by that 'Victory King' in the royal mansion, keep as a deterrent or sold at a high price."

"Indeed, if a being of Peep Naught Realm Seventh Level or higher were to appear in the Prisoner's Arena, it would surely be a waste!"

Handmi Holland affirmed.

Realising this, Wyatt Barnes looked at the small golden mouse and communicated with condensed Origin Energy, "Little Gold, it seems you won't have a chance to appear."

Upon hearing the words, the small golden mouse hung his head in dejection.

Wyatt's gaze soon landed on the Prisoner's Arena.

Presently, the strapping middle-aged man who had entered the arena was engaged in a battle with a slave.

Both being Seventh-Order Original Infants, they were evenly matched.

Their confrontation was a mix of kicks and punches, with Origin Force ravaging around, making the audience captivated.

"Roar!"



Suddenly, the slave let out a roar akin to a fierce beast, charged insanely towards the strapping middle-aged man as if possessed by madness.

The situation, which was initially evenly matched,

now turned precarious as the slave suddenly made a desperate strike, a trace of fear flashed across the middle-aged man's face.

It was precisely this moment of hesitation that led to his downfall.

Accompanied by a sudden stop of a terrifying scream.

He was literally torn apart by the slave...

The mutilated corpse flew out in two directions and crashed thunderously onto the ground.

This bloody scene surprisingly ignited the atmosphere like a fuse.

Many spectators excitedly rose from their seats, swinging their fists in cheers.

"Barbarian!"

"Barbarian!"

...

The cheering roared out and enveloped the entire Prisoner's Arena.

"Barbarian? Is that the name of the slave?"

Wyatt raised an eyebrow.

He peered through the large iron cage in front of him and saw the word branded on the slave's face...

Barbarian!

Subsequently, the fighting in the Prisoner's Arena continued in full swing.

...

"This is a First level demon beast of the Peep Naught Realm, the 'Flame Lion'. Is there any Peep Naught Realm Level One challenger willing to fight it? Whoever kills the Flame Lion will receive three million gold coins!"

The old man floating above the Prisoner's Arena conveyed this to the crowd.

In the arena, a 'Flame Lion' with a body covered with fiery red mane stood.

The Flame Lion was like a small mountain, occasionally opening its gaping mouth, its sharp eyes reflecting a bloody glint, which inadvertently exuded a sense of oppression.

"This Flame Lion, they say, is a 'Demon Beast' that is favored by Heaven... Once it breaks through to the Peep Naught Realm First Level and reaches Demon Beast stature, it can comprehend the 'initial realization of the fire power',"

Alfonso lamented.

"Few First Level warriors of the Peep Naught Realm can defeat this 'Flame Lion'... It seems that no one will step forward,"

Handmi Holland observed.

"Indeed."

Wyatt Barnes nodded in agreement.

Although he, Handmi, and Alfonso, any one of them during their 'Peep Naught Realm First Level' was capable of contending with the 'Flame Lion'.

However, in the Royal Country amid ample greenery, individuals possessing such talent and comprehension were indeed rare.

"Hmph, a bunch of country bumpkins! Open your dog eyes and watch... The Peep Naught Realm Level One Flame Lion is no match for me, a 'Peep Naught Realm Level One Warrior'!"

Suddenly, an ear-piercing voice echoed in Wyatt, Handmi, and Alfonso's ears.

Whoosh!'

Immediately after, they noticed the flamboyantly-dressed youth sitting not too far away flying out and landing outside the Prisoner's Arena.

The flamboyant youth turned around, shot a challenging glare at Wyatt, Alfonso, and Handmi.

Under the arrangement of the Gladiator Arena staff, they entered the arena.

The elderly man who followed the youth in brocade stood still, making no movements.

"He's a martial artist in the first level of the Peep Naught Realm?"

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows.

The brocade-clad youth was not old, at most around thirty years old.

At his age, having reached the 'Peep Naught Realm, first level', even in the Royal Country of Green Forest, his talent could be considered top-notch.

"Young Master Sword, do you know if there is such a character in the Imperial City?"

Alfonso Rowan's brows furrowed as he asked Handmi Holland.

Alfonso was quite upset by the brocade-clad youth's attitude.

A knowing smile flashed across Handmi Holland's lips, "Alfonso, his relationship with the Gladiator Arena...is not shallow."

Clearly, Handmi Holland recognized the youth in brocade.

"Has a deep relationship with the Gladiator Arena?"

Alfonso scowled and finally admitted defeat, swearing, "You... why don't you just spill the beans instead of beating around the bush?"

"Sigh, I was about to say... but with your current attitude, I don't feel like sharing."

Handmi Holland put on an affectation of sighing and a look of 'what can you do with me'.

This made Alfonso grit his teeth in irritation.

Wyatt Barnes' gaze landed on the Gladiator Arena.

The brocade-clad youth was now covered in a layer of Origin Force, looking as though he was enshrouded in 'white flames'.

Within this 'white flame', streaks of blue energy thrummed.

"Water energy?"

Wyatt Barnes' brows lifted.

The brocade-clad youth, though arrogant, had to be admitted as having some ability.

Shuu!

Above the void over the head of the youth, the phantom images of 2200 ancient mammoths gradually formed.

Peep Naught Realm, first level!

Initiate understanding of Water Energy!

"Roar~~"

Facing the youth, a trace of fear appeared in the Flame Lion's pupils.

Water overcomes fire.

What it had just begun to grasp was 'Initial Understanding of Fire Energy'.

"Die!"

Suddenly, the youth's eyes turned cold, his figure dashed out, as smooth as a pool of autumn water.

"Roar!!"

The Flame Lion would naturally not sit and await its death. It rushed out, its mouth wide open.

A strong Origin Force spilled from its mouth, turning into a beam of light, lunging straight out, fiercely striking the youth in brocade.

Surrounding the beam of light, a cluster of red energy, spread around.

This was the 'Initial Understanding of Fire Energy'.

"An ant trying to topple a tree!"

The youth in brocade roared, his clothes fluttered without wind.

He raised his fist, the Origin Force soared.

Boom!

The youth's punch was thrown, a formed punch mark of Origin Force fiercely lunged out.

Within it pervaded streaks of blue energy.

Similar amounts of Origin Force, similar 'energy'...

Finally, the youth's punch of Origin Force and the beam of light had a collision.

A 'boom' resounded.

Shaaa!

The air currents moved around, producing ripples as if it were waves, spreading out in all directions.

A wild gale spread outwards from the center.

"Roar!"

Suddenly, the Flame Lion let out another roar.

However, this roar was somewhat low.

The youth's punch instantly shattered the beam of Origin Force that the Flame Lion had sprayed from its mouth.

This gentle 'Initial Understanding of Water Energy' crushed the 'Initial Understanding of Fire Energy' as if it were rotten wood.

Add this to the youth's Origin Force which was not any weaker than the Flame Lion's.

Boom!

The youth's punch, after shattering the beam of Origin Force, continued to hit the Flame Lion's forehead.

"Roar~~"

The Flame Lion let out a mournful roar, its body knocked flying.

The youth pursued his advantage, his fist fell once again.

The gentle 'water energy' completely restrained the Flame Lion.

Before long, the Flame Lion's head was smashed by the youth, directly killed.

Suddenly, wave after wave of cheers erupted from the surrounding audience.

A few young women looked at the youth in brocade with fiery and longing gazes, seemingly wishing they could devour him.

"Hmph! He does have some ability."

Handmi Holland scoffed.

"But he merely made use of the advantage of 'water energy', otherwise, he might not have been a match for the 'Flame Lion'."

Alfonso also huffed.

"Regardless, he has won in the end."

Wyatt Barnes smiled faintly.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, Wyatt noticed.

When the youth received the rewards for killing the 'Flame Lion', the old man in charge of the Gladiator Arena actually bent his waist in front him, as if he was bowing in a form of ceremonial greeting.

"It seems this person's identity is not simple."

Wyatt thought secretly.

At this moment, the youth in brocade, having taken his stack of gold tickets as rewards, returned.

His gaze towards Wyatt Barnes and the others was even more haughty.

"Just a 'Peep Naught Realm first level martial artist,' what's there to be proud of?"

Alfonso sneered, not bothering to hide his disdain.

Chapter 538: Little Prince

"What did you say?!"



Alfonso Rowan's words, heard by the brocade-clad young man, caused his face to change drastically.

"Is there a problem with your hearing?"

Alfonso Rowan sneers, showing no courtesy at all.

He didn't care if it was just some young man of unknown origin.

Even if it were Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham', the third son of the current Emperor, he wouldn't take him seriously.

As a grandson of the 'Chairman' of the Royal Country Artifact Refiners' Guild of Green Forest Country, Alfonso Rowan has his own pride.

"You're courting death!"

The eyes of the brocade-covered young man were icy, he roared and charged towards Alfonso Rowan.

Boom!

The brocade-clad young man threw a punch, with the 'Origin Force Fist Imprint' forming and rushing out like a shooting star.

In the void above, 2200 ancient elephant illusions formed and charged out.

"It's not certain who will die."

Alfonso Rowan smirked coldly, not even bothering to stand up.

Whoosh!

With a swing of his hand, a blade of 'Origin Force Light' is chopped out, instantly splitting the brocade-clad young man's 'Origin Force Fist Imprint' in half.

When the brocade-clad young man's 'Origin Force Fist Imprint' was shattered.

Buzz!

The light blade, undiminished in momentum, rushed at the brocade-clad young man.

The target went straight to the throat of the brocade-clad young man.

Alfonso Rowan made a move to kill.

When the brocade-clad young man saw the 300 ancient giant elephant illusions spawned in the void above Alfonso Rowan's head, he was completely stunned.

"Peep Naught Realm Second Layer?"

He had assumed that Alfonso Rowan was just a 'Peep Naught Realm Second Order Martial Artist'.

He didn't yet know,

That Alfonso Rowan's strength, was far more than that...

When he reacted, he saw that the 'Origin Force Light Blade' was already near. His face changed drastically.

"Stop!"

And at that moment, the old man, who had been following the brocade-dressed young man without making a move, let out a cold shout.

Accompanied by the cold shout, the old man quickly rushed out.

In the void above, an ancient Horned Dragon illusion galloped under the protection of 2200 ancient elephant illusions.

Peep Naught Realm Ninth Layer!

As the old man rushed out, he lifted his hand and congregated his Origin Force, a congregated 'Palm Imprint' rushed out with a howl>.

Boom!

Just before the 'Origin Force Light Blade' was about to kill the brocade-dressed young man, it shattered the 'Origin Force Light Blade' in time.

The brocade-clad young man gasped with relief, having escaped with his life.

When he came to his senses, his face changed dramatically and he glared at Alfonso Rowan.  
"Elder Thaddeus, I want him dead!"

Clearly, he was talking to the old man.

Wyatt Barnes frowned.

"Little Gold, if this old bastard dares to make a move, kill him!"

Immediately after that, Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force sound transmission went into Little Gold's ear, filled with coldness.

"Squeak, squeak~~"

Little Gold, who had been listless, suddenly perked up when he heard Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force sound transmission, as if energized.

It stood up, staring at the old man beside the brocade-dressed young man with great interest.

It was already preparing to unleash.

As soon as the old man made his move, it would strike to kill him.

Wyatt Barnes was not at all worried about whether Little Gold could kill the old man.

Keep in mind,

When Little Gold was still only at the Peep Naught Realm Seventh-Order, it was able to overwhelmingly defeat any ordinary Peep Naught Realm Ninth-Order warrior with its 'Fourth Level spirit sword' and 'micro thunders'

Now, Little Gold is a Peep Naught Realm Eighth Level Demon Beast, killing a Peep Naught Realm Ninth Level warrior would not be difficult.

"Squeak, squeak~~"

After giving the old man a glance, Little Gold started to establish its dominance, waving its claws and baring its teeth.

Too bad the old man didn't look at it.

"Who are you?"

The old man looked at Alfonso Rowan and asked in a deep voice.

"Seems like some of you from the 'Victory King's Mansion' really are ignorant. You don't even recognize Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan', how ridiculous!"

Alfonso Rowan hadn't even spoken, and Handmi Holland couldn't help but laugh from the side.

Young Master Mad, Alfonso Rowan!

As soon as Handmi Holland's voice fell, the old man's face changed drastically, revealing a deep sense of fear.

"So he's Young Master Mad!"

Now, he felt somewhat relieved.

He was glad that he wasn't impulsive and hadn't attacked the young man in front of him.

Otherwise, if anything happened to the young man in front of him, he would undoubtedly die!

Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan', the number one among the five young masters.

Although, he had not seen Young Master Mad personally.

But the name 'Young Master Mad', even though he had been traveling around for many years with the 'Young Prince', was still well-known to him.

It is said that Young Master Mad has an astonishing background, even more shocking than his talent.

He is the 'Chairman' of the Royal Country Artifact Refiners' Guild of Green Forest Country.

The Artifact Refiners' Guild itself is an extremely transcendental existence, the Chairman of the Royal Country Artifact Refiners' Guild of Green Forest Country would even be respected by the Emperor of Green Forest Country.

Not to mention these mere people of the royal mansion.

"So it's Young Master Mad... I apologize for my rudeness! This is my young prince. Please forgive any offense."

The old man took a deep breath, bowed to Alfonso Rowan, and surrendered.

"Sure enough!"

Wyatt Barnes' eyebrows rose.

Earlier, when the brocade-clad youth was collecting his rewards, he noticed that the old man in charge of presiding over the 'prisoner fights' in the fighting arena was very respectful towards the brocade-clad youth.

At that time, he had been suspicious.

As Alfonso Rowan made his move on the brocade-clad youth, as the old man beside the youth shouted in surprise,

He noticed again that the face of the old man in charge of the 'prisoner fights' in the arena also changed.

It's clear that he was worried about the brocade-clad youth!

At that moment, he was almost certain that the brocade-clad youth was from the 'Victory King's Mansion'.

After all, the 'Prisoner's Arena' is owned by the Victory King's Mansion.

The people of the Prisoner's Arena are all from the Victory King's Mansion.

"Young Master."

The old man looked at the brocade-clad youth and signaled him subtly.

It was obvious that he wanted the youth to apologize to Alfonso Rowan.

Who knew.

"Tsk!"

The brocade-clad youth looked at Alfonso Rowan, scoffed, "So you are the head of the acknowledged top five young masters of our Green Forest Royal Country? Not much to speak of... At this age, you're only at the 'Peep Naught Realm Second Layer'!"

"So what if it's the Peep Naught Realm Second Layer? As long as it can suppress you, it's enough."

Alfonso Rowan sneered.

He did not display his true strength of the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourfold' to shut the brocade-clad youth up.

Perhaps in his opinion, there was no need at all.

He hadn't even put the brocade-clad youth in his eyes yet.

The little prince of the Victory King Mansion?

The son of the Victory King?

To him, there was not much difference compared to ordinary people.

"You!!"

The brocade-clad youth was furious and wanted to continue to retort, but he was stopped by the old man at his side, "Young Master, if the king knew that you have had such a big conflict with the 'Young Master Mad', he would be very angry."

The brocade-clad youth, who was also the little prince of the Victory King Mansion, listened to the old man's words, his pupils shrunk and his face changed drastically.

It seemed like his father, the 'Victory King', was a terrifying beast in his eyes.

After giving Alfonso Rowan a vicious stare, the brocade-clad youth finally returned to his seat and sat down.

"Young Master Sword, did you notice his identity early on?"

Alfonso Rowan looked at Handmi Holland, and asked.

"Yeah."

Handmi Holland nodded, "When he sat down there, I noticed that the 'Arena of Prisoners' people didn't charge him for the seat... At that time, I felt it a bit strange."

"Later, I noticed there was some resemblance between him and the 'Victory King' in their looks. I remembered that Victory King had a son who practiced outside all year round... So, I made a guess."

Handmi Holland finished speaking slowly.

"You sure can guess."

Alfonso Rowan shook his head and smiled, with a hint of disdain in his eyes, "I've heard that the Victory King's son who's outside has decent talent... Seeing today, it's not much!"

"His talent is indeed quite good... Of course, if you compare him with us, he is certainly not up to scratch."

Young Master Sword said with a smile.

"Wyatt Barnes, that boy is the illegitimate son of the owner of this Prison Fight, 'Victory King', named 'Constant Graham'!"



Young Master Sword told Wyatt Barnes.

Constant Graham?

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

The conflict between Alfonso Rowan and Constant Graham was just a farce.

Though it caused a sensation among the spectators, it quickly subsided.

All eyes were once again on the Prison Fight.

The combat in the Prison Fight was still ongoing.

At this time, more slaves--those in the Original Infant Realm--and Fierce Beasts were brought out to fight...

The whole prison fight seemed to have no pattern.

"Roar!!"

An astonishing roar echoed, as the old man who was hosting the 'Prison Fight' stepped on a gigantic beast the size of a small mountain and entered the Prison Fight.

The beast caused the Arena and the surrounding spectator seats to shake as it moved through, as if there was an earthquake.

"Earth Bear!"

"It's an Earth Bear!"

...

Immediately, many spectators in the stands couldn't help but scream out.

"Earth Bear?"

Wyatt Barnes's gaze couldn't help but fall on the gigantic beast.

This beast, large as a mountain.

The 'Flame Lion' from earlier was childlike in comparison.

This beast is a kind of bear Demon Beast.

But it was much more ferocious and terrifying than an ordinary bear...

Its pair of bloody red eyes seemed to detest everything.

Those sharp fangs looked as if they could pierce everything.

The sharp claws on its four paws shone with a chilling light.

"Earth Bear, a Peeping Void Realm Demon Beast... the strength of a mature Earth Bear is at least 'Peeping Void Fourfold'. The strong ones can reach the 'Peeping Void Fivefold', 'Peeping Void Sixfold'."

In Wyatt Barnes's mind, the memories of the Martial Emperor skimmed through, and he found the records about the Demon Beast of the Peeping Void Realm, the 'Earth Bear'.

The Earth Bear, a tremendously terrifying Demon Beast.

"It is said that the Earth Bear has a unique insight into the 'power of the earth'... just like the Flame Lion's insight into 'Fire'. In the understanding of 'power', whether it's the Flame Lion or the Earth Bear, both are the best among the Demon Beasts."

A thought came to Wyatt Barnes's mind.

"Roar!!"

When the Earth Bear came to the Prison Fight and saw all the eyes on it from all directions, it became completely frenzied.

On its body, a wave of milky white Origin Force surged!

Within the milky white Origin Force, strands of earth-yellow energy lingered.

Now, with the movement of the Earth Bear, the shaking of the ground intensified.

The seats in front where Wyatt Barnes and the others were sitting, were shaken even more.

Above the Earth Bear's head, in the empty space, about six thousand five hundred ancient elephant phantoms appeared out of thin air...

"Peeping Void Realm Fourfold Demon Beast! Half-step Earth Power!"

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes confirmed the strength of the Earth Bear.

"Young Master Mad, do you feel confident in this?"

Handmi Holland looked at Alfonso Rowan, and asked with a smile.

Alfonso Rowan had a serious face, shook his head, but shortly after seemed to remember something, a smile appeared on his face.

"I remember... Wyatt Barnes said that the Peeping Void Fourfold Demon Beast is his."

Alfonso Rowan looked at Wyatt Barnes, his face full of expectation.

## Chapter 539: The Mysterious Blood

Wyatt Barnes gazed at the 'Earth Bear' with interest.

Now, in the prison fighting ring, the old man in charge of the 'prisoner fight' seemed to have no way to control the 'Earth Bear', leaving it agitated.

He, dared not harm the Earth Bear seriously.

The Earth Bear, still needed to make money for the 'prison fight ring'.

If it were injured by him, the upcoming prisoner fights would definitely be taken advantage of by others.

"Dear guests, this is a fourth-level Demon Beast 'Earth Bear' in the 'Peep Naught Realm'... If any of the fourth-level guests are interested, they are welcome to come down and fight the Earth Bear!"

The old man's voice was transmitted out, reverberating and echoing.

"This Earth Bear, not only a fourth-level Demon Beast in the 'Peep Naught Realm', it has also grasped the 'half-step into the Power of Nature'... It would be difficult for a fourth-level martial artist in the 'Peep Naught Realm' to kill it without external power."

"Yes, a fourth-level martial artist in the 'Peep Naught Realm' encountering this Earth Bear, it's a case of nine deaths for one life!"

"I'm afraid no one dares to go down."

...

Many spectators were discussing with curiosity.

"If no one goes down, will the 'prison fight ring' send a fourth-level slave to 'prisoner fight' this Earth Bear?"

Wyatt Barnes asked curiously to Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland.

"Absolutely not!"

Alfonso Rowan shook his head, "You're overthinking it...In the prison fight ring, once the Demon Beasts and slaves of the Peep Naught Realm level one and above make an appearance, and no one challenges them, they are directly withdrawn! Then they are replaced with a slave and Fierce Beasts in the Original Infant Realm."

Handmi Holland nodded and agreed, "That's right! Whether they are slaves or Demon Beasts in the Peep Naught Realm or above, they are a significant wealth to the 'prison fight ring'. Normally, the prison fight ring wouldn't let these slaves or Demon Beasts of the Peep Naught Realm or above kill each other."

Wyatt Barnes realized.

"Like now, if there aren't any fourth-level martial artists in the Peep Naught Realm challenging the 'Earth Bear', the Earth Bear will be taken off the ring by the people of the prison fight ring... Instead of sending a fourth-level slave to sacrifice himself!"

Alfonso Rowan added on.

Wyatt Barnes nodded in agreement.

"Wyatt Barnes, unless you want to hold back your strength and torment yourself... Otherwise, it would not be hard for you to kill this Earth Bear."

Handmi Holland said with a grin.

Alfonso Rowan nodded deeply in agreement.

The strength of Wyatt Barnes, they knew too well.

Having reached the fourth level of the Peep Naught Realm was a given.

On another note, Wyatt Barnes had also grasped two 'half-step into the Power of Nature'.

The average fourth-level martial artist or Demon Beast in the Peep Naught Realm, who could understand one 'half-step into the Power of Nature', was already considered extraordinarily perceptive.

But Wyatt Barnes, he had directly grasped two.

His perception was considered 'monstrous'!

"No hurry, let's first see what rewards the prison fight ring offers for killing the 'Earth Bear'."

Wyatt Barnes smiled faintly, his eyes landed on the old man in the center of the prison fight ring.

At this moment, with a wave of the old man's hand, a drop of fiery red liquid appeared.

The fiery red liquid was shimmering, making it extraordinarily eye-catching.

It was like a 'red star' in the night sky.

"If any guests at the fourth level of the Peep Naught Realm can kill this 'Earth Bear,' they will receive this drop of 'mysterious blood'..."

The old man's voice slowly carried out.

"Mysterious blood?"

The old man's words sparked interest among the group of spectators.

"What is this 'mysterious blood'? What's its use?"

Suddenly, many spectators asked in a loud voice.

"Good question."

The old man laughed and said: "This drop of 'mysterious blood' is something that the Victory King accidentally obtained back in the day... This drop of mysterious blood, even the red flame of a fifth-grade alchemist, can't do anything about it!"

The moment the old man finished his words.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

...

Around the prison fight ring, the sound of drawing breaths was unending.

The fifth-grade alchemist's red flame couldn't even cope with a mere drop of blood?

"Is it true?"

Many spectators questioned.

Don't forget that the fire of a fifth-grade alchemist could melt almost any substance they knew of...

That's 'fifth-grade red flame'!

Unless it's those legendary rare materials.

Otherwise, there are few things that the fifth-grade red flame can't melt.

"Even if you all don't trust our 'Prison Battle Arena', you should trust the 'Victory King Manor', right?"

The old man smiled faintly, continuing: "This drop of mysterious blood, it's not just that it can't be harmed by the 'fifth-grade red flame' of a fifth-grade alchemist... Even an Inscription master of 'Enter Void Realm', their spirit power couldn't even get close to it, it would be crushed."

The words of the old man left the audience in silence.

"What kind of 'Divine Beast's' blood is this, it's so miraculous!"

Many couldn't help but sigh.

They naturally did not think it was human blood.

What a joke!

Human blood could hardly be this aberrant.

"Our Victory King Manor has been studying this drop of 'mysterious blood' for many years and has paid a great price ... and yet ended up getting nothing! Therefore, today, we at the Victory King Manor have decided to put it up as a reward for the fourth-level guest who kills the 'Earth Bear'."

The old man announced loudly: "No matter who it is, as long as they kill the Earth Bear, they will receive this drop of 'mysterious blood'... The 'extraordinary' nature of the mysterious blood, I guess everyone has their own idea."

"If someone were to unearth the secret within, they might be able to soar into the sky!"

No doubt, the old man's words were very persuasive.

For a moment, many fourth-level martial artists in the Peep Naught Realm were itching to act.

However, when they thought of the Earth Bear which has grasped the 'half-step into the Power of Nature', they hesitated a bit more.



Facing the Ground Bear that has comprehended the 'Half-step into Grand Earth Power,' even if one is also in the fourth level of Peep Naught Realm, having also comprehended the 'Half-step into Insignificance Power.'

Unless aided by external forces, they would not dare to fight it.

The Power of the Earth is a form of 'Power of Nature.'

Once you stand on the earth to execute it, drawing on the strength of the earth, you can additionally enhance a certain amount of power.

"Roar!!!"

At this moment, the Ground Bear let out another enormous roar.

The earth began to quake again.

This time, above the Ground Bear's head in the void, the ancient colossal elephant phantom took shape again.

However, this time, it was not six thousand five hundred phantoms.

Instead, it was six thousand eight hundred!

Six thousand eight hundred ancient colossal elephant phantoms...

A beast of the fourth level of Peep Naught Realm has the power of six thousand ancient colossal elephants.

Half-step into Grand Earth Power is equivalent to the power of five hundred ancient colossal elephants.

As for the 'power of three hundred ancient colossal elephants' that the Ground Bear has more of, it is power amplified by drawing on the power of the earth.

The Power of the Earth can merge with the earth, drawing on the power of the earth.

As for how much can be drawn upon, it depends on the comprehension level of 'Power of the Earth.'

At this moment.

Witnessing the 'Ground Bear' exerting its mighty force, drawing the mighty force of heaven and earth, thus changing into 'six thousand eight hundred ancient colossal elephant phantoms.'

All the eager enforcers of the fourth level of Peep Naught Realm completely lost their nerve.

Those who had risen to their feet, sat back down.

Those who were preparing to rise, moved their buttocks back.

Every single one of them wiped off a cold sweat in secret.

"The Ground Bear is too fearsome! Unless it is a Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level warrior who has comprehended the 'Enter Insignificance Power'... otherwise, it is almost impossible to defeat the Ground Bear!"

A considerable number of spectators exclaimed.

They all thought that this round of 'Prisoner's Fight,' was probably going to be a bye.

"I've long heard that exerting the 'Power of the Earth' while standing on the earth can draw upon the power of the earth... Today, I have witnessed it."

Handmi Holland exclaims.

"If there were no restrictions in the arena, as long as one takes off into the sky, one can completely stay away from the 'earth,' letting the human warriors or demon beasts who comprehend the 'Power of the Earth' unable to draw on the 'Power of the Earth'... but the prisoner fight ring, limited by the gigantic cage, simply cannot hide from the attack range of the Ground Bear standing on the earth."

Alfonso Rowan draws in a deep breath, his eyes filled with trepidation.

It's precisely because he had thought about this point before, that he did not have the courage to fight the Ground Bear.

"Wyatt Barnes..."

Soon, Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland turn to look at Wyatt Barnes, wanting to understand Wyatt's plans.

Yet, they quickly discovered.

Unknown as to when, Wyatt Barnes is sitting there blankly, his eyes dull as he stares at the elderly man in charge of the 'Prisoners' Fight' in the arena.

Accurately speaking, he's staring at the fiery red 'Mysterious Blood' in the old man's hand.

"Vermilion Bird Blood... It's 'Vermilion Bird Blood'!"

With a dazed expression, Wyatt Barnes' mind is engulfed in turbulent waves.

Heavens!

What has he seen?

He has actually seen Vermilion Bird Blood here...

The Vermilion Bird is a powerful demon beast.

In terms of natural talents, it surpasses even the 'Azure-eyed Sky Rat.'

There are rumors on the Cloud Skies Continent.

That the Vermilion Bird is a descendant of the phoenix.

And the phoenix is a legendary 'Divine Beast.'

It is seen as an existence on par with a true 'dragon,' incredibly strong.

Of course, be it a phoenix or dragon, which is equally well-known as a phoenix, they are all legendary existences.

At least, within the Cloud Skies Continent, there has not been an appearance of such existences.

Even if there are occasional appearances of so-called 'dragons,' they are merely some half-dragon-half-lizard creatures and are not true 'dragons.'

And yet even these half-dragon-half-lizard creatures are extremely formidable.

Simply because, circulating within them is the blood of 'dragons.'

Like the Vermilion Bird, its body circulates the blood of the 'Phoenix.'

"According to the Reincarnation Martial Emperor's memory... In his first life, he received an ancient 'pill prescription.' Alongside the prescription was a bottle made from an unknown material."

"Inside that bottle, there was a drop of 'Vermilion Bird Blood'!"

Wyatt Barnes' emotions surged uncontrollably.

"And on that prescription, it recorded a pill made through refining with 'Vermilion Bird Blood' as the medicine guide..."

"That pill is called 'Nirvana Pill'!"

Nirvana Pill!

Rebirth through Nirvana has always been a patent of the legendary 'Phoenix.'

Using 'Vermilion Bird's' blood that has the Phoenix's blood as a medicine guide, the Nirvana Pill can be refined.

Of course, the Nirvana Pill cannot enable one to truly 'reincarnate.'

"The place where the Reincarnation Martial Emperor obtained the 'Nirvana Pill prescription' and 'Vermilion Bird Blood' was a mysterious ruin... The 'Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture' that the Reincarnation Martial Emperor practiced also came from that ruin!"

Wyatt Barnes, sifting through the Reincarnation Martial Emperor's memory, learned many things.

"That ruin, even after two cycles, and the Reincarnation Martial Emperor at his peak, did not figure out who left it..."

Unconsciously, Wyatt Barnes came back to reality.

"Vermilion Bird Blood!"

Deep within Wyatt Barnes' gaze, a blazing flame quietly ignited.

Chapter 540: Wyatt's Prison Fight

"Is there any challenger willing to duel with 'Earth Bear'?"

Once again, the elder in the dueling arena asked for confirmation.

"Halfway into the subtle energy of the earth, utilizing the 'Power of the Earth'? The power of 6,800 ancient elephants...quite intriguing."

Wyatt calmed his heart, which had been agitated because of the 'Vermilion Bird Blood.' He showed an intriguing smile at the corner of his mouth.

The next moment.

Swoosh!

Wyatt rose from his seat, turning into a flash of lightning, shooting towards the giant iron cage that covered the entire dueling arena.

Above the void, the phantom of 6,000 ancient elephants took shape.

"Squeak~~"

Little Gold stayed in its seat, watching Wyatt rush towards the dueling arena excitedly, as if cheering him on.

"Peep...Peep Naught Realm Fourth Stage!"

That Victory King who sat next to him, 'Constant Graham,' looked incredibly annoyed and frustrated.

He had never imagined that the young man he had previously mocked possessed such terrifying strength.

Most importantly, this young man was clearly a few years younger than him.

"Looking at his age, he's probably around 25 or so...With a cultivation base at the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourth Stage'? Who exactly is he?"

A group of spectators in Wyatt's audience started to get curious.

"He came here with Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan'... Could he be from the 'Dragon Phoenix Academy'?"

"In the Dragon Phoenix Academy, the only talents who match the requirements are those genius disciples of the Seven Stars Sword Clan from the past... Don't tell me it's Wyatt?!"

"It's possible!"

"Aside from Wyatt, where else in our Royal Country of Green Forest can we find such a monstrously talented martial artist."

...

Very quickly, the spectators guessed the identity of Wyatt after some discussion.

"Wyatt!"

"Wyatt!"

...

With the passage of time, nearly all the tens of thousands of spectators in the dueling arena knew that the young man on the stage was Wyatt.

Wyatt, the genius disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan in the past.

A few years ago, he defeated Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' and Mr.Zither 'Marshall Tyler', causing a sensation in the Royal Country of Green Forest.

Later on, after the Seven Stars Sword Clan was wiped out, Wyatt entered the Dragon Phoenix Academy and displayed extraordinary talent and perception that surpassed all rumors.

From that moment onwards,

Wyatt became a 'legend' in the Royal Country of Green Forest.

Now, Wyatt was about to enter the dueling arena for a battle against the 'Earth Bear'?

For a moment, their hearts were filled with anticipation.

"That's Wyatt?!"

A look of gloom crossed Constant Graham's face.

Although he had been traveling abroad for many years and had only recently returned,

Wyatt's name was well-known to him.

Wyatt, the binary star talent who suddenly rose to prominence a few years ago. As soon as he made his rise, he was compared to the 'Five Young Masters' of the Green Forest Royal Country.

He was hailed as an unprecedented 'Genius Martial Artist' in the Green Forest Royal Country.

The elder standing behind Constant Graham showed a grave expression.

When Wyatt arrived at the giant iron cage, the dueling arena staff approached him with reverence and opened the gate to the dueling arena.

All the while, Wyatt remained calm and composed.

The next moment

Wind sweeps the clouds away!



Wyatt's figure moved, turning into a gale, swooping into the deathmatch arena.

Whoosh!

Wyatt was treading on the air, standing in the space, calmly facing the 'Earth Bear' that was under the elder's feet.

"Roar!!"

The Earth Bear seemed to understand Wyatt's intentions, a pair of blood-red eyes emitted a cold chill.

Not only that.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Earth Bear continued to struggle under the elder's feet, his Origin Force and the 'step into the subtle earth energy' running out, causing the entire dueling arena's ground to shake.

"Wyatt!"

The elder presiding over the duel looked at Wyatt, a hint of surprise in his eyes. "The unparalleled talent of the Seven Stars Sword Clan in the past indeed lives up to his reputation...but, are you sure you are prepared to duel 'Earth Bear'?"

"You should know, with your talents and strength, it wouldn't be hard for you to win one of the five spots to go to Emperor Stone's empire in the 'Clash of the Talents' in half a month."

"If I were in your shoes, I definitely wouldn't take such a risk."

The elder said word by word.

It seemed like he was advising Wyatt.

"Thank you for your concern, elder... But, I have made up my mind."

Wyatt gave a faint smile, neither arrogant nor humble.

"Very good."

The elder nodded, "Since you have made up your mind, it would be annoying for me if I still tried to dissuade you...Prepare yourself, I will separate from the 'Earth Bear' in ten breaths. Then, only one of you can survive."

Wyatt nodded.

The time of ten breaths wasn't long.

However, at this moment, the audience holding their breath felt like it was pulling out their hearts.

A moment later, it turned noisy again.

"Wyatt is too impulsive!"

"Indeed, he has limitless potential, why does he have to risk his life in the dueling arena."

"Although it's said he has understood two kinds of 'step into the subtle energy,' he is only slightly stronger than the 'Earth Bear,' which can utilize the power of the earth by two hundred ancient elephant powers."

"Not only can the Earth Bear utilize the 'Power of the Earth,' but it also has extremely tough skin. If combined with the power and energy of the earth, it can form a terrifying defense!"

"I hope he can kill the Earth Bear, and escape this calamity...Or else, our Green Forest Royal Country will lose a pillar of talent."

...

The hearts of many spectators hung in their chests as they watched Wyatt.

The situation for Wyatt, in their view, was extremely dangerous.

"Hmm, overestimating his capabilities."

Constant Graham sneered, a hint of amusement in his eyes, "Daring to duel with Earth Bear, it's simply seeking death!"

"Regardless of whether or not he's seeking death... it's better than some people. Some people perhaps don't even have the courage to step into the arena and fight Earth Bear."

Handmi Holland started speaking in a casual and sarcastic tone.

His words, devoid of any form of politeness.

Like Alfonso Rowan, he didn't seem to care much for Constant Graham either.

"What did you say?!"

Constant Graham turned pale, as the Origin Force in his body began to surge, seemingly preparing to strike at Handmi Holland.

Yet Handmi Holland, worry-free, maintained an utter calm.

His eyes revealed a fierce gleam.

They were intense, like a sword, ready to strike at any moment!

"Young Prince!"

Just as Constant Graham wanted to rise from his seat, an elder behind him stopped him.

"Elder Thaddeus, what are you doing?"

Constant Graham had a gloomy face, and his voice echoed deeply.

The elder ignored Constant Graham. Instead, he looked intensely at Handmi Holland, "If I'm not mistaken, you should be 'Young Master Sword', correct?"

Handmi Holland's eyes, shaped like a sword, swept over the elder. Calmly, he stated: "People from Victory King's mansion are indeed not simple."

At this point, Handmi Holland implicitly affirmed his identity.

"Young Master Sword?!"

Upon hearing the elder's words, Constant Graham turned pale.

Now, after hearing Handmi Holland's confirmation, he felt a shiver down his spine...

He was overwhelmed with frustration and humiliation.

The three people he had initially disregarded were now triggering unease deep within him.

This feeling, made him incredibly uncomfortable.

"Ten breaths' time has been completed!"

At this moment, a loud voice resounded in the arena.

Following this, everyone in the audience could see clearly.

The elder who had been restraining the Earth Bear majestically rose into the air.

"Roar!!!"

Once the elder left, the Earth Bear regained his freedom, and roared with bloodthirsty eyes, fixated on Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes stood firm in the air, his face calm.

Boom!

Finally, the Earth Bear moved.

It advanced with its gigantic body. Its thick bear's paws landed heavily on the ground.

Rumble!

The ground shook, and the mountains swayed.

Whoosh!

The Earth Bear's claw was raised rapidly, its sharp talons saturated with Origin Force. The 'Half-step into the Minute Earth Realm' spread within it.

Above the void, images of 6,500 ancient elephants materialized, ready to strike.

Within an instant.

Hiss!

With the swipe of the Earth Bear's claw, the enormous Earth Force instantly transformed into a substantial 'Paw Print', straight towards Wyatt Barnes.

As if wanting to tear Wyatt Barnes to pieces!

Wyatt Barnes watched the unfolding scene before him calmly, there wasn't the slightest intention of dodging.

All of a sudden.

Wyatt Barnes made his move.

Wind Thunder Finger!

Wyatt Barnes extended his one finger.

Whoosh!

The 'Energy Pulse' of Origin Force, along with the 'Half-step into the Minute Wind Realm' and 'Half-step into the Minute Thunder Realm', swept across.

High in the sky, images of 7,000 ancient elephants materialized.

The 'Wind Thunder Finger energy', fell like a meteor, towards the 'Origin Force Paw Print'.

Boom!

The Energy of the Wind Thunder Finger easily crushed the Origin Force Paw Print. Its momentum unabated, it landed on the Earth Bear.

"Roar!"

Almost at the same time when the 'Wind Thunder Finger energy' crushed the 'Origin Force Paw Print', a solid 'Origin Force light shield', emerged on the body of the Earth Bear.

Furthermore, the 'Half-step into Minute Earth Realm' clung to this Origin Force light shield.

Also, the Earth Bear relied on the 'Power of the Earth'.

Above the Earth Bear, in the void where 6,500 ancient elephant images had appeared, suddenly there were another 300 elephant images...

This was the power granted to the Earth bear by the 'Power of the Earth'.

Boom!

The Wind Thunder Finger energy landed on the Earth Bear. It shattered the Origin Force light shield on the bear's body and disappeared immediately after.

Meanwhile, the Earth Bear just swayed slightly, completely unscathed.

"Such tremendous defense!"

Wyatt Barnes's eyebrows raised slightly.

The confrontation between Wyatt Barnes and the Earth Bear happened in the blink of an eye...

However, just one strike was enough to stir the atmosphere at the scene.

Today, the atmosphere in the arena, at this moment, had nearly reached its peak.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

"Wyatt Barnes!"

...

Many spectators were screaming Wyatt Barnes's name.

Yet, where there are highs, there must be lows.

"This Wyatt Barnes, is truly as the hearsay claimed, understanding two 'Half-step into Minute Realms'!"

Constant Graham looked extremely gloomy, his eyes filled with jealousy's flame.

"Why does he, younger than me, have such a high comprehension?"

Constant Graham's heart twisted with unwillingness.

He considered his own talent and understanding pretty good, even comparable to those of the 'Five Young Masters'.

However, compared with Wyatt Barnes, he felt utterly ordinary.

This, he found hard to accept.