

## L. Wyatt 541

Chapter 541 'Vermilion Bird Blood' Obtained

"It seems that even if Wyatt Barnes wants to win against this 'Earth Bear', it would be no easy feat."

'Young Master Mad', Alfonso Rowan, sighed.

"Indeed... hwo would have thought that the defense of the Earth Bear is so terrifying!"

'Young Master Sword', Handmi Holland, deeply agreed.

In the sky above the Prison Duel Arena, the old man in charge of presiding over the Prison Duels showed a hint of surprise in his eyes.

"This Wyatt Barnes, is indeed as terrifying as the rumors make him out to be... so young, yet his cultivation has already stepped into the 'Peep Naught Realm Quadruple', furthermore, he even comprehended two 'Half-step Naught Momentum', truly shocking!"

The old man's heart shook.

"Roar!!!"

Wyatt Barnes's 'Wind Thunder Finger Power', although it didn't hurt the Earth Bear, succeeded in enraging it.

The Earth Bear raised its head to look at Wyatt Barnes, letting out an extremely angry roar.

Its pair of bloody red eyes, didn't show any form of emotion at all.

Bang!

Under everyone's watchful eyes, the Earth Bear, using its four paws to form a stance on the ground, the huge body like a mountain shot up into the sky.

Whoosh!

Although the body of the Earth Bear was enormous, its speed wasn't slow at all, like a huge cannonball, crashing forcefully towards Wyatt Barnes.

Those pair of sharp fangs, shimmered with a cold light.

As if it could pierce through anything!

You can imagine.

If Wyatt Barnes gets hit by the Earth Bear's fangs, his body would surely be pierced by two ferocious bloody holes.

"Hmph!"

Facing the Earth Bear's chaotic Origin Force and the fangs filled with 'Half-step Naught Earth Momentum', Wyatt Barnes revealed a cold look, without any fear.

As swift as the wind!

Wyatt Barnes moved with the wind, accompanied by a sound of a muffled thunderstorm, confronting the Earth Bear.

"The Earth Bear, leaving the ground, is equivalent to giving up the advantage of the 'Earth Momentum', unable to borrow the power of the earth again."

Wyatt Barnes understood this clearly in his heart.

Once the Earth Bear leaves the ground, it's like abandoning the power of three hundred ancient giant elephants.

Now it, it rushes to attack.

In the void above, along with it, rushing towards him, were only six thousand five hundred ancient giant elephants' illusions.

Wind Thunder Finger!

Wyatt Barnes raised both of his hands, pointing his fingers, targeting the Earth Bear's fangs.

Whiz! Whiz!

Wrapped around Wyatt Barnes's two fingers was the 'Wind Thunder Finger Power', as if aided by a divine force, wanting to have a head-on-head collision with the Earth Bear's fangs.

"Roar!!!"

The Earth Bear let out another roar, on its body, the Origin Force's light shield reappeared.

Following that, the "Half-step Naught Earth Momentum" arose.

Clearly, it intended to use the same old trick, to block Wyatt Barnes's 'Wind Thunder Finger Power'.

"You think, you will be as lucky as you were just now?"

A cold smile emerged from the corners of Wyatt Barnes's mouth.

As he pointed his two fingers, the 'Wind Thunder Finger Power' wrapped around them, suddenly began to tremble intensely...

The frequency of the trembling, became faster and faster.

Extreme Trembling Power!

"Just now, if I used the 'Extreme Trembling Power', your defensive light shield driven by the power of 'Six thousand eight hundred ancient giant elephants' might not even be able to block it... let alone now!"

Wyatt Barnes felt disdain.

Disdain for the Earth Bear!

The terror of the 'Extreme Trembling Power', was only clear to him and those who have experienced it firsthand.

Buzz! Buzz!

The 'Wind Thunder Finger Power' trembled incessantly, reaching its peak.

Finally, Wyatt Barnes's two fingers, and the Earth Bear's fangs, collided.

In the eyes of the outsiders, comparing Wyatt Barnes's and the Earth Bear's sizes, was simply not possible.

The length of one of the Earth Bear's fangs, could be compared with Wyatt Barnes's height.

"Has this Wyatt Barnes, gone crazy?"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes intending to have a head-on collision with the charging Earth Bear, many of the audience couldn't help but shake their heads.

They all thought Wyatt Barnes was overestimating his abilities.

"This Wyatt Barnes, he's really a madman!"

Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland shared a look, seeing the shock in each other's eyes.

"Seeking death!"

Watching this scene, Constant Graham revealed a hint of mockery filled with delight at the corners of his mouth.

This moment, it seemed as if he had already seen the scene where Wyatt Barnes's body was pierced by the Earth Bear's fangs.

Bang! Bang!

Two sharp noises suddenly sounded, reaching the ears of everyone in the 'Prison Duel Arena'.

"How..."

"How is this possible?!"

"He... he actually broke through the Earth Bear's defense!"

...

A series of amazed voices sounded throughout the Prison Duel Arena.

Continually arising.

Only to see, in the sky above the Prison Duel Arena.

Wyatt Barnes pointed his two fingers, the two 'Wind Thunder Finger Powers', unbelievably directly broke the Earth Bear's pair of fangs.

Not only that.

Everyone clearly saw.

As Wyatt Barnes's two fingers continued to extend forward, the Earth Bear's pair of fangs, shattered into pieces, finally dissolving into nothing.

Squirt! Squirt!

Very quickly, Wyatt Barnes's fingers, firmly stabbed into the Earth Bear's head.

"Roar!!!"

The Earth Bear let out a deafening scream of pain, its enormous body started to shake violently.

"Crackling..."

The crisp sounds of bones cracking and breaking kept sounding.

The Earth Bear's cries of pain gradually became faint before finally disappearing all together.

Under everyone's eyes.

The Earth Bear, with blood red eyes, its huge body crashed down onto the ground of the Prison Duel Arena.

Following that, the Prison Duel Arena started to shake.

And the Earth Bear, no longer made any sounds.

"Dead.

There was dead silence around the gladiatorial arena.

All eyes were alternating between the huge, dead body of the earth bear and the sky above the gladiatorial arena.

Above the gladiatorial arena, a young man in purple robe stood proudly in mid-air.

Drip! Drip!

...

Blood dripped slowly from the fingertips of his carelessly placed hands. They were from the tremendous earth bear.

At this moment, everyone present felt a chill running down their spine.

"How did he do that?"

The old man presiding over the 'Prisoner Battle' was completely flabbergasted in the sky above the gladiatorial arena.

Even he hadn't anticipated what had just happened.

He had originally thought that even if the earth bear didn't use the 'Power of the Earth', Wyatt Barnes simply wouldn't be able to break through its defenses.

However, the reality proved that he had overestimated the earth bear.

No!

It should be said that he had underestimated Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes' strength was beyond his imagination.

"Monster!"

Alfonso Rowan's hand, which was on the armrest of his chair, trembled and he broke the armrest abruptly.

"Beast!"

Young Master Holland's body stiffened briefly.

Although they had been confident about Wyatt Barnes from the start, they started to doubt upon witnessing the earth bear's terrifying 'defense'.

They doubted if Wyatt Barnes could truly kill the earth bear and win this 'Prisoner Battle'.

The truth of it was they had been overthinking.

In Wyatt Barnes' view, the earth bear was nothing.

"No... it cannot be... how can this be?!"

Constant Graham kept shaking his head, unwilling to believe that the scene playing out in front of his eyes was real.

Wyatt Barnes' strength was terrifying! Even the earth bear was like a paper in front of him, making it hard for him to believe.

"As expected of someone capable of suppressing the 'Five Young Masters', he truly is extraordinary."

An old man behind Constant Graham sucked in a breath of cold air. As he looked towards Wyatt Barnes, his eyes were filled with apprehension.

"Wyatt Barnes wins!"



"Haha... I knew it. I placed my bet on Wyatt Barnes and I've made a lot of money this time around!"

"Damn! I thought the 'earth bear' was incredibly powerful, but it was taken down by Wyatt Barnes just after he struck a second time! I didn't expect to lose so much money betting on it."

"I almost placed my bet on the 'earth bear'."

...

The audience in the stands got all sorts of reactions; some were celebrating, some were frustrated.

Of course, most people were excitedly standing up to cheer for Wyatt Barnes.

"Wyatt Barnes, fantastic!"

"You live up to your reputation as the most talented warrior in the history of the Green Forest Royal Country! Your fame is well deserved!"

"Having Wyatt Barnes is a boon for the Green Forest Royal Country!"

...

The audience was not stingy in their praises.

Yet, none of this mattered much to Wyatt Barnes.

What mattered to him was the 'Vermilion Bird Blood'!

The same 'Mysterious Blood' mentioned by the old man managing the Prisoner Battle.

"Senior."

Wyatt Barnes looked towards the still baffled old man, taking the initiative to remind him.

Once the old man reacted, he glanced at Wyatt Barnes with a complex look in his eyes. He raised his hand to pass a drop of fiery-red blood to Wyatt Barnes, "Wyatt Barnes, congratulations."

"Thank you, senior."

Wyatt Barnes accepted the fiery-red blood and treasured it like it was priceless, storing it in his 'Storage Ring'.

He worked hard to suppress his excitement.

Having obtained the 'Vermilion Bird Blood', Wyatt Barnes left the gladiatorial arena and returned to his seat.

Wherever he went, the audience stood to show their respect towards him.

"Hmph!"

Only Constant Graham, looking sullen as if a layer of frost coated his face, frequently had a vicious glint flash across his eyes.

"Squeak Squeak~~"

Little Gold, seeing Wyatt Barnes, turned into a golden light and landed on Wyatt Barnes' shoulder, unbearably delighted.

It seemed to be joyous because Wyatt Barnes won the 'Prisoner Battle'.

"Wyatt Barnes, you truly are talented... That earth bear's defense was so formidable, yet you broke through it directly!"

Alfonso Rowan exclaimed.

"It would seem that you've held back during our sparring sessions."

Young Master Holland looked deeply at Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes gave a slight smile, choosing not to speak his mind.

Now, his entire focus was on that drop of 'Vermilion Bird Blood'.

The Vermilion Bird Blood is used to refine the 'Nirvana Pill'.

And the 'Nirvana Pill' is an incredibly overbearing Pill Medicine.

A single drop of 'Vermilion Bird Blood' can only refine one Nirvana Pill.

"When the Reincarnation Martial Emperor was in his first life, he took the 'Nirvana Pill' and managed to possess the strength that overwhelmed many 'Martial Emperors' of the Cloud Skies Continent... most importantly, there is no cultivation restriction to consume the 'Nirvana Pill'!"

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath and could not suppress his excitement.

"If I can refine the 'Nirvana Pill' and consume it before the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Meeting' begins... what worries would there be in competing against the young talents of the various dynasties?"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes lit up with anticipation, filled with yearning.

The Prisoner Battle continued in the gladiatorial arena.

Fierce Beasts, Demon Beasts, and slaves successively went up to the stage, either killing each other or battling with those who entered the stage, showing off their incredible skills.

There was a third level Void Realm slave that went up to the stage.

Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland' stepped down to battle him.

His cultivation had also already broken through to the 'third level of the Void Realm', only slightly weaker than Wyatt Barnes and Young Master Mad.

Although he couldn't use spirit weapons, the three-foot-long sword radiance around Young Master Sword's finger, coupled with his understanding of the 'Half-Step Micro Sword Move', was invincible.

The third level Void Realm slave was killed by him immediately upon confrontation.

Similarly, he received corresponding rewards.

Chapter 542: I Want Him Dead!

"This Young Master Sword, is he stronger than Young Master Mad?"

Constant Graham's pupils contracted.

Because when Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan' made a move against Constant earlier, he only used the 'Peep Naught Realm Second Layer'.

Therefore, Constant decided, Alfonso's cultivation was inferior to Young Master Sword.

At the same time, Constant did not forget to mock Alfonso, "What first of the five young masters? You're not even as good as Young Master Sword...what a sham!"

Hearing Constant's words, both Wyatt Barnes and Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland' were taken aback.

Immediately after, they both laughed mockingly at Alfonso.

"Ha-ha... Young Master Mad, did you hear that? You're not as good as me."

Handmi Holland said with a bit of smugness.

"I'm not as good as you? Want to find out?"

There was a spark of battle in Alfonso's eyes as he spoke calmly.

Upon hearing this, Handmi Holland gave Alfonso an annoyed glance. "If you want to test it, test it with Wyatt... after all, you're two years older than me, your cultivation surpasses mine. Are you proud of that?"

Time quietly passed.

Soon, in the prisoner arena, a slave of the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourth Layer' entered.

This time, Alfonso couldn't wait to rise from his seat.

This caused Wyatt Barnes and Handmi Holland to exchange a smile.

They could see.

Alfonso, as 'Young Master Mad', and the head of the five young masters, had his own sense of pride.

Now, he wanted to act, to ruthlessly slap Constant's face!

To let Constant acknowledge his true strength.

And Constant, upon seeing Alfonso rush forward - and in the sky above, the 'Six Thousand Ancient Giant Elephant Shadows' simultaneously rushing forward - was stunned.

"He...he actually concealed his cultivation level?"

Constant's face turned unsightly, suddenly feeling like a fool.

But as for the audience in the grandstands, none of them were surprised.

After all, Young Master Mad is indeed the first of the five young masters from the Green Forest Royal Country.

Moreover, now that Young Master Sword has already broken into the 'Peep Naught Realm Third Layer', it is not surprising that Young Master Mad has advanced to the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourth Layer'.

"Young Master Mad!"

"Young Master Mad!"

...

From the stands surrounding the prisoner arena, a group of excited fans stood and cheered loudly.

Young Master Mad, being the first amongst the five young masters, has a longstanding reputation.

Countless people admire him.

And at this moment, Alfonso entered the prisoner arena.

In the midst of the arena, seeing Alfonso standing across from him, the 'slave' Peep Naught Realm Fourth Layer's eyes were filled with a cruel redness.

"Young Master Mad, I will kill you!"

The slave's voice, hoarse yet ferocious, was like a demon beast opening its bloody maw to devour its prey.

"That depends if you're capable."

Alfonso responded lightly, not bothered by the slave's words in the slightest.

"Hah!"

All of a sudden, the slave roared and shot out like a gust of wind, transforming into a gray eagle, aimed towards Alfonso.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Both his hands stretched out like claws, claw shadows filling the sky. Slowly stirring up a wind, they aimed harshly towards Alfonso.

It was as if he wanted to rip Alfonso apart!

When this slave made his move, apart from the wild Origin Force amongst the claw shadows in the sky, there was also a faint trace of green energy.

In the sky above, Six Thousand Two Hundred Ancient Giant Elephant Shadows gathered into shape.

Peep Naught Realm Fourth Layer!

Initial understanding of the Momentum Wind!

The claws followed the wind, their speed shocking to behold.

Of course, this was fast only from the perspective of a normal warrior.

In Alfonso's eyes, the servant's speed was not noteworthy at all.

Bang!

With a merely a raise of Alfonso's hand, a punch erupted, and his Origin Force surged.

On Alfonso's fist, a force formed, emitting outwards and transforming into a 'seven-fi long spear light'.

Alfonso, one who uses a spear.

Now that he cannot use a spirit long spear, when he strikes, the characteristics of his 'spear' are still very much present.

Whoosh!

Alfonso punches straight out, like a Flood Dragon emerging out of its hole.

The 'seven-feet spear light' skimmed above his fist, a scattering of eerie red energy suffused with a hint of heat spread across it.

Fire momentum!

In the void above, on one side of the Six Thousand Ancient Giant Elephant Shadows, an additional Five Hundred Ancient Giant Elephant Shadows appeared.

Clearly.

Alfonso, Young Master Mad, had already comprehended the 'Half-step Actual Fire Momentum'!

In terms of power, Alfonso completely crushed the Peep Naught Realm Fourth Layer slave.

After several rounds of exchange, Alfonso's divinely assisted punch struck out, the 'seven-feet spear light' flew out, piercing the slave's chest, blood sprayed three feet across.



Bang!

The slave's lifeless body fell, losing all signs of life.

Alfonso, won!

Suddenly, the surroundings of the prisoner arena, unsurprisingly erupted with cheering.

"I knew Young Master Mad would not lose. Although the odds of betting on Young Master Mad winning were not high, I put all my asset on Young Master Mad, I still made quite a bit."

"As expected of our Green Forest Royal Country's first among the five young masters, he lives up to his reputation!"

"Young Master Mad, awesome!"

...

The audience in the various stands, was wildly excited.

In this prisoner fight, except for some spectators who wanted to see an upset, the rest of the audience, as long as they participated in the betting, all placed their bets on Young Master Mad.

All of them made a big gain.

Alfonso's reward was a kind of precious refining material.

However, for Wyatt Barnes, this refining material was only precious within the Green Forest Royal Country...

Not to mention the 'outside territory', even within the Great Turdo Dynasty, it could not be considered a rare item.

However, Alfonso treasured it like a gem.

"Humph!"

When Alfonso Rowan came back, he deliberately paused on the road and disdainfully glanced at Constant Graham, "I wonder if the young prince would like to step into the prisoner fighting arena with a nobody like me?"

"You... You!!"

Constant Graham's face changed dramatically, pointing at Alfonso Rowan, the whole person began to tremble, but was rendered speechless.

He dared not enter the prisoner fighting arena with Alfonso Rowan.

What a joke!

Let alone Alfonso Rowan's real cultivation was the 'Fourth Layer of the Peep Naught Realm', even if Alfonso Rowan was just a Second Layer Peep Naught Realm warrior, he wasn't an opponent he could contend with.

"Coward!"

After uttering those two words from his mouth, Alfonso Rowan returned to Wyatt Barnes and Handmi Holland.

Constant Graham was so angry that he was about to explode.

Wyatt Barnes and Handmi Holland couldn't help but laugh as they watched this scene.

They didn't think highly of Constant Graham either.

The fights in the prisoner fighting arena continue.

"Eh, this slave has a naturally formed aura... It seems that, before he became a slave, he wasn't an ordinary person."

Suddenly, Handmi Holland looked at the slave appearing in the prisoner fighting arena and said somewhat surprised.

"Indeed... this man's origin must have been extraordinary!"

Alfonso Rowan also nodded and said.

Their words made Wyatt Barnes curious and he couldn't help but look over.

With just a glance, Wyatt Barnes' pupils suddenly contracted.

In the prisoner fighting arena, there stood a slave, slightly taller than average.

He was a young slave, with disheveled hair draped over his shoulders, his eyes lifeless, and the slave 'brand' on his face, was evident.

It bore the character 'pine'.

Crack!

Wyatt Barnes' hand trembled, and the armrest of his chair was directly broken off.

"Wyatt Barnes, what's wrong with you?"

At this moment, Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland found something amiss with Wyatt Barnes.

They noticed.

Wyatt Barnes' gaze was fixated on the slave, his face revealing an outburst of excitement.

"Wyatt Barnes, do you know him?"

Handmi Holland was taken aback and asked.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, his body trembling slightly, exceedingly excited.

He never expected, to see 'him' here.

"Tch!"

At this moment, a sneering laugh came.

It was Constant Graham, who had overheard Wyatt Barnes' conversation, and mocked: "I really didn't expect that you, Wyatt Barnes, would have such a 'useless slave' friend... Indeed, birds of a feather flock together!"

Useless slave?

Constant Graham's words, like a fuse, completely ignited Wyatt Barnes' anger.

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes instantly stood up from his seat.

Boom!

Because he exerted strength, he trampled and cracked the floor tiles beneath his feet.

From this, one can know Wyatt Barnes' anger.

Swoosh!

In an instant, Wyatt Barnes turned into a gust of wind and arrived in front of Constant Graham.

Wyatt Barnes' hand extended out like lightning, before Constant Graham could react, he grabbed his throat like an eagle grabbing a chick, and lifted him up.

"You, dare to say it again!"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes were blood-red, full of killing intent, ready to vent it on anyone.

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes had become a bloodthirsty beast.

The whole person, completely frenzied!

Constant Graham was stunned.

He never imagined that his innocent remark could provoke such a reaction from Wyatt Barnes.

What did he say wrong?

At this moment, Constant Graham was being choked by Wyatt Barnes. He wanted to resist, but as soon as he brought up his Origin Force, it was suppressed by Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force.

Constant Graham's face was gradually turning red.

"Eld... Elder Thaddeus, hel... help me!"

Constant Graham called for help from the elder next to him.

The elder also reacted at this time, his face changed greatly, and shouted: "Wyatt Barnes, put down the young prince! Otherwise, don't blame me for not being merciful."

However, Wyatt Barnes seemed to have not heard the elder's words at all, he didn't pay attention to him.

"You better listen... he, is not a 'useless slave'!"

The bloody redness in Wyatt Barnes' eyes was enchanting and sinister as he said word by word.

At this moment, whether it was Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland who had hurried over, or Constant Graham and the elder at his side, they finally understood why Wyatt Barnes was so upset.

It turns out that it was because of Constant Graham's title for that 'slave' in the prisoner fighting arena.

"Wyatt Barnes, I don't care what relationship that slave has with you... but if you dare do anything to the young prince, that slave will undoubtedly die!"

The elder threatened coldly.

"You, what did you say?!"

Wyatt Barnes slowly turned his head to look at the elder, his killing intent surged to the sky, and became more intense.

The elder was enveloped by Wyatt Barnes' killing intent and felt chilled to the bone.

He couldn't imagine.

Where did such a young man get such a dreadful killing intent?

But he still took a deep breath and said solemnly: "I said, if you don't release the young prince now, that slave will undoubtedly die!"

"Little Gold!"

Wyatt Barnes suddenly shouted, "I want him dead!"

I want him dead!

Wyatt Barnes' voice, without any concealment, clearly spread throughout the entire prisoner fighting arena.

It attracted everyone's attention.

Then, the people in the venue saw a flash of golden light shooting out, accompanied by an extremely fine sword light sweeping across...

The next moment.

The elder, who was arrogant just a moment ago, had his throat slit open.

Harsh red blood sprayed out.

It splashed all over Constant Graham's face.

Chapter 543: Old Friends

Silence.

Dead silence.

The large prison arena was eerily silent.

All eyes converged on one place, the audience seats in the south.

There, an old man had fallen into a pool of blood, completely silent.

"What happened?"

Many people did not see clearly what happened.

Only some people in the southern audience seats knew what was going on.

"Squeak~~"

A golden figure slowly descended, landing on Wyatt's shoulder.

It was Little Gold!

Now, Little Gold was holding a miniature spirit sword, blood dripping from it; it was dazzling and eye-catching.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

...

A group of people in the southern audience could not help but gasp.

The one who killed the old man was this small golden rodent?

Before this, they saw 'Young Master Mad' Alfonso Rowan, who was sitting in the audience's seat in front of them, having a conflict with the killed old man.

At that time, the old man showed a 'Peep Naught Realm Ninth Order' cultivation.

Then, they knew that the old man was from the 'Victory King's Mansion.'



The young man in brocade clothes next to the old man was the young prince of the Victory King's Mansion, 'Constant Graham.'

Just now, when Wyatt suddenly took action, grabbing Constant Graham by the throat and lifting him up, it shocked them.

Later, they found out that Wyatt took action because Constant Graham insulted the slave in the death arena.

Wyatt seemed to know that slave.

Moreover, looking at Wyatt's loss of composure now, it was clear that the slave had a deep connection with him.

What was most incredible to them was the death of the old man from the Victory King's Mansion.

Wyatt just shouted angrily.

And next, the old man was dead.

"What kind of a demon beast is this?"

"It's too terrifying! I didn't see clearly when it attacked. There were so many ancient massive elephant illusions condensed above the void..."

"It attacked so fast that I didn't see clearly."

"I didn't expect that such an innocent-looking little golden rodent could have such terrifying strength."

"This Little Gold is obviously a powerful demon beast! It could even possibly be a 'Enter Void Realm demon beast'!"

...

In the southern audience area, a single stone stirred up a thousand waves, causing a complete uproar.

And the speculation that Wyatt had an 'Enter Void Realm demon beast' with him also spread, covering the entire prison arena.

For a while, most people looked at Wyatt with awe.

"You ...you...you dare kill Elder Thaddeus..."

The hoarse voice came from the throat of Constant Graham, who was held up by the throat by Wyatt.

"Say one more word, and I will kill you too!"

Those crimson eyes of Wyatt's stared at Constant Graham, causing Constant Graham to promptly shut his mouth, his face filled with fear.

At this moment, Wyatt's headband keeping his long hair back had broken at some point.

His long hair fluttered wildly, moving even without wind.

Just standing there, he exuded an invisible magnetism.

"Waste!"

Wyatt looked at Constant Graham and spit out two words contemptuously.

Then he used some force and threw Constant Graham away.

Bang!

Constant Graham fell to the ground awkwardly, landing in a mess.

"You...you!!"

Struggling to stand up, Constant Graham's eyes were bloodshot with anger, but he did not dare to say anything more. He hastily rose into the air and left the audience seat.

He disappeared without a trace.

Wyatt didn't bother with him, he walked towards the 'prison fight arena' with Little Gold.

At this moment, the eyes of most people on the scene were focused on Wyatt, following his every step...

Wyatt seemed to be in a trance, like he was demonically possessed.

"Let's go and see!"

Alfonso Rowan and Young Master Holland looked at each other, worried, and followed after him.

After a short while, Wyatt came to the large iron cage outside the prison fight arena.

"Open it!"

Wyatt's cold gaze fell on the staff member responsible for opening the iron cage nearby.

However, though this staff member was afraid of Wyatt, he dared not move recklessly.

Because he knew that if he opened the cage privately, he would not escape the punishment of the prison fight arena.

"Little Gold!"

Wyatt's face darkened slightly, and he shouted coldly.

This cold shout changed the expression of the prison staff.

Just now, right before the old man from the Victory King's Mansion died, Wyatt had called this 'name.'

He was in charge of opening the iron cage on the south side of the audience seat; he had seen what happened earlier clearly.

Whoosh!

The Little Gold on Wyatt's shoulder moved.

A swift sword light flashed by, and Little Gold halted in its tracks.

Looking at the iron cage in front of Wyatt, a 'door' had been forcibly cut open, just big enough for Wyatt to enter and exit.

The iron cage enclosing the prison fight arena was made from 'thousand-year-old mysterious iron' and could restrain a Peep Naught Realm martial artist or demon beast who had no magic tool to depend on.

But once a Peep Naught Realm martial artist or demon beast uses a magic tool, they can break this 'thousand-year-old mysterious iron' cage.

Inside the quiet prison fight arena, all that could be heard now was Wyatt's footsteps.

Heavy footsteps, step by step, he walked into the prison fight arena.

Inside the arena, a slave with disheveled hair looked into Wyatt's eyes.

Despite the chaos and filth on his face, his charisma was undisguised.

The slave standing there exuded an extraordinary quality.

'Original Infant Realm Seventh-Order' slave was obviously of impressive origin.

At last, the slave opened his mouth and spoke.

"Wy...Wyatt Barnes, my fellow disciple."

The voice of the slave was hoarse, filled with emotion.

"Senior Brother Sonny Clark!"

Wyatt Barnes quickly stepped forward and embraced the slave, his eyes turned red with emotion.

Sonny Clark!

Exactly.

The slave standing in front of Wyatt Barnes was none other than the son of 'Colin Clark', the former Peak Master of Seven Stars Sword Clan's Sunrise Peak, and an Inner Sect disciple, Sonny Clark, who had a good relationship with Wyatt Barnes.

"...Good, good."

Sonny Clark clasped Wyatt Barnes tightly, his body shaking with indescribable excitement.

"Senior Brother Sonny Clark, you aren't dead, you aren't dead!"

Wyatt Barnes's voice was filled with emotion.

At this time, Alfonso Rowan and Young Master Holland, who had come along, probably guessed Sonny Clark's identity.

The person Wyatt Barnes referred to as 'senior brother' was most likely a former disciple from the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

And they could tell from 'Sonny Clark's demeanor that his background was extraordinary.

"That slave is called Wyatt Barnes' junior brother?"

"Wyatt Barnes called him senior brother?"

At this time, some of the audience with higher cultivation levels heard the conversation between Wyatt Barnes and Sonny Clark.

"No wonder Wyatt Barnes was so angry; it turns out the slave is his senior brother!"

"It seems the slave was once a disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan."

...

Many people quickly guessed Sonny Clark's background.

"Senior Brother Sonny Clark, let's go. I will find you a place to clean up and change your clothes."

Wyatt Barnes took Sonny Clark's hand, intending to lead him away.

Sonny Clark is the son of 'Colin Clark', the Peak Master of Sunrise Peak.

In the past, he had helped Wyatt Barnes a great deal.

Colin Clark had also provided Wyatt extensive help and had sacrificed himself to get Wyatt out during the destruction of the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

He would never forget the relationship they had.

Witnessing Sanny Clark alive, Wyatt Barnes was overjoyed.

"Wyatt Barnes, my fellow disciple... I... I am but a slave now."

Sonny Clark had an expression of bitterness telling him slowly, "This prison arena belongs to the Victory King's Household and has intricate ties with the Royal family of the Green Forest. You must not affront the Victory King's Household because of me."

"I have already offended them... Doesn't matter."

Wyatt shrugged his shoulders, gesturing his indifference and prepared to leave with Sonny Clark.

"Wyatt! Barnes!"

Finally, the old man who was presiding over the prison fight came back to his senses, vehemently trying to stop Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes looked up at the old man, calmly retorting, "Old man, this is my senior brother and a disciple of the Seven Stars Sword Clan... Today, I will take him with me, so you won't stop us, right?"

"Impudent!"

The old man sneered, "Wyatt Barnes, what do you think this place is? I don't care who he used to be, but since he became a slave from our prison fight, he belongs to us whether he is alive or dead!"

"Just now, you killed a sacrificial officer of our Victory King's Household, and someone from our household will find you for retribution... But now, if you want to take away a slave from my prison fight, that is out of question!"

As the old man spoke, his Origin Force became turbulent.

A terrifying aura surged.

Whoosh!

Above the old man, two huge shadows were formed in the void, moving and bending.

It was the phantom of two Horned Dragons from the ancient past.

"Enter the Void Realm!"

Upon seeing this, the faces of Alfonso Rowan and Young Master Holland, who had come in with Wyatt, changed considerably.

They hadn't expected it.

That the old man who was hosting the prison fights had such terrifying strength.

'Peeping into the Void Realm Ninth-Order' and 'Entering the Void Realm First Level' were just a step apart.

But in terms of strength, there were worlds apart!

Entering the Void Realm at the First Level, compared to the 'Peeping into the Void Realm at the Ninth-Order', involved not only a qualitative change in the Origin Force but also a complete understanding of the 'realm'.

Realm is an extended abstraction and transformation of 'potential', unlike 'potential'.



Even the highest level of 'potential', the 'micro-potential', was equivalent to the strength of only two thousand ancient giant elephants...

Even the lowest level of 'realm', the 'First Level of Realm', was comparable to the strength of a horned dragon from ancient times!

The strength of one Horned Dragon was equal to the strength of ten thousand ancient giant elephants!

The First Level Realm was several times stronger than the 'micro-potential'.

The atmosphere in the prison fight arena was tense, and a fight could break out anytime.

"Junior Brother Wyatt Barnes, just go on... Nowadays, you can't fight against the prison arena or the Victory King's Household."

Sonny Clark smiled bitterly.

Although he longed to leave and be rid of this life, which was worse than death,

If it would bring trouble to Wyatt,

He would prefer to maintain his current status.

"Senior Brother Sonny Clark, today, no matter what, I will take you away... Whoever tries to stop me will die!"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes turned colder, as he voiced his threat.

Wyatt Barnes' voice was loud, audible to everyone present.

This domineering statement raised a wave of excitement among many people...

This was a true iron-blooded man!

Full of heroic ardor!

Just as the old man in the prison arena was about to speak,

"What a big claim!"

An angry, icy voice echoed from the high sky in the distance.

Chapter 544: Death in the Second Layer of the Void Realm

In a flash, everyone's gaze was directed to where the sound had come from.

Two individuals were floating in the air, heading towards them.

An elderly man in grey clothes, and a youth dressed in brocade attire.

The cold snort they'd heard clearly came from the grey-clothed elder.

"The steward!"

As the grey-clothed elder made his appearance, the old man, who had been presiding over the prisoner fights, respectfully bowed.

The steward?

Suddenly, there was a commotion among the spectators around the prisoner fight arena.

"He's the steward of the prisoner fight arena?"

"I've never seen him appear in person before... Who could have thought, he would actually show up today."

...

The crowd was buzzing with whispers.

Wyatt looked up, glanced nonchalantly at the grey-clothed elder, then proceeded to leave with Sonny, paying them no further attention.

This behavior sent a shiver down the spine of everyone present.

This Wyatt still acts arbitrarily even when the steward of the prisoner fight arena is present?

Isn't he afraid of death?

"Impudent!"

Just then, the youth in brocade, standing next to the grey-clothed elder, looked down at Wyatt and reprimanded him harshly, "Wyatt, do you honestly believe that because you're a student of the 'Dragon Phoenix Academy', the Victory King Manor wouldn't dare to lay a finger on you? You need to understand that the Dragon Phoenix Academy was established by the Imperial Family!"

"And the Imperial Family has intimate ties with the Victory King Manor! If you know what's best for you, you'll leave the slave here, kneel down, and knock your head on the ground ten times to beg for our mercy. Perhaps then, I might spare your life!"

The youth in brocade was none other than Constant Graham, the same person whom Wyatt has previously choked and lifted from the ground by the neck.

He was the young master of the Victory King Manor.

"Ten kowtows?"

Wyatt stopped in his tracks, looked up at Constant, seemingly seeking confirmation.

"Yes, ten kowtows... If you fail to kowtow, I'll make sure you won't even have a proper burial!"

Constant, standing beside the steward of the prisoner fight arena, was flaunting his unearned authority.

The spectators around the prisoner fight arena pitied Wyatt as they watched.

In their eyes,

If Wyatt doesn't follow the commands of the young master of the Victory King Manor today, he might be unable to escape this calamity.

As the young master of the Victory King Manor said,

The Dragon Phoenix Academy that Wyatt is currently relying on is just an institution established by the Imperial Family.

The Imperial Family would not get themselves in trouble for the sake of a dead genius.

"Constant Graham!"

Alfonso took a step forward, staring at Constant with an icy glare.

Only he knew that Wyatt didn't just rely on the Dragon Phoenix Academy.

He was certain.

If his grandfather were here, he would likely lash out and kill Constant.

Wyatt's status in the heart of his grandfather couldn't be clearer.

Even the fact that his grandfather was able to become an 'Artifact Refiner of the Fifth Grade' a few months ago was all thanks to Wyatt.

To his grandfather, Wyatt was the 'teacher', the most respected teacher.

Now, the Victory King Manor was bullying Wyatt and exploiting its authority.

You can imagine,

If he stood by and did nothing, his grandfather would beat him to death when he returned home.

"Young Master Mad, this matter involves our Victory King Manor and Wyatt... I would appreciate it if you could refrain from interfering!"

The steward of the prisoners' fight arena gave Alfonso a light glance.

In his eyes, there was a hint of fear.

After all, behind Alfonso was a powerful figure that even the Victory King Manor didn't dare to provoke.

"Hmph! I..."

Alfonso snorted coldly, about to speak when he was interrupted by Wyatt's voice amplified using Origin Force.

"Alfonso, stay out of this!"

Those were Wyatt's exact words.

Alfonso was taken aback.

Seeing the confidence in Wyatt's eyes, although he didn't understand what Wyatt was planning, he decided not to say anything more.

The reaction of Alfonso, when seen by others, made many sigh pitifully.

"It seems Wyatt and Young Master Mad aren't that close..."

"Yeah, if Young Master Mad had intervened, Wyatt could have easily escaped this calamity."

"Wyatt surely regrets having such friendships now, doesn't he?"

...

Many of the spectators were whispering amongst themselves.

Hearing all the talk, Alfonso felt a bit embarrassed.

Was it him who didn't want to help Wyatt?

Other than Wyatt and Alfonso, only 'Young Master Sword' Handmi Holland could figure out the subtleties.

He knew all too well about the bond between Wyatt and Alfonso.

Alfonso's sudden cessation of action - he realized that the situation was not as simple as it seemed.

"Ha ha..."

Constant, standing in the air, laughed wildly. "Wyatt, do you see this? These are your friends! Aren't you going to start kowtowing now? Ten kowtows, in exchange for your worthless life!"

Wyatt calmly looked at Constant, showing not the slightest concern.

"Wyatt! Did you not hear the words of the prince?"

The grey-clothed elder on Constant's side, who was the steward of the prisoner fight arena, released his aura which filled the surroundings and enveloped Wyatt.

He intended to subdue Wyatt.

But Wyatt remained as unmoved and solid as a mountain amidst this pressure.

"Hmph!"

With a light grunt, the grey-clothed elder's momentum suddenly increased.

Around him, Origin Force was swirling like fire.

In the void, three enormous phantoms condensed into three ancient horned dragon shadows...

"Enter Void Realm, Second Layer!"

Immediately, many spectators gasped in surprise.

The steward of the prisoner fight arena was a 'strong practitioner of Enter Void Realm's Second Layer'!

For a while, numerous spectators glanced at the people on the side of the prisoner fight arena, then at Wyatt, and couldn't help but to shake their heads and sigh.

On the prisoners' duel side, there are two Enter Void Realm powerhouses.

On Wyatt Barnes' side, there seems to be only one 'Enter Void Realm Demon Beast'.

"Idiots!"

Wyatt's gaze swept across the ringmaster of the prisoners' duel and Constant Graham, and the word slipped lightly from his lips.

"Elder Brother Sonny Clark, let's go!"

Wyatt continued to lead Sonny Clark out.

This sight made many feel their scalp tingle.

Has Wyatt Barnes gone mad?

Ignoring two 'Enter Void Realm powerhouses' as if they were nothing, did he really think they wouldn't dare touch him?

"Looking for death!"

The ringmaster of the prisoners' duel's face changed drastically, he dove down, like a giant Peng bird spreading its wings across the sky, ready to swoop down on Wyatt Barnes.

As he approached the iron cage floating above the prisoners' duel, he lifted his hand and directly tore the iron cage open.

The power of an Enter Void Realm powerhouse was undisguised!

Constant Graham watched this scene unfold, the corner of his mouth curling into a cold smile.

It was as if he was already seeing Wyatt Barnes killed.

"Little Gold!"

Just then, Wyatt Barnes frowned.



"Squee!!"

Suddenly, a shrill squeak echoed through the entire prisoners' duel.

Following that, the crowd saw that the ringmaster of the prisoners' duel, with rampaging Origin Force in his body, suddenly stopped nearing Wyatt Barnes and his Origin Force dissipated.

Those who observed the subtleties could even see that the ringmaster's eyes were dull and lightless.

The man was in a state of 'soulless despair'.

And at this instant.

Whoosh!

A sword light, fast to the extreme, flashed past, disappearing in a blink.

Boom!

Only when the ringmaster, bleeding profusely, fell to the ground did the spectators react.

The spectators' gazes slipped past the dead ringmaster and landed on the little golden mouse standing in the air, chill running down their spines.

Drip! Drip!

...

The mini spirit sword in the little golden mouse's hand was dripping with dazzling fresh blood.

That was the blood of the ringmaster of the prisoners' duel.

This scene seemed to say to everyone:

So what if it's second level of Enter the Void Realm?

Kill without fail!

"Squee squee~~"

After killing the ringmaster of the prisoners' duel, the little golden mouse turned into a golden streak of light and landed on Wyatt Barnes' shoulder, making several squeaks as if to share its victory.

Only then did the spectators react, their faces changing drastically.

Starting with Sonny Clark at Wyatt Barnes' side.

Sonny Clark looked at the little golden mouse in close proximity, feeling chills run down his spine.

This seemingly harmless little creature had such terrifying power...

Killing someone in the second level of Enter Void Realm was as simple as killing a chicken.

"Young Master Sword, did you see clearly?"

Alfonso Rowan looked at Handmi Holland and asked in a voice enhanced by the Origin Force.

Handmi Holland's face stiffened a bit and he nodded, "The actions of the ringmaster just now were no different from those of the leader of the horse thieves... But isn't that Wyatt Barnes' 'demonic method'?"

Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland both clearly saw the 'soulless' moment of the ringmaster before he was killed.

At that moment, the ringmaster was utterly defenseless.

If they could have attacked at that moment, the ringmaster would undoubtedly have died.

Not to mention the little golden mouse who is stronger than them.

"What a terrifying demon beast!"

"Not long ago, a 'Peep Naught Realm ninth layer warrior' was killed by it... Now, an Enter Void Realm second level powerhouse, in its presence, can't escape death either!"

"Where did Wyatt Barnes get this demon beast? If I had such a demon beast, wouldn't I be able to go wherever I wanted without fear?"

"Stop dreaming! With your little talent and strength, do you think that demon beast would follow you?"

...

The auditorium around the Prisoners' Duel was buzzing again.

The elderly man in charge of hosting the 'Prisoners' Duel' was hovering in the air, his body trembling, his face pale to the extreme.

The ringmaster of their prisoners' duel, a more powerful existence than him.

In an instant, he was killed by the little golden mouse next to Wyatt Barnes?

At this moment, his heart was filled with terror.

'Enter Void Realm second level' fell at the hand of the little golden mouse, let alone him, an 'Enter Void Realm first level'...

"No... it's impossible... how could this be?!"

In the sky above the Prisoners' Duel, Constant Graham kept shaking his head, unwilling to believe this was true.

"Constant Graham!"

Just then, a cold voice rang out, startling Constant Graham, and his face changed drastically.

"Your words just now, I return them back to you... ten kowtows in exchange for your life! Otherwise, you will surely die."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Constant Graham, his gaze extremely cold as he spoke each word.

At his words, Constant Graham's body trembled.

He was to kowtow and beg for his life?

With the tens of thousands of spectators around the prisoners' duel, his body suddenly shook.

His dignity wouldn't allow him to do this!

"I'll give you ten breaths to consider... ten breaths later, if you have not knelt in front of me begging for mercy, I will kill you!"

Wyatt Barnes' voice was filled with cold murderous intent.

"Squee squee~~"

The little golden mouse perched on Wyatt Barnes' shoulder also turned to look at Constant Graham, calling out a few times as if cheering for Wyatt Barnes.

The little golden mouse's cries made the old man who was planning to step in stop in his tracks.

The old man looked at the little golden mouse, his eyes filled with terror.

Chapter 545: Wyatt Barnes's Fury

The little golden rodent, that can kill even an 'Enter Void Realm Second Layer powerhouse', let alone him?

Even though, he is a man of the Victory King's Mansion.

It's his duty to protect the young king.

But when he thought about the consequences, he became frightened.

He was afraid of following in the footsteps of the manager of the Prisoner's Arena.

"There are seven breaths left!"

Wyatt spoke slowly, his voice sounding like a death sentence, causing Constant Graham's face to drastically change.

"You, kill him, kill them!"

Constant Graham glared at the old man in charge of the Prisoner's Arena, his gaze fierce as he commanded.

The old man gave a bitter smile.

Kill Wyatt?

Did he even have the strength?

As he saw Wyatt's gaze coming towards him, the old man took a deep breath and made a decision.

"From today onwards, I officially leave the 'Victory King's Mansion' and become a free man."

The old man spoke slowly.

Just as his words finished, he transformed into a streak of light and disappeared before everyone's sight.

This scene caught the majority of the people present off guard.

The 'Enter Void Realm' powerhouse in the Prisoner's Arena, escaped?

However, many guessed what was going through the old man's mind.

They could imagine that today, if the old man made his move against Wyatt, he would certainly die!

After all, the very man in charge of the Prisoner's Arena, a second-layer Enter Void Realm entity, had died at the hands of the demon beast accompanying Wyatt...

And him, being a first-layer Enter Void Realm, how could he possibly succeed.

If the old man chose to stand by and allow the young king 'Constant Graham' to be humiliated, he would not have a place in 'Victory King's Mansion.'

Thus, he made the best choice...

To leave Victory King Mansion.

This way, he wouldn't have to be caught in the middle, struggling what to do.

The old man's departure left Constant Graham's face deathly pale.

"There are three breaths left."

Wyatt's indifferent voice arrived just in time.

Shocking Constant Graham to the core.

The impending seath pushed him into despair.

In the face of death, he suddenly felt that dignity didn't matter much.

The most important thing was to survive.

"Wyatt, the humiliation you gave me today, I'll have you pay for it a hundred times, a thousand times over in the future!"

Constant Graham roared in his heart.

But his body obediently knelt before Wyatt and heavily hit his head on the ground.

Thump!

One kowtow.

Thump!

Two kowtows.

Thump!

Thump!

...

In total, Constant Graham bit back his anger and gave ten kowtows.

After finishing the kowtows, Constant Graham stood up, flew into the air and disappeared into the clouds.

He didn't wish to stay here a moment longer.

After Constant Graham left, a continuous string of hissing sounds echoed around the Prisoner's Arena, rising and falling.

"Today, I've really broadened my horizons! The young Prince of Victory King Mansion, faced with a threat to his life, decisively kowtowed ten times."

"Victory King Mansion, they've really lost face this time!"

...

All the spectators present were aware that news of today's events would spread throughout the entire Imperial City in no time.

"Brother Sonny, let's go."

Wyatt smiled at Sonny Clark and left with him.

This time, no one dared to stop him.

The staff of the Prisoner's Arena simply watched as Wyatt left with Sonny Clark, not daring to say a word.

What a joke!



The highest-ranking manager and vice manager of their Prisoner's Arena had died or fled before Wyatt.

How could they dare to anger Wyatt?

Wyatt led the way.

Sonny Clark followed closely behind, his gaze extremely complicated.

He hadn't expected that in less than three years, the youngster from the past had grown to such an extent.

Besides that, he had a fearsomely powerful 'Enter Void Realm demon beast' by his side.

"With Wyatt here, why wouldn't our Seven Stars Sword Clan flourish?"

Sonny Clark's eyes were filled with fervor.

Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland brought up the rear, with their expressions extremely complex.

"Squeak~~"

After leaving the Prisoner's Arena, the initially spirited golden rodent suddenly laid down on Wyatt's shoulder, weakly using its Origin Force to communicate, "Big Brother Wyatt, I need to sleep."

"Hmm, you should rest."

Wyatt responded.

He knew that using the Soul Technique 'Soul Shaking' in conjunction with the spirit sword to kill the manager of the Prisoner's Arena had completely drained Little Gold's spirit force.

All this time, it had been forcing itself to keep going.

After all, it still had to intimidate the old man in charge of the Prisoner's Arena.

That old man, while not as powerful as the manager of the Prisoner's Arena, was still an 'Enter Void Realm First Layer powerhouse.'

Little Gold, who couldn't use the Soul Technique 'Soul Shaking,' was no match for him.

Today, Little Gold's cultivations had yet another advancement, breaking through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Eight'.

And its spirit power also broke through to 'Enter Void Realm Second Layer'.

Enter Void Realm Second Layer martial artists, except some Inscription Masters, would be affected by its Soul Technique 'Soul Shaking'.

"Luckily, the old fellow didn't realize... otherwise, things might have got out of hand today."

Just now, if that old man in charge of the prison fight hadn't been frightened and directly intervened.

Little Gold, couldn't have stopped him.

After all, Little Gold's spirit power was already fully depleted in dealing with the prison fight steward, using the Soul Technique 'Soul Shaking'.

It can only use Soul Technique 'Soul Shaking' again after half a month.

If it doesn't have the Soul Technique 'Soul Shaking', it is impossible to be a match for an Enter Void Realm martial artist.

Even if it has a Fourth Grade Spirit Sword.

Thus, thinking about it this way, Wyatt Barnes felt rather lucky.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes found an inn.

He let Sonny Clark clean himself up.

As for him, he was sitting in the room of the inn, chatting with Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland.

"Wyatt Barnes, this is..."

Alfonso Rowan looked at Wyatt Barnes, curiously asked.

He was quite curious about Sonny Clark's specific identity.

Up until now, all he knows is Sonny Clark is a 'Disciple of Seven Stars Sword Clan'

"He is the son of our Seven Stars Sword Clan's Sunrise Peak Master and he has always been a friend... When our Seven Stars Sword Clan was annihilated, I thought he was also killed by the people of the Green Forest Three Sects, but I didn't expect to meet him again in the Imperial City."

Wyatt Barnes eyes flashed coldly, "It seems now, he was humiliated by the people of the Green Forest Three Sects, reduced to slavery!"

"The Green Forest Three Sects have indeed gone too far."

Alfonso Rowan frowned, "A gentleman can be killed, but not insulted! I suppose, these past two years, Sonny Clark had a tough life."

"Having been reduced to slavery, how could it possibly be good?"

Wyatt Barnes spoke in a heavy voice.

"Those guys are going too far! It seems, it's time for me to make a statement, to completely sever my ties with the Green Forest Three Sects..."

Handmi Holland coldly huffed.

Even though, from the moment the 'Returning Origin Sect' joined the Green Forest Three Sects, he denied that he was a disciple of the Green Forest Three Sects.

But very few outsiders know about it.

After all, he never made a public declaration about this.

"I don't know, are there any remaining disciples of Seven Stars Sword Clan who have survived."

Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath, showing traces of worry in his eyes.

"Disciple Wyatt!"

Soon, Sonny Clark finished his grooming and had come out.

He had a mask on half of his face, covering the slave branding mark.

"Brother Clark, I will help you remove the branding mark on your face later... I have a way to restore your face as it was!"

Wyatt Barnes said to Sonny Clark.

At present, he is already a 'Fourth Grade Alchemist'.

He can refine many injury healing Pill Medicines which can heal skin injuries, one of them is a fourth grade Pill Medicine, which is known to allow the skin to be reborn flawlessly.

"No need."

However, Sonny Clark refused Wyatt Barnes's kind offer.

"No need?"

Sonny Clark's response somewhat baffled Wyatt Barnes.

Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland also found Sonny Clark's response puzzling.

Who would want to live with a 'slave branding mark' on their face?

"Not for now..."

Sonny Clark spoke in a heavy tone , "Until the 'Green Forest Three Sects' are annihilated, I don't want it removed ... It is a reminder of my humiliation, my lifetime humiliation! I want it to constantly remind me to never forget our clan's great vengeance."

Sonny Clark's tone was very heavy.

It made the atmosphere at the scene somewhat oppressive.

"I understand."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, and then said, "After the Green Forest Three Sects are destroyed and the Seven Stars Sword Clan is re-established, I will help Brother Clark remove the 'slave branding mark' from your face."

"Thank you, Disciple Wyatt," Sonny Clark nodded.

Then Wyatt Barnes introduced Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland to Sonny Clark.

Sonny Clark greeted Alfonso Rowan in a friendly manner.

But Handmi Holland...

"You are Young Master Sword? A person from the Returning Origin Sect?"

Sonny Clark looked at Handmi Holland, a look of anger and hostility flashed across his face.

The Returning Origin Sect was one of the chief culprits that destroyed the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

"Sonny Clark, the moment the Green Forest Three Sects were formed, it meant that the Returning Origin Sect ceased to exist. I am no longer a part of the Returning Origin Sect... I disdain to be associated with Green Forest Three Sects."

Handmi Holland explained.

At this point, Sonny Clark's face eased up a bit.

"Brother Clark, how did you survive? What exactly happened after I left? Why would that Matias Dunn switch allegiance to the Green Forest Three Sects?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Sonny Clark and asked curiously.

He had too many questions about what happened back then.

"Back then, almost all the high-ranking officials of our Seven Stars Sword Clan, except for 'Matias Dunn', were killed... The remaining disciples of our Seven Stars Sword Clan were very few. Some of the remaining disciples of Seven Stars Sword Clan, including me, although survived but had been under house arrest by the Green Forest Three Sects."

"I'm not sure how long passed, we were branded with 'slave branding marks', fell into slavery, and later sent to the 'prison fight arena'."

Upon saying this, Sonny Clark's body began to shake, his face filled with endless resentment, "Apart from me, the other surviving brothers were all killed in the prison fight! Only I, managed to survive through difficult times."

Crack!

Wyatt Barnes's face darkened and in a fit of anger, he abruptly raised his hand and smashed the table next to him.

The large table was shattered into pieces, with wood chips flying.

"Green! Forest! Three! Sects!"

Wyatt Barnes gritted his teeth and murderous intent flashed in his eyes.

"Originally, after you left, as long as Elder Giant Bird returned, our formidable members of the Seven Star Sword Clan could have held on to the end and some of us could have survived... but it was because of Matias Dunn's betrayal that not long after you left, our forces from the Seven Stars Sword Clan were all killed!"

Sonny Clark spoke in a heavy voice: "That Matias Dunn, first attacked 'Elder Palm' by surprise, then he and the people of Green Forest Three Sects teamed up to kill Elder Palm... Then, he joined forces with the people of the Green Forest Three Sects to kill our Sect Leader!"

At this point, Sonny Clark's face was filled with grief and anger.

Chapter 546: Lord Victory King

"What?!"

Wyatt Barnes stood stunned.

The Elder Palm and Sect Leader were both killed by an alliance between Matias Dunn and the Green Forest triple sects?

Originally, in Crimson Heaven kingdom, he found out that Matias Dunn had become the Protecting Elder of the Green Forest triple sects...

He had thought that Matias Dunn betrayed them only after being taken captive by the Green Forest.

Therefore, even though Matias Dunn had betrayed the Seven Stars Sword Clan, each man had his own ambitions, and in this respect, Wyatt did not hate Matias Dunn all that much.

But now...

After hearing Sonny Clark's words, Wyatt's eyes turned completely red.

"Elder Palm, the one who comprehended the 'Seventh-Order sword realm', was our Seven Stars Sword Clan's most formidable sword cultivator... With his power, if it weren't for Matias Dunn's ambush, perhaps he could've survived," Sonny Clark said angrily.

Elder Palm!

Wyatt closed his eyes.

Back then, when the Seven Stars Sword Clan met with disaster, it was his first time seeing Elder Palm, but Elder Palm's charisma was unforgettable to him.

Alone, he fought against the three powerful people of the Green Forest triple sects.

How impressive was that!

Yet such a respectable elder was ambushed and killed by Matias Dunn.

"Matias Dunn!!"

Wyatt's body trembled slightly. His eyes were filled with fierce killing intent.



He had made up his mind.

Once he had enough power...

He would enter the 'Inscription Formation' of the Black Stone Empire and kill Matias Dunn.

Matias Dunn deserved to die!

After talking old memories with Sonny Clark until late in the night, Wyatt, along with Alfonso Rowan and Young Master Handmi Holland, took their leave.

Before leaving, he and Sonny Clark had discussed a plan.

The next day, Little Gold would send Sonny Clark back to 'Seven Stars Sword Clan'.

Although the Seven Stars Sword Clan no longer existed, the head of the Shimmering Light Peak, 'Kinsley Cooper', and the Sect Leader's personal disciple, 'Jadey Inky', were cultivating there.

After Wyatt returned to the Dragon Phoenix Academy, he immediately got to work.

The main task was to refine some pill medicine that he would give Little Gold to deliver to Sonny Clark the next day.

All night, Wyatt quietly refined pill medicine in his room.

He was unaware...

That the Dragon Phoenix Academy, up and down, was nearly all discussing his actions in the 'prisoner battle arena' that day.

"Wyatt Barnes is amazing! The prison arena's manager, a second layer Enter Void Realm being, was killed by that demon beast at his side after just one confrontation."

"I didn't expect that the creature, which looks like a pet mouse beside Wyatt, would turn out to be an 'Enter Void Realm demon beast'!"

"So as they say...Never judge a book by its cover!"

"I heard that Wyatt even made 'Victory King's' young master, 'Victor Graham', kneel before him and kowtow ten times."

"It seemed like Constant Graham was the first one to act aggressively, and Wyatt simply retaliated the same."

"Offending Wyatt, Constant can only blame himself."

...

A group of academy students, already full of admiration for Wyatt's talent and strength, only felt their blood boil hearing of his domineering actions.

"Constant Graham?"

Young Master Flame, Flame Graham, wrinkled his brow when he heard the news, "That guy, of all people, provoked Wyatt Barnes...However, with Wyatt causing such a big fuss in the Victory King mansion, I don't know how Uncle King will react."

Constant Graham was Flame Graham's cousin.

"Wyatt Barnes..."

In a quiet room, a woman who appeared as if she had walked from within a painting sighed softly, "Brother, that Wyatt Barnes is now a 'Peep Naught Realm fourth-order martial artist'."

The room was empty except for her, speaking to the air.

The atmosphere was a bit strange.

If Wyatt were here, he would certainly recognize her.

It's Fairy Sinatra, Sophie Tyler.

Fairy Sinatra's monologue was addressed to 'Mr. Zither', located in a distant place.

Mr. Zither regarded Wyatt as a lifelong enemy.

As his sister, it made her worried.

Wyatt's advancement stunned her.

In a blink of an eye, the night had passed.

The morning.

Wyatt stopped, put away the medicine tripod, and yawned.

"That should be about it."

Looking at the bottles of pill medicine in front of him, Wyatt's face broke into a smile.

"Squeak Squeak~~"

The timely sound of Little Gold came.

After resting all night, Little Gold looked refreshed.

"Little Gold!"

Wyatt glanced at Little Gold and said, "Today I have a task for you... Take Brother Sonny Clark back to the 'Millennial Stone Clock Cave' at Heavenly Authority Peak. Remember, avoid causing trouble!"

As Wyatt finished speaking, his expression became serious.

"Squeak Squeak~~"

Hearing that it would be leaving the Imperial City, Little Gold got excited.

Seeing Little Gold put the pill medicine into the storage ring around its neck, Wyatt spoke with a smile, "Go ahead! Be back soon."

"Understood, Brother Wyatt."

Little Gold replied in a voice formed by Origin Force, turned into a streak of golden light, and left the room, leaving the Dragon Phoenix Academy.

In an instant, it disappeared into the clouds.

Between the Outer and Inner Courtyards, an old man stood beside the small, exquisite little house that looked like a guardtower, watching as Little Gold departed.

"It's truly unimaginable that this little golden rat by Wyatt Barnes's side can even kill an 'Enter Void Realm Second Layer Warrior'!"

The old man, he is the Vice Dean of Dragon Phoenix Academy, Millon Pond.

"Given Victory King's fiery temper... now, he should have gone to the palace, I suppose."

Millon Pond muttered to himself, seemingly unconcerned.

Green Forest Royal Country's Imperial City, Imperial Palace.

The Imperial Palace of the Green Forest Royal Country is incredibly vast, quite unlike the one in Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

At present, outside a detached palace deep within the Imperial Palace.

A middle-aged man in a brocade robe is hurrying. He stands there and says respectfully, "Imperial Brother, your Imperial Brother seeks an audience!"

At this moment, a eunuch came out of the detached palace, looked at the man in brocade robe, and smiled, "Victory King, His Majesty invites you in."

The middle-aged man in brocade robe, also known as Green Forest Royal Country's 'Victory King', the Emperor's half-brother, nodded and walked in.

Upon entering the detached palace, what appeared before his eyes was a grand and splendid hall.

Now, at the head of the hall, a dignified middle-aged man dressed in a dragon robe sits there, imposing without being angry.

Behind the dignified middle-aged man, a gaunt old man with a deadpan expression and restrained aura, stands like a shadow.

The identity of the dignified middle-aged man is clear - the Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country.

"Greetings, Imperial Brother."

Victory King pays respectful tribute to the Emperor.

"Imperial Brother, you need not be so formal."

The Emperor raises his hand, stopping Victory King, his eyes slightly narrowed, he asks, "For you to rush in to see me this early, is there something important?"

"Imperial brother, you must stand up for your nephew!"

Victory King bows down, speaking angrily.

"Hmm?"

The Emperor's eyes flash, he slowly asks, "What exactly happened?"

Victory King said solemnly, "Imperial Brother, yesterday, a student from Dragon Phoenix Academy caused a commotion in my 'prison arena'... He not only let the demon beast around him kill a 'Peep Naught Realm Ninth-Order Sacrificial Officer' from my Victory King Mansion, but also killed a 'Enter Void Realm Second Layer Manager' from my prison arena!"

"Moreover, he made Heng'er kowtow to him ten times!"

As he arrives at this, Victory King indignantly argues, "Imperial Brother, even if Heng'er did something wrong, he still has the blood of the royal family... This humiliation not only shames my Victory King Mansion but also the royal family!"

"Therefore, I sincerely beg for your permission to personally lead a group to Dragon Phoenix Academy to seek justice from that student!"

A determined Victory King.

"Was there such a thing?"

On hearing this, the Emperor raises an eyebrow and asks, "Who is this Dragon Phoenix Academy student, then?"

"Imperial brother, it is none other than the survivor of the Seven Stars Sword Clan, Wyatt Barnes!"

The Victory King, word by word, is exceedingly infuriated.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

The Emperor raises an eyebrow, intimidatingly, "Are you sure it was him?"

"For sure."

Victory King nods.

"Imperial Brother, if it were someone else, I would make the decision and let you go to restore our face, that would be fine. But this 'Wyatt Barnes', we cannot."

The Emperor shakes his head.

"No?"

Victory King is taken aback, his face showing reluctance, "Imperial Brother, why is that?"

The Emperor speaks calmly, "Imperial Brother, I believe you have heard of this Wyatt Barnes, you know of his talents... Now, the selection for the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Meeting' of the Empire is imminent, he is of great significance to our Green Forest Royal Country."

Victory King inhales deeply, speaking with determination, "Imperial brother, you mean to just let the humiliation of my Victory King Mansion go unanswered?"

"Victory King!"

Seeing Victory King increasingly aggressive, the Emperor's expression darkens, even his address has changed, "How this matter started, what exactly happened, I don't have a clue yet... but from what I know about your son, he's not exactly an easy character!"

"This matter ends here, no more words... leave, now!"

The Emperor's attitude is resolute as he speaks.

"Yes, Imperial Brother."

Now, Victory King can sense the Emperor's determination. Inhaling deeply, he took his leave.

The moment he turned around, his eyes glittered with particularly icy light.

"Wyatt Barnes, you've killed the powerful ones in my Victory King Mansion, humiliated my son, and my Victory King Mansion... I am determined to make you perish. The Emperor might protect you now, but he can't protect you forever!"

Victory King's heart is brewing with endless killing intent.

"Perhaps, it is time to discuss this with the three Sect Leaders of Green Forest Three Sects... With them collaborating from inside and outside, killing Wyatt Barnes will certainly not be difficult!"

A crazy idea rises in Victory King's mind.

This idea rises and becomes increasingly difficult to suppress.

After leaving the Imperial Palace, Victory King left Imperial City, heading directly north.

Located north, the former location of the Snow Moon Sect, nestled in the mountains, covered with snow all year round, is a world of ice and snow.

Today, this world welcomes an unexpected guest.

"Sect Master Bell!"

The loud voice reverberates and lands, causing the snow in the mountains to quiver.

Whoosh!



A figure soars into the sky.

It is a middle-aged man wearing a turban and holding a feather fan.

"Victory King?"

The visitor is indeed the former Sect Leader of Snow Moon Sect 'Rhett Bell', today one of the three Big Sect Leaders of Three Green Forest Sects. Seeing the unexpected guest before him, he is somewhat surprised.

Victory King, Victor Graham.

The brother of the Green Forest Royal Country's Emperor, with whom he has had no past interactions.

His visit today leaves him deeply surprised.

"Sect Master Bell, won't you invite me in to sit?"

Victor Graham asks.

"Victory King, please."

Rhett Bell smiles subtly and invites Victor Graham inside.

Chapter 547: The Medicinal Effect of the 'Nirvana Pill

The warm and comforting hall was a stark contrast to the icy, snow-covered world outside.

Now, inside the hall, Rhett Bell and Victor Graham sat facing each other.

"Lord Graham, have you come expressly to see me?" Rhett Bell asked straight away.

"Indeed!"

Victor Graham nodded, anger flickering in his eyes, he said in a low voice: "Sect Master Bell, I won't beat around the bush...my reason for seeking you out is primarily to propose a coalition with your Green Forest Triad."

"A coalition?"

Rhett Bell was taken aback, then shook his head and laughed, "Lord Graham, to my knowledge, our Green Forest Triad and your 'House of Graham' have had no prior relations. What makes you mention a coalition?"

"Sect Master Bell, I am proposing a joint operation between Green Forest Triad and us to kill Wyatt Barnes!"

Victor Graham stated, every word deliberate.

Wyatt Barnes!

Victor Graham's words caused Rhett Bell's eyes to slightly harden, "Lord Graham...as far as I know, Wyatt Barnes is currently a student of Dragon Phoenix Academy and, to some extent, under the protection of the Imperial Family."

"Precisely!"

Victor Graham nodded, a thread of murderous intent flickered in his eyes, "In fact, it is because my imperial brother is shielding him that I thought of forming a coalition with Green Forest Triad - colluding from both, inside and outside to get rid of him!"

"But what exactly has Wyatt Barnes done to earn your enmity?"

Rhett Bell asked, intrigued.

Victor Graham, seething with pent up anger, explained the whole situation.

"That rodent-like demon beast that accompanies Wyatt Barnes could have killed a 'Second Layer Void Realm warrior'?"

Rhett Bell raised an eyebrow, "Lord Graham, do you know the specific stage of cultivation that demon beast has achieved?"

"Unfortunately, I do not."

Victor Graham shook his head, and suddenly as if recalling something, he asked, "Sect Master Bell, as far as I know, the Green Forest Triad would be delighted to kill Wyatt Barnes... Why has he remained alive to this day?"

"Given Wyatt Barnes's talents...In ten years or so, there might not be anyone in the Green Forest Triad who can match him!"

As he stated this, a light glinted in Victor Graham's eyes.

This was a point he did not understand.

If he was the leader of the Green Forest triad, then knowing Wyatt Barnes is at Dragon Phoenix Academy would drive him to kill Wyatt at any cost.

The threat posed by Wyatt Barnes was simply too great.

"Lord Graham, not hiding anything...We from the Green Forest Triad, had begun planning for Wyatt Barnes nearly a year ago,"

Rhett Bell's eyes sparkled as he slowly explained, "At that time, Green Forest Triad sent two Void Realm Sixth Layer Protectors to the Imperial City with intentions of killing Wyatt Barnes!"

"However, those two Protector elders disappeared without a trace, as if they had evaporated from this world... And that's why Green Forest Triad didn't dare to take any rash actions."

Rhett Bell added in one breath.

On saying this, a hint of threat was visible in Rhett Bell's eyes.

Furthermore, his personal disciple 'Aliza Mullins' has also vanished without a trace.

He guessed, chances are not good for her survival.

"What?!"

Victor Graham's face instantly paled, "Two strong Void Realm Sixth Layer warriors vanished into thin air?! Could it have been the doing of the demon beast that accompanies Wyatt Barnes?"

"It should not be."

Rhett Bell shook his head, "If the demon beast beside Wyatt Barnes had the strength to kill two strong 'Void Realm Sixth Layer warriors'... Do you believe, he wouldn't have already exacted revenge on us, Green Forest Triad, for Seven Stars Sword Clan?"

It dawned on Victor Graham.

Indeed, if the demon beast accompanying Wyatt Barnes had the ability to kill 'Void Realm Sixth Layer warriors', it certainly would not let the Green Forest Triad off.

"So, you mean unless and until you find those two Protector Elders, you won't take any action against Wyatt Barnes?"

As Victor Graham spoke, he guessed, "Based on my speculation, those two Protector elders might be laying low due to some matter...It's unlikely anything directly related to Wyatt Barnes."

"I think the same, but the other two Sect Masters advocated for caution," Rhett Bell responded.

"Caution is indeed necessary... but leaving Wyatt Barnes to grow unchecked is not a good idea!" Victor Graham commented.

"Lord Graham, earlier you mentioned forming a coalition with us to eliminate Wyatt Barnes... It appears you have a complete plan. I would like to hear more," Rhett Bell asked Victor Graham.

...

Wyatt Barnes was, of course, unaware that a major conspiracy was currently being crafted against him.

Wyatt was presently engrossed in his cultivation session at Dragon Phoenix Academy.

He was looking forward to the forthcoming 'Genius Battle' due in half a month.

The Genius Battle would ultimately determine the top five individuals, earning them five places to visit the Blackstone Empire.

With Wyatt's current strength, securing one of the five spots was not difficult.

However, his goal now was not the spot in the 'Genius Battle'.

Securing that spot held no suspense for him.

He was even scarcely giving it a thought.

His current goal was to break into the 'Void Realm' as soon as possible!

By that time, he could join the masters of the other eight Jade Swords to unlock the 'Sword Emperor's Treasure Vault'.

The Sword Emperor's Treasure Vault, a treasure left behind by the Sword Cultivating Martial Emperor.

There could be something inside that could prove useful to him.

"It's a pity that, though the 'Nirvana Pill' can significantly enhance cultivation... I have only one of the main ingredients," Wyatt Barnes sighed.

The key ingredient in the Nirvana Pill was 'Vermilion Bird Blood'.

However, aside from this main ingredient, the Nirvana Pill also requires two other auxiliary ingredients...

While those two auxiliary ingredients wouldn't be considered rare in the 'Outside Territory'.

But within the scope of Great Turdo Dynasty, they were extremely hard to come by.

"Back in the day, after consuming the 'Nirvana Pill', it took many years for Reincarnation Martial Emperor to digest the potency completely. In one fell swoop, he went from 'First Layer of the Martial Emperor Realm' to 'Fourth Layer of the Martial Emperor Realm', overwhelming the other Martial Emperors of the Cloud Skies Continent!"

At the thought of the terrifying medicinal power contained in the 'Nirvana Pill', dread filled Wyatt Barnes' heart.

Its medicinal power could be described as something against the natural order!

And most importantly, the medicinal power of the 'Nirvana Pill' was extremely mild.

Any cultivator or demon beast, regardless of their level of cultivation, could take it.

"I can only wait until I go to the Black Stone Empire, and then move on to the Great Turdo Dynasty."

An idea struck Wyatt Barnes.

The other medicinal ingredients are not a problem.

He even got the most difficult 'Vermilion Bird Blood'; what's lacking are the two auxiliary medicine leads.

Once he obtains those two auxiliary medicine leads, he would be able to refine the 'Nirvana Pill'.

For now, Wyatt Barnes could only hope to find those two medicinal ingredients in the Great Turdo Dynasty...

"Perhaps, once I get to the Great Turdo Dynasty, I could ask City Lord Romero for help."

At this thought, Wyatt couldn't help but recall Taoi Romero and his companions that he met back in the day at Phoenix Perch City in the Black Stone Empire.

Taoi Romero had told him to find them at the 'Romero Clan' in the Great Turdo Dynasty's Capital City.

"And there's Winnie... Now, she's one step closer to turning thirty! I hope before she turns thirty, I can find a way to help her."

Winnie Romero had a rare 'Fire Spirit Body'.

If nothing was done before she turned thirty, Winnie would inevitably explode and die.

Although, the relationship between him and Winnie had not progressed to a romantic one.

Nevertheless, for that beautiful and passionate woman, he always had a soft spot.

If possible, he would hate to see her perish.

Half a month passed in the blink of an eye.

During this time, after Little Gold had sent Sonny Clark to the 'Millennium Stone Milk Cave' at Heavenly Authority Peak, he also returned.

Today, early in the morning, after breakfast.

All the students of Dragon Phoenix Academy gathered together.

"Everyone, starting from today, Dragon Phoenix Academy will be disbanded... You can return to your respective groups! Tomorrow, with the Dragon Phoenix Academy student tokens in your hands, you can bring your elders from your respective groups to watch the 'Battle of the Geniuses' in the royal palace!"

"At that time, someone will collect the tokens from you. Now, you may all disperse!"

The vice-dean of Dragon Phoenix Academy, 'Millon Pond', slowly spoke.

Suddenly, all the students of Dragon Phoenix Academy fell into silence.

Especially some of the outer-court students.

They had each formed deep friendships with one another.

But after today, they would walk different paths.

All of them felt a sense of regret.

However, all good things must come to an end, and no matter how reluctant they were, they ultimately still had to part ways.

"Vice Dean Pond, take care."

Wyatt Barnes nodded at Millon Pond and left with Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland.

"See you tomorrow."



The voice formed by Millon Pond's Origin Force reached Wyatt's ears.

Once the trio of Wyatt left, the Dragon Phoenix Academy students started dispersing one after another.

"Sophie!"

Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham' was walking behind Fairy Sinclair 'Sophie' with a shy face.

"Flame Graham, I'm warning you, stop following me!"

Fairy Sinclair raised her eyebrows like a tigress.

Nevertheless, Flame Graham was not scared off.

Perhaps he would not give up pursuing Fairy Sinclair unless she got married.

After leaving Dragon Phoenix Academy with Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland.

Together, they went to have a meal.

After the meal.

"Wyatt, do you want to go to the 'Spring Night Pavilion' with me?"

Handmi Holland looked at Wyatt Barnes with an ambiguous smile on his face.

"No!"

Wyatt Barnes shook his head, resolute in his refusal.

"How boring... Sometimes, I even doubt whether you guys are not interested in women!"

Handmi Holland shook his head, glanced at Wyatt Barnes, then at Alfonso Rowan, and sighed.

"Young Master Sword, I'm more interested in spar with you."

Wyatt Barnes voiced his thoughts word by word.

"That's right, I'd also like to have a spar with you, Young Master Sword."

Alfonso Rowan looked at Handmi Holland, his eyes filled with the desire of battle.

Handmi Holland rolled his eyes at the two of them, "I can't be bothered with you guys!"

After he finished speaking, he directly jumped out of the window to go and have fun at the 'Spring Night Pavilion'.

Meanwhile, after Wyatt Barnes and Alfonso Rowan finished eating, they left the restaurant and went to the headquarters of the Alchemist Guild.

The headquarters of the Alchemist Guild consisted of five floors.

The first floor was a hall for posting and accepting missions.

The second floor was where Artifact Refiners' ranks were verified and 'Artifact Refiner Badges' were issued.

The third floor was the exclusive refining chamber of the Guild President 'Brendan Rowan'.

The fourth floor was where the staff of the Alchemist Guild headquarters rested.

The fifth floor was where Brendan Rowan rested.

When Brendan Rowan heard that Wyatt Barnes wanted to spend the night here, he immediately instructed someone to tidy up a room on the fifth floor for Wyatt.

Although Wyatt Barnes was not willing to be Brendan Rowan's 'teacher'.

In Brendan Rowan's heart, he had already regarded Wyatt Barnes as his teacher.

Chapter 548: Charles Davidson!

Early the next morning.

Wyatt Barnes and Alfonso Rowan left the Alchemist Guild headquarters and boarded a carriage.

Along with them was another person.

He was none other than the president of the Artifact Refiner Guild headquarters, Brendan Rowan!

In the carriage, Wyatt sat alone on one side, while Brendan and Alfonso sat side by side.

Because of Brendan's presence, Alfonso did not behave as casually as he usually did.

"Squeak squeak~~"

For a while, the only sound in the carriage was from the little golden mouse.

Brendan's eyes fell on the little golden mouse.

He had heard about what happened in the 'Prison Arena' half a month ago.

He knew this was a demon beast that could kill a 'Second Layer Void Realm' martial artist...

"Master, the demon beast by your side doesn't seem to be a 'Golden Hair Mouse', is it?"

Brendan looked at Wyatt and asked respectfully.

"Of course it's not a golden hair mouse."

Wyatt shook his head and smiled, "Have you ever seen a golden hair mouse with cultivation entering the Void Realm?"

Brendan gave a somewhat embarrassed smile.

"Wyatt, what kind of demon beast is this 'Little Gold'?"

Alfonso curiously asked Wyatt.

"Emerald Sky Mouse!"

Wyatt's eyes flashed as he spoke.

"Emerald Sky Mouse?"

Although Wyatt had revealed the background of the little golden mouse, neither Brendan nor Alfonso seemed to have heard of it.

"Although I don't know what kind of demon beast this 'Emerald Sky Mouse' is, just hearing its domineering name, I can tell it's not a typical demon beast."

Alfonso exclaimed.

"Squeak squeak~~"

Little Gold Mouse stood on Wyatt's shoulder and nodded smugly at Alfonso.

It's as if it was telling Alfonso:

You have good taste!

Before too long, the carriage came to a stop.

They had reached the Imperial Palace.

Wyatt walked down from the carriage, staring at the majestic palace in front of him, and became stunned.

In front of the Imperial Palace of the Green Forest Royal Country, the palace of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom seemed somewhat petty.

At this time, Brendan and Alfonso, the grandfather and grandson, also descended from the carriage.

Wyatt saw that there were many students from the Dragon Phoenix Academy in the distance, accompanied by their elders, heading towards the gates of the palace.

After submitting their token and registering, they could bring people into the palace.

"Let's go."

Alfonso called out to Wyatt and Brendan.

Wyatt nodded and took a step forward.

When they reached the palace gate, he stopped in his tracks.

Only because, the three figures coming towards the palace in the distance had caught his eye.

"Wyatt, what are you looking at?"

Both Brendan and Alfonso noticed something strange about Wyatt, and Alfonso asked with curiosity.

"Ron Ferguson?"

Meanwhile, Alfonso looked towards where Wyatt was gazing.

There were three black figures walking in that direction.

Ron Ferguson, dressed all in black, was walking with an ugly middle-aged man also dressed in black.

In front of them was an old man in black.

Ron Ferguson and the middle-aged man next to him were being extremely respectful towards the old man.

"People from the Black Fiend Sect?"

Alfonso knew Ron Ferguson's background.

However, he was curious as to why Wyatt would lose his composure because of Ron Ferguson.

In theory, Ron Ferguson was not capable of making Wyatt lose his composure that much...

He had a hunch that there was more to this situation.

Brendan's gaze fell on the middle-aged man in black.

He could tell that it was on this man that Wyatt was focusing.

"Let's go in."

Suddenly, Wyatt spoke up and promptly led the way into the palace.

Brendan and Alfonso exchanged a glance and followed.

After Wyatt and Alfonso handed over their Dragon Phoenix Academy student tokens, they began to register.

"Wyatt Barnes? Alfonso Rowan?"

The person in charge of the registration looked at Wyatt and Alfonso with awe-filled eyes.

Once Wyatt and his companions entered the palace, they followed the crowd to a vast training field.

"This is where the 'Forbidden Troops' usually train."

Alfonso said to Wyatt.

Wyatt came to a realization.

It seemed that the 'Battle of the Geniuses' was to be held on this training field.

At this time, more and more people began to gather on the field.

"Wyatt Barnes, Alfonso Rowan, you guys are really early."

The 'Young Master Sword', Handmi Holland, also arrived.

However, he came alone.

Upon reaching Wyatt and Alfonso, he noticed Brendan standing nearby and quickly greeted with a smile, "Greetings to Chairman Rowan!"

"Young Master Sword, nice to see you well."

Brendan nodded at Handmi Holland, obviously familiar with him.

"Chairman Rowan, as you know, ever since that old fellow kicked the bucket, no one has been bothering me... These past few years, I've been living rather freely."

Handmi Holland laughed.

Wyatt raised an eyebrow.

He naturally knew who the 'old fellow' in 'Young Master Sword's mouth was.

That was Young Master Sword's master, the former Protector Elder of the Returning Origin Sect.

It was he who had tricked Young Master Sword into joining the Returning Origin Sect.

However, later that Protector Elder died from cultivation deviation...

Since then, Young Master Sword spent his days lingering in the 'entertainment places' of the Imperial City.

Of course, Wyatt could see it.

Young Master Sword, Handmi Holland, still held some feelings for that former Protector Elder of the Returning Origin Sect.

Before long, the number of people on the training field increased.

Many people eagerly approached Wyatt Barnes, Alfonso Rowan, and Handmi Holland to give their greetings.



These individuals were mostly from Dragon Phoenix Academy, along with some elders from their respective forces...

"As expected of Young Master Wyatt, once the top genius from Seven Stars Sword Clan, you shine brilliantly wherever you go!"

"If Young Master Wyatt has the time in the future, he is welcome to visit our family. We would be honored to have Young Master Wyatt as our guest."

"Young Master Mad's reputation precedes him, seeing him today confirms the rumors are true."

"Young Master Sword, I've heard your swordsmanship is quick as lightning... Sadly my useless son could never compare. If you have time, I would love to exchange some pointers with you."

...

These flatteries were heard by Barnes, Rowan, and Holland.

The three responded with friendly smiles.

Before long, students from Dragon Phoenix Academy were nearly all gathered.

Among them was a group who came with Fairy Sinclair 'Sophie Tyler' from the Tyler clan.

Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham' was chatting enthusiastically with the higher-ups from the Tyler family by Sinclair's side. But his gaze never left Fairy Sinclair.

"What a hopeless romantic."

Barnes sighed.

Soon, Barnes saw two figures flying over from a distance.

They were two elderly men.

One of them was Millon Pond, the Vice-President of Dragon Phoenix Academy.

As for the other, he had never seen before.

"It should be one of the five Sacrificial officers from the Imperial Family."

Watching Millon Pond chatting and laughing with the old man, Barnes thought.

"Hmph!"

Suddenly, Barnes noticed a cold glare fixed on him.

Following the gaze, he then identified a familiar figure.

Constant Graham!

The Young Prince of Victory King's family.

At this moment, beside Constant, stood a middle-aged man dressed in luxurious clothes.

The middle-aged man exuded a grand presence. Around him were individuals flattering and paying their respects.

"That must be Victory King." Barnes heard a voice from Brendan Rowan.

Barnes nodded.

"It's about time."

Barnes murmured to himself, his gaze falling into the distance.

There were three men dressed in black.

People from Black Fiend Sect!

That moment, the Black Fiend Sect people including Ron Ferguson, also noticed Barnes's gaze.

Ferguson wore a stern face and murmured a few words to the old man and middle-aged men beside him.

This surprised the two.

"Hmph!"

Barnes snorted, with a cold light in his eyes.

With Little Gold by his side, he took steps and walked over.

Barnes's move startled Ferguson, "What does this Barnes want to do?"

Ferguson asked himself.

Although he would love to return the humiliation Barnes had dealt him in the past, the growing gap between them almost dismissed this idea.

He knew that he and Barnes were not on the same level.

Moreover, he noticed a chilling cold in Barnes's eyes at the moment.

That startled him.

"Hmm."

Suddenly, Ferguson noticed that Barnes's gaze was not on him, but on the person beside him.

"Senior brother, do you know this Barnes?"

Ferguson looked at the ugly middle-aged man in black next to him and asked curiously.

The middle-aged man in black looked at Barnes and shook his head, "I don't know him."

"That's not right... I have a feeling that he has a problem with you, senior brother."

Ferguson's face changed.

Meanwhile.

For Barnes who stepped forward, his world seemed to contain only the ugly man in black.

This ugly man in black was unforgettable for him.

Eight years ago, in the Misty Forest outside Aurora City.

The man from the Black Fiend Sect who had put down him with his strong aura and ridiculed him was this person.

"Remember, boy, in front of me, you are just an insignificant ant! Killing you is as insignificant as crushing an ant... I disdain to kill you!"

Now, Barnes still remembered the man's words.

It felt like his survival then was due to this man's disdain.

"Charles Davidson!"

Barnes stood before the trio from the Black Fiend Sect, his eyes deadly fixed on the middle-aged man in black, and began to speak slowly.

Charles Davidson!

The moment Barnes finished his words.

Ferguson's pupils constricted, he looked at the middle-aged man beside him, puzzled.

Barnes knew even his senior brother's name, how could his senior brother not recognize Barnes?

"You... know me?"

Davidson frowned, he looked up and down at the purple-robed young man in front of him, but did not have any impression.

Now, he learned the identity of this man from his junior brother 'Ferguson'.

Wyatt Barnes!

The man was once the top genius of Seven Stars Sword Clan.

Furthermore, he was now ranked above the 'Five Big Young Masters' of Green Forest Royal Country.

He had heard about him.

However, he was sure that he should not have any intersection with this man.

Otherwise, he could not possibly forget such a talented martial artist.

"Hehe..."

Barnes laughed at Davidson who looked baffled, "After all, I was just an insignificant ant in front of you, you who used to be high above! You not remembering me is no surprise."

Barnes's voice was full of irony.

His voice was not deliberately suppressed. It even spread out with his Origin Force and resounded throughout the entire schoolyard.

Chapter 549: Do Not Bully the Poor Youth

Despicable? Insignificant?

Are you referring to Wyatt Barnes?

The crowd in the training ground was stupefied by Wyatt Barnes' words.

Soon enough, they came around and started to gather around him.

Brendan Rowan, Alfonso Rowan, and Handmi Holland were at the forefront, standing behind Wyatt Barnes.

"Wyatt Barnes, what's going on?"

Alfonso Rowan frowned, eying the three men from the Black Fiend Sect hostilely.

Handmi Holland's hand was already on the hilt of his sheathed sword, ready to draw at any moment.

They were prepared to strike at any sign of discord between Wyatt Barnes and the men of the Black Fiend Sect.

"It's nothing. I'm just meeting an 'old friend'."

Wyatt shook his head, a sinister smile playing about his lips.

Nevertheless, no one believed him.

Meeting an old friend?

It looked more like an accusation was underway.

"My disciple 'Ron Ferguson' mentioned you. You are 'Wyatt Barnes'... I wonder how you could have offended my oldest disciple Charles Davidson?"

A menacing hawknosed old man in black spoke, his hoarse voice sending chills down the listeners' spines.

However, Wyatt Barnes ignored him, keeping his gaze on Charles Davidson.

"Wyatt Barnes, my Master is speaking to you! Don't overstep your bounds!"

Ron Ferguson was furious at Wyatt's audacity to ignore his Master.

Unfortunately, Wyatt didn't even spare him a glance.

"What are you trying to do?"

Charles Davidson's face darkened as he glared at Wyatt.

"What do I want to do?"

Wyatt laughed, "A high and mighty Void Realm warrior of the Black Fiend Sect... what could be done by a humble ant like me in front of your noble self? It's really funny to hear you say that."

"What do you mean by that? I don't know you, why are you targeting me?"

Charles retorted in a low voice, his hideous features becoming even more twisted.

"Targeting you?"

The smile vanished from Wyatt's face, his words were cold as ice: "Are you saying that I'm targeting you? Do you really think you're worth it?!"

His speech was almost excruciatingly slow.

Whoosh!

His sudden change in demeanor caused a ripple of shock among the crowd.

The bystanders were astounded.

"Wyatt Barnes appears to harbor deep resentment against this man from the Black Fiend Sect."

"Isn't that Elder Charles Davidson from Black Fiend Sect? And that old man, isn't that the supreme Elder Ford Bushell from the Black Fiend Sect?"

"This Ford Bushell, he's actually Charles's Master."

"When did the Black Fiend Sect ever offend Wyatt? They really need a lesson in caution."

...

The crowd was murmuring with speculation.

Whoosh! Whoosh!



At that moment, the sound of gusts caught everyone's attention.

Millon Pond and another member of the Royal Family's Sacrificial Officers had arrived.

Those who recognised Pond and the other man greeted respectfully before returning their attention back to Wyatt and Charles, visibly eager for the drama to unfold.

They could tell an explosive conflict was about to happen between Wyatt Barnes and Charles Davidson.

"Hmm?"

Millon Pond also noticed the tense atmosphere. Using his Origin Force, he asked Wyatt, "Wyatt Barnes, do you have a quarrel with these Black Fiend Sect members? Do you need my help?"

Millon Pond was a Sacrificial Officer from the Royal Family of the Green Forest Kingdom.

A Sixth-Level Enter Void Realm practitioner!

Currently equipped with a 'Fourth-Rank Spirit Weapon', his strength was astounding.

He is considered the second strongest in the Green Forest Royal Family.

The strongest was a rarely seen Seventh-Order Enter Void Realm practitioner above...

That practitioner is also referred to as 'The Number One of Green Forest Kingdom'.

Unless the Royal Family faced a great disaster, or a top-notch powerhouse visited Green Forest, that person seldom made public appearances over the years.

Usually, the affairs of the Green Forest Royal Family were managed by the current 'Emperor' and the 'Five Sacrificial Officers'.

Millon Pond was one of those five.

"It's just a minor issue. No need to trouble you, Vice Dean Pond."

Wyatt Barnes used his Origin Force to reply, declining Pond's offer.

Do you think you're worth it?

Wyatt Barnes's words left Charles Davidson's face pale as he retorted, "Wyatt Barnes, as far as I know this is our first meeting... So why the hostile attitude?"

"First meeting?"

Charles's words made Wyatt break into laughter.

The spectators were left bewildered by his laughter.

"Has Wyatt Barnes gone mad?"

Some murmured to themselves.

Finally, Wyatt silenced his laughter, a sharp glint in his eyes, he said one word at a time, "High and mighty Void Realm warrior of Black Fiend Sect, do you remember a perpetual mist-enshrouded forest on the southern border of Crimson Heaven Kingdom eight years ago?"

Crimson Heaven Kingdom?

Charles Davidson furrowed his brows as he tried to remember.

Finally, he did.

Eight years ago, he had indeed been to Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

Back then, he was tasked by the Sect Leader to pursue and massacre the remnants of the Endless Sect and to seize the key to the 'Sword Emperor's Treasury'.

Regrettably, the mission ended in failure.

"Everlasting mist-enshrouded forest?"

Charles tried to recollect, but failed to remember anything of the sort.

At this point, Wyatt continued:

"Do you remember, a young boy and girl you encountered in that forest?!"

"Do you still remember, the disrespectful gaze you cast upon that young girl?"

"Do you still remember, how you used your Origin Force at the level of the Peep Naught Realm to hurt and humiliate that boy?"

Wyatt Barnes asked these questions in succession.

"If you've forgotten all of these... then do you still remember the words you spoke to that boy?"

Wyatt Barnes stared at Charles Davidson, his gaze suddenly turning sharp.

"Remember this: in my presence, you are just as insignificant as an ant! If I wish to kill you, it would be no different from crushing an ant... I disdain killing you!"

Wyatt Barnes reiterated, word for word, the words that Charles Davidson had once said to him.

Whirr!

There was a buzz among the spectators.

Now, they understood what all of this was about.

It turned out that Charles Davidson of the Black Fiend Sect had humiliated Wyatt Barnes eight years ago. He had referred to Wyatt Barnes as a 'mere ant' and trampled on his dignity without a second thought!

In a world that respects the powerful,

dignity, to a certain extent, is more important than life itself!

Life without dignity is merely a walking corpse.

Now, they could understand Wyatt Barnes's feelings.

Eight years...

That was a humiliation that had been hanging over Wyatt Barnes's head for eight years!

How many 'eight years' does one have in life?

They could only imagine.

During these eight years, every time Wyatt Barnes thought back to it, he must have been filled with extreme shame and anger.

"This Charles Davidson really has bad luck... The seeds of disaster sown eight years ago have come back to haunt him today!"

"As the saying goes, 'Thirty years in the east, thirty years in the west, never despise the young when they are poor.' Eight years ago, the young boy, now a grown man, is able to rebut the humiliation from Charles Davidson."

"Charles Davidson never expected... That the boy he considered a mere ant, and even dismissed as unworthy of killing, would grow to such an extent!"

...

The onlookers sighed in wonder, all feeling that Charles Davidson was too lucky.

However, this luck was not something anyone could endure.

"You... You..."

Charles Davidson, reminded by Wyatt Barnes in this manner, came to a sudden realization, his pupils shrank as if he had seen a ghost, "You were that boy in purple back then?"

Wyatt Barnes did not answer Charles Davidson, his gaze grew colder, flashing with killing intent.

Charles Davidson's humiliation of him back then was one of the reasons that prompted him to practice assiduously over the years...

He had been practicing diligently, intending to seek revenge one day.

Today, he finally had the power to redeem his honor.

Charles Davidson understood that Wyatt Barnes had tacitly admitted it.

Coldness surged in his heart.

Being reminded step by step by Wyatt Barnes, he easily remembered the scene from that year.

Back then, he and another elder of the Black Fiend Sect were pursuing the Junior Sect Master of the Endless Sect into a foggy forest.

In the forest, he encountered an extraordinarily beautiful girl and a proud and unyielding boy.

At the time, he had merely looked at the girl a few more times, but the boy stepped forward, placing himself between him and the girl.

He even blocked his sight.

The boy's actions infuriated him.

He had merely concentrated his Origin Force to emit a cold snort, and it injured the boy.

In his eyes,

a boy from a remote part of a tiny kingdom was just an ant, not worth mentioning.

He didn't even bother to kill the boy back then.

He soon forgot about the incident.

However, he never expected,

that the boy he had seen as a mere ant, whom he hadn't bothered to kill, had grown to such an extent...

In the Royal Country, he was hailed as an 'unparalleled genius'!

If he had known this would happen, he would never have spared the boy back then.

He could only imagine.

If he had killed the boy back then, none of this would be happening now.

Just now, he had learned quite a bit about the young man in purple, 'Wyatt Barnes,' from his Junior Brother's, Ron Ferguson's words.

He knew that this Wyatt Barnes, despite being so young, had already reached the 'Fourth Layer of the Peep Naught Realm.'

And not only that.

The tiny golden mouse standing on Wyatt Barnes' shoulder was a powerful Demon Beast capable of killing 'Enter Void Realm Second Layer warriors'!

He was not afraid of Wyatt Barnes himself.

Even if Wyatt Barnes had comprehended two 'Half-Step into Microcosm Tactics,'

in his eyes, he still could not match him, a 'Peep Naught Realm Sixth Layer Martial Warrior.'

But what he was afraid of now was the tiny golden mouse next to Wyatt Barnes.

This tiny golden mouse could kill an 'Enter Void Realm Second Layer Martial Warrior.'

That is to say, the power of this tiny golden mouse was even no weaker than his master, the Elder of the Black Fiend Sect!

"Wyatt Barnes, what do you want to do now?"

Taking a deep breath, Charles Davidson asked in a deep voice.

"What do I want to do?"

Wyatt Barnes laughed, "Naturally, I want to kill you, to trample you beneath my feet, to reduce you to my stepping stone!"

Charles Davidson had been a thorn in his side for these eight years.

Only by removing it completely could he rid himself of the resentment of these eight years.

Wyatt Barnes's voice was calm.

But the killing intent in it was chilling.

Many people silently mourned Charles Davidson.

Let alone the network of relationships around Wyatt Barnes, such as Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan' and the forces behind him...

Just the mouse-type Demon Beast by Wyatt Barnes's side was powerful enough to suppress the entire 'Black Fiend Sect'!

There were only three warriors in the Black Fiend Sect who had reached the Enter Void Realm.

The most powerful one was the Elder of the Black Fiend Sect 'Ford Bushell' standing next to Charles Davidson, an 'Enter Void Realm Second Layer Warrior'.

Chapter 550: Confronting Charles Davidson

As soon as Wyatt's words fell, Charles Davidson's face completely changed.

Ron Ferguson's face also changed, and angrily said, "Wyatt, my senior brother spared your life back then. Not only did you not appreciate it, but you even repaid kindness with revenge!"

"Spare my life? Repay kindness with revenge?"

Wyatt was taken aback by Ron Ferguson's words, then he started laughing uncontrollably.

The crowd's gazes fell onto Ron Ferguson, looking at him as if he were an idiot.



What happened between Wyatt and Charles Davidson was just thoroughly explained by Wyatt.

Charles Davidson used his incredibly strong power to bully others and humiliated Wyatt over and over again. Yet, he didn't bother to kill Wyatt...

What does this have to do with repaying kindness with revenge?

"Ron Ferguson!"

Wyatt's gaze became as sharp as a knife. His icy cold voice echoed, "If I break your limbs for no reason now, leaving only your life. When you are lying in bed in the future, will you also appreciate me and thank me for sparing you?"

Wyatt asked, word by word.

Ron Ferguson turned pale and speechless at Wyatt's words.

If that really happened, would he be grateful to Wyatt?

Not at all!

He would loathe Wyatt to the bone.

Seeing Ron Ferguson closing his mouth, Wyatt's murderous gaze refocused on Charles Davidson, filled with savagery.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Finally, the elder in black clothes next to Charles Davidson, Ford Bushell, the Supreme Elder of the Black Fiend Sect, spoke, "About the past incident...my lack of discipline as a master... I hope you can spare my unworthy disciple for my sake."

Under the pressure of Wyatt's connections and the terrifying strength of Little Gold, Ford Bushell gave in.

Just when everyone gestured whether Wyatt would save Ford Bushell's face.

"For your sake?"

Wyatt sized up Ford Bushell as under the expectation of the crowd, and said slowly, "Do I know you? Why should I give you face? Who do you think you are?!"

Wyatt's words left the crowd dumbfounded.

Wasn't he being too harsh?

"You...You!!"

Ford Bushell was so angry that his face turned red. His eyes seemed to bulge out and his body trembled incessantly.

As the Supreme Elder of the Black Fiend Sect, a second layer practitioner of the Enter Void Realm.

When was he ever insulted like this?

"Wyatt. you dare to insult my master!"

Ron Ferguson, after all, was a young man, full of youthful spirit. He lunged at Wyatt.

"Get lost!"

But before he could even get close to Wyatt, Alfonso Rowan kicked him away. He landed heavily on the ground.

"You dare to touch my disciples?"

Ford Bushell's face changed and he looked at Alfonso Rowan, and his authoritative gaze was dyed with murderous intent.

The powerful pressure of the second layer of Enter Void Realm emanated from him, pressing on Alfonso Rowan, making his face change drastically.

At this moment, anyone who knew Alfonso Rowan in the crowd looked idiotically at Ford Bushell.

They knew Ford Bushell was in trouble.

Could he mess with Young Master Mad, Alfonso Rowan?

At this moment.

A deafening hum came suddenly.

It shook the majority of the people present, churning their blood.

"You, dare to touch my grandson?"

Then, most of the people present only felt a gust of wind blowing in their faces, causing their cheeks to hurt.

Boom!

Accompanied by loud noise.

Ford Bushell, the Supreme Elder of the Black Fiend Sect, with his imposing manner just a moment ago, was now sent flying, as if shot by an arrow, and heavily collided with a stele not far away.

Bang!

The stone stele split apart, teetering on the brink of collapse.

Ford Bushell, with his face as white as a sheet, vomited several mouthfuls of clotted blood.

Only after consuming some pill medicine, was he barely able to stand up.

But the standing body was still swaying.

His gaze fell on the old man who had struck against him in the distance, filled with fear, "Who... who are you?"

"You, are not worthy to know my name!"

The old man scornfully glanced at Ford Bushell and turned back to Alfonso Rowan.

"Brendan Rowan, you old fellow also came?"

At that moment, Millon Pond, who was standing in the sky as if he discovered a new world, fell beside the old man.

Brendan Rowan?

Millon Pond's words stunned Ford Bushell.

"Brendan Rowan? The president of the Royal Country Artifact Refiner Association?"

Ford Bushell was shocked.

Then, his gaze fell on Alfonso Rowan, "Is this young man the 'Young Master Mad' who is the head of the Five Prince of the Royal Country?"

A bitter smile covered Ford Bushell's face.

If he had known earlier that this was 'Young Master Mad' Alfonso Rowan, he wouldn't have dared to bully anyone, even if he had ten guts.

"These people from the Black Fiend Sect really act high and mighty!"

"Yeah, like master, like disciple... Today, I truly understand the 'essence' of this saying."

"The big one provoked Wyatt, the small one provoked Young Master Mad, and the old one was even more awesome... went straight to Chairman Rowan."

"Chairman Rowan, is a 'six-layer of Enter Void Realm' being... It is said that his strength is not inferior to any of the five sacrificial officers of the imperial family."

...

A group of onlookers sighed.

These words, heard in the ears of the three from the Black Fiend Sect, turned their faces ugly.

Especially Ford Bushell and Ron Ferguson, who were already injured, they were aggravated to the point of spitting out a mouthful of clotted blood.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Seeing his master injured, Charles Davidson knew that they had lost the upper hand.

He looked at Wyatt and said coldly, "You've been saying you want to kill me, use me as a stepping stone to step on. Do you dare fight me without borrowing the power of others to prove that you can step on me?"

"If you dare not... then to me, you are still that 'ant' of years past!"

Sarcasm dripping from his words, Charles Davidson spoke.

At this very moment, everyone present could see it clearly.

Charles was using the 'Goad Strategy'.

He sought to infuriate Wyatt Barnes, causing him to act rashly and truly engage him in personal battle.

For a moment, the eyes of everyone present rested upon Wyatt's figure.

An ant?

Wyatt laughed, "Charles, are you suggesting that I dare not fight you?"

"Hmph!"

Charles scoffed, "Are you suggesting that you dare?"

"Since you demand a personal fight, then I'll accommodate you...Little Gold, head over to Alfonso."

Wyatt wore a completely unperturbed look on his face.

Hearing Wyatt's acceptance, joy surged within Charles.

In his view, Wyatt had accepted because he did not know his cultivation level.

Otherwise, there was no chance Wyatt would have agreed.

He was a being of the 'Peep Naught Realm Sixth Layer'!

Seeing that Wyatt had fallen into Charles's 'Goad Strategy', many shook their heads in their regret.

"Wyatt is too impulsive! If Charles dared to challenge him, it means he must be aware of Wyatt's strength."

"Correct. Charles knows Wyatt's strength, but Wyatt doesn't know anything about Charles's strength... Wyatt is at such a disadvantage for this fight."

"Surely, Charles must be confident, that's why he used the Goad Strategy against Wyatt."

...

The crowd of onlookers murmured amongst themselves.

Many shook their heads, feeling that Wyatt was acting too rashly.

"Wyatt!"

At this moment, a string of caring Origin Force voices entered Wyatt's ears.

Most of them were discouraging Wyatt.

The owners of these Origin Force voices were Brendan Rowan, Alfonso Rowan, Millon Pond, Handmi Holland, among others.

The details of the Origin Force messages were all roughly the same: Wyatt didn't know Charles's cultivation level but Charles knew his, leaving him at a disadvantage.

In response to this, Wyatt internally chuckled.

He did not know Charles's cultivation level?

From the moment he first saw Charles outside the Imperial Palace, he had used his sharp spiritual perception, as well as the Martial Emperor's lifelong experience, to ascertain Charles's cultivation level.

Charles Davidson, a Peep Naught Realm Sixth Layer martial artist.

Furthermore, because he had probed Charles with his spiritual perception without him noticing, he could confirm that:

Charles was not an Inscriptionist.

"Asking for death!"

While some were concerned about Wyatt, others naturally wished for Wyatt to be killed by Charles.

Such as, the 'Victory King' of Victory King Mansion and his son, the Young Master of Victory King Mansion, 'Constant Graham'.

Right now, their eyes were filled with schadenfreude.

"Elder brother, this Wyatt has humiliated me on many occasions. Now, since he's so arrogant as to engage in a personal fight with you, you must avenge me!"

After consuming a healing pill, Ron Ferguson, who was hastily helped by his master, the Supreme Elder of the Black Fiend Sect 'Ford Bushell', spoke.

At the same time, he also relayed the same message to Charles via Origin Force Transmission.

"Don't worry, junior brother, I promise to make Wyatt bite the dust! I'll vent your anger and also rid myself of this bane!"

The look in Charles's eyes as he turned to Wyatt was filled with a frenzied murderous intent.



Wyatt's talents filled him with dread and chills.

The formerly weak boy of eight years ago now possessed cultivation not far behind his own.

Now, he felt somewhat relieved.

Thankfully he had encountered Wyatt now.

Otherwise, if several more years were to pass, he wouldn't stand a chance against Wyatt.

No one was expecting this.

Today, even before the 'Talent Duel' of the palace commenced.

A fantastic fight had broken out at the training ground.

Wyatt Barnes versus Charles Davidson.

One was a legendary genius whose fame had spread throughout the Royal Country over the recent years.

The other was an elder from the Black Fiend Sect.

Quickly, the crowd of onlookers either retreated or levitated into the air, watching from a distance the confrontation between Wyatt and Charles.

"Wyatt ignored me."

Alfonso furrowed his brows.

Earlier, his attempt to dissuade Wyatt via Origin Force Transmission was completely ignored by him.

"I hope the fellow...really can defeat this Charles..."

Alfonso muttered to himself.

"Chirp chirp~~"

Little Gold the Mouse, standing on Alfonso's shoulder, stared excitedly at Wyatt with its green eyes.

"Go Wyatt, beat him, beat him!"

Wyatt heard a devilish girl's voice in his ear.

Wyatt could tell, it was the voice of Little Gold.

"Wyatt!"

Charles looked at Wyatt with a cold smile stretching across his lips, "If you have a next life, remember to be smarter!. Today, I shall send you on your way."

Clearly, Charles believed that Wyatt's acceptance of his challenge was due to his rashness and his 'Goad Strategy'.

"I could say the same to you."

With a calm face, Wyatt retorted lightly.