

## **L. Wyatt 551**

Chapter 551: Kill With One Strike

"So full of yourself!"

Charles Davidson disdainfully glanced at Wyatt Barnes and laughed coldly, "One move, just one move...is all I need to send you to hell."

As the words left Charles' lips, he hurled himself forward, transforming into a bolt of lightning.

The lightning tearing through, creating a thunderous sonic boom, surged towards Wyatt.

Whoosh!

A spirit sword appeared out of nowhere in Charles' hand.

The spirit sword shot forward, its Origin Force rampant, transforming into a raging cobra, ruthlessly striking at Wyatt.

Around this cobra's body, fierce blue energy clung to it.

Above the Void, an ancient Horned Dragon shadow took form, looming ominously.

Around this ancient Horned Dragon shadow, seven hundred and forty ancient elephant shadows followed suit.

"Peep Naught Realm, Sixth Level!"

Almost instantly, Brendan Rowan and Millon Pond were the first to react, their faces changing drastically.

They could tell.

Charles' cultivation was indeed at the 'Peep Naught Realm, Sixth Level'!

Moreover, Charles's spirit sword was a 'Seventh-Order Spirit Sword'!

As for the momentum Charles comprehended, it was the 'half-step into Momentum Wind'!

"Die!"

A crazed grin broke out on Constant Graham's face, his eyes brimming with the ultimate hatred.

Half a month ago, the humiliation Wyatt had given him in the arena was something he would never forget in his life.

Witnessing Wyatt getting killed with his very own eyes was undoubtedly the happiest moment of his life.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Both Alfonso Rowan and Young Master Holland who cared for Wyatt, their faces all changed at this moment.

They had no idea.

Charles Davidson from the Black Fiend Sect, turned out to be a 'Peep Naught Realm, Sixth Level Warrior'.

If they had known earlier, they would definitely do everything they could to dissuade Wyatt from fighting, no matter the cost.

After all, a wise man does not court danger.

Regrettably, what is done is done at this point.

However, they weren't too worried about Wyatt's safety.

Simply because, they knew.

If Wyatt's life were at risk, Brendan would absolutely not sit by and do nothing.

In Brendan's heart.

Wyatt was his master in the art of refining. His place in Brendan's heart was paramount.

And indeed, such was the reality.

At present, Brendan's eyes had already focused, his Origin Force accumulated, ready to make a move at any moment.

For him, as long as he could save Wyatt, nothing else mattered.

However, he was soon dumbfounded.

Heavens!

What was he seeing?

Brendan saw.

Just as Charles launched a sword strike, turning into a cobra snapping at Wyatt, when he was only inches away from Wyatt.

Whoosh!

Charles suddenly turned towards the air beside Wyatt, his sword making a brilliant flurry, it seemed as if he was piercing the air beside Wyatt.

Whoosh!

One sword thrust, but it struck nothing.

This scene left everyone present in shock.

In their eyes.

Charles seemed to be deliberately avoiding Wyatt, piercing the air instead.

"Why would Charles show mercy to Wyatt?"

Many were at a loss to understand.

Included amongst them were 'Ford Bushell' and 'Ron Ferguson' of the Black Fiend Sect.

"What is the Senior Brother doing?"

Ron Ferguson's face changed, "Why didn't he just kill Wyatt? With his strength, his last sword strike was more than enough to kill Wyatt!"

Ford Bushell frowned.

Obviously, he also hoped that his disciple could kill Wyatt.

Otherwise, an alive Wyatt was undoubtedly a latent threat to the Black Fiend Sect.

This threat might not count as much now.

But in a few years, even if Wyatt cannot resort to the power of his allies and had to fight alone, he could probably bring about the downfall of their Black Fiend Sect.

Just when everyone thought that Charles was showing mercy.

"Hahahaha..."

Charles made a sword strike, aiming at the air beside Wyatt.

Following that, he stood his ground, glaring at the ground near Wyatt, and erupted in wild laughter, "Wyatt Barnes, I told you, it only takes one move for me to kill you! You can't even handle my one sword strike, you're truly useless."

To the onlookers, it seemed as if Charles was talking to the air.

This scene made everyone present feel creeped out.

"Has this Charles lost his mind?"

A number of them were taken aback.

"Could it be that Wyatt used a 'Devilish Technique'?"

There were also some students from the Dragon Phoenix Academy who couldn't help but shiver, guessing secretly to themselves.

"Devilish Technique!"

Fairy Sinclair's 'Sophie Tyler' face changed instantly.

As far as Wyatt using the 'Devilish Technique' was concerned, she was a firm believer.

After all, her brother 'Mr.Zither' was a victim.

And so was she.

"I almost forgot this guy could use 'Devilish Technique'..."

Seeing this scene, Alfonso Rowan and Young Master Holland breathed a sigh of relief.

"What's going on?"

The Victory King and his son were both left stunned.

They had no clue what was happening right before their eyes.

"Senior Brother!"

"Charles!"

And 'Ron Ferguson' and 'Ford Bushell' of the Black Fiend Sect, their Origin Force vibrated the air, their voices piercing Charles' eardrum, in an attempt to snap him out of his trance.

However, Charles seemed to have entered a demonic trance, motionless.

"Hmph! Eight years ago, you dodged a bullet... Killing you today, it's all the same."

Charles gazed at the empty nothingness, his face stern.

This scene rendered most of the people present speechless.

"Has this Charles gone mad?"

Many people looked puzzled.

Perhaps the only one among them who knew what was happening was Wyatt.

As early as when Charles Davidson attacked him, he successfully accomplished the Soul Technique 'Thousand Phantasm' through the 'Soul Brand' deep within his soul.

Now, Charles was in the illusionary world he created, killing his illusionary doppelganger.

At the very moment when Charles reveled in the thrill of 'killing him'.

Whoosh!

Wyatt made his move, instantly appearing beside Charles.

At this moment, Wyatt had no intention of using his spirit sword. He pointed at Charles' throat with a fingertip.

Wind Thunder Finger!

From Wyatt's fingertip, Origin Force swept out, causing a deafening whistling sound as if he were assisted by the gods.

"Charles Davidson!"

Ford Bushell, the elder of the Black Fiend Sect, saw that his use of the condensed Origin Force sound couldn't awaken Charles, his expression changed dramatically, and he shouted out in alarm.

He hoped his shout could awaken Charles.

However, Charles remained unresponsive.

Under the unbelievable gaze of the onlookers.

Whoosh!

The Origin Force from Wyatt's simple yet mighty 'Wind Thunder Finger' technique, which held the power of six thousand ancient mammoths, easily pierced through Charles's throat.

Splatter!

Blood sprayed.

There appeared a ghastly hole in Charles's throat.

Immediately after, the glow returned to Charles's originally dull eyes.

The effects of Wyatt's Soul Technique 'Thousand Phantasm', which he had cast, disappeared completely at this moment.

"You..."

Upon leaving the illusionary world, the first thing Charles saw was Wyatt standing in front of him.

His pupils contracted suddenly.

Right before his death, Charles was still at a loss.

How was it possible that someone who was clearly killed by him was suddenly alive again?

Boom!

Charles fell to the ground, blood gushing from his throat. His eyes, staring wide open even in death, lost all signs of life.

Charles Davidson.

A Sixth-Order Peep Naught Realm warrior.

Killed by Wyatt in a single strike.

No matter what had transpired, Charles was dead. Killed by Wyatt.

There was complete silence on the scene.

The scene before them made them feel as if they were in a dream.

"Charles!"

"Brother!"

Ford Bushell and Ron Ferguson of the Black Fiend Sect saw Charles being killed. They were angry till they trembled violently, but dared not take any action.

They knew if they did take any action, death was certain!

Because this wasn't their 'Black Fiend Sect'.

With a serene expression, Wyatt stood there, calmly looking at Charles's corpse.

After a long while, Wyatt sighed with relief.

The hatred that accumulated over the past eight years because of Charles, had finally dissolved.

The person who had trampled on his dignity was dead.

Dead beyond redemption!

At this moment, it was as though a 'huge stone' that had been pressing on his heart had been shattered.

The surroundings fell into eerie silence once more.

Everyone's gaze was on Charles's body.

Even those who knew Wyatt knew about the 'deviant method' like Alfonso Rowan, Young Master Holland.

While they had faith in Wyatt, they were still shocked when they saw Charles being killed.

This was a 'Sixth-Order Peep Naught Realm warrior'!

In the blink of an eye, a Sixth-Order Peep Naught Realm warrior was killed by Wyatt.

As for those who didn't know about Wyatt's abilities, they were even more astonished.

Of course, most of them thought Wyatt was just lucky.

After all, the Soul Technique 'Thousand Phantasm' was too hard for them to understand.

"Wyatt sure is lucky, coming across Charles Davidson in a state of madness."

"Yes, such luck defies logic!"

"Charles is really unlucky, he was never sick before, yet he happened to fall ill at this critical moment."

...

The onlookers buzzed with all sorts of comments.

"Hmph! I didn't expect this Wyatt to be so lucky."

Constant Graham looked sullen.

He had hoped that Charles could kill Wyatt.

Who would've thought that Charles would suddenly fall ill and be killed by Wyatt?

This crushed all the happiness in his heart.

"That Charles is really useless."

The look on Victory King's face was also terrible.

From the moment Wyatt offended 'Victory Mansion', he wished nothing more than to have him killed for his torment.

Luck?

Wyatt heard the whispered comments around him.

He showed no response, nor felt any need to explain.

"With my current cultivation at the 'Fourth Order Peep Naught Realm', and my spirit boosted to the 'Sixth Order Peep Naught Realm'...unless facing an inscription master at the Sixth Order Peep Naught Realm or warriors above the Seventh-Order Peep Naught Realm, none can stop my execution of Soul Techniques!"

A thought crossed Wyatt's mind.

Almost a year ago, during the first practical task of Dragon Phoenix Academy.

Wyatt obtained a 'Soul Bead' from a head horse thief in the Blackwind Ridge. This Soul Bead raised his spiritual power two orders higher than his own cultivation level.

At that time, his cultivation level was at First-level Peep Naught Realm, and his spiritual power was elevated to the Third Order Peep Naught Realm.

It could be said that Soul Bead's contribution played a vital part in his ability to kill Charles today.

All along, this was his reason for accepting Charles's challenge.

With Charles having a cultivation level at the Sixth Order Peep Naught Realm.

And not being an inscription master.

Wyatt had a clear plan all along.

Chapter 552: Young Man in Red

"Sorcery! Sorcery!"

Ron Ferguson, from the Black Fiend Sect, suddenly couldn't help but recall Fairy Sinclair, "Sophie Tyler" losing control in Dragon Phoenix Academy's Inner Courtyard, a year ago.

At that time, Fairy Sinclair repeatedly said that Wyatt Barnes knew 'Sorcery'.

However, at that time, including him, no one in the group had believed it.

Now looking back, all of this seemed so coincidental.

Losing one's sanity?

Of course, he knew that his senior brother hadn't suffered from any 'psychotic breakdown'. Because of this, when he looked at Wyatt Barnes again, his gaze was filled with terror.

"Sorcery?"

Ford Bushell, the Supreme Elder of the Black Fiend Sect who was being aided by Ron Ferguson, heard what Ron had said and his complexion changed. He hastily asked in a deep voice, "Ron, what on earth is going on?"

Ron Ferguson quietly shared his suspicion with Ford Bushell.

Ford Bushell's pupils contracted.

"It seems Charles Davidson didn't die in vain."

Ford drew a chilly breath, his gaze towards the distant purple-robed young man was filled with dread.

"It's a pity that I, as a disciple, am powerless... I guess I won't be able to avenge my senior brother."

Ron spoke bitterly.

"Ron!"

Ford's gaze suddenly turned sharp, he hissed quietly, "Forget everything that happened today! In the future, this Wyatt Barnes should not be provoked at all. Otherwise, it will only bring disaster to you and our Black Fiend Sect!"

Ford's voice was filled with endless dread.

Ron trembled, and although he was resentful, he nodded obediently.

He knew that his teacher wasn't fearmongering.

Wyatt Barnes, was indeed that terrifying.

"Truly worthy of being a master!"

Brendan Rowan, the President of the Royal Country Alchemist Guild, looked at the distant Wyatt Barnes, his gaze filled with ardor.

Initially, he had planned to save Wyatt Barnes at all costs when he was about to be defeated by Charles Davidson from the Black Fiend Sect.

However, he hadn't expected Wyatt Barnes to kill Charles Davidson so easily.

Of course, he didn't believe that Charles was killed by Wyatt due to any "psychotic breakdown".

Wyatt's constant composure revealed a clue.

This master had means beyond the understanding of ordinary people!

"Wyatt Barnes, you truly gave me quite a 'surprise'."

Millon Pond looked at Wyatt Barnes complexly.

Soon after, he announced the beginning of the 'Battle of the Geniuses'.

In an instant, the attention of the people at the gathering was diverted.

The Royal Country's 'Battle of the Geniuses' was one of the selections on the way to the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Arts Conference'.

It was a Royal national level selection process.

About those who were able to seize the top five positions in this Battle of the Geniuses, they would be promoted to participate in the 'Imperial selection'.

The five talented youths who would be promoted from the Royal Country, would head towards the 'Emperor Stone Empire' for selection.

Today, the most outstanding young geniuses from the Royal Country have gathered, aiming for those five positions.

"Of the five positions, one is definitely going to Wyatt Barnes... The others will be taken up by Young Master Mad, Young Master Sword, and Young Master Flame. That means, there's only one spot left for the rest of us."

Many people secretly discussed.

"It's lucky that Mr. Zither and Young Master Blade aren't here... Otherwise, we might not even have the chance to compete for the last spot."

"Humph! Even if Mr. Zither and Young Master Blade aren't here, do you think you can compete for that spot? Don't forget, there's also Ron Ferguson, Titus Season, and Jaxson Hawkins."

"Apart from Ferguson and the others, there's also the Young Prince, 'Constant Graham' from the Victory King's Mansion, Fairy Sinclair 'Sophie Tyler'... They all are martial artists of the Peep Naught Realm!"

"It seems that today, anyone who hasn't entered the 'Peep Naught Realm', doesn't need to bother going on stage."

"Indeed."

...

A group of young talents couldn't help but sigh.

"Forget it, let's just watch the spectacle."

Someone in the crowd said.

His words quickly resonated with most people present.

"Ron, you must strive to gain the last position."

Ford Bushell, the supreme elder of the Black Fiend Sect, looked at Ron beside him and said with a serious expression, "If you can get this position, we, as the Black Fiend Sect, will receive rewards from the Imperial Family as the recommending party."

"Teacher, rest assured, as long as Mr. Zither and Young Master Blade don't come... I am confident."

Ron quickly nodded, his face full of confidence.

"For efficiency... Talented youths below the Peep Naught Realm shall be considered to have automatically forfeited! If anyone has any objections, they can challenge a Peep Naught Realm martial artist, and as long as they can defeat them, they can continue with the selection."

Millon's gaze swept over the young talents present.

No one had any objections to Millon's words.

Martial artists below the Peep Naught realm truly weren't necessary participants.

Even if they did participate, they wouldn't be able to secure any of the five positions.

"Very well."

Since no one expressed any objections, Millon nodded and continued, "Martial artists above the Peep Naught Realm, come forward!"

Immediately, several people including Wyatt Barnes, stepped forward.

There were nine people in total.

Wyatt Barnes, Alfonso Rowan, Handmi Holland, Flame Graham, Ron Ferguson, Sophie Tyler, Titus Season, Jaxson Hawkins, and Constant Graham.

Standing in front of the nine people, Millon slowly opened his mouth, "Now, I will..."

Millon's words were abruptly cut off.

This was because, the crowd's attention had been caught by the strong wind coming from up high.

The whistling of the wind was extremely sharp and was accompanied by a fast figure descending from the sky.

This was a young man, who emitted a terrifyingly sharp aura throughout his body.

"It's 'Young Master Blade'!"

Soon, someone exclaimed in surprise.

"It really is 'Young Master Blade', Kase Dragonsmith... he actually arrived at this moment."

Immediately after, many people recognized the newcomer.

"Kase Dragonsmith!"

Wyatt Barnes' gaze fell on the newcomer, his eyes sharp.

Besides being one of the Five Great Young Masters of the Royal Country, 'Young Master Blade' Kase Dragonsmith.

He was also the adopted son of the former Sect Leader of the Monster Lotus Blade Sect.

And the Monster Lotus Blade Sect was one of the culprits responsible for the destruction of the Seven Stars Sword Clan.

Although, during the fall of the old Seven Stars Sword Clan, Kase Dragonsmith wasn't present.

Because of Kase's relationship with the former Sect Leader of the Demon Lotus Blade Sect, Wyatt Barnes has no good impression of him.

Whoosh!

Kase Dragonsmith stepped into the void and landed steadily on a nearby open space.

Several years passed, making Kase more mature than before.

His sharp eyes now held a hint of weathering.

Soon, when Wyatt Barnes's mental force enveloped Kase, his face changed instantly.

Just as if he had seen something unbelievable.

"I hope I'm not late."

Kase glanced at Millon Pond and said lightly.

Millon shook his head.

"Young Master Blade!"

At this time, the gazes of Alfonso Rowan, Handmi Holland, and Flame Graham all fell on Kase.

However, it seemed that Kase was not at all interested in the trio.

His eyes fell on Wyatt Barnes. "Wyatt Barnes, I lost to you in the past. Today, I will erase that shame!"

Wyatt Barnes met Kase's gaze and said lightly, "It seems, Young Master Blade, that you've had some remarkable experiences these past few years..."

Kase Dragonsmith frowned, a chill entering his heart.

Did Wyatt Barnes notice something?

"Young Master Blade!"

Seeing Kase, Ron Ferguson's face turned extremely ugly.

He originally thought he could secure the last place today.

But the arrival of Young Master Blade rendered him helpless.

Taking a deep breath, Ron Ferguson's eyes flashed with confidence, "Young Master Blade, being the lowest-ranked amongst the Five Masters... doesn't necessarily mean he's my match!"

"Even Young Master Blade is here... It seems there's no suspense about who will occupy the five places to enter the Empire of Blackstone."

Quite a few people sighed.

"Yes, these five places will surely be taken by Wyatt Barnes and four of the Five Masters!"

Most people agreed with this statement.

However, soon, the people present couldn't help but look up again.

Whoosh!

Another ear-piercing gust of wind swept across the sky.

It was a red figure.

The newcomer wore a red robe, descending from the void.

The elegant man, dressed in red, with sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, stood there like a sharp sword with a formidable sword aura.

"It seems I'm not too late."

The man in red was about twenty-seven years old and muttered to himself.

"Who is he?"

"I don't know... I've never seen him before!"

...

Upon seeing the suddenly arrived red-robed youngster, the crowd fell into a stunned silence.

Did the Royal Country of the Green Forest also produce such a character?

A Peep Naught Realm martial artist of this age.

In the Royal Country of the Green Forest, it was feared his talent would only be inferior to Wyatt Barnes.

"Sword!"

Young Master Sword - Handmi Holland looked at the red-robed youngster and his eyes revealed an enthusiastic fighting spirit.

He could tell that the other party was also a 'sword cultivator'.

And his understanding of 'sword moves' was not low.

Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible to reveal such an astonishing sword aura.

At the same time, the older generation at the scene also became serious.

They all could see that the red-robed youngster was out of the ordinary.

"This red-robed youngster wouldn't be weaker than any of the Five Masters in terms of strength!" many people thought.

"Another young powerhouse has arrived!"

Ron Ferguson's face darkened.

The faces of Constant Graham and company weren't very good either.

After all, to them, Wyatt Barnes and four of the Five Masters were already insurmountable existences.

Now, another young powerhouse with amazing strength had arrived.

Furthermore, in terms of talent and comprehension, he seemed to be no less inferior to the Five Masters.

"It's you!"

At this moment, Young Master Blade - Kase Dragonsmith frowned at the red-robed man, "Did Uncle Master Sword send you?"

Kase's words caused an uproar among the crowd.

"Young Master Blade knows him?"

"Uncle Master Sword? Could he be from one of the three Sects in the Green Forest?"

"No! I have never heard of anyone in the three Sects in the Green Forest with 'Sword' as a title."

"Who the hell is he?"

...

Most of the crowd had no clue what was going on.

"Didn't Uncle Master Blade also let you come, Brother Dragon?" The red-robed man glanced at Kase Dragonsmith and said lightly.

The red-robed man's address made the crowd stunned again.

Was he Young Master Blade's senior brother?

"But his age... He clearly appears younger than Young Master Blade... How is that possible?"

Many people were astonished.

Soon after, everyone noticed that the gaze of the red-robed man had landed on Wyatt Barnes.

A rare hint of a smile flashed across the red-robed man's calm face as he looked at Wyatt Barnes like he was an old friend.

"Wyatt Barnes, it's been a long time."

The red-robed man's eyes were filled with longing.

Chapter 553: The Emperor of Green Forest Royal Country

"Indeed, it's been a long time..."

Wyatt Barnes snapped back to reality, keeping a calm facade. But in his eyes, a tinge of excitement was hinted.

"Walter Simmons, I never thought our paths would cross in such a place."

After a while, Wyatt Barnes lets out a melancholic sigh.

Walter Simmons!

The red-headed young man who appeared now, was no ordinary person.

He was the 'friend' Wyatt Barnes made in Crimson Heaven Royal Country years ago.

Wyatt Barnes still remembered the first time he met Walter Simmons, in the Iron Blood Army Base in Iron Blood City.

At that time, one could say Simmons was the strongest young prodigy beneath him.

Later, Simmons and he jointly entered the 'Sacred Martial Arts Academy' in Crimson Heaven Royal Country's Imperial City, thereby establishing a profound friendship.

And then, Simmons was forced to depart by the Grand Elder of the Simmons Clan, disappearing without a trace!

Wyatt Barnes never imagined.

His reunion with Simmons, unexpectedly, would be here in the Imperial Palace of Green Forest Royal Country.

Moreover, Simmons now possessed such a shocking level of cultivation...

This was beyond Wyatt Barnes's expectations.

Wyatt Barnes could guess.

During these years, Simmons must have gone through some 'great adventures'!

Otherwise, such significant changes wouldn't be possible.

"Walter Simmons?"

Watching how familiar Wyatt Barnes and the red-headed young man were, and their seemingly good relationship, those present were astonished.

At the same time, they learned the name of the red-headed young man.

Turns out, this extraordinary young man was named 'Walter Simmons'!

"Walter Simmons? Have any of you ever heard of this person?"

"No! Never heard of him before today."

"When did our Green Forest Royal Country produce such a figure? Not only Young Master Blade recognizes him; even Wyatt Barnes knows him."

"Wyatt Barnes appears to be very familiar with him."

...

The onlookers murmured amongst themselves.

Next thing they knew.

The crowd witnessed in shock.

Whoosh!

In a lift of Simmons's hand, a banknote of ten thousand tael denomination appeared.

As Simmons lifted his hand, the banknote flew out and landed at Wyatt Barnes's feet.

"What is Simmons up to?"

The onlookers were stupefied.

Why was Simmons giving money to Wyatt Barnes?

"Haha..."

Wyatt Barnes caught the banknote with a laugh, readily pocketed it, and said, "Walter Simmons, it's been many years. I didn't expect you would still remember."

Back then, Simmons borrowed a million taels of silver from him due to the pressure from the Grand Elder of the Simmons clan.

A million taels of silver were equivalent to ten thousand taels of gold.

Now, Simmons was merely repaying his past debts.

"Of course, I remember."

Simmons smiled. Excitement filled his eyes, "Wyatt Barnes, how have you been these years?"

"Good."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, "And you?"

"I'm doing well."

Simmons also nodded, then sighed, "I guessed that I could potentially run into you at the 'Genius Competition' in the Imperial Palace of Green Forest Royal Country today...and as expected."

Wyatt Barnes smiled, "your appearance was a bit unexpected to me."

"Wyatt Barnes, who is this?"

Vice Dean Pond questioned Wyatt Barnes.

Vice Dean Pond's question echoed the thoughts of others present.

For a moment, everyone's gaze rested on Wyatt Barnes.

Even Young Master Blade, 'Kase Dragonsmith', looked at Wyatt Barnes with a slight frown, "How does Wyatt Barnes know this Walter Simmons guy?"

To Kase, Simmons always seemed so aloof.

Even towards him, Simmons was seemingly dismissive.

However, in front of Wyatt Barnes, this usually impassive Simmons seemed like a different person.

"Vice Dean Pond, this is my friend. We both come from the same country."

Wyatt Barnes said to Vice Dean Pond.

"I see."

Vice Dean Pond suddenly realized. His eyes flashed, and he said, "I didn't expect that besides you and the five young masters within our Green Forest Royal Country, there's such a talented person..."

"You flatter me."

Simmons nodded at Vice Dean Pond, his face regaining its usually cool expression.

"Turns out this Simmons fellow is from the same country as Wyatt Barnes?"

"It seems our Green Forest Royal Country certainly has hidden talents."

"Indeed, his abilities don't seem to be inferior to those of the five young masters."

...

The crowd sighed in admiration.

Of course, some people didn't look particularly pleased.

These people were like Ron Ferguson, who was preparing to contest for the last quota spot.

However, the appearance of Kase and Simmons made them feel powerless.

"Damn it!"

Constant Graham's face darkened, "It turns out that he is Wyatt Barnes's friend... At this time, is it not intentional to cause trouble? And Young Master Blade, Kase Dragonsmith, he could have appeared late or not appeared at all, but instead chose to appear now."

Originally, Constant Graham was hopeful that he could secure a spot for himself.

But when Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith appeared, he knew that he was doomed to be denied the five spots.

"I never expected Young Master Blade to arrive just in time, making today's competition of geniuses worth watching."

"And Walter Simmons, who among the Peep Naught Realm martial artists, only ranks higher than Wyatt Barnes and is younger than the others... Most importantly, he is Young Master Blade's senior!"

"It's clear that Young Master Blade is somewhat wary of Walter Simmons, obviously wary of his capabilities."

"This Walter Simmons is no ordinary person!"

"Initially, we thought that Wyatt Barnes, Young Master Mad, Young Master Sword, and Young Master Flame could secure four spots. Now with Young Master Blade and Walter Simmons as variables, things might change."

"This is going to be exciting."

...

The young prodigies below the Peep Naught Realm, from various influences, seemed to enjoy the chaos.

For them.

Regardless of whether Young Master Blade and Walter Simmons appear today, they have no chance of securing the five spots.

Now, the appearance of Young Master Blade and Walter Simmons is just what they were hoping for, and it makes them even happier.

Because this means that today's contest of geniuses will be even more exciting!

That's what they want to see.

"Sacrificial Officer Pond!"

Suddenly, Victory King stepped forward and looked at Millon Pond, speaking in a deep voice, "Both Young Master Blade and Walter Simmons didn't go through the 'gate' of the Dragon Phoenix Academy. Isn't it inappropriate for them to participate directly in the 'contest of geniuses'?"

The words of Victory King relaxed Ron Ferguson and others a bit.

But those juniors who wanted to watch the commotion frowned and looked concerned.

They were genuinely worried that the royal family would expel 'Young Master Blade' and 'Walter Simmons' and not allow them to participate in the 'contest of geniuses'.

If so, they would undoubtedly be somewhat disappointed.

At this moment, all eyes were on Millon Pond.

"Erik Walton, what do you think?"

Millon Pond looked at the old man next to him and asked.

This old man, who had come with Millon Pond, stood quietly at his side, eyes closed in meditation, without speaking.

Now, as Millon Pond asked, the old man slowly opened his eyes.

The old man glanced at Victory King and then said: "The Dragon Phoenix Academy is actually just a formality. The goal of this 'contest of geniuses' is to unearth the outstanding young talents in the Royal Country and on the road to the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Arts Meeting'!"

"This is the original intention of the 'contest of geniuses'! As long as they're capable of earning one of the five spots, even the emperor might not object."

The old man's words were reasonable and justified.

Making many people in the audience admire him.

Victory King frowned, "Sacrificial Officer Walton, shouldn't we ask for my royal brother's opinion on this matter?"

"No need!"

Almost the instant Victory King's voice fell, there came a loud voice from a distance.

Everyone present saw.

A middle-aged man in dragon robes was flying in the sky.

Following the middle-aged man in dragon robes was an old man who followed him like a shadow, standing there, giving people an unfathomable feeling.

"Enter Void Realm Five! Enter Void Realm Six!"

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows.

His spiritual force instantly probed the cultivation of the two men.

The middle-aged man in dragon robes at the forefront was a 'Enter Void Realm Five' martial artist.

The old man behind him was an 'Enter Void Realm Six' presence.

Presumably, he was one of the five Sacrificial Officers of the Royal Family of the Royal Country.

As for the middle-aged man in dragon robes.

"Greetings to Your Majesty!"

The crowd in the audience bowed to the middle-aged man in dragon robes, with many people bowing deeply, their heads almost touching the ground.

Only Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, and Chairman Rowan stood tall among the crowd.

"Emperor of the Royal Country!"

Wyatt Barnes looked at the middle-aged man in dragon robes in front of him, his eyes flickered with light.

He was somewhat curious about the emperor of a regal country.

"In terms of strength, the one from Crimson Heaven Country is far inferior to this one."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

The emperor of Crimson Heaven Country was just a common 'Peep Naught Realm martial artist'.

However, this Emperor of the Royal Country was a terrifying existence in the 'Enter Void Realm Five'.

There was a world of difference in strength between the two.

"How audacious!"

At this moment, a thunderous voice sounded in Wyatt Barnes's ear.

It was Victory King, glaring coldly at Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons, saying coldly:  
"Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, why don't you bow when you see His Majesty the Emperor?  
Is it because you think His Majesty is not worthy of your salute?"

It had to be said that Victory King's charge against Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons was indeed 'ferocious'.

Wyatt Barnes frowned, then said indifferently, "Victory King, His Majesty hasn't said anything yet, and you're already yelling here. Isn't that disrespectful to His Majesty?"

"You!!"

Victory King's face darkened, and he shouted: "Wyatt Barnes, don't try to change the subject!"

"Am I changing the subject?"

Wyatt Barnes laughed, intending to continue to retort.

At this moment, Chairman Rowan, standing aside, spoke up, "Victory King, I think Elder Brother Ling Tian is right. His Majesty hasn't said anything yet, so why are you so anxious? Are you trying to take revenge?"

Due to Wyatt Barnes's prior instructions.

So, in front of others, Chairman Rowan didn't refer to Wyatt Barnes as 'master'.

Chairman Rowan's defense of Wyatt Barnes caught Victory King by surprise.

For Chairman Rowan, he both feared and respected him.

Now, he didn't dare to respond.

"Chairman Rowan."

The middle-aged man in dragon robes, who was the Emperor of the Royal Country, looked at Chairman Rowan and smiled, "Long time no see, you're still in good health."

Chapter 554: Battle of Geniuses

"Your majesty is too kind."

Brendan Rowan nodded casually.

Even when facing the emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country, he remained calm and steady.

And the Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country showed no dissatisfaction whatsoever.

The elderly man's status was something even he had to tread carefully around.

Next, the gaze of the Green Forest Royal Country Emperor landed on Wyatt Barnes. He nodded and smiled at Wyatt, "Wyatt Barnes, since you defeated Young Master Blade and won the first place in the martial arts contest of the five major sects, making your name known throughout the Green Forest Royal Country... I have been paying attention to you."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, his face still calm, like a still ancient well.

As if the person standing before him was not the emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country, but just an ordinary person.

Seeing Wyatt's reaction, the emperor was not angry but instead nodded in satisfaction.

Humble yet proud, truly extraordinary.

Soon, the emperor's gaze fell on Walter Simmons, he smiled and said, "Although I have never heard of you before, since you are Wyatt's friend and Young Master Blade's elder martial brother, you must be no ordinary person."

"Today, you and Young Master Blade's arrival has made the 'Battle of the Geniuses' much more interesting... it even attracted me."

Originally, in the eyes of the emperor.

Out of the five spots, Wyatt, Young Master Mad, Young Master Sword, and Young Master Flame would each surely occupy one.

The remaining one would be filled from the remaining crowd.

In other words, the four people lead by Wyatt were nearly unshakable contenders.

As such, he was somewhat bored of the 'Battle of the Geniuses'.

But now, the emergence of Young Master Blade and Walter Simmons made him anticipate exciting scenes in the upcoming event.

The four masters of the five young masters.

Plus Wyatt and Walter.

These six, vying for five spots.

Among the six, each one was a peak martial arts genius of the Green Forest Royal Country.

The struggle between the six will undoubtedly be exciting.

Even he was interested.

The emperor's words had just fallen.

"It seems that His Majesty the Emperor also wants Young Master Blade and Walter Simmons to participate in the 'Battle of the Geniuses'."

"His Majesty the Emperor is truly wise, knowing how to choose the most outstanding five people."

"It seems that this time, we in the Green Forest Royal Country are likely to produce outstanding youths who will advance to the imperial standard."

...

Those present lowered their voices to converse in whispers.

"Your Majesty."

At this moment, Ford Bushell, the Supreme Elder of the Black Fiend Sect, respectfully greeted the emperor.

The Emperor glanced at Ford Bushell indifferently, "Who are you?"

Ford Bushell quickly replied: "Your Majesty, I am Ford Bushell, the Supreme Elder of the Black Fiend Sect."

"What is it?"

The Emperor asked, his tone tinged with impatience.

As the emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country, who controlled the most powerful force 'Imperial Family'.

Not to mention the Black Fiend Sect, a 'second-rate sect', even the 'Green Forest Three Sects' that have now merged together weren't in his scope of concern.

The power of the Imperial Family was the most arrogantly supreme among the Green Forest Royal Country.

Otherwise, it would not be enough to dominate the entire Green Forest Royal Country.

In this world where Respect the Powerful is the rule, even the Imperial Family needs adequate power to govern a kingdom, a royal country, or even an empire and a dynasty.

Otherwise, it would have been overthrown long time ago.

"Your Majesty, there are some matters in the Black Fiend Sect that need my attention. I would like to take my disciples and leave first."

Ford Bushell said again.

Clearly, seeing the appearance of Young Master Blade and Walter Simmons now, Ford Bushell no longer pinned his hopes on Ron Ferguson.

The extent of Ron's abilities was all too clear to him.

There's no way to compare Ron with Wyatt, Walter, and the quadruplet of the five young masters.

"You may go."

The emperor nodded indifferently.

To him, the people of the Black Fiend Sect were dispensable.

"Yes."

Ford Bushell nodded respectfully, ordered Ron Ferguson to carry Charles Davidson's body, and hurriedly left the palace.

His retreating figure seemed lonely and awkward.

Ron Ferguson of the Black Fiend Sect had officially withdrawn from the 'Battle of the Geniuses'.

With Ron's departure, the remaining few people, including Titus Season, were somewhat restless.

"I quit."

Titus Season wisely resigned and stepped aside.

"Me too."

Jaxon Hawkins followed soon after.

The two of them, though they had broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm First level', had not yet fully comprehended 'Sword Move'.

Therefore, they wisely withdrew.

In their eyes.

If they were to stay, it would be purely for self-humiliation and discomfort.

"I quit."

Constant Graham, the young prince of Victory King, said with a grim expression.

For a moment, besides the six people including Wyatt, only Fairy Sinclair was left.

Fairy Sinclair didn't speak, but she retired to one side.

She, with her actions, explained everything.

She, too, withdrew.

"Brother, will you come back?"

Fairy Sinclair, seeing that even Young Master Blade had appeared, looked hopefully towards the sky, saying some expectations.

However, until Millon Pond announced the start of the 'Battle of the Geniuses', she didn't see the figure of 'Mr. Zither'.

"Today's 'Battle of the Geniuses' will select the five strongest among the six of you and award them the five spots to the Emperor Stone Country..."

Millon Pond looked towards Wyatt and the other five, slowly saying, "This is your opportunity, the opportunity to make your name in Emperor Stone Country! I hope you won't miss it."

Then, Millon Pond began to announce the rules, "Among the six of you, each of you will face five battles... Now, you can draw lots to get your own number ticket."

As Millon Pond was speaking, a box with a small slot appeared in his hand.

The small slot on the box was just the right size for an adult's arm to extend into.

It was the 'draw box'.

"In there, there are tags numbered from 1 to 6... the person who draws tag number 1 can choose any of the others as their first target in the first duel of the 'Genius Battle'."

"The person who draws tag number 2 can choose any of the remaining three, except for the holder of tag number 1 and the person they challenge."

"The person who draws tag number 3 can choose anyone other than the holder of tag number 2 and the person they challenge"

"And so on..."

"The specific rule is that you can't challenge the two people who competed in the previous duel, giving them space to rest."

Millon Pond slowly finished speaking.

The rule is not complicated.

Wyatt Barnes and his five companions quickly grasped it.

Then it was time to draw the tags.

Wyatt Barnes drew tag number 3.

Handmi Holland drew tag number 1.

Flame Graham drew tag number 2.

Kase Dragonsmith drew tag number 4.

Alfonso Rowan drew tag number 5.

Walter Simmons drew tag number 6.

The first duel was initiated by the holder of tag number 1, who was Young Master Sword, 'Handmi Holland.'

Under the gaze of everyone's eyes, Handmi Holland's gaze swept over Wyatt Barnes and the others.

He didn't linger on Wyatt Barnes nor Alfonso Rowan.

In the end, Handmi Holland set his target.

"I challenge the holder of tag number 2, Young Master Flame!"

Handmi Holland's gaze fell on Flame Graham, his body radiating a fighting spirit.

Young Master Flame held the second rank among the five masters present.

Out of the four people present, besides Alfonso Rowan, he was the other one who sat above him in rank.

"Hmph! Young Master Sword, it won't be easy to walk over me and advance."

Flame Graham sneered and said.

"Whether it's easy or not, we won't know until we try,"

Handmi Holland glanced at Flame Graham and said calmly.

"Since you're asking for humiliation, I will fulfil your wish,"

Flame Graham took a step forward, Origin Force surging around him and squared off against Handmi Holland.

For a moment, the eyes of everyone present fell on the two of them.

Young Master Sword duelling Young Master Flame.

Most people held their breath.

Whoosh!

With the Origin Force surging in Flame Graham, above the void, the ancient illusion of six thousand elephants took form, appearing so lifelike...

"Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level?"

Wyatt Barnes furrowed his brows.

He still remembered that half a month ago, he had assessed Flame Graham's cultivation level using his spiritual power.

At that time, Flame Graham was only at the 'Peep Naught Realm Third Level'.

Just half a month later, Flame Graham had broken through?

Wyatt Barnes could tell that even the Emperor of Royal Country Green Forest, Flame Graham's father, was surprised.

It was clear; he had just learned that his son had broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level.'

"Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level!"

Alfonso Rowan's complexion slightly changed, and he shivered inside, "Young Master Sword is in danger."

"Young Master Sword, I will show you that even if you have comprehended 'Half-step Micro Sword Move,' and I haven't grasped the 'Half-step Micro Water Move,' I can still crush you, a Peep Naught Realm Third Level martial artist, with my Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level cultivation!"

Flame Graham's words were extremely arrogant.

Apparently, he knew everything about Handmi Holland.

"Peep Naught Realm Third Level?"

Who knew, but instead of worry, Handmi Holland laughed when he heard Flame Graham's words.

Whoosh!

With Handmi Holland's laughter, Origin Force surged within him.

Above the void, the same 'six thousand ancient elephant illusion' appeared...

"Young Master Sword has also broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level'!"

Suddenly, the crowd watching went into an uproar.

"This guy..."

Both Wyatt Barnes and Alfonso Rowan were a bit taken aback when they saw this.

Neither of them had expected that Young Master Sword had also broken through!

"Yesterday, he was still at the 'Peep Naught Realm Third Level'... Did he break through overnight?"

Wyatt Barnes murmured in shock.

He remembered that yesterday, his spiritual power had subtly swept over Handmi Holland, confirming that Handmi Holland was still a Peep Naught Realm Third Level martial artist.

Over just one night, Handmi Holland had broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Fourth Level.'

It was stunning.

"You... you also broke through!"

Flame Graham's face changed.

The breakthrough of Young master Sword meant that he couldn't suppress the latter through Origin Force any longer.

Not only that.

Young Master Sword had already comprehended the 'Half-step Micro Sword Move.'

When it came to the comprehension of 'Force,' he was not as good as Young Master Sword.

Whoosh!

No matter how ugly Flame Graham's face looked, Young master Sword had made the first move.

He moved fast as a gust of wind, in a blink, he appeared in front of Flame Graham.

Whoosh!

With a thrust of the sword, it moved as if divinely aided, its momentum was overwhelming.

"Hmph!"

Flame Graham snorted coldly, having made up his mind in his heart.

He was going to use his fifth-grade Spirit Weapon to defeat Young Master Sword.

In his view.

The immense power bestowed upon him by his fifth-grade Spirit Weapon was enough to squash the combined force of Young Master Sword's Spirit Sword and the 'Half-step Micro Sword Move.'

Chapter 555: Two Types of Herbs

As Flame Graham's right hand suddenly conjured a spirit glove, bursts of Origin Force raged within.

Above the void, 2200 ancient elephant illusions suddenly loomed next to the six thousand already present.

Whiz!

In an instant, Graham pointed a finger and a slew of solidified Origin Force burst forth.

Screeching filled the air!

Around the stream of Origin Force, wisps of eerie aura emerged.

It was the aura of 'insight'

At that moment, another two hundred ancient elephant illusions appeared over Graham's head.

This single pointed finger contained the strength of 8400 ancient elephants!

Boom!

Graham's divine power instantly disintegrated the force from the spirit sword in Handmi Holland's hand.

Terrible strength poured in.

For a moment, Holland's sword hand trembled, blood spraying from the almost torn muscles in his palm.

Even though he had perceived the 'half-step micro sword move', the spirit sword in his hand was only a 'sixth-grade spirit sword.'

In comparison to the 'fifth-grade spirit artifact' in Graham's hand, it fell behind by a full ten percent of enhancing force!

The martial artist of Peep Naught Realm fourth layer could explode with power equivalent to the strength of six thousand ancient elephants.

And ten percent of the enhancing force equates to six hundred ancient elephants' strength!

Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham', wielding a fifth-grade spirit artifact, enlightenment aura, and pure strength, exceeded Young Master Sword's abilities.

Of course, all of this was because Graham had an advantage with his spirit artifact.

Otherwise, Young Master Sword would not be the one at a loss.

"Young Master Sword, you concede."

Graham smiled faintly.

In his view, unless Handmi Holland also had a fifth-grade spirit artifact.

Otherwise, he couldn't possibly be his rival.

Handmi Holland had a stern face, reluctant yet resigned, ready to withdraw.

Just as Wyatt Barnes was about to lend his sword to Holland.

"Young Master Sword!"

Between Brendan Rowan's raising hand, a spirit sword flew out, heading straight for Holland.

Holland caught the sword and looked at Brendan Rowan questioningly, "Chairman Rowan, what is this?".

"This is a fifth-grade spirit sword, my second piece of work since becoming a 'fifth-grade artifact refiner'. I present it as a gift to you."

Rowan's tone was casual, as if he had given away something trivial.

Fifth-grade artifact refiner?

Upon hearing this from Rowan, it caused quite the stir, without exception.

Except for Wyatt Barnes and Alfonso Rowan who were already aware, everyone else, except for Walter Simmons who was relatively calm, looked dumbfounded.

"Chairman... Chairman Rowan, you are a 'fifth-grade artifact refiner' now?"

The Emperor of the Royal Country, Green Forest, asked a bit inappropriately.

Rowan nodded briefly, "I broke through not long ago."

"Congratulations, Chairman Rowan!"

Hearing Rowan's confirmation, the Emperor hurriedly offered his congratulations.

"Congratulations, Chairman Rowan!"

Others followed in offering their congratulations.

The Royal Country of Green Forest finally birthed 'fifth-grade artifact refiner' of their own.

Some people's eyes shone with covetousness, looking at Rowan as if they wanted to swallow him whole.

What it means to be a fifth-grade artifact refiner, they knew all too well.

As long as a fifth-grade artifact refiner was willing, they could refine numerous 'fifth-grade spirit artifacts'...

"Thanks, Chairman Rowan!"

Holland's eyes brightened, realizing that Rowan had given him a 'fifth-grade spirit sword', and his spirits lifted.

Graham's face, however, changed drastically.

Whoosh!

Graham swiftly moved, becoming like a lightning bolt, shooting towards Holland.

Whiz!

Another surge of Origin Force shot out.

The high-pitched sound erupted.

This time he used his full strength.

Clearly, Graham wanted to badly wound Holland before he had a chance to react...

Only this way would he have a chance to win.

Otherwise, with the 'fifth-grade spirit sword' to aid him, Young Master Sword was no longer an opponent he could take on.

When Wyatt Barnes saw this, a hint of worry crossed his eyes.

"Hmph!"

Almost at the moment Graham made his move, Holland let out a cold snort and moved instantly.

Whoosh!

He was already darting to one side ahead of time.

Graham's Origin Force barely missed, skimming his sleeve and leaving a hole.

The flickering Origin Force did not slow down and crashed heavily into the ground, causing the green stone bricks to crack and fly.

Graham reacted quickly, almost at the moment Holland began to evade, he pointed his finger again.

Whiz!

The flickering Origin Force launched again.

It seemed as if he wouldn't be satisfied until Holland was suppressed.

"Flame Graham, let me show you the power of a fifth-grade spirit artifact!"

Holland let out a cold shout, his fifth-grade spirit sword instantly swung into action.

In a matter of moments, 2900 ancient elephant illusions appeared out of thin air in the void above him, next to the six thousand already present...

This enhancement of power was superior to the boosting strength of Graham's fifth-grade spirit artifact.

Furthermore, he had comprehended the 'half-step micro sword move'.

Not just based on his power and artifact enhancement ability.

Just based on 'potential', he was stronger than Graham by three hundred ancient elephant forces.

Now, adding the difference of one hundred ancient elephant strengths, in terms of his artifact enhancement.

The power on Holland's sword was much greater than the force Graham's finger pointed out, by the strength of four hundred ancient elephants...

That's a difference of four hundred ancient elephants' strength!

This gap, a gaping chasm.

The combat experience of the two was almost identical.

The gap in power left no uncertainty in the outcome of this fight.

Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland', with power surpassing that of Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham', defeated Flame Graham.

A comeback victory!

The might of the 'Fifth Grade Spirit Sword' was fully displayed.

"I've lost."

Flame Graham was somewhat stunned.

However, the attention of others was not focused on the outcome of the fight.

Except for Wyatt Barnes, Brendan Rowan, and Alfonso Rowan.

Including the Emperor of Green Forest, everyone's eyes were fixated on Young Master Holland's Fifth Grade Spirit Sword.

"Young Master Sword's Fifth Grade Spirit Sword seems to boost '49%' of power!"

Someone shouted in surprise, not knowing who it was.

This shout brought many back to reality from their daze.

"A Fifth Grade Spirit Sword that boosts '49%' is undoubtedly a 'Top Grade' among the Fifth Grade Spirit Artifacts... Is this Fifth Grade Spirit Sword forged by Chairman Rowan?"

"Even the Fifth Grade Artifact Refiners from the Black Stone Empire, let alone those from the Great Turdo Dynasty, might not be able to forge a 'Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact' with such strong amplification ability."

"Chairman Rowan's proficiency in artifact refining is truly terrifying! Just after becoming a 'Fifth Grade Artifact Refiner', he could forge such an outstanding Fifth Grade Spirit Sword."

...

Without surprise, a series of earnest stares landed on Brendan Rowan.

He was an artifact refiner who could forge Fifth Grade Spirit Artifacts that amplify '49%' of power.

"Chairman Rowan..."

Even the Emperor of the Green Forest Kingdom couldn't help but lose composure at this point.

Feeling the respectful gazes all around, Brendan Rowan shot a glance at Wyatt Barnes, with complicated emotions.

Who would have thought.

He could become a 'Fifth Grade Artifact Refiner' in such a short time, and have high confidence in forging a Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact that amplifies '49%' of power.

All of this was thanks to this young man.

In front of this young man.

The respect from the people around...

He felt undeserving of it.

"Chairman Rowan, our Ho Family wishes to commission you to forge a 'Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact' for us... in the future, should Chairman Rowan have any tasks, our Ho Family will brave through fire and water, and will not refuse!"

"Our Tackman Clan shares the same sentiment."

"Our Wu Clan too."

...

In no time, the training field became bustling.

All the powers, willing to pay a huge price, just to have Brendan Rowan forge a 'Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact' for them.

But, Brendan Rowan didn't even spare them a look.

As the chairman of the Green Forest Kingdom's Guild of Artifact Refiners, would he lack 'lackeys'?

"Gentlemen!"

Suddenly, Brendan Rowan spoke out, "If you can find either one of these two medicinal ingredients... I would be willing to forge a Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact as a token of gratitude!"

With this statement from Brendan Rowan, his hand raised.

In the air, along with Brendan's Origin Force, several milky-white threads formed, eventually weaved into two images.

The first image was of an oval-shaped leaf.

There was a clear outline around the leaf, it strongly resembled the wings of that legendary Divine Beast, the 'Phoenix'.

"This is 'Phoenix Feather Grass', an extremely rare medicinal material."

Brendan Rowan introduced.

Then, Brendan Rowan introduced the second medicinal material: "This is 'Everlasting Root', which resembles the talons of the legendary phoenix."

The other image was similar to that of a tree root, resembling a phoenix's claw.

"Chairman Rowan, as long as we find either one of these two medicinal materials, are you really willing to forge a Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact for us?"

A Clan Chief from a renowned family in Green Forest Kingdom asked with some excitement.

"Of course, I, Brendan Rowan, always keep my promises."

Brendan Rowan nodded.

Suddenly, the eyes of many people in the audience lit up.

"Chairman Rowan, may I ask what use do you have for these two medicinal materials?"

The Emperor of Green Forest Kingdom asked curiously.

Everyone else looked towards Brendan Rowan.

These two medicinal materials, even the Chairman of the Green Forest Kingdom's Guild of Artifact Refiners could not find, were obviously no ordinary items.

"I am simply fulfilling a request for someone."

Brendan Rowan responded lightly.

Fulfilling a request?

Upon hearing Brendan Rowan's words, many people were stunned.

Who could have such a great influence that would allow the Chairman of the Green Forest Kingdom's Guild of Artifact Refiners to spare no effort, even willing to pay the price of a 'Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact', to acquire those two medicinal materials?

By now, even Alfonso Rowan wore a puzzled expression.

He was not privy to this matter.

At present, among all those present, only Wyatt Barnes remained calm, with a leisurely expression.

Because, the 'Phoenix Feather Grass' and the 'Everlasting Root', were exactly what he had asked Brendan Rowan to help him find.

Phoenix Feather Grass and Everlasting Root were the two auxiliary materials needed to refine the 'Nirvana Pill'.

However, Brendan Rowan's public revelation of this matter took him by surprise.

Upon second thought, he realized Brendan Rowan's intention.

Today, Brendan Rowan made such a promise in front of all the major powers of the Green Forest Kingdom.

It probably won't be long before the news spreads throughout the Green Forest Kingdom.

By then, many people in the Green Forest Kingdom will search for these two medicinal ingredients like mad in order to obtain a Fifth Grade Spirit Artifact.

"Indeed, the older, the wiser."

Wyatt Barnes admitted from the bottom of his heart.

"Next up, because the holder of the No. 2 tag has just been challenged, it's the turn of the holder of the No. 3 tag."

The voice of Millon Pond suddenly rang out.

The holder of the No. 2 tag was 'Flame Graham', who had just battled with Handmi Holland.

And the holder of the No. 3 tag was 'Wyatt Barnes'!

Wyatt Barnes stepped up, becoming the center of attention.

"Who will Wyatt Barnes challenge?"

Those present were somewhat curious.

Chapter 556: Young Master Blade, Fifth Level of the Peep Naught Realm!

"Wyatt Barnes stood there, becoming the focus of the entire crowd.

Everyone was curious about who Wyatt Barnes would choose as his opponent.

Finally.

Wyatt's gaze swept over Walter Simmons, Kase Dragonsmith, and Alfonso Rowan one by one.

"Alfonso Rowan!"

In the end, it settled on Alfonso Rowan.

"Wyatt Barnes is challenging Alfonso Rowan?"

Many were gobsmacked.

They never expected Wyatt Barnes would challenge Alfonso Rowan.

Especially the group of young talents from Dragon Phoenix Academy, who were well aware of the relationship between Wyatt Barnes and Alfonso Rowan.

Alfonso Rowan was a friend of Wyatt Barnes.

Unlike the others' surprise.

Alfonso Rowan wasn't taken aback in the slightest.

As all eyes shifted from Wyatt Barnes to Alfonso Rowan.

"I surrender."

Alfonso Rowan spoke calmly, his face serene.

As if to him, winning or losing didn't really matter.

After all, in this 'battle of geniuses', anyone could secure a place in the Emperor Stone's kingdom as long as they won one match.

After all, there were only six people vying for five spots.

Seeing Alfonso Rowan's concession, most in the crowd were surprised.

Among them were those who thought that the reason 'Black Fiend Sect's' Charles Davidson died at the hands of Wyatt Barnes was because Charles Davidson got 'mad with loss'.

Others who knew of Wyatt's capabilities were not surprised.

In their eyes, not even Charles Davidson, who had reached the Peep Naught Realm's sixth stage, stood a chance against Wyatt Barnes.

Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan' would be no match for him either.

"Given this outcome, victory for the holder of the third token, 'Wyatt Barnes', in this round!"

Millon Pond nodded and then said, "Now, the holder of the fourth token, please step forward ... You can choose anyone!"

Anyone at all!

Millon Pond made himself clear.

The holder of the fourth token could challenge either Wyatt Barnes or Alfonso Rowan.

After all, neither had fought, nor had they spent any energy.

The holder of the fourth token was none other than Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith'.

Kase Dragonsmith stepped forward, his sharp gaze ignoring others and falling directly onto Wyatt Barnes as he sternly said, "Wyatt Barnes, it's time you paid me what you owe from all those years ago!"

Wyatt Barnes smiled and shrugged nonchalantly, "If you're confident enough, bring it on!"

"Hmph, you're just bluffing!"

Kase Dragonsmith's gaze turned cold as he stepped towards Wyatt Barnes, an aggressive force emanating from him.

At that moment, Origin Force on him swirled around, emitting an aura of unparalleled fierceness...

At that moment, Kase Dragonsmith was like a sharp and unmatched giant blade.

Whoa!

Just then, above Kase Dragonsmith's head, phantom images of seven thousand ancient behemoths appeared out of thin air...

"Peep Naught Realm's fifth stage!"

This scene brought a change in most people's complexion.

Who would've imagined that Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' had already advanced to the 'Peep Naught Realm's fifth stage'.

He was the one ranked last among the top five young masters.

The other three among the top five young masters, including Young Master Mad, Young Master Sword and Young Master Flame, all had a gloomy look on their faces.

They never imagined.

The former Young Master Blade, who used to be beneath them, had surpassed them today.

Especially Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham'.

As the 'second' among the top five young masters, he was firstly defeated by the fourth ranked Young Master Sword, and now saw Young Master Blade demonstrating the fifth stage of the Peep Naught Realm.

He was furious and humiliated.

"That Mr. Zither 'Marshall Tyler' has a mysterious master... His achievements today, won't be below mine! Could it be that among the top five young masters, I am destined to be the bottom one?"

Flame Graham kept shaking his head, unwilling to believe this was true.

He was the Third Prince of the Royal Country of the Green Forest, a child of the heavens.

He was the strongest of the younger generation of the royal family of the Royal Country of the Green Forest.

He carried the honor of the royal family on his shoulders.

He couldn't just be trampled on by anyone!

Unknown when, Flame Graham's fists were clenched tightly, and a faint blue energy flickered around him.

Suddenly.

The blue energy trembled and underwent a subtle change.

It was this subtle change that jolted Flame Graham awake, his eyes shining brightly.

"My 'Force'... Has it entered the realm of 'Half-step into Microcosm'?"

Flame Graham's heart trembled, his face was filled with ecstasy.

Unfortunately, currently most people's attention was on Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith'.

Few people noticed the phantom images of five hundred ancient behemoths flickering above Flame Graham's head.

"A half-step into powerhouse status?"

Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow.

His keen senses alerted him to Flame Graham's change at the moment it happened.

"This Young Master Flame has some tricks up his sleeve..."

Wyatt secretly noted.

As for the fact that Young Master Blade was a 'Peep Naught Realm's Fifth-Stage Fighter', he wasn't surprised.

The moment Young Master Blade appeared, his senses detected his current cultivation level.

Watching as a spirit sword suddenly appeared in Young Master Blade's hand and the Origin Force around him surged.

Above his head in the empty space, more than nine thousand six hundred phantom images of ancient behemoths gathered, ready to strike...

Almost at the same time.

In the depths of Wyatt Barnes' eyes, a mysterious light flickered.

His mental strength merged into the 'spiritual brand' deep within his soul."

Illusion!

At the first moment, Wyatt Barnes displayed his own Soul Technique.

"Young Master Blade has actually broken through to the fifth level of the Peep Naught Realm... it seems Wyatt Barnes is out of luck!"

"Yeah, unless Young Master Blade goes mad like Charles Davidson of the Black Fiend Sect... otherwise, Wyatt Barnes is surely defeated!"

"Humph! Wyatt Barnes' battle with Charles Davidson was merely a stroke of luck."

...

A group of onlookers were whispering amongst themselves.

Of course, there were those who were aware of Wyatt Barnes's capabilities and felt this battle had no suspense.

"Young Master Blade's breakthrough to the 'Peep Naught Realm fifth rank' is truly surprising... However, against Wyatt Barnes, he is just unlucky."

Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland looked at each other, their Origin Force contained in their voice.

"It's unexpected. Among us five sons, it's him, the one at the bottom, who first broke through to the 'Peep Naught Realm fifth rank'."

Handmi Holland's eyes were complex.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

As Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith' roared, he charged towards Wyatt Barnes like a gust of wind, his momentum fierce.

Buzz!

As he reversed his spirit blade, it turned into a 'demon lotus', with strands of unrivaled sharp aura on it.

That's the aura of 'Momentum'.

At this point, above Kase Dragonsmith's head in the void, there appeared five hundred giant ancient elephant illusions.

Half-step into the Micro Blade Momentum!

In almost an instant, the five hundred giant ancient elephant illusions emerged and fused with the other over nine thousand giant ancient elephant illusions.

Turned into a giant ancient Horned Dragon illusion!

Obviously, Kase Dragonsmith's current blade contained the power of an ancient Horned Dragon!

"Half-step into Micro Blade Momentum!"

The moment Kase Dragonsmith made his move, those who saw through the 'Blade Momentum' he executed involuntarily shrank their pupils.

"This Young Master Blade, not only does his cultivation surpass Young Master Mad, Young Master Sword and Young Master Flame, even his understanding of 'Momentum' is not inferior to them."

"I originally thought that Young Master Blade had encountered some unusual opportunities and perhaps obtained things like spiritual fruit, which could contribute to his astonishing cultivation... His understanding of 'Momentum' should be far less than Young Master Mad and others. But now it seems I underestimated Young Master Blade."

"Several years ago, Young Master Blade was defeated by Wyatt Barnes, today, he should be able to avenge his previous humiliation!"

...

Many people lamented.

However, their expressions soon changed.

They became dumbfounded.

Almost in an instant, the eyes of everyone present narrowed drastically.

God!

What did they see?

Just as Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith's' knife, accompanied by the power of splitting a mountain, was about to fall on Wyatt Barnes.

At that moment.

Whiz!

Kase Dragonsmith abruptly turned his knife and darted in another direction.

Buzz!

The Origin Force on Kase Dragonsmith's sixth-grade spirit blade suddenly surged, and from a distance, the entire spirit blade seemed to 'expand', transforming into a giant knife.

Demon Lotus Blade Technique!

The giant knife was thrown, transformed into a huge lotus, and flew out, hitting a stone pier on the side of the field.

Immediately, the stone pier was directly crushed, leaving nothing but flying stone debris.

"This..."

The spectators, witnessing the scene before them, were completely stunned and at a loss for words.

In their line of sight.

Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith', was no different from Charles Davidson of the Black Fiend Sect.

He also deliberately avoided Wyatt Barnes and attacked the empty ground on the other side.

"Could it be that Young Master Blade has also gone mad?"

"This is too much of a coincidence, right?"

...

The spectators looked at each other, their faces showing astonishment.

What they saw made them feel as if they were dreaming.

It was one thing for Charles Davidson of the Black Fiend Sect to go mad.

Now, Young Master Blade has also gone mad?

Do such coincidences really exist in this world?

"I remember now!"

Suddenly, a student from the Dragon Phoenix Academy exclaimed.

After successfully attracting many people's attention, he said fearfully: "I recall, a year ago, Fairy Sinclair said that Wyatt Barnes knew 'demonic magic'... At that time, Fairy Sinclair seemed to be lost in Wyatt Barnes' 'demonic magic' and could not extricate herself."

"However, we all thought that Fairy Sinclair was acting along with Wyatt Barnes at the time and didn't take it to heart. Now thinking about it, there might be a significant connection."

As soon as this person's words fell.

It resonated with many students from the Dragon Phoenix Academy, "I remember too...  
Demonic magic! Wyatt Barnes must have used demonic magic!"

"This demonic magic is too terrifying! Even that Charles Davidson, a mighty 'Peep Naught Realm sixth rank' existence, couldn't escape it."

"Charles Davidson was caught in Wyatt Barnes's trap, Young Master Blade, who is only in the Peep Naught Realm fifth rank, naturally couldn't escape!"

...

Under the gaze of the crowd.

Wyatt Barnes took a step forward and effortlessly stood behind Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith'.

Following that.

Wyatt Barnes casually swung one arm.

Whiz!

With less than half the force, his arm strike fiercely sent the unsuspecting Young Master Blade flying.

Immediately afterward, Kase Dragonsmith clumsily fell to the ground, covered in dust.

At this moment, he came back to his senses.

When he saw Wyatt Barnes standing unscathed before him, his face changed.

Chapter 557: The Power of Walter Simmons

"No...impossible...Wyatt Barnes, weren't you...weren't you severely injured by me? Shouldn't you be out of fighting strength?"

"How...how can you be fine?!"

The sight before his eyes was unbelievable for Kase Dragonsmith, making his face extremely grim.

Now, he even doubted if he was dreaming.

Wyatt Barnes calmly looked at Kase Dragonsmith and said softly, "Young Master Blade, you haven't made much progress over the years, have you?"

Wyatt Barnes's words angered Kase Dragonsmith.

"Wyatt Barnes, I would like to see how you can block my blade again!"

Because Wyatt Barnes had held back, Kase Dragonsmith wasn't really injured. He stood up as if transformed into a Demon Beast, and pounced at Wyatt Barnes again.

Thousand Illusions!

With a calm face, Wyatt Barnes's eyes were deep, a mysterious light flickering.

He constructed an enchantic 'Illusionary Space' again, enveloping Kase Dragonsmith within it.

Kase Dragonsmith, once again lost inside it.

Boom!

Wyatt Barnes's arm smashed out again, using no small amount of strength this time, causing Kase Dragonsmith to momentarily lose his combat strength.

Struggling on the ground for a while, Kase Dragonsmith barely managed to stand up again.

His eyes that looked at Wyatt Barnes again, had a twinge of fear.

"Wyatt Barnes, what...what exactly have you done?"

Kase Dragonsmith's voice was trembling slightly.

Reflecting on the series of events that had just happened, he felt as if he was possessed.

If not for being possessed.

Would he have been manipulated so easily by Wyatt Barnes?

Earlier, he had clearly injured Wyatt Barnes twice in a row, causing Wyatt Barnes to lose his combat strength.

But when he snapped back to reality, he found Wyatt Barnes completely unharmed.

This was something he couldn't accept.

"Kase Dragonsmith, you should feel lucky...that you weren't there when my Seven Stars Sword Clan was annihilated by the three sects of the Green Forest. Otherwise, you would be undoubtedly dead today!"

Wyatt Barnes stared at Kase Dragonsmith, his eyes flickering with terrifying coldness.

It made Kase Dragonsmith shiver, his heart anxiously pounding.

"Wyatt Barnes's 'demonic method' is too terrifying!"

"Yes, it's just impossible to guard against!"

...

The group of spectators all showed wary expressions.

"Demon Technique? Interesting."

A faint smile graced the emperor of the Green Forest Imperial Family.

"If this Wyatt Barnes does not die, he will surely become a major threat to my Victory King's mansion!"

The Victory King was filled with a strong intent to kill.

Standing next to him, Sun Heng gritted his teeth, "Why is this Wyatt Barnes so strong? It's so unfair!"

A young man of a similar age, possessing such means, filled him with jealousy.

Why was it Wyatt Barnes who possessed such means, and not him?

He was jealous! He hated!

"Wyatt Barnes..."

Walter Simmons quietly looked at Wyatt Barnes, a small smile emerged on his face.

As a friend of Wyatt Barnes. Seeing Wyatt Barnes's achievements today made him happy.

"Vice Dean Pond!"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Millon Pond.

"Wyatt Barnes wins this round! The holder of the No. 5 badge, please enter the field."

With the declaration by Millon Pond.

The holder of the No. 5 badge, 'Alfonso Rowan', took to the field.

"Young Master Mad is on the field!"

"I wonder who he will choose."

...

The crowd of onlookers watched Alfonso Rowan with curiosity.

Alfonso Rowan's gaze swept over Handmi Holland, Flame Graham, and Walter Simmons.

Finally, he set his sights on Walter Simmons.

"Walter Simmons!"

In Alfonso Rowan's eyes, there was a burning will to fight.

Walter Simmons, a name that is not well-known.

Until today, he didn't even know that there was such a character in the Green Forest Imperial Family.

However, the inadvertent sword Qi that Walter Simmons emanated made him realize that Walter was not a simple character.

At the very least, he was not weaker than Young Master Sword and Young Master Flame.

Walter Simmons stepped forward, standing opposite Alfonso Rowan, nodding slightly at him.

His face still cold.

"This guy..."

Seeing this, Wyatt Barnes shook his head with a laugh.

Walter Simmons was still the same as before, he loved to act cool.

At this moment, he felt as though he had returned to those days many years ago, to those days at the Holy Martial Academy in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

"I really didn't expect that Walter Simmons's departure those days would result in such impressive cultivation!"

Wyatt Barnes internally sighed.

Meanwhile, in the schoolyard, Alfonso Rowan had already made his move.

The strength at the 'Peep Naught Realm quadruple' level exploded fully, with his 'half-step elemental fire technique' shadowing him.

And there was the 'fifth-grade Spirit Spear'.

Swish!

Alfonso Rowan's spear pierced out like a Flood Dragon leaving its den, causing air currents to ripple out like waves.

This spear was aimed directly at Walter Simmons!

High above them in the void, the forces of heaven and earth were stirred.

Finally, the images of more than 9,400 ancient giant elephants charged out.

Yet facing Alfonso Rowan's fierce spear, Walter Simmons didn't respond.

He stood still on the spot, as immovable as a mountain.

"Has Walter Simmons been scared silly?"

Just when many people thought so.

Alfonso Rowan's spear was about to hit Walter Simmons.

And just at this moment.

Walter Simmons moved.

Whoosh!

Walter Simmons suddenly lifted his hand, his two fingers together, forming a sword finger, his Origin Force running rampant.

Walter Simmons's Origin Force was profound and immense.

As his Origin Force condensed into a 'three-foot green sword' on his sword finger, about 8,000 images of ancient giant elephants appeared in the void above his head.

"Peep Naught Realm, Sixth Level!"

All of a sudden, everyone present, except for Wyatt Barnes and Kase Dragonsmith, who remained looking calm, showed changes in their expressions.

At a glance, Walter Simmons looked around twenty-seven years old.

A cultivator at the sixth level of the Peep Naught Realm?

This talent simply outshines the 'Five Young Masters' of their Green Forest Royal Country.

Whoosh!

As Walter Simmons lifted his hand, a three-foot green sword formed by Origin Force shot out from his fingertip.

At the same time, on the three-foot green sword, there emerged a somewhat sharp, strange aura.

As soon as this aura appeared, the airflow in the air quivered.

Above the void, to the side of the phantom of eight-thousand ancient mammoths, another two-thousand phantoms of ancient mammoths appeared...

"Entering... Entering the minute sword move!"

This time, even Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but be surprised.

He had long perceived Walter Simmons's cultivation with his mental power.

But what 'sword move' Walter Simmons had understood, he didn't know at all before this.

He never would've thought.

Years later, seeing Walter Simmons again, he wasn't just a sixth-level Peep Naught Realm martial artist, but also had understood the 'Entering the Minute Sword Move'.

Whoosh!

When the sword formed by Origin Force in Walter Simmons's hand included the 'Entering the Minute Sword Move', it carried the power of an ancient Horned Dragon.

Completely crushing the power on Alfonso Rowan's 'Grade Five Spirit Spear'.

Bang!

The sword in Walter Simmons's hand lightly and easily shook Alfonso Rowan's Grade Five Spirit Spear, injuring him.

The location fell into deathly silence at once.

Alfonso Rowan stupidly stared at the Grade Five Spirit Spear in his hand, his face filled with bitterness. He hadn't expected such a result.

Of course, he knew that this reality could not be changed.

Even if he had a Grade Four Spirit Weapon or a Grade Three Spirit Weapon, he may not necessarily be Walter Simmons's match.

Walter Simmons didn't use a Spirit Weapon. Simply with his own Origin Force, as well as the 'Entering the Minute Sword Move', he could display 'the power of an ancient Horned Dragon'.

If he used a Spirit Weapon, Walter Simmons's power would no doubt be even more terrifying!

Comparatively, Walter Simmons's power vastly surpassed his own.

"I concede."

Walter Simmons nodded towards Alfonso Rowan and stepped back.

Right now, the gazes of all present were almost all on Walter Simmons.

They hadn't thought that this young man with an unknown reputation would have such terrifying strength.

"This Walter Simmons's talent could almost be mentioned in the same breath as Wyatt Barnes!"

"Flocks of a feather flock together, people of a group divide... This Walter Simmons is not only friends with Wyatt Barnes but also a 'freak' like Wyatt Barnes!"

...

The watching crowd stirred with discussion.

"Walter Simmons, I didn't expect you to understand the 'Entering the Minute Sword Move'... Congratulations."

Wyatt Barnes smiled at Walter Simmons.

Walter Simmons responded with a smile, his eyes revealing a desire to fight, "Wyatt Barnes, many years ago, I was not your match... But, the me of today is no longer the me of the past!"

While Walter Simmons did not verbalise it, his words radiated his intention to challenge Wyatt Barnes.

"Walter Simmons, you may not necessarily be my match."

Wyatt Barnes laughed.

In his view, his current 'Peep Naught Realm, Sixth Level' mental power, once he used the Soul Technique 'Illusion', Walter Simmons would certainly fall for it.

After all, Simmons was not an 'Inscription Master'.

"Only by trying would we know."

Walter Simmons said confidently with a smile.

Old friends were now standing on the same stage once again, engaging in a contest of strength.

"I look forward to it."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

The first round was over.

After a short break, the second round began.

Millon Pond looked towards Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland', continuing to speak, "Now it's the turn of the holder of the Number 1 sign to issue a challenge! You can challenge anyone."

Handmi Holland stepped into the field, his gaze directly falling on Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan'.

"Alfonso Rowan!"

In Handmi Holland's eyes, a rampant desire to fight shone.

Until the night before, he hadn't broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm, Fourth Level', and was no match for Alfonso Rowan himself.

Today, having broken through to the Peep Naught Realm, Fourth Level, he had the confidence to fight Alfonso Rowan.

Of course, it was only confidence.

The battle between Young Master Sword and Young Master Mad was undoubtedly a very exciting dragon-tiger fight.

Both were one of the Five Young Masters.

Both were fourth-level Peep Naught Realm martial artists.

Both had understood 'half-step entering the minute move'.

Their fighting experiences were not much different.

In the end, Young Master Mad 'Alfonso Rowan', by virtue of the advantage of his 'half-step entering the minute fire move' which belonged to the 'Power of Nature', barely defeated Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland'.

"Alfonso Rowan, once I understand the 'Entering the Minute Sword Move,' I'm definitely going to defeat you!"

Although Handmi Holland had lost to Alfonso Rowan, he didn't become disheartened, instead firing a shot across the bow.

Hearing his words, Alfonso Rowan nodded his head.

There was a bit more pressure in his heart.

Handmi Holland, as a sword cultivator, was extremely obsessed with 'swords'.

In the past, Handmi Holland's speed of understanding of 'sword moves' far surpassed his understanding of 'fire moves'.

Handmi Holland, nine out of ten times, could understand the 'Entering the Minute Move' before him.

At that time, unless he had also understood 'Entering the Minute Fire Move'.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be Handmi Holland's match.

"Holder of Number 2."

After Alfonso Rowan's victory, Millon Pond looked at Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham'.

Flame Graham stepped into the arena.

But just at this time, a few whispers came, making Flame Graham's face turn as green as grass, looking extremely bad.

"This Young Master Flame, undoubtedly has the weakest ability among the six... now he even dares to step into the arena, not fearing the humiliation."

"Exactly, what Third Prince, really brings 'honor' to the 'Imperial Family'!"

...

Chapter 558: Young Master Flame Fights Young Master Mad

Flame Graham, the Third Prince of the Royal Country.

Among the five princes, he was the 'Young Master Flame', ranked second.

In the past, he was covered in glories.

But today, he has become the object of others' ridicule.

"Father emperor..."

Soon, Flame Graham saw.

His father, the Emperor of the Royal Country, seemed to have no reaction at all to the sarcasm directed at him.

His face was calm, showing no joy or anger.

"Could it be, does the emperor also think I'm inferior to them? Does he look down on me too?"

Flame Graham's heart trembled, a bitter smile filled the corners of his mouth.

Suddenly, Flame Graham's gaze became firm.

"The me of now, is no longer the me of the past!"

Flame Graham held himself upright, his gaze sharp as lightning, radiant from head to toe.

Under everyone's gaze.

Flame Graham's gaze fell on the young man in purple in the distance. "Wyatt Barnes!"

"Wyatt? Is Flame Graham challenging Wyatt?"

"Has he gone insane? Even Young Master Blade, who possesses the Peep Naught Realm's fifth level, was defeated by Wyatt... and he dares to challenge Wyatt?"

"Hmph! He's courting death."

...

No one had any confidence in Flame.

Flame was not swayed by the surrounding ridicule, his gaze was firm.

His decision to challenge Wyatt was well considered.

Now, the opponents he can choose from are limited to Wyatt, Walter Simmons, and Kase Dragonsmith.

Of the other two.

Young Master Sword, as he had previously been defeated by him, he couldn't challenge Young Master Sword again according to the rules.

As for Young Master Mad, who just fought with Young Master Sword, he couldn't challenge in this round either.

Thus, he had only three choices left.

From these three choices, the one he is most unwilling to face is 'Walter Simmons'.

This mysterious red-clothed youth, who had remained obscure till today...

But the strength just displayed by him was shocking indeed!

Besides having cultivated to the 'Peep Naught Realm' sixth level, he has also comprehended the 'In-Depth Sword Move'!

Next, he was unwilling to confront Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith'.

Among these five princes, he was ranked the last.

In the past, he had never put Kase in his eyes, let alone thought that Kase could surpass him one day.

But just now, during Kase's battle with Wyatt, he exhibited the Peep Naught Realm's fifth level cultivation and the 'half-step In-Depth Blade Move'.

Which made him realize.

The ability of this Young Master Blade, 'Kase Dragonsmith', has completely exceeded his own.

As of now, Kase is beyond his ability to compete.

Even if he's comprehend the 'Half-step In-Depth Move' it still wouldn't work.

Therefore, he chose 'Wyatt Barnes'.

Though Wyatt killed the Peep Naught Realm sixth level martialist of the Black Fiend Sect 'Charles Davidson' and defeated the Peep Naught Realm fifth level Young Master Blade 'Kase Dragonsmith'.

But in this process, Wyatt did not defeat them with his own strength.

Instead, he relied on that peculiar 'magic'.

"Magic...I really want to see, whether Wyatt's 'magic' can have an effect on me!"

Flame's eyes flickered.

He chose Wyatt with a bit of speculative mentality.

Feeling that Wyatt's 'magic' may not necessarily have any effect on him.

In his opinion.

Against 'Walter' and 'Kase', he was doomed to fail.

If he is up against Wyatt, perhaps there is a glimmer of hope.

Though the hope is not great.

But it is better than nothing.

Whoosh!

Wyatt stepped forward, standing opposite Flame, his face was calm.

Flame's challenge was beyond his expectation.

Upon reflection, he figured out Flame's intention.

"Wyatt Barnes, I would like to see...if your 'magic' is indeed that strange!"

Flame shouted and swiftly approached Wyatt like a gust of wind.

Above the void, six thousand phantom ancient giant elephants galloped into view, their momentum was mighty.

"Since you want to witness, then I will fulfill your wish."

Wyatt's eyes flickered, the depths of his gaze sparkled mysteriously.

Illusion!

At this moment, Wyatt once again applied the 'Soul Technique'.

Meanwhile, he launched himself.

He swept away like a gust of wind!

Moving aside.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Flame lunged at the place Wyatt was just standing, creating a eerie howling wind.

However, Wyatt had already left.

"Wyatt, die!"

Flame roared, pointed his finger, and the Origin Force shot out.

The Origin Force was surrounded by a wisp of blue energy, which was the 'half-step in-depth water move' he had just recently realized.

Looking at the void above Flame's head, the power of five hundred more ancient giant elephants, magnified by the fifth-grade spiritual tool, appeared to join the other giant elephants.

The people present were all incredibly shocked.

"Did Young Master Flame comprehend the 'half-step In-Depth Water Move'?"

"It was only the 'Initial Understanding of Water Move' when he fought with Young Master Sword...what's going on?"

"It seems that Young Master Flame has just realized the 'half-step In-Depth Water Move'!"

...

Soon, everyone saw.

Even though Flame had grasped the 'half-step In-Depth Water Move', in front of Wyatt, he was like a 'headless fly', rushing about everywhere.

He couldn't even touch Wyatt at all.

"Magic!"

The majority of people, their pupils couldn't help but shrink.

"It's time to end this."

Wyatt's gaze was cold, his movement was like the wind, in the blink of an eye, he was behind Flame.

Whoosh!

A blow with his arm swung out, like the lash of a wild python, fierce and intense.

Boom!

Wyatt's arm swung out and hit Flame's back, sending him flying.

Flame fell clumsily on the floor, covered with dirt and dust from head to toe.

When he gathered his bearings and saw Wyatt, unscathed, his face went pale, "No... impossible... it's impossible!"

Now, Flame Graham could understand the feelings of Charles Davidson and Kase Dragonsmith.

Just a moment ago, he had badly injured Wyatt.

But in the blink of an eye, after a force from behind blasted him away.

He then realized, everything prior was an illusion.

It was all a dream!

"The owner of tag number 3, Wyatt, wins!"

Millon Pond announced.

"The 'sorcery' Wyatt has learned is truly shocking!"

"Yeah, if I could master Wyatt's 'sorcery', I'd stride around without fear..."

"There should be limitations to Wyatt's sorcery... otherwise, he probably would've retaliated against the Green Forest Three Sects for the Sword Clan long ago."

...

The crowd of onlookers buzzed with conversation.

"Squeak, squeak~~"

At some point, 'Little Gold Rat' woke up from its nap on Wyatt's shoulder, looking around with interest.

Soon, it was time for the owner of the tag number 4 to issue a challenge.

The owner of tag number 4 was Kase Dragonsmith.

Kase's eyes locked onto Young Master Holland, "Young Master Sword!"

"I concede."

Upon seeing Kase challenging him, Handmi Holland wasn't surprised at all. He shrugged his shoulders and casually said.

Perhaps, the Kase of the past wasn't his match.

But now, Kase had already surpassed him.

He was self-aware.

"Number 5."

As Millon Pond spoke, Alfonso Rowan entered the stage.

Alfonso had already crossed hands with Young Master Holland and had previously admitted defeat in front of Wyatt.

Therefore, he could only choose from three people.

Alfonso's gaze swept across Kase and Walter Simmons, finally locking on Flame Graham, "Young Master Flame!"

Challenged by Alfonso, Flame Graham shook off his brooding mood and stepped forward.

He knew.

This battle was his chance to prove himself.

"Alfonso, I will defeat you!"

Flame Graham looked at Alfonso, his eyes filled with fighting spirit as he declared boldly.

"That depends on whether you have the ability."

Alfonso's face became slightly serious, but he didn't mince words.

After knowing that Flame Graham had comprehended the 'semi-step-into-micro aqua motive', Alfonso had developed a bit of fear towards him.

Since ancient times.

Water overcomes fire, it's an iron law.

If it was a 'preliminary understanding of water motive', he wouldn't be afraid of his 'semi-step-into-micro fire motive'.

However, the 'semi-step-into-micro aqua motive', was his nemesis.

"Fortunately, the 'rank-5 spirit spear' grandfather made for me, its amplifying power surpasses the rank-5 spirit weapon in Flame's hand... otherwise, I may not be his match!"

Alfonso thought, feeling somewhat relieved.

He and Flame.

In terms of age, there is very little difference.

As for combat experience, they are on par.

In terms of cultivation, it's the same.

In terms of 'motive', because water overcomes fire, he is at a slight disadvantage.

As for spiritual weapons, he has the advantage.

"As you wish!"

Flame roared, and his body, like wind, stirred with a whistling sound.

Alfonso's gaze fixed, his Origin Force under his feet was wild, and he too started to move.

"Alfonso, dare you accept my one-finger strike?"

Along with Flame's body stirring like the wind, his voice abruptly spread, filled with overwhelming confidence.

"What's there to fear?"

Alfonso halted, the spirit spear in his hand was stretched straight, and the Origin Force on the spear flowed like small white snakes.

Around these small snakes' bodies, there were wisps of fire-red energy, constantly jumping and tumbling.

Semi-step-into-micro fire motive!

Just then.

Flame moved, rushing towards Alfonso, and pointed out a finger.

Foom!

The Origin Force condensed into a vigorous strike, breaking through the air, carrying with it strands of rampant blue energy, pointing at Alfonso.

"Good one!"

Alfonso roared in surprise, his spirit spear suddenly stabbed out, accurately meeting Flame's 'Origin force finger vigor.'

Whoosh!

The spirit spear came out like a Flood Dragon exiting its hole, with a rainbow-like momentum.

Bang!

The spear forcefully slammed into the Origin force finger vigor, pulverizing it.

And both the Origin Force on the spirit spear and the 'semi-step-into-micro fire motive' were consumed entirely.

Alfonso's spear-holding hand shook, his body trembled, and he took three steps back.

And looking at Flame, he was no better off.

He too took three steps back, and his face flushed a bit.

"Again!"

Flame Graham's eyes suddenly turned cold, and his figure stirred into action.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

A string of extremely swift Origin Force vigorous strikes, like spikes flying out from a porcupine, swept towards Alfonso.

Alfonso brandished his spear, standing tall like an unbeatable God of War.

Facing the vigorous strikes by Flame Graham.

Alfonso moved.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

The spear in Alfonso's hand, every time it swept out, seemed divinely aided, accurately meeting Flame's continuous 'Origin force finger vigors'.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

...

The harsh sound of collision kept ringing out.

In the flicker of a moment, Alfonso and Flame had exchanged hundreds of moves.

Equal rivalry, neither superior nor inferior!

"This Flame Graham, after comprehending the 'semi-step-into-micro aqua motive', can actually fight Alfonso to a standstill."

Wyatt was somewhat surprised.

Chapter 559: Young Master Sword's Conditions

Not only was Wyatt Barnes surprised, but the others were too.

"I really didn't expect that Young Master Flame would comprehend the 'Half-step Entering the Slight Water Move' so swiftly, even to the point of tying with Young Master Mad in battle!"

"If the current Young Master Flame were to battle Young Master Sword, he might not necessarily lose!"

"Indeed, the 'Move' that Young Master Flame has comprehended is the 'Power of Nature', which boosts not only his attack, but his speed as well... While Young Master Sword's 'Sword Move' can only enhance his attack."

"The former's 'Move' is both offensive and fast; the latter's 'Move' only enhances the attack."

"With the speed at which Young Master Flame has now incorporated the 'Half-step Entering the Slight Water Move', he is enough to be unbeatable in front of Young Master Sword!"

...

Those who had previously ridiculed Flame Graham now changed their tune and began to sing his praises.

After a moment.

Flame Graham and Alfonso Rowan crossed blows again, dozens of times.

The result was still a draw.

In the end, Millon Pond opened his mouth and said, "If this continues, even if you exhaust your strength, it will be difficult to determine a winner... This battle is considered a draw."

A draw?

Alfonso Rowan and Flame Graham frowned. Although unwilling, they knew this was the best outcome.

Neither of them objected.

"Number 6!"

Next, Millon Pond looked to Walter Simmons.

Walter Simmons was the holder of tag number 6.

After Walter Simmons entered the ring, his eyes fell on Handmi Holland and said, "Young Master Sword!"

"I admit defeat."

Handmi Holland declared bluntly with a complex look in his eyes.

When Walter Simmons had first appeared, Handmi Holland had entertained thoughts of competing with him.

But after witnessing Walter Simmons' true strength, his mood was completely deflated.

Peep Naught Realm level six.

Subtle Sword Move.

Either achievement was beyond his reach.

Walter Simmons' strength was beyond his expectation.

"Perhaps, only Wyatt Barnes using his 'demonic arts' has a chance to defeat this Walter Simmons."

Handmi Holland had a thought and looked at Wyatt Barnes.

In his view.

Although Walter Simmons was indeed at the Peep Naught Realm Level Six, he should be helpless in the face of Wyatt Barnes' 'demonic arts'.

After all, that Black Fiend Sect elder 'Charles Davidson', was also at Peep Naught Realm Level Six.

And he had fallen under Wyatt Barnes' 'demonic arts'.

Wyatt Barnes' 'demonic arts' were unpredictable and indefensible.

The second round ends here.

Next, it is the third round.

The owner of tag number 1, Handmi Holland.

Defeated Flame Graham.

Lost to Alfonso Rowan.

Admitted defeat to Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons.

Now, he could only challenge Wyatt Barnes.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Handmi Holland looked at Wyatt Barnes, then turned to Pond, "Vice Dean Pond, I'm no match for Wyatt Barnes... I admit defeat."

Millon Pond nodded, then announced, "The owner of tag number 1, Handmi Holland, wins one of the spots!"

Today's 'Battle of Geniuses' is mainly to decide among the six people.

The rule is that as long as one wins once, they can secure one of the spots.

Handmi Holland had once defeated Flame Graham and won a round.

"Number 2!"

Next, Millon Pond's gaze fell on Flame Graham.

Flame Graham's choices were limited to Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons.

He chose Kase Dragonsmith, and then admitted defeat.

Then it was the turn of Wyatt Barnes, the owner of 'tag number 3'.

Wyatt Barnes's current record:

Defeat admitted by Young Master Sword.

Defeat admitted by Young Master Mad.

Defeated by Young Master Flame.

Defeated by Young Master Blade.

So, Wyatt Barnes had only one choice left...

Walter Simmons!

Whoosh!

Before Wyatt Barnes could speak, Walter Simmons stepped forward and stood out.

His gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes, and a rare smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, "Wyatt Barnes, today, let me have a good fight with you!"

"Walter Simmons, you may not necessarily be my opponent."

Wyatt Barnes chuckled.

In his view, since Walter Simmons was not an 'Inscription Master', he would certainly not be able to withstand the Soul Technique 'Illusion' that Wyatt Barnes could perform with his mental power of Peep Naught Realm level six.

"I've been wanting to get a good look at your abilities."

Walter Simmons' eyes filled with fighting spirit as he spoke slowly.

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

In an instant, in the depth of his pupils, a faint light flickered.

Illusion!

In an instant, Wyatt Barnes infused his mental power into his soul imprint, demonstrating his 'Soul Technique'.

A phantom space, constructed from nothing, enveloped Walter Simmons.

But at this moment.

Whoosh!

With the appearance of a sword in Walter Simmons' hand, the Origin Force swirled and surged in his body.

At the same time, a force as sharp as a blade spread across his sword...

The Subtle Sword Move!

At this moment, Walter Simmons seemed to have completely merged with his sword.

The 'Subtle Sword Move' on his body soared to the skies!

Just as Walter Simmons took a step forward and prepared to attack.

The expression on Wyatt Barnes' face changed dramatically.

Simply because he discovered that the 'phantom space' had actually shattered...

"It broke?"

Wyatt Barnes was dumbstruck.

Watching the phantom space disappear without trace, Wyatt Barnes looked blank.

Illusion!

Thousand illusions!

...

Soon after, Wyatt Barnes tested it a few times, but the result was the same, the 'Illusionary Realm' continued to collapse.

Of course, successively failures led him to the root of the problem.

"The Travel Into Essence move can restrain my 'Illusionary Realm'..."

Wyatt Barnes inhaled sharply.

It was a significant discovery.

"My mental strength is not strong enough to resist the 'Travel Into Essence' move... Perhaps my mental strength needs to advance further to withstand this 'Travel Into Essence'!"

"It seems like my Soul Technique 'Thousand Illusions' not only cannot deal with a six-tier Inscription Master of the Peep Naught Realm, but it can't even deal with a six-tier warrior of the Peep Naught Realm who understands 'Travel Into Essence'!"

Wyatt Barnes muttered to himself.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes lost in thought, Walter Simmons spoke to bring him back.

He didn't wish for an undeserving victory.

Hearing Walter Simmons' voice, Wyatt Barnes regained his senses and smiled, "I admit defeat."

After saying this, under the unbelievable gazes of the crowd, he stepped down from the ring.

"Wyatt Barnes has admitted defeat?"

"Why did he admit defeat? You need to know that even the elder 'Charles Davidson' of the Black Fiend Sect, a six-tier character of the Peep Naught Realm, was killed by him using his 'Demon Techniques'!"

"A six-tier of the Peep Naught Realm should not be able to escape Wyatt Barnes's 'Demon Techniques'!"

"It seems, Wyatt Barnes voluntarily admits defeat."

"It should."

...

The crowd of spectators assumed that Wyatt Barnes voluntarily admitted defeat.

After all, everyone present knew that Walter Simmons is Wyatt Barnes's friend and their relationship is close.

"Wyatt Barnes."

Walter Simmons frowned, he thought Wyatt Barnes was deliberately going easy on him.

"Walter, don't listen to their nonsense... If I was sure, I wouldn't refrain from battling you! Today, I really don't have any certainty."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Walter Simmons, shook his head, and said with his Origin Force.

"However, today I may not be as good as you, but in the future, you may not necessarily be my opponent!"

A brilliant light flashed in Wyatt Barnes's eyes.

In his opinion.

As long as his mental strength progresses a step further, his 'Illusionary Realm' will definitely be able to withstand that 'Travel Into Essence' move.

"I am looking forward to it."

Walter Simmons heard Wyatt Barnes's words, nodded, and smiled, his eyes were full of fighting spirits.

With Wyatt Barnes admitting defeat.

The result of this 'Genius Battle' soon became apparent.

Walter Simmons won five rounds, ranked first.

Wyatt Barnes won four rounds and lost one, ranked second.

Kase Dragonsmith won three and lost two, ranked third.

Alfonso Rowan won, tied, and lost three rounds each, ranked fourth.

Handmi Holland won one round and lost four rounds, ranked fifth.

Flame Graham tied one round and lost four rounds, ranked sixth.

"Father!"

This outcome was very unsatisfactory to Flame Graham. He looked at the Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country and said: "I want to fight Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland' again... just now, the reason I lost to him was because I hadn't fully comprehended the 'Half Step into Essence Water Move'!"

"So you think you can beat him now?"

The Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country looked at Flame Graham with a bland expression and asked.

"Yes!"

Flame Graham was full of confidence.

The Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country's gaze fell on Handmi Holland, "Young Master Sword, according to the rules of the 'Genius Battle', his request does not comply... Do you agree to his request? If you don't wish to, it doesn't matter."

At this moment, all the spectators' gazes were on Young Master Sword.

Most people thought Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland' would not agree to this unreasonable request.

Only Wyatt Barnes looked at Handmi Holland, who was deep in thought, with an understanding expression.

"I agree!"

Finally, Handmi Holland nodded.

"He agreed?"

Immediately, the spectators were dumbfounded.

"Is Young Master Sword's brain malfunctioning?"

Many people couldn't help but comment with some speechless expressions.

"Haha... Young Master Sword, you finally acted like a man!"

Flame Graham, who was nervous before, saw Handmi Holland agree and immediately burst into excited laughter.

In his view.

As long as he defeated Young Master Sword, crushing him underfoot.

He will earn one of the

five positions.

As for Young Master Sword, he would be eliminated.

"Young Master Flame!"

Handmi Holland looked at Flame Graham and calmly said, "I can accept your challenge, but on one condition... If you agree, I will fight with you! If you do not agree, then it is as if I never accepted your offer."

"What condition?"

Flame Graham asked with furrowed eyebrows.

Handmi Holland said, "The condition is... only if you defeat me, can you get the place that originally belonged to me! If you lose, or if our fight ends in a draw, that spot is still mine!"

"I thought you could propose some real condition... I can accept this condition! If I can't defeat you, I will have no face to take a position."

Flame Graham said matter-of-factly, full of confidence in his words.

Soon, Handmi Holland and Flame Graham moved to action.

Handmi Holland seemed well-prepared and stood still, firm as a mountain.

As for Flame Graham, he used his 'Half Step into Essence Water Move' to activate his martial arts speed, and started moving around.

His speed was much faster than Handmi Holland's.

However, Flame Graham was stunned shortly.

Because he found out that from beginning to end, Handmi Holland had no intention of chasing him.

Gradually, Flame Graham lost his patience.

Zoom!

Flame Graham lifted his hand and pointed out a finger, darting towards Handmi Holland with a sonic boom.

And finally, Handmi Holland made a move.

The sword light flashed and disappeared, like the ultimate fast lightning, caught up with Flame Graham's Origin Force in no time, and shattered it.

In terms of attack power, because of the advantage of his spirit weapon, Handmi Holland had the upper hand over Flame Graham.

After all, Flame Graham's 'Water Move' doesn't resist his 'Sword Move'.

Chapter 560: Surprise

"So that's how it is."

Seeing Flame Graham impatiently attacking Young Master Holland, Wyatt Barnes' eyes lit up with understanding.

In terms of offensive capability...

Young Master Holland slightly outmatched Flame Graham.

In terms of speed...

Young Master Holland was inferior to Flame Graham.

So, Young Master Holland chose defense over offence.

Because he knew that recklessly attacking would allow Flame Graham to seize opportunities.

"So, Young Master Sword had such a strategy in mind."

"This way, Young Master Sword will be in an invincible position!"

...

Soon, many people were able to guess Young Master Holland's plan.

Flame Graham realized this too, his face changed drastically as he angrily yelled at Young Master Holland, "Young Master Sword, do you even have the courage to attack me?"

It was apparent that Flame Graham wanted to provoke him.

However, Young Master Holland remained utterly calm, ignoring him completely.

Flame Graham's face turned incredibly gloomy.

After waiting for a while and realizing that Young Master Holland was not going to take the initiative to attack, Flame Graham launched another attack.

If the stalemate continued, he would be eliminated.

Only then did he realize...

Young Master Sword had foreseen all of this.

Whizz! Whizz! Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!

...

Solid 'Origin Force Finger Strengths' shot out, breaking through the sky.

They swept toward Young Master Holland.

Yet, every time, the sword in Young Master Holland's hand would timely shatter Flame Graham's 'Origin Force Finger Strengths'.

Young Master Holland was just slow in his movement.

But the speed of the sword in his hand was not slow at all.

Sword moves couldn't increase his speed.

But the speed of the sword could be increased.

In the end, the battle between Young Master Holland and Flame Graham ended in a draw.

According to the terms set by Young Master Holland earlier, Flame Graham missed out on the five spots.

"Hmph!"

The Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country glanced at Flame Graham and snorted coldly.

Flame Graham shuddered at the sound.

He knew...

He had disappointed his father.

"In three days, the five of you are to gather at the palace and depart for the 'Blackstone Empire'!"

The Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country's gaze passed over Wyatt Barnes and the other four.

They nodded in response.

Then, the Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country looked at Brendan Rowan and said, "Chairman Rowan, I will take my leave first."

"Take care, Your Majesty."

Brendan Rowan nodded.

After the departure of the Emperor of the Green Forest Royal Country, the 'Talent Showdown' also came to an end.

Flame Graham trudged slowly towards the depths of the palace, his figure desolate.

There was his royal palace.

For the first time, he didn't linger around Fairy Sinclair, 'Sophie Tyler'.

The others all dispersed.

When Wyatt Barnes left, he could feel two intense gazes full of murderous intent on his back.

The owners of these gazes were none other than the Victory King father and son.

"Father, are we just going to let Wyatt Barnes go to the Black Stone Empire?"

Constant Graham's face was filled with dissatisfaction.

"Don't worry.....he won't reach the Blackstone Empire!"

The Victory King's eyes were filled with deadly intent, "The one who humiliated my Victory Manor will not survive."

"Father, do you have a plan?"

Constant Graham's eyes brightened, his face cleared of shadows.

The Victory King nodded.

Meanwhile, outside the palace...

In a carriage that was leaving, five people sat in the spacious carriage chamber.

The carriage initially carried three people.

Wyatt Barnes, Brendan Rowan, Alfonso Rowan.

But then, there were two more people.

Young Master Holland, Walter Simmons.

"Walter Simmons, you, what kind of great adventure have you encountered these years? You have attained such remarkable cultivation."

Wyatt Barnes stared at Walter Simmons, asking with his Origin Force condensed voice.

Walter Simmons responded with his Origin Force condensed voice, "Wyatt Barnes, not long after I left the 'Sacred Martial Academy,' I took my parents and left our original residence... Later, I entered the Green Forest Royal Country alone to struggle, and happened to meet my current Master."

When it came to his Master, Walter Simmons' eyes were filled with reverence.

It was obvious that he reveres his 'Master' greatly.

"Master?"

Wyatt Barnes was startled.

Was there someone in the Green Forest Royal Country that could cultivate a martial arts genius like Walter Simmons?

"Yes."

Walter Simmons nodded.

"Is your Master from the Three Sects of Green Forest?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned and asked.

The Origin Force condensed voice this time had a hint of somberness.

Green Forest Three Sects?

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes' words, Walter Simmons showed a touch of disdain at the corner of his mouth, "My Master has nothing to do with the Green Forest Three Sects... Moreover, the master of that Kase Dragonsmith is not from the Green Forest Three Sects either!"

Not from the Green Forest Three Sects?

Wyatt Barnes heaved a sigh of relief.

Otherwise, he wouldn't know how to face Walter Simmons, his old friend.

"Do you know the origin of your Master?"

Wyatt Barnes asked curiously.

Walter Simmons shook his head, "I don't know, my master has always been very mysterious... However, from what he tells me, he seems to come from a faraway place. Ah, he also has a senior disciple, who's his lifelong adversary, that's the master of Kase Dragonsmith."

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

He remembered.

Today, Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons had arrived one after the other at the palace.

Kase Dragonsmith had mentioned something about an 'Uncle Master Sword'.

And Walter Simmons had mentioned something about an 'Uncle Master Blade'.

Walter Simmons knew nothing about the origins of his master or Kase Dragonsmith's master.

In fact, he didn't even know how strong his master was.

"All I know is that it seems my master was wandering until he reached here... and that Uncle Master Blade followed my master all the way here!"

Walter Simmons continued.

"They're adversaries?"

Wyatt Barnes asked curiously.

"How do you know?"

At Wyatt Barnes' question, Walter Simmons could not help but stare for a moment.

Wyatt Barnes replied with an expected smile, "You and Kase Dragonsmith, from beginning to end, have been showing strong hostility towards each other... And, your 'Uncle Master Blade',

considering he followed your master all the way to the Royal Country of Green Forest, probably isn't on very good terms with him."

"Indeed, their relationship isn't very good... Uncle Master Blade, in front of my master, never admits defeat. So much so that every once in a while, he challenges my master to fight!"

Upon saying this, a smile emerged at the corner of Walter Simmons's mouth, "Unfortunately, each and every time, Uncle Master Blade ends up losing."

Immediately afterwards, Walter Simmons added, "As for Kase Dragonsmith, he's the disciple Uncle Master Blade took in later... Uncle Master Blade knows it's difficult for him to surpass my master in this lifetime. So, he nurtures the idea of raising a disciple who can surpass mine."

"Uncle Master Blade is very competitive. He won't rest until he's better than my master in some way."

Walter Simmons finished in one breath.

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but shake his head.

His mind started to churn.

Walter Simmons' master seemed to be no ordinary man.

He had brought about such a drastic change in Walter Simmons in just a few short years.

In Wyatt Barnes' view, even the strongest at the peak of the Great Turdo Dynasty might not have been able to accomplish such a thing.

That is to say,

Walter Simmons' master is very likely from 'outside territory'.

And Kase Dragonsmith's master is likely from 'outside territory' as well.

"Wyatt Barnes, it has been a while since I've been back to Crimson Heaven Kingdom... Are Remi Sinclair, Seeker Sinclair, and Tiggi Field all okay?"

Walter Simmons looked at Wyatt Barnes and asked.

This time, he didn't use any Origin Force to condense his voice.

His words fell into the ears of everyone in the carriage.

"They're okay."

Wyatt Barnes replied with a benign nod, "Two years ago, I went back to the Crimson Heaven Kingdom and saw them."

"That's good."

Walter Simmons nodded, his gaze a bit distant, "Just like that, six or seven years have passed... Their changes mustn't be small either. Time passes so quickly."

"Yes indeed, time waits for no one."

Wyatt Barnes deeply agreed.

"At your young age, you're already feeling the ruthlessness of time... What do you expect me to feel as an old man?"

Hearing the conversation between Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons, Brendan Rowan shook his head and smiled bitterly.

"Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, tell us some stories about your past."

Handmi Holland's eyes glittered with curiosity as he asked.

He was naturally sociable.

Having been introduced to Walter Simmons by Wyatt Barnes, he now considered Walter a friend.

With a smile, Wyatt Barnes briefly narrated some events from his past.

Mostly, he talked about when Walter Simmons first left.

"So, Walter Simmons was much weaker than you when he left?"

Alfonso Rowan stared at Wyatt Barnes and asked.

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"Walter... How did you survive all these years? How did you attain such terrifying cultivation and comprehend 'Micro Sword Techniques'?"

Handmi Holland stared at Walter Simmons in disbelief.

He had thought, from their shared past, Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons would be roughly equal in strength.

Who would have thought,

Walter Simmons was much weaker than Wyatt Barnes back then.

Though Brendan Rowan didn't say anything, the faint glint in his dull eyes revealed his curiosity.

Walter Simmons' progress was rather unbelievable to him too.

"Just good luck I suppose,"

Walter Simmons replied lightly, with no intention to elaborate.

Both Alfonso Rowan and Handmi Holland, being savvy people, didn't ask further.

"Luck is also a form of strength,"

Unexpectedly, Brendan Rowan interjected.

"Walter Simmons, these few days, if you don't have a place to stay, you might as well stay at the headquarters of the Artifact Refiners Association,"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Walter Simmons and suggested.

On hearing this, Walter Simmons looked at Brendan Rowan, "I don't mind... I just don't know if I would be a nuisance to Chairman Rowan?"

"No trouble at all,"

Brendan Rowan quickly shook his head.

He wouldn't dare be negligent towards someone personally invited by Wyatt Barnes.

So, Walter Simmons temporarily moved into the fifth floor of the Artifact Refiners Association Headquarters.

The fifth floor, previously inhabited only by Brendan Rowan, now bustled with activity.

On the second day,

Wyatt Barnes stayed in his room, devoting himself to cultivation.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Thunder Flood Dragon Transformation!

Wyatt Barnes' consciousness was immersed in his cultivation, oblivious to the outside world.

"Master!"

It wasn't until a concentrated Origin Force voice reached Wyatt Barnes' ears from outside his room, that he was roused from his cultivation.

"What happened?"

Wyatt Barnes discerned the voice—it was Brendan Rowan, the Chairman of Artifact Refiners Association Headquarters.

"Master, we've got news about the items you were looking for!"

Brendan Rowan's voice echoed again, resonating with Origin Force.

What?!

The news delivered by Brendan Rowan's voice jolted Wyatt Barnes, who was newly awakened from cultivation and still somewhat muddle-headed.

"Is it the 'Phoenix Feather Grass' or the 'Everlasting Root'?"

Wyatt Barnes asked, his face brightening, excitement evident in his voice.

He could guess.

What Brendan Rowan referred to must be one of these two items.