

L. Wyatt 571

Chapter 571: Who Can Afford to Play

Wyatt Barnes did not pay attention to the man trailing behind him, continuing straight towards the city's outskirts.

Soon, he was out of the city.

Just as he began to ride the wind bum-rushing the show.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Three whirlwinds of incredibly rapid speed sounded behind Wyatt Barnes.

Three figures stood in mid-air, forming a triangle surrounding Wyatt Barnes.

"Huh?"

Wyatt Barnes was not surprised by the appearance of the three. His gaze swept over each individual.

These were three middle-aged men, now staring at him with icy cold expressions.

Wyatt Barnes extended his spiritual power and perceived their cultivation levels with nowhere to hide.

Two at the Fourth Order of the Peep Naught Realm.

One at the Third Order of the Peep Naught Realm.

To Wyatt Barnes, these three posed no threat at all.

"Were you sent by your young master?"

Wyatt Barnes spoke indifferently.

Almost at that instant, Wyatt Barnes kept his eyes on the three, observing the subtle changes in their expressions.

Finally, Wyatt Barnes found a clue.

Almost immediately after his words fell.

The expressions of the three men slightly changed.

"It seems, I guessed right."

Wyatt Barnes' gaze gradually grew cold, "However, the head of your Watson family hasn't uttered a word, just because the young master gave an order, you are eager to attack me... Aren't you afraid that the head of the Watson family will blame you?"

"Kill you, and there will be no one to testify."

One of the men at the Fourth Order of the Peep Naught Realm, spoke each word coldly.

"Kill!"

Another Peep Naught Realm Fourth Order martial artist roared and rushed towards Wyatt Barnes.

Suddenly, the other two made their move.

The three of them attacked Wyatt Barnes from three different directions.

Three waves of rampant Origin Force, in conjunction with three spiritual artifacts and their newly comprehended force, swept towards Wyatt Barnes ruthlessly.

It seemed as though they intended to kill Wyatt Barnes with a single strike.

"Humph!"

Wyatt Barnes's expression suddenly turned cold.

The next moment, he made his move.

Sword Drawing Technique!

As soon as the Purple Emperor Soft Sword was in Wyatt Barnes's grasp, it turned into an incredibly fast sword light and cut through the air.

Blood splattered in two distinct jets.

The two Peep Naught Realm Fourth Order martial artists lost all their power and plummeted.

Boom! Boom!

Because they were falling from a low height, both Wyatt Barnes and the remaining Peep Naught Realm Third Order martial artist could hear the sound of their fall.

The Peep Naught Realm Third Order martial artist's face turned pale when he saw his two companions at the Fourth Order get killed.

His face grew even paler with despair.

Now, putting away the spiritual artifact in his hand, he stood in mid-air, trembling all over.

"You...you..."

He looked at Wyatt Barnes, his heart filled with fear.

Although he had not seen how many ancient elephant phantoms hovered above Wyatt Barnes's head...

He clearly saw the large phantom that had just descended.

"An...Ancient Horned Dragon Phantom ..."

At this moment, his heart was filled with a chill.

The fact that the opponent could mobilize the force of heaven and earth and condense it into an Ancient Horned Dragon Phantom indicated his powerful strength.

At least the Sixth Order of the Peep Naught Realm.

Or even the Seventh Order of the Peep Naught Realm.

At the sixth order, using a spiritual weapon could evoke the force of heaven and earth and transform it into an 'Ancient Horned Dragon Phantom'.

But at the Seventh Order, the power of the Ancient Horned Dragon could be used even without a spiritual artifact.

Sixth Order?

Seventh Order?

Even the most powerful Grand Elder of their Watson family, his cultivation was only the 'Seventh Order of the Peep Naught Realm'.

"Do you wish to continue?"

Wyatt Barnes lightly swept a glance over the middle-aged man before him.

"No... No..."

The middle-aged man quickly waved his hand upon hearing this.

What a joke!

Although the opponent looked young, the strength he possesses is something he couldn't reach.

If the opponent was intentional, he would've been dead by now.

"Name the mastermind, then get lost!"

Wyatt Barnes brows knitted together, his expression in this instant seemed as if he had turned into a wrathful Buddha.

Even though, he had already guessed that the young master of the Watson family was the mastermind.

But he still wanted to confirm it.

"It was the young master, it was the young master!"

The middle-aged man quickly said.

Only after Wyatt Barnes' figure moved and disappeared from his sight, did he finally heave a sigh of relief.

"I can't stay in the Watson family anymore..."

The middle-aged man sighed and made up his mind.

The next moment, he turned into a streak of light, shooting towards the distant city outskirts, disappearing into the clouds.

Within the residence of the Watson family.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind seemed to blow through, and a purple figure appeared out of nowhere.

"Young Master Watson!"

The owner of the purple figure was none other than Wyatt Barnes who had returned.

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes gazed down at Watson's family residence beneath his feet, and called out crisply.

His voice was suffused with Origin Force, which resonated throughout the entire Watson home.

Suddenly, the entire Watson family was thrown into an uproar.

"Someone's looking for the young master?"

"Something's amiss!"

...

Many of the Watson Family members looked up at the sky.

"It's him! Why is he back?"

The head of the Watson Family, who was peacefully drinking tea in the courtyard, heard this familiar voice and his expression darkened. He rose into the air.

"He's still alive?"

Inside the Watson Family's Martial Arts Performance Field, the eldest son of the Watson Family's patriarch launched into the sky with a darkened face.

Following him, three more figures shot upwards.

"Who dares disturb the peace of the Watson Family?"

An elderly figure arrived at the altitude where Wyatt Barnes was before anyone else. His voice was there even before his arrival.

Upon hearing, Wyatt Barnes looked over.

An old man with white brows was the first to come into view.

"Is he a Seventh-Order of the Peek Naught Realm?"

Wyatt Barnes' spiritual power identified the old man's level of cultivation immediately.

"Seems like he must be the Grand Elder of the Watson Family, their most powerful constituent."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

A few days ago, he was led by Brown Watson all the way to Wide Prosperity City.

Along the way, Brown incessantly bragged about the Watson Family.

During their talk, Brown mentioned their family's strongest 'Grand Elder,' a Seventh-Order of the Peek Naught Realm.

The Grand Elder of the Watson Family, entranced, looked down at Wyatt Barnes.

He couldn't believe that the one who dared to provoke the Watson Family was this young man.

"Young man, do you know how disrespectful your actions towards the Watson Family's prestige are?"

The voice of Watson Family's Grand Elder was reminiscent of dull thunder, the restrained anger barely seeping out.

"The prestige of the Watson Family?"

Wyatt Barnes laughed, "Your Watson Family, speak of prestige? That's a laugh!"

"Impudent!"

The voice of the Watson Family's Grand Elder and another voice almost overlapped.

Following that, the second figure to manifest was that of the Watson Family's patriarch. He stood shoulder-to-shoulder with the Grand Elder, glaring at Wyatt Barnes, "I have said it before, we of the Watson Family already have no ties with you... What are you trying to achieve by provoking the Watson Family so openly now?"

"Hmm?"

The Grand Elder of the Watson Family furrowed his brows, apparently taken aback that their patriarch recognized the young man.

"What do I aim to achieve?"

Wyatt Barnes smirked, narrowing his eyes. He said, "Mr. Watson, there should have been no grievances between your Watson Family and me, but it seems like your darling son doesn't think so."

On hearing this, the patriarch's expression changed slightly, "What...what are you implying?"

"Chief, Grand Elder!"

At that moment, two more figures shot up into the air, standing beside the Watson Family patriarch and the Grand Elder.

Wyatt Barnes' spiritual power brushed over them.

These two old men who came each had the same level of cultivation as the Watson Family patriarch.

Both were at the Sixth-Order of Peek Naught Realm.

They had to be elders from the Watson Family.

"What do you mean by that?"

Wyatt Barnes' gaze shifted sharply, settling on the last figure who was ascending slowly, "Mr. Watson, you might want to ask your darling son about that! Ask him what 'good deeds' he had done."

Wyatt Barnes emphasized the words 'good deeds' heavily.

Whoosh!

The Eldest Young Master of Watson Family appeared last.

Immediately after manifesting, he directed his gaze to Wyatt Barnes, fury flashing in his eyes, "Kid, you took one billion taels of gold from us, and yet you dare act presumptuously in my Watson Family? You must really think you've lived too long!"

One billion taels of gold?

The Eldest Young Master's words stunned the three Watson elders, including the Grand Elder.

"Chief, what is going on here?"

The three elders questioned the Watson Family Chief.

The Watson Family patriarch sighed and narrated the entire sequence of events.

The three of them then understood.

"Young man, since your grievances with our Watson Family clear, why do you ramble on endlessly?"

The Terrifying Grand Elder of the Watson Family lifted an eyebrow, carrying an undertone of looming power.

"Rambling on endlessly?"

Wyatt Barnes sneered and then looked at the Eldest Young Master of Watson Family, "Let's see who is rambling... You should ask your Eldest Young Master."

Wyatt Barnes' words successfully shifted the attention of the four high-ranking members of the Watson Family.

Including the patriarch, all four members of Watson Family stared at the Eldest Young Master.

"Kid, what the hell are you talking about?"

The face of the Eldest Young Master of the Watson Family darkened as he questioned angrily.

But in his heart, he felt slightly uneasy.

"Did he already know that I sent someone to kill him? No! Unless they failed, he wouldn't know."

The Eldest Young Master of Watson Family trusted the three men he had sent out.

He didn't believe that the violet-clothed youth could kill them.

Therefore, he chose to pretend not to know.

"What am I implying?"

An icy look covered Wyatt Barnes' face, "Eldest Young Master Watson, initially, after I accepted one billion taels of gold from the Watson family's patriarch, we had a clear slate!"

"Yet, you sent two foundational strength Fourth-Order of Peek Naught Realm cultivators and one Third-order cultivator under your orders to plan an ambush for me when I left... do you think I can be bullied so easily?"

At the end, Wyatt Barnes' tone was so frigid it seemed as though it had emerged from a cavern on an icy hill.

Wyatt Barnes' statement caused the expressions of the five people of the Watson Family to change.

Especially the face of Watson Family's Eldest Young Master, his pupils shrank, as a wave of discomfort surged in his heart.

"It can't...be...how could he know...unless...unless they failed?"

A sense of foreboding rose in the Eldest Young Master of the Watson Family's heart.

"What did you do to the three Sacrificial Elders of our Watson Family?"

The voice of the Eldest Young Master of the Watson Family deepened as he queried.

"They followed your orders and tried to kill me yet here I am, perfectly alright. What do you think happened to them?"

Mirth filled Wyatt Barnes' smile as he delivered his acerbic words.

"You... killed them?"

The face of the Eldest Young Master of the Watson Family turned ashen.

"What? You could send them to kill me, but I am not allowed to kill them?"

An icy laugh slipped out of Wyatt Barnes' mouth, "Originally, after saving the second young lady of your Watson Family, and for which you neither expressed any gratitude nor showed any respect for, I chose to let it be... But you wanted to murder me, escalating this matter... well then let's play your game!"

"Let's see who gets to enjoy the game more!"

Chapter 572: Annihilation

"Kid, do you really think you can easily get your hands on billions of gold coins from the Watson family?"

Seeing his game was up, the eldest son of the Watson family gave up maintaining pretenses, his voice dark and grim, "But, you dared to kill three of our sacrifice elders... you're done for today!"

Almost instantaneously as his voice trailed off, his origin force exploded.

The four senior members of the Watson family, their origin force also stirred, as momentum surged like a rainbow.

"What? Don't the Watson family feel any guilt?"

Wyatt Barnes looked to the head of the Watson family, the Grand Elder, and the other two Watson elders, inquiring in a deep voice.

"Guilt?"

The head of Watson family's face darkened, his gaze icy cold, "Perhaps, my son did go too far... but after all, he did not succeed! But you, you killed three of our sacrificial elders."

"So... today, you are certain to die!"

The origin force on the patriarch of the Watson family, was wildly blazing like fire, with red energy threads interspersed within.

Above his head, in the void, next to the phantom of the eight thousand ancient giant elephants, five hundred phantoms of ancient giant elephants appeared out of thin air...

Peep Naught Realm Sixth Order!

Half-step into the fire momentum!

"You said 'did not succeed'..."

A grin broke out across Wyatt Barnes' face, his anger prompting a sardonic laughter.

Today, if he wasn't stronger than the three sacrifice elders of the Watson family, he would have been killed.

But now, the head of the Watson family, actually took the matter so lightly.

Of course, Wyatt Barnes understood.

The patriarch of the Watson family and the three Watson elders were mostly trying to protect their own.

"Murdering Watson's must be repatriated in blood... Blood must pay for blood... today, you will leave your blood behind!"

The Grand Elder's brows shot up, his eyes wide with fury, bellowing at Wyatt Barnes.

"Leave it behind?"

Wyatt Barnes laughed, a bright, cheerful laugh.

"Laugh now... because this is destined to be the only time in your life that you can laugh..."

The eldest son of the Watson family sneered.

Wyatt Barnes's smile disappeared as suddenly as it had come, his gaze moving to rest on the four senior members of the Watson family, including the head, "Today, I came to your Watson family just to settle accounts with your eldest son..."

"Do all of you really want to get yourselves involved in this? Think carefully... Sometimes, a single choice is enough to ruin your entire life!"

His voice was as cold as ice.

Between the lines, there was a clear threat.

Although, the actions of the four Watson senior members blindly protecting their own made him seethe with anger.

But he still gave them a chance.

As for whether the four cherished the opportunity, that was beyond his control.

Wyatt Barnes's words caused the faces of the four senior Watson members to turn pale.

"Impudent child!"

The Grand Elder was the first to recover, his body swaying like Lanni as he charged at Wyatt Barnes.

Vroom!

In his hand, a broadsword appeared out of thin air, imbued with Origin force, carrying a few threads of green energy, he split down towards Wyatt Barnes, the force as swift as a rainbow.

It appeared as if he wanted to slice Wyatt Barnes into two!

Above his head, in the void, the phantom of an ancient horned dragon appeared out of thin air, then rolled out.

Following the ancient horned dragon's phantom, over four thousand giant elephant phantoms appeared.

As if they were escorting the 'emperor'.

Peep Naught Realm Seven Order!

Spiritual Grade Six Sword!

Half-step into wind momentum!

This was the full strength of the Grand Elder of the Watson family.

"Since you don't value the opportunity, don't blame me for showing no mercy."

Wyatt Barnes' voice was filled with a chilling intent to kill, despite the calmness.

As his words fell, deep within Wyatt Barnes' eyes, a mysterious glow began to emerge.

Thousand Illusions!

Almost instantly, Wyatt Barnes' spiritual force melted into the soul imprint, activating his 'exclusive soul technique'.

An illusionary space formed in an instant and enclosed the Watson Grand Elder.

Even though the Grand Elder was at the Seventh Order of the Peep Naught Realm.

However, for one, he wasn't an 'inscription master' nor had he comprehended the 'subtle momentum'.

Therefore, against Wyatt Barnes' soul technique 'Thousand Souls', initiated by his Seventh Order of the Peep Naught Realm spiritual force, the Grand Elder had no means of defence.

Just like that, he got trapped within the illusionary space.

Like a headless fly, he was thrashing around in chaos.

Suddenly.

The Grand Elder turned around, his icy gaze fixed on the eldest son of the Watson family.

The chilling gaze gave the eldest son of the Watson family goosebumps.

"El... Elder..."

He felt the intent to kill in the old man's eyes, and his body trembled uncontrollably.

Vroom!

Suddenly, the Watson Grand Elder attacked.

He brandished his sword downwards with the force of cutting down Mount Hua, aiming directly at the eldest son of the Watson family.

"Grand Elder!!"

The head of the Watson family paled as he moved to assist, but it was too late.

The eldest son of the Watson family, his eyes wide with shock, was cleaved into two by the Grand Elder.

Blood splattered high into the air and the body, now sliced into two parts, fell towards the ground.

"Ah!"

"Ah!"

...

Instantly, shrieks from the Watson family members echoed in the Watson Mansion.

Obviously, they were frightened by the sight of the eldest son's body.

"Grand Elder, you... why did you kill my son?!"

Aloft in the sky, the patriarch of the Watson family had bloodshot eyes, rage pouring into the Grand Elder.

The other two Watson Elders also looked at the Grand Elder in stunned silence.

At this moment, they seemed to have forgotten about Wyatt Barnes' existence.

And Wyatt Barnes was more than happy to watch the show.

"Hmph!"

A wicked smile played at the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth.

Only he knew what had just happened.

While in the illusionary realm he had constructed, he had overlapped the position of the 'him' inside the illusionary realm with that of the 'Watson Family heir' outside.

So, when the Grand Elder of the Watson Family killed 'him' in the illusionary realm, it was equivalent to him killing the 'Watson Family heir' outside the illusionary realm.

"Hmph! You dare to provoke our Watson Family when you can't even take a single strike from me! You are literally asking for death."

At this moment, the Grand Elder of the Watson Family sneered coldly and sheathed his spirit blade.

As it seemed, he was still stuck in the illusionary realm constructed by Wyatt Barnes via his Soul Technique 'Illusory Thousand'.

He thought the person he had killed was Wyatt Barnes.

This scene left the Watson Family's patriarch, who was originally very angry, dumbfounded.

A ridiculous thought arose in his heart:

Did the Grand Elder kill the wrong person?

The other two elders of the Watson Family looked at each other, unable to believe that everything that had just happened was real.

"The real show is about to begin."

Wyatt Barnes had a thought, and instantly dispelled his Soul Technique 'Illusory Thousand'.

Subsequently, the illusionary realm broke into pieces.

That Watson Family Grand Elder came back to his senses.

However, when he looked at Wyatt Barnes who was standing in front of him, completely unharmed, his face changed drastically, as if he had seen a ghost. "You...How... How are you still alive? I clearly... I clearly..."

"Watson Grand Elder."

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but laugh, "You didn't think that the person you killed was me, did you?"

Wyatt Barnes' words caused the Grand Elder of the Watson Family's face to change drastically, "If it wasn't you, then who was it?"

"See who's missing?"

Wyatt Barnes' mouth curled up into a wicked smile.

The Grand Elder of the Watson Family looked around and found that of the several people from the Watson Family that were present, only the Patriarch and two elders remained.

The 'heir', who had originally stood with them, was nowhere to be seen.

Most importantly, he saw that the expression on the Patriarch's face was extremely ugly, and his eyes were filled with a ghastly red color.

"Could it be..."

His heart trembled and his voice began to quiver, "Did I...Did I kill Qiang?"

The Watson Family Heir was named 'Watson Qiang'.

The Grand Elder regarded him as his own grandson since childhood.

But now, had he really died by his own hand?

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

The Grand Elder of the Watson Family had red eyes and continuously shook his head. Finally, he looked at Wyatt Barnes and roared, "It must be you, it must be you!"

Even though he did not understand what had just happened.

But the Grand Elder of the Watson Family subconsciously decided that what just happened was inexplicably linked to this young man in a purple robe.

Humm!

The Grand Elder of the Watson Family made his move at Wyatt Barnes again, with an overpowering presence.

"Hmph!"

Wyatt Barnes displayed contempt.

Illusory Thousand!

He used his Soul Technique once again.

That 'Illusionary Realm' reappeared, enveloping the Grand Elder of the Watson Family within it.

The next moment, the Grand Elder of the Watson Family once again seemed possessed as he swung his blade towards the head of the Watson Family and the two Watson Family elders.

Initially, the three people; the Patriarch and the two elders of the Watson Family, could barely defend against the Grand Elder's attack.

However, they gradually ran out of strength.

Humm!

With one stroke of the Grand Elder's blade, one of the Watson Family elders was annihilated.

"Elder Tim!"

The patriarch of the Watson Family and the other elder's faces changed drastically.

"What... What have you done?"

By now, the Patriarch of the Watson Family had also realized the weirdness of the situation. He roared angrily at Wyatt Barnes, who he knew was involved.

"Patriarch Watson, don't say I didn't warn you! I did mention that... sometimes, a single choice... is enough to destroy your entire life."

Wyatt Barnes smiled faintly.

However, his smile appeared like a devil's smirk in the eyes of the Watson Family patriarch.

Humm!

Once again, the Grand Elder of the Watson Family swung his blade, and this time, the other Watson Family elder was also killed.

"Grand Elder! It's me, it's me!"

Now only the patriarch of the Watson Family was left. He was continuously roaring, attempting to stop the Grand Elder.

However, the Grand Elder of the Watson Family was now entirely under the control of Wyatt Barnes' Soul Technique 'Illusory Thousand'. He seemed to be possessed and could not be awakened.

In the end.

The patriarch of the Watson Family met the same fate as the two Watson Family elders.

"Let's finish this now!"

With a quick move, Wyatt Barnes appeared behind the Grand Elder of the Watson Family.

Whoosh!

With a gentle tap of his finger, he took the life of the Grand Elder.

The heir of the Watson Family, along with the four senior leaders of the Watson Family, were all dead.

"Storage Ring!"

After a moment, Wyatt Barnes remembered to retrieve the Storage Rings of the Watson Family elite. He descended from midair to fetch them.

The Watson Family's Martial Arts Performance Field was filled with blood.

Of the five bodies, only one was intact.

Around the Martial Arts Performance Field, the faces of the Watson Family disciples turned pale, and those with weaker psychological endurance directly vomited.

"What the hell happened?"

"How were the patriarch and the grand elder killed?"

...

The Watson Family disciples had no idea what had just happened.

"There's someone in the sky!"

Suddenly, someone screamed in shock.

Immediately afterward, all the Watson Family disciples saw a purple figure falling from the sky and landing on the performance field.

This was a gentlemanly young man in purple.

However, the actions of the young man in the purple robe were completely unlike his demeanor.

The young man in purple was skillfully collecting their deceased patriarch, grand elder, and others' Storage Rings one by one.

Chapter 573: Pavilion Master

"Was it him who killed our family head and the Grand Elder?"

A group of Watson Family descendants stood stunned as they spotted Wyatt Barnes.

They only snapped back to reality when the silhouette of Wyatt Barnes vanished right before their eyes.

"Such a young man has the power to kill our family head...who is he exactly?"

"He must be someone from a powerful group!"

"I wonder what they did to provoke him."

"We're fortunate he didn't mean to harm our Watson Family... otherwise, our clan would have been annihilated!"

.....

Discussions among the Watson family members were rife and many felt somewhat shaken.

They felt fortunate to have escaped catastrophe.

Wyatt Barnes departed.

He left the Watson Family and Wide Prosperity City.

For him, what happened in Wide Prosperity City was just an insignificant matter.

It didn't take him long to forget about it.

Thames River City, the most prosperous trading city of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

It was Wyatt Barnes' ultimate destination since he came to the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"I am running out of time, so I can't go to the Capital City of the Great Turdo Dynasty... If I cannot find the 'Everlasting Root' in both the 'Thames River City' of the Great Turdo Dynasty and 'Summer City' of Emperor Stone's domain, then I might have to search for it in the Capital City of the Great Turdo Dynasty after advancing in the Blackstone Empire."

Following the map in his hand, Wyatt Barnes was on his way to Thames River City.

En route, he found a forest densely populated with demon beasts and using the Soul Technique 'Phantom Fog', tamed a seventh-order flying beast from the Peep Naught Realm as a mount.

The flying beast, although slower than Little Gold, was not too far behind.

Sitting cross-legged on the back of the flying beast, Wyatt Barnes immersed himself in cultivation.

During his cultivation, he lost track of time.

He snapped back into reality when the flying beast startled him awake.

"I'm still a bit short of reaching the 'Peep Naught Sixth layer'."

Two more months had passed at this point.

Wyatt Barnes's cultivation had seen a rapid increase.

He was now on the verge of the 'Peep Naught Sixth layer'.

"Is that... Thames River City?"

Sitting on the back of the flying beast that was diving downwards, Wyatt Barnes saw a city appear before his eyes.

This city was definitely the largest he had ever seen since coming to this world.

In terms of area alone.

Even the combined area of the Imperial City and Summer City of Emperor Stone's domain wouldn't equate to half of this city's size.

As he neared the city, Wyatt Barnes could see.

Swift shadows speeding through the air or racing on the ground, continuously flooding into Thames River City from ahead.

These shadows were human martial artists and demon beasts.

The latter was all under the control of the former.

Wyatt Barnes slowly stood up, letting the flying beast guide him into the city.

In Thames River City, there were numerous people as showy as Wyatt Barnes.

Hence, Wyatt Barnes's arrival didn't attract much attention.

"I should first go to the Treasure Pavilion to post a mission."

A thought occurred to Wyatt Barnes.

Subsequently, he leapt off the ground and stopped a middle-aged man passing by, politely asking, "Excuse me, sir..."

"Don't bother me, I'm in a hurry!"

The middle-aged man replied impatiently.

"Sir, I just wanted to ask about the location of the 'Treasure Pavilion'."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head with a smile, and a ten-thousand tael gold note appeared out of thin air in his hand.

"Just go straight ahead to the end of this road and turn right. The Treasure Pavilion is right there."

The middle-aged man took the gold note, and his attitude changed instantly. It was only after this he left.

"So pragmatic."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head, once again rose into the air, stood on the flying beast's back, and directed it to move forward.

It did not take long for them to reach the end of the road.

After turning right, Wyatt Barnes saw the golden signboard of an isolated building in the distance...

Treasure Pavilion!

As soon as Wyatt Barnes arrived at the entrance of Treasure Pavilion, a young servant came to greet him.

"Dear guest, please come this way."

One of the servants respectfully ushered Wyatt Barnes in.

Wyatt Barnes nodded and stepped on the back of the flying beast to enter the Treasure Pavilion.

On the way, the servant asked Wyatt Barnes about his purpose of visiting.

When he learnt that Wyatt Barnes was there to post a reward, he didn't dare to delay and led him to the third floor.

"Guest, may I know what you would like to announce the reward for? What are you willing to offer as a reward?"

The elder man behind the counter looked at Wyatt Barnes unblinkingly.

"Everlasting Root!"

Just like when Wyatt Barnes was at the Treasure Pavilion in Summer City, he described the characteristics of the 'Everlasting Root' and drew it out specially.

Immediately after, he took out a fourth-grade spirit sword and passed it to the old man.

The old man held the fourth-grade spirit sword half-doubtingly.

Swoosh!

As the old man's Origin Force brilliantly unfolded, above his head in the void, there appeared in addition to two ancient horned dragon shadows, another one, along with two thousand ancient elephant shadows.

"Enter Void Realm first layer!"

Wyatt Barnes was a bit surprised.

When he entered, he did not probe the elder's cultivation level with his spiritual power.

Now, the elder displayed a 'First level Enter Void Realm' cultivation, startling him.

Indeed, it was the 'Treasure Pavilion' in the most prosperous city of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

An old man who was merely responsible for register at the counter was at the level of Enter Void Realm.

Wyatt Barnes was surprised, but the elder was even more surprised.

"Increased by 'sixty percent'?"

The elder, with his rigid face, showed a surprised look, his cloudy eyes shimmering with a bright light.

Seeing the elder looking over, Wyatt Barnes nodded gently, "Predecessor, please help me register."

The elder nodded in a somewhat rigid manner and said, "Grade four spirit artifact, you can avoid the handling fee... three months later, whether you get the reward you desire or not, you can use this half jade pendant to reclaim your artifact."

In the end, the elder gave Wyatt Barnes a broken jade pendant.

The rules were no different from the 'Treasure Pavilion' in Summer City of the Blackstone Empire.

"A grade four spiritual sword with an 'increased by sixty percent'?"

The lad who had followed Wyatt Barnes in was completely stunned, petrified.

As far as he knew,

In the Great Turdo Dynasty, apparently, no grade-4 Artifact Refiner could forge a grade-4 spiritual artifact with a 'sixty percent' increase.

Therefore, the value of this grade-four spirit sword is self-evident.

"Thank you, predecessor."

Wyatt Barnes nodded slightly at the elder, then spurred his flying beast demon beneath his feet and left.

"A grade four spiritual artifact with 'sixty percent' increase... Could he be related to 'that one'? No! Even 'that one', after a lifetime of effort, only forge two grade four spiritual artifacts with a 'fifty-nine percent' increase, none with a 'sixty percent' increase."

The elder had a thought that rose in his heart, only to be smashed by himself.

In his eyes, the distant purple figure was so mysterious.

"You, quickly take this picture to the first-floor hall, paste it on the public notice board... and declare: whoever finds the 'medical ingredient' in the picture can receive a grade four spirit sword with 'sixty percent' increase!"

The elder looked at the lad and said seriously.

"Yes."

The lad responded and left.

And the elder also left the counter and headed for the stairs leading upstairs.

In a moment, he arrived outside a building on the fifth floor.

"Lord Pavilion Master!"

The elder stood outside, bowed in respect.

The Treasure Pavilion is a business under the control of a strong force in the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Distributed in various locations of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Even in the various empires under the Great Turdo Dynasty, there are sub-pavilions of the Treasure Pavilion.

Each sub-pavilion has a 'Pavilion Master.'

Thames River City was no exception.

Moreover, as Thames River City is the most prosperous commercial city of the Great Turdo Dynasty, the Pavilion Master of the sub-pavilion here was an amazingly powerful figure.

No one knew how strong this Pavilion Master was.

However, the Thames River City's Treasure Pavilion, although it housed many treasures, rarely had anyone daring to provoke it.

This attests to the deterrence of the Pavilion Master.

"Come in."

A loud voice came from within the building.

With an old man entered the building.

A middle-aged man standing with his back to him appeared in his line of sight.

"What is it?"

The middle-aged man turned around, his eyes as sharp as electricity, staring at the elder and asking.

"Lord Pavilion Master, please look at this."

Although from the looks of it, the elder seemed old enough to be the middle-aged man's father, he was very respectful and not the least indifferent to him.

As he spoke,

In his hand, appeared a sword, a spirit sword.

"This is?"

The middle-aged man raised his hand, and without any visible action,

The spirit sword in the elder's hand flew up instantly, landing firmly in his hand.

As if it was drawn by an invisible force.

If Wyatt Barnes were here and saw this, he would undoubtedly be shocked beyond words.

Just because the middle-aged man now is employing 'remote control'...

Remote control.

Seems simple, but it's actually extremely difficult.

If it weren't for a strong martial artist, it would be impossible to achieve this.

However, facing the mid-aged man's 'remote control,' the elder didn't seem surprised at all, as if he was used to it.

The middle-aged man's gaze fell on the spirit sword in his hand.

After a while, his eyes suddenly focused, "What an exquisite artifact refining technique... This 'grade four spirit sword' can at least increase 'fifty-nine percent' of power! Could it be the masterpiece of that old guy?"

In the end, the middle-aged man talked to himself.

Regarding the middle-aged man's ability to assess the 'extraordinary' spirit sword with his naked eye, the respectfully standing elder was not surprised.

Just because he knew this Pavilion Master himself was a 'grade-4 Artifact Refiner'!

He was also one of the only five known 'grade-4 Artifact Refiners' in the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"No!"

Soon, the middle-aged man shook his head and muttered, "I have seen the two top-grade four spiritual artifacts that the old guy has made, and none of them were swords... Is this his recent work?"

As he finished mumbling to himself, the middle-aged man looked at the elder and asked, "Whose sword is this that he stored it at our Treasure Pavilion?"

"A young man."

The elder respectfully replied, "This is the 'reward' for the mission he published... If anyone can find what he needs, he will give this grade four spirit sword to that person!"

Chapter 574: Sensation

"Furthermore... sir Pavilion Master, the power of this rank-four spirit sword is not amplified to '59%'."

The old man looked at the middle-aged man, as if he had remembered something.

"Not '59%'?"

The middle-aged man frowned, again inspecting the spirit sword in his hand, "Is it possible that I am mistaken? Is this spirit sword just a facade?"

"No."

The old man shook his head, chuckling bitterly, "Sir Pavilion Master, the power of this spirit sword isn't just amplified to '59%'... it can amplify '60%' of the power!"

'60%'!

The old man's words, passing into the middle-aged man's ears, were as shocking as thunder.

Leaving the middle-aged man momentarily stupefied.

Amplified '60%'?

Quickly, the man with a solemn face tested the sword.

As the Origin Force surged above the sword in his hand, the illusions of the 'Ancient Horned Dragon' and 'Ancient Giant Elephant' appeared above the void over his head...

Finally, he confirmed it.

"It truly is '60%'!"

Instantaneously, the middle-aged man's face turned red, his gaze sparkling brilliantly as he looked at the spirit sword in his hands.

Gradually, his breathing started to quicken.

His chest heaved in and out like a bellows, unable to calm down for a long time.

Seeing the middle-aged man behave so out of character, the old man showed no surprise.

In his view.

The Pavilion Master himself is a rank-four Artifact Refiner.

His elation at seeing such a powerful rank-four spirit weapon is completely normal.

"What does that young man want in exchange for this spirit sword?"

The middle-aged man stared at the old man intently, asking.

If possible, he too wanted to possess this rank-four spirit sword.

A rank-four spirit sword with a '60%' power amplification.

If it were in his hands, after his meticulous research, it might improve his feats in the Artifact Refiner path.

Perhaps, he could create a rank-four magical tool with '59%', or even '60%' power amplification.

"Sir Pavilion Master, the item that young man wishes to exchange for is an herb... he called that herb the 'Everlasting Root'!"

The old man replied.

"Everlasting Root?"

The middle-aged man frowned, "What is that? I've never heard of it."

"Even the Pavilion Master has never heard of it?"

The old man was taken aback.

In his view, this was an incredibly incredible thing.

The Pavilion Master was a person at the peak of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Similarly, there should be very little that the Pavilion Master does not know about.

"Did he say what characteristics that herb has?"

The middle-aged man continued to ask.

"Yes."

The old man nodded, and then relayed the words of the purple-clothed young man.

Not only that, but he also emulated him and sketched the 'Everlasting Root'.

The Everlasting Root, with its distinctive features, is completely natural.

Ordinary root-shaped herbs could never grow like this.

"What a peculiar herb!"

The middle-aged man's gaze sharpened, somewhat surprised.

With just one glance, he recognized that this herb was not ordinary.

Naturally, Wyatt Barnes did not know what happened in the Treasure Pavilion after he left.

At the moment, he was sitting in a restaurant in Thames River City, leaning against the window, watching the people on the bustling street outside, and the warriors and Demon Beasts of the Void Realm whizzing overhead.

"I wonder what Little Gold is up to now..."

Wyatt's eyes were fraught with worry.

Little Gold Mouse was inherently a 'directionally challenged'.

And it was swept away by that sandstorm.

This made Wyatt quite anxious.

Soon, the fragrant dishes were served.

However, Wyatt was not in the mood to eat.

In a short while, the restaurant filled with customers and became lively.

"Hi! Have you heard? The Treasure Pavilion just put out a bounty half an hour ago, rewarding a rare herb."

A middle-aged man had just sat down and spoke to his companion at the same table.

"Isn't it common for people to offer bounties for herbs at the Treasure Pavilion? What's so strange about that. "

His companion dismissed him.

"Heh heh... you don't know."

The middle-aged man shook his head and laughed, "Do you know what the reward for this bounty from the Treasure Pavilion is?"

"What is it?"

The latter's curiosity was piqued.

"A rank-four spirit sword!"

The middle-aged man boldly declared, leaving no room not to be astounded.

"What?!"

Suddenly, the overcrowded restaurant was stirred.

"A rank-four spirit sword, for a herb?"

"Is this true or false?"

...

Many customers in the restaurant were skeptical.

In their view.

A rank-four spiritual object, how rare is that? How can a mere herb compare?

Even the most precious herbs they know are not worth as much as a rank-four spiritual object in their eyes.

"If you don't believe me, after finishing your meal, go see for yourself at the hall on the first floor of the Treasure Pavilion... the bounty is now hanging on the most conspicuous bulletin board in the hall!"

Seeing that some people doubted him, the middle-aged man was instantly displeased.

Hearing the middle-aged man's words, the customers in the restaurant believed him a little bit.

"Who is so generous, willing to exchange a rank-four spiritual tool for a herb... After eating, I must go and see what kind of herb he wants to exchange for!"

"Indeed, if we had that sort of medicinal herb, we would make a fortune!"

"Let's quickly finish eating and check it out."

...

Many people started eating voraciously, clearing out the food on the table.

"He he...you better hurry! If you're late, someone might beat you to it."

The middle-aged man saw this scene, chuckled slyly, and said, adding fuel to the fire: "By the way, I forget to tell you something... the spirit sword offered as a reward in the Treasure Pavilion is a Fourth-rate Artifact that can amplify 'sixty percent' of one's power!"

Silence.

As the middle-aged man's voice fell, a deathly silence prevailed within the restaurant.

All eyes turned swiftly upon the middle-aged man.

A moment later.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

...

Sounds of shattered bowls and plates resonated. Some dazed guests accidentally dropped their dishes.

"Amplification of 'sixty percent'? Are you sure?"

Soon, someone drew a cold breath and asked the middle-aged man for confirmation.

"That's what the Treasure Pavilion claims... As for the credibility of the Treasure Pavilion, you all know well enough that they never exaggerate!"

The middle-aged man replied.

"Damn it! I'm done eating! Waiter, bring the bill."

In an instant, someone called for the bill and left.

Within a short time, the once bustling restaurant was left with only a couple of occupied tables.

Apart from the table where the middle-aged man was sitting.

Only Wyatt Barnes' table was left.

At this point, these two tables stood out like a sore thumb.

"Huh."

The middle-aged man was somewhat surprised to see the calmness, "Young man, aren't you joining the excitement? Maybe, you have the required herb."

Wyatt Barnes raised his head and smiled lightly, "Perhaps."

Having said that, Wyatt began to dig into his food.

Join the excitement?

If this middle-aged man knew that the Fourth-rate spirit sword was his, stored as a reward at the Treasure Pavilion, he wouldn't have said that.

"It seems I was right... The influence of the Treasure Pavilion is indeed significant. It won't take long for news about exchanging the 'Everlasting Root' for a Fourth-rate spirit sword which can amplify 'sixty percent' of one's power to spread far and wide."

After having his fill, Wyatt paid the bill and left, booking a room at an inn.

"In three months, whether I get any results or not, I must leave the Great Turdo Dynasty and return to the Blackstone Empire... Otherwise, I won't make it in time for the 'Youth Talent Challenge' in the Blackstone Empire!"

Once he settled into his room, Wyatt thought to himself.

Sitting in a tub of hot water, Wyatt closed his eyes and relaxed.

"I hope Little Gold has returned to the Blackstone Empire."

Wyatt silently wished in his mind.

He couldn't help but worry about Little Gold.

Although Little Gold was the demon beast that had followed him after Little Black and Little White.

Over the past few years, with Little Black and Little White not around, it had been Little Gold accompanying him.

He had developed deep affection for Little Gold.

In his heart, he considered Little Gold as his family.

After his bath, Wyatt put on a set of fresh clothes, sat on the bed in a cross-legged position and started cultivation.

After taking the 'Strengthen Void Pill', he began to meditate.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Thunder Flood Dragon Transformation!

In the next three months, Wyatt planned to stay in the Thames River City and not travel elsewhere.

First, he wanted to concentrate on his cultivation.

Secondly, he feared that Little Gold might turn up in the Thames River City.

The situation in Thames River City was chaotic.

Several days had passed, Wyatt wandered around Thames River City and saw many warriors perish.

The concept of 'survival of the fittest' was perfectly illustrated within the city.

Two months passed.

Wyatt was preparing for his final breakthrough.

Once he overcame this bottleneck, he would leap to 'Peep Naught Realm Level Six' in one fell swoop.

It took Wyatt three days and nights to finally make a smooth breakthrough.

Whew!

The Origin Force rose and roared within Wyatt's body.

Whoosh!

Gazing at the 'eight thousand ancient giant elephant phantom' that formed above him after the disturbance of the force of the world...

A hint of a smile appeared on Wyatt's face.

"I've finally broken through!"

Wyatt was in a great mood.

"Next is the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Seven,' another critical point... Unless there are unexpected changes, I likely won't be able to break through before the 'Youth Talent Challenge' in the Blackstone Empire begins."

This fact was crystal clear to Wyatt.

"I hope there's a lead on the 'Everlasting Root.'"

And the 'Nirvana Pill' is a turning point.

Unfortunately, to refine the 'Nirvana Pill,' he must first find the 'Everlasting Root.'

Otherwise, everything is just wishful thinking.

"I will leave in a month... in this month, I'll stroll around to see if Little Gold has come to the 'Thames River City'."

For the next month, apart from cultivation, Wyatt simply wandered around Thames River City.

Of course, he never instigated trouble.

He deliberately avoided warriors above the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Nine'.

If warriors beneath the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Nine' crossed paths with him, he wouldn't sit idle. He would deal them a crushing blow and kill them.

Now, Wyatt had advanced into the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Six'.

His spiritual strength had reached 'Peep Naught Realm Level Eight'.

Apart from Artifact Refiners, he could kill any warrior below the Peep Naught Realm Level Nine.

Boom!

A corpse fell in front of Wyatt.

He was a warrior in the Peep Naught Realm Level Eight and had comprehended the 'Microcosmic Moment'.

Chapter 575: Made a Fortune!

"After my mental power breakthrough, the illusory space created by my Soul Technique 'Thousand Illusions' could easily disregard the 'Enter the Cunning Move'!"

Looking at the body beneath his feet, Wyatt Barnes gasped in relief, feeling somewhat elated.

"Now, even if I face Walter Simmons, I won't be afraid of his 'Enter the Cunning Sword Move'!"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes gleamed, whispered to himself.

Then, Wyatt turned and left.

Only peep naught realm warriors remained apprehensively watching Wyatt.

"This young man, looks about twenty-five, is amazingly powerful!"

"Given his talent and strength, he shouldn't be obscure in the Great Turdo Dynasty."

...

The onlookers whispered to each other.

"Hm?"

After taking a few steps, Wyatt paused, and looked up to the sky as if sensing something.

Finding no one in the high sky, Wyatt sighed and went on.

After Wyatt left.

In the high sky, a tall figure appeared from behind the clouds.

"This little fellow has sharp instincts... I was almost discovered by him!"

The tall figure was a robust middle-aged man, now looking quite surprised.

"Killing peep naught realm Level Eight warriors who have understood the 'Enter the Cunning Move'... his strength at such an age is truly remarkable."

The middle-aged man raised his brow, "However, I wonder which of the most famous young talents in the Great Turdo Dynasty he is."

A month passed quickly.

In this month, despite Wyatt's efforts to search for Little Gold, he found nothing.

"It seems, Little Gold didn't come to 'Thames River City'."

Early in the morning, Wyatt sighed as he left the inn.

"Now, I just hope Little Gold has already returned to the Imperial City of Emperor Stone..."

While he was worried about Little Gold, Wyatt walked towards the 'Treasure Pavilion'.

After arriving outside the Treasure Pavilion, Wyatt was somewhat nervous.

"I wonder if there's any news about the 'Everlasting Root'."

With a deep breath, Wyatt walked into the Treasure Pavilion.

As soon as he entered, he saw a 'reward mission' on the bulletin board in the center of the hall. There's also a picture depicted 'Everlasting Root'.

"Phew!"

Wyatt sighed and managed a bitter smile.

He ended up with nothing.

He knew it in his heart.

If someone had found the 'Everlasting Root', his reward would have been taken down long ago.

The reward was still there, that means no one had found the 'Everlasting Root' for the past three months.

"Guest!"

Very quickly, a young waiter came up.

Wyatt recognized him as the one who shown him upstairs to post the reward three months ago.

"Take me to see the elder... I want to cancel the reward."

Wyatt used the Origin Force to communicate with the young waiter.

The young waiter nodded and courteously led the way.

Ever since three months ago, when he saw the power of the spirit sword stored in the Treasure Pavilion by Wyatt, he knew Wyatt was of no simple origins.

Otherwise, how could there be such a heaven-defying 'Rank 4 Spirit Sword'!

On the third floor of the Treasure Pavilion, Wyatt saw the elder again.

"Sir."

Wyatt looked at the elder.

"You're going to cancel the reward?"

Seeing that Wyatt took out the broken jade pendant, the elder couldn't help but gasp in surprise.

"Yes."

Wyatt nodded, "The thing I want... it may not be found anytime soon... I plan to try again later."

Immediately after, Wyatt saw the elder give the young waiter a look, who then wisely left.

"Sir?"

Wyatt looked puzzled.

"Young man, our Pavilion Master said if you came to cancel the mission, he would like to see you... Please."

The elder left the counter, gesturing Wyatt to follow him.

Pavilion Master?

Wyatt raised his eyebrows.

"Could it be because of the Rank 4 spirit sword?"

Wyatt quickly guessed the reason.

Considering the reputation of the Treasure Pavilion, Wyatt wasn't worried about how the Pavilion Master would treat him.

Following the elder, they climbed upstairs.

"Sir, why would the Pavilion Master want to see me?"

Wyatt asked curiously.

"Young man, to be honest... the Pavilion Master wants to meet you because he is interested in the 'Rank 4 spirit sword' you stored with us."

The elder spoke straightforwardly.

"I knew it."

Wyatt was taken aback for a moment, then said, "Sir, if the Pavilion Master can find the 'Everlasting Root', I will gladly give him the Rank 4 spirit sword."

The elder chuckled but did not respond further.

Soon, the elder led Wyatt to the fifth floor.

Upon reaching the outer building, the elder respectfully called out to the inside, "Master, the guest who deposited the Rank 4 spirit sword has arrived."

"Come in."

A resonant voice came from inside.

Even though no Origin Force was used, the voice still reverberated in Wyatt's mind.

"Such profound cultivation!"

Wyatt's pupils contracted.

"Young man, come in."

The elder advised Wyatt.

He stood outside, like a loyal doorkeeper.

Wyatt stepped forward and walked into the chamber.

A tall middle-aged man in a blue robe was standing there, like a statue.

Wyatt extended his mental force, it enveloped the middle-aged man.

"This..."

Quickly, Wyatt Barnes's pupils constricted.

He realized.

His mental power merged into the middle-aged man's body, just like it merged into a cotton ball, with nowhere to lean on.

It gave him a kind of mysterious and unpredictable feeling.

"Could it be..."

A shudder went through Wyatt Barnes, and once an idea popped into his mind, he couldn't suppress it any longer.

"The only thing that could render my mental power useless...is probably a 'Cave Void Realm'master!"

Wyatt secretly drew in a cold breath.

A Cave Void Realm master!

"Is that Grade Four spirit sword the one you deposited in our Treasure Pavilion?"

At this moment, the middle-aged man turned around, his solemn face facing Wyatt Barnes, and asked aloud.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

Whoosh!

The middle-aged man raised his hand, and a spirit sword appeared out of thin air.

Wyatt Barnes recognized it, this was his Grade Four spirit sword that he had deposited in the Treasure Pavilion.

"I'll get straight to the point."

The middle-aged man looked at Wyatt Barnes and bluntly said, "I have a great interest in this spirit sword... However, the 'Everlasting Root' you want, I currently cannot find."

Wyatt Barnes frowned.

This Cave Void Realm master wouldn't be planning to bully him and forcibly snatch away his Grade Four spirit sword, would he?

Instantly, Wyatt realized he was overthinking

"Like this...you lend me this Grade Four spirit sword for three years. To compensate for your loss, I can refine a conventional Grade Four spirit sword for you, in addition to two spirit fruits!"

The middle-aged man stated succinctly.

Lend it for three years?

Compensation with an additional Grade Four spirit sword and two spirit fruits?

"You...are you a Grade Four Artifact Refiner?"

Wyatt Barnes responded, surprised.

Pshh!

Almost as soon as Wyatt Barnes had finished speaking, the middle-aged man created a wisp of blue flame in the palm of his hand.

The blue flame raged and roiled.

It was the 'Grade Four Artifact Fire'!

The unique artifact fire of a Grade Four Artifact Refiner.

"Correct, I am a Grade Four Artifact Refiner."

The middle-aged man nodded.

"So, Pavilion Master, you want to borrow my 'Grade Four Spirit Sword' for research?"

Wyatt Barnes asked pointedly.

He guessed the other's intention.

No doubt he saw the Grade Four spirit sword he stored in the Treasure Pavilion, which can increase 'Sixty Percent' of power, and wanted to research its mysteries to enhance his own artifact refining level.

"Correct."

The middle-aged man nodded, then asked, "Do you accept my condition? As long as you do, I can give you my compensation now..."

"Furthermore, within these three years, I will do my best to help you find the 'Everlasting Root'!"

It must be said, the conditions of the Treasure Pavilion master were very tempting.

Making it hard for Wyatt to refuse.

"Pavilion Master, I want to know what kind of spirit fruit you want to give me?"

Wyatt Barnes inquired.

"The Containing Void Fruit, the Spiritual Void Fruit."

The Treasure Pavilion master spoke slowly.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt Barnes's eyes suddenly lit up.

The Containing Void Fruit was an invaluable spirit fruit that could enhance the cultivation of Peep Naught Realm warriors.

It was no less valuable than the 'Refining Void Fruit' he had taken in the past.

As for the 'Spiritual Void Fruit', it was even more sensational.

It is the spirit fruit that boosts the cultivation of 'Enter Void Realm' warriors. If the Peep Naught Realm warriors consume it forcibly, they might explode and perish.

Both kinds of spirit fruits were something Wyatt had never consumed before.

Undeniably, they were treasures to Wyatt Barnes.

"Borrow my Grade Four Spirit Sword for three years...give me an ordinary Grade Four Spirit Sword and these two spirit fruits? In addition, you'll help me find the 'Everlasting Root'?"

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes was grinning from ear to ear.

For him, this was a great piece of luck!

Just a Grade Four Spirit Sword, as long as he had materials, he could refine it whenever he wanted.

But that 'Containing Void Fruit' and 'Spiritual Void Fruit' were both treasures one could desire but not covet.

"How about this?"

The Treasure Pavilion Master lifted his hand and two spirit fruits appeared in it.

In addition, another Spirit Sword materialized.

"Pavilion Master."

Wyatt Barnes looked at the Treasure Pavilion master, "I accept your terms."

The master of the Treasure Pavilion had been a bit nervous.

After all, although he compensated Wyatt Barnes with a Grade Four Spirit Sword and two spirit fruits...

In his eyes...

The value of the Grade Four Spirit Sword with a 'Sixty Percent' increase was much higher compared to the sum of the items he gave out.

Wyatt Barnes's agreement let him breathe a sigh of relief.

"Pavilion Master, I will leave the task of finding the 'Everlasting Root' to you."

Wyatt Barnes smiled slightly as he casually received the Grade Four Spirit Sword and the two spirit fruits handed to him by the Pavilion Master.

"This spirit sword, the material is not bad...if I were to re-refine it, it can also possess the 'Sixty Percent' enhancement!"

A thought occurred to Wyatt Barnes.

For him, the Grade Four Spirit Sword that the Pavilion Master compensated him with needed only two hours to transform into the best of the best.

By then, the value of his Spirit Sword would be no less than the 'Grade Four Spirit Sword' that the Pavilion Master held, which was refined by him previously.

It could be said that he did not suffer any loss.

Instead, he earned two spirit fruits in just two short hours.

What's more important is.

Having this master of the Treasure Pavilion from the Great Turdo Dynasty's Thames River City helping him find the 'Everlasting Root' would undoubtedly speed up the process.

All in all.

He hit the jackpot this time!

Chapter 576: Peep Naught Realm Seventh-Order!

"Rest assured. While I can't guarantee, I will certainly do my best in the search for the 'Everlasting Root'."

The Pavilion Master of Treasure Pavilion promised Wyatt Barnes.

"Thank you, Pavilion Master."

Wyatt hurriedly expressed his gratitude.

"I pride myself on being knowledgeable across all the great dynasties, but this 'Everlasting Root' you seek is something unheard of for me."

The Pavilion Master of Treasure Pavilion turned to Wyatt, his gaze intense, "Could you share, if it's convenient, what this 'Everlasting Root' is? What kind of herb is it? What are its uses?"

"Of course."

Wyatt smiled faintly and casually said, "This 'Everlasting Root' is a type of herb, somewhat similar to the mythical divine beast 'Phoenix's' talons... The Everlasting Root, although it's an herb, it can also be used as a 'material for artifact refining'!"

"Material for artifact refining?"

The pupils of the Pavilion Master of Treasure Pavilion contracted.

"Yes."

Wyatt nodded, "I know a 'Third-Order Artifact Refiner'... he can use this 'Everlasting Root' as the main material and refine a 'Third-Order Spiritual Artifact'!"

A Third-Order Artifact Refiner!

A Third-Order Spiritual Artifact!

The Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion's previously calm face, was now swept over by shock.

"You... you know a Third-Order Artifact Refiner?"

The Pavilion Master of Treasure Pavilion's breathing quickened.

He was a 'Fourth-Order Artifact Refiner', standing at the pinnacle of artifact refining in the Great Turdo Dynasty and even among all the dynasties.

Within the great dynasties, no one had ever heard of a 'Third-Order Artifact Refiner'.

A Third-Order Artifact Refiner, for the people of the great dynasties, was an existence as elusive as a legend, out of reach.

It was said that in the mysterious and unpredictable 'outside territory', there existed Artifact Refiners of the Third-Order and above.

But very few people among the great dynasties have ever returned from the 'outside territory'.

Therefore, Artifact Refiners of the Third-Order or above, to the people in the great dynasties, were mysterious beings.

As a Fourth-Order Artifact Refiner, he had great admiration for 'Third-Order Artifact Refiners'.

The Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion was no exception.

"Pavilion Master, the Fourth-Order Spiritual Sword in your hand was forged by that 'Third-Order Artifact Refiner'."

Wyatt continued.

Although all of this was made up by Wyatt on the spot, he presented it convincingly.

So much so, that the Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion was completely deceived.

"No wonder... No wonder... I was wondering, how could a Fourth-Order Spiritual Artifact that boosts strength by 'sixty percent' possibly emerge in the Great Turdo Dynasty! So, it was created by a Third-Order Artifact Refiner."

The Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion took in a sharp breath, the way he looked at Wyatt, had completely changed.

If before this, he did not take this young man seriously.

But now, he treated this young man as an equal, not daring to show the slightest disdain.

Because, this was a young man who knew a 'Third-Order Artifact Refiner'!

In his view.

This young man, who had a Third-Order Artifact Refiner craft for him, must have a deep relationship with the Third-Order Artifact Refiner.

"Young Brother, what kind of relationship do you have with that Third-Order Artifact Refiner?"

The Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion looked at Wyatt, unable to contain his excitement.

"He is my master."

Wyatt replied directly.

Master!

"Young Brother, turns out you are the disciple of that elder. My apologies for my previous insensitivity."

The Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion discreetly sucked in a cold gasp of air. When he spoke again, his tone had become a lot more cautious.

Standing before him was a disciple of a Third-Order Artifact Refiner!

"Pavilion Master, you're too kind."

Wyatt smiled faintly.

Seeing the drastic change in the attitude of the Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion, Wyatt wasn't surprised.

A Third-Order Artifact Refiner was enough to stir speculative thoughts.

"Young Brother, my name is 'Valiant Charlesworth'... Besides being the Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion of Thames River City in the Great Turdo Dynasty, I am also the Deputy Chair of the Great Turdo Dynasty's Artifact Refiners Guild!"

The Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion 'Valiant Charlesworth' looked at Wyatt, "what is your name young brother?"

Hearing Valiant's words, Wyatt was taken aback.

He never expected.

Beyond being the Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion here, Valiant held another revered stance.

"Pavilion Master, my name is 'Wyatt Barnes'."

Wyatt introduced himself.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

Valiant's eyes flickered with unnoticeable surprise.

He had never heard of this name before.

"Could he not be from the Great Turdo Dynasty?"

Something seemed to occur to Valiant, "Otherwise, given his astonishing power (strength/head), it should be impossible for him to remain unknown."

"So, should I call you Brother Wyatt?"

Valiant asked with a smile.

"By calling me thus, Pavilion Master flatters me."

Wyatt smiled.

"Brother Wyatt, may I know where your respected master is currently? If possible, I hope to pay him a visit in person."

Ever since he knew Wyatt was a disciple of a 'Third-Order Artifact Refiner', Valiant's conversation with Wyatt had become increasingly polite.

"I'm afraid that's not possible, Pavilion Master... My master has always disliked strangers. Of course, if the Pavilion Master can find the 'Everlasting Root', perhaps my master, in a good mood, might be willing to meet the Pavilion Master."

Wyatt shook his head, then quickly added another sentence.

The reason Wyatt added this.

Was naturally to motivate Valiant to search harder for the 'Everlasting Root'.

As expected.

Upon hearing Wyatt's words, Valiant's eyes lit up, his face serious, "Rest assured, Brother Wyatt. I will do my utmost for the 'Everlasting Root'."

Valiant Charlesworth had already made up his mind.

He would mobilize his vast network of contacts to find the 'Everlasting Root'.

Just to meet that 'third-grade Artifact Refiner' and learn from him.

"I'll have to trouble you then, Pavilion Master... It's getting late, so I should take my leave."

Wyatt Barnes bade farewell to Valiant Charlesworth and left the fifth floor of the Treasure Pavilion, and then he left the Treasure Pavilion itself.

"The harvest this time was not bad."

Leaving the Treasure Pavilion, stepping out of Thames River City, sitting on the back of a flying Beast from the Peep Naught Realm Seventh Layer and departing, Wyatt Barnes had a pleasant smile on his face.

In the palm of his hand was a crystalline spiritual fruit.

It was the 'Containing Void Fruit'.

A spiritual fruit that was on par with the 'Spiritual Void Fruit'.

Back then, when Wyatt Barnes was at the Dragon Phoenix Academy in the Green Forest Royal Country, his first fieldwork task was to go deep into Blackwind Ridge and exterminate the horse thieves, and he had received the 'Spiritual Void Fruit' as an extra reward.

After consuming the Spiritual Void Fruit, his strength had improved rapidly.

"Behave!"

After Wyatt Barnes took out the Containing Void Fruit, he noticed some restlessness in the flying Beast beneath him.

Clearly attracted by the Containing Void Fruit.

Wyatt Barnes swallowed the Containing Void Fruit in two or three bites, then quickly took another strong pill and began to cultivate with his eyes closed.

Nine Dragons War Sovereign, Thunder Flood Dragon Transformation!

After consuming the Containing Void Fruit, the Origin Force in Wyatt Barnes' body was vast and powerful. It didn't take long to reach the critical point.

And the final breakthrough of the Peep Naught Realm Sixth Layer was accomplished ten days later.

Boom!

The robust meridians in Wyatt Barnes' body had a surge of Origin Force that broke the final bottleneck like destroying rotten wood.

At the same time, Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force underwent earth-shaking changes.

"I've made a breakthrough!"

Wyatt Barnes suddenly opened his eyes, a gleam of light flashing across his eyes, and a few traces of excitement appeared on his face.

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt Barnes clenched his fists slightly.

The Origin Force on his fists was pervasive and rampant.

Meanwhile, in the voids above, a large phantom descended, lifelike.

It was the phantom of an ancient horned dragon.

Wyatt Barnes' cultivation had finally broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Seventh Order'.

"The medicinal properties of the 'Containing Void Fruit' are almost depleted... The following cultivation will depend on me."

A thought flashed through Wyatt Barnes' mind.

"As for the other 'Spiritual Void Fruit' given by Pavilion Master Charlesworth, I can only take it when I break through to the 'Enter Void Realm First level'... Otherwise, it will be too risky."

"Now, Walter Simmons must have also broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Seventh-Order'... As for Alfonso Rowan and the others, I'm afraid they're a bit behind."

Unwittingly, Wyatt Barnes thought of Walter Simmons and the others.

"The changes I've made this time out, they should be stunned."

A bright smile appeared on Wyatt Barnes' face.

Soon, the smile on Wyatt Barnes' face faded.

"Little Gold... where exactly are you now?"

Thinking of Little Gold Mouse, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but worry.

In his eyes, Little Gold Mouse was a total 'sense of direction' idiot.

To let it return to the Black Stone Empire Imperial City alone seemed a bit of a challenge.

"I hope it knows to ask human warriors for directions."

Wyatt Barnes could only comfort himself like this.

The rest of the journey, Wyatt Barnes had a lot on his mind, and his cultivation practice was somewhat lackluster.

"In more than half a month, we should almost reach the 'Imperial City'."

Several months later, Wyatt Barnes, who had entered Black Stone Empire territory, had a thought.

On the way back, Wyatt Barnes took a 'straight line' route, so it was extremely efficient.

"One month later, it's the 'Youth Talent Competition' of the Black Stone Empire... I should be just in time."

Wyatt Barnes breathed a sigh of relief.

Now, Wyatt Barnes was in the northern region of the Black Stone Empire.

Meanwhile, in the south of the Black Stone Empire, an unexpected guest had also arrived.

Whoosh!

A figure in yellow flew past high in the sky, moving extremely fast.

Wherever the figure went, the clouds were swept away, forging a 'sky road'.

The person hurrying on her way was a girl in yellow, about sixteen years old. She was delicately beautiful and quite charming.

From the girl's youthful face, one could tell.

When the girl grows up, she will surely become a beauty capable of toppling nations.

"Hiss hiss~~"

Suddenly, from under the girl's sleeve, two soft sounds were heard.

Then, two small heads peeked out.

They were two small pythons.

One black and one white, the former with a golden horn on its head and the latter with a silver horn on its head.

"Little Black, Little White... we'll see Brother Ling Tian soon," the girl stroked the two small python heads and smiled.

"Hiss hiss~~"

Suddenly, Little White Snake looked up at the girl, a hint of concern in its eyes.

"Don't worry,"

The girl gently shook her head, "Ruby probably won't come for us for now... but after she's done with her business here, I'm afraid she'll come looking for us. We'll have to leave then."

"Hiss hiss~~"

The two small pythons drooped their heads, looking somewhat listless.

"Don't worry... in the future, I'll definitely sneak out again to take you to see Brother Ling Tian."

Upon hearing the girl's promise.

The two small pythons finally returned to their silence again.

Chapter 577: The Strongest in the Empire

Black Stone Empire, Imperial City.

Due to the imminent 'Young Talent Competition', a lot of new faces have emerged in the Imperial City.

Some of these new faces originate from various major powers within the Black Stone Empire or from the various royal countries under the jurisdiction of the Black Stone Empire.

Over the recent days, the Imperial City Guard has started to get busy.

All because incidents of fighting have been occurring frequently around the Imperial City.

This fighting is mostly instigated by the young talents who have gathered in the Imperial City.

Every young talent that has managed to participate in the 'Young Talent Competition' in the Imperial City is the cream of the crop, their pride and confidence insurmountable, with no one willing to bow down to the other.

As the 'Young Talent Competition' nears, the Imperial City gradually returns to its calm state.

"It's said that the 'Young Talent Competition' taking place in three days will be held at the central plaza in the Imperial City... I wonder if it's true."

"If it's true, I will definitely go join the fun!"

"It is already confirmed, the news is true... now, the City Guard has started building the 'competitions pit' at the central plaza of the Imperial City!"

...

As the 'Young Talent Competition' approaches, the Imperial City of the Black Stone Empire is becoming more lively.

In a spacious mansion within the Imperial City.

The sacrificial officer Millon Pond, Victory King, Walter Simmons, Alfonso Rowan, Handmi Holland, and Kase Dragonsmith from the Green Forest Royal Country are all gathered together.

"Why hasn't Wyatt Barnes returned yet? The 'Young Talent Competition' is in three days."

Millon Pond frowns.

"Hmph! That Wyatt Barnes has no realization of bringing honor to our Green Forest Royal Country... if he misses this 'Young Talent Competition', I will not spare him!"

The Victory King's face darkens, a cold light shines in his eyes, "Millon, if Wyatt Barnes misses the 'Young Talent Competition'... when I punish him, I hope you won't interfere!"

The words of the Victory King change the expressions on the faces of Walter Simmons, Alfonso Rowan, and Young Master Holland.

They can hear the deadly intent concealed within Victory King's words.

The Victory King, is thinking of killing Wyatt Barnes.

Three days later.

At the central plaza of the Imperial City, nine 'competition pits' stand tall.

The nine competition pits surround an expansive platform.

On this platform, several neatly arranged seats are set up. These are clearly meant for spectators.

One can envision that these audience seats are specifically prepared for the 'representatives' headed by the major powers of the Black Stone Empire.

Outside the nine competition pits, the crowd is bustling and noisy.

Now, in the open space between the nine competition pits and the platform, numerous young talents are scattered around.

In terms of age.

These young talents are at most 36 or 37 years old.

"Why hasn't Wyatt Barnes appeared yet?"

Walter Simmons, Alfonso Rowan, and Young Master Holland stand together, looking east and west, yet they cannot find any trace of Wyatt Barnes.

As for Millon Pond and the Victory King, they are already seated on the chairs atop the platform.

"It seems that Wyatt Barnes really doesn't care about the 'Young Talent Competition'... when he comes back, I will make him pay!"

A murderous intent flashes in Victory King's eyes, he says in a stern tone.

"Victory King, I believe Wyatt Barnes won't break his promise... His absence at this moment must be due to some circumstances."

Millon Pond's eyes contain a hint of concern.

"Hmph!"

The Victory King snorts coldly, thinking to himself: "It would be best if he dies!"

At present, the number of people on the platform is increasing.

These people are all high-ranking members from various major powers of the Black Stone Empire, as well as individuals from the imperial family of the various royal countries subject to the Black Stone Empire.

"Isn't that Sacrificial Officer Millon?"

An old man dressed in azure feigns surprise upon seeing Millon Pond.

Upon seeing the azure-clad old man, Millon Pond's face darkens, "Connor Wilson!"

"I thought your Green Forest Royal Country wouldn't send anyone... As far as I know, the five princes of your Green Forest Royal Country seem to be quite ordinary."

A faint hint of disdain appears at the corner of Connor Wilson's mouth.

"Even if they are ordinary, they will not be worse than your grandson."

Millon Pond replies indifferently.

"Millon, you!!"

Millon's remarks enrage Connor Wilson. His Origin Force surges instantly, ready to take action.

'Officer Connor!'

The middle-aged man standing next to Connor Wilson stops him and reminds him, "This is the Black Stone Imperial City."

Hearing this, Connor Wilson takes a deep breath and the Origin Force that was just about to surge from his body gradually dissipates.

Nevertheless, his gaze towards Millon Pond is filled with provocation.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, the clouds and mists shake high in the distance.

Next, a luxurious palanquin appears.

In front of and behind this palanquin, a total of eight warriors above the level of the Peep Naught Realm hold the palanquin, serving as the palanquin bearers.

On the side of the palanquin, a large character is written with dancing dragons and flying phoenixes:

Yakim!

In a moment, eight Void Realm warriors carrying the palanquin comes to the side of the platform.

This scene leaves many young talents from all over stunned.

"What an imposing line-up!"

Mustafa Rowan's pupils contract, astounded, "Could it be that the person in the palanquin is the Emperor of the Black Stone Empire?"

"The Emperor of the Black Stone Empire probably won't show... it should be some important figure from the Black Stone Empire."

Young Master Holland shakes his head.

"It's Prince Yakim."

Just then, Walter Simmons speaks.

Prince Yakim?

Mustafa Rowan and Young Master Holland are taken aback.

"Could that be the one who is said to be closest to the 'Cave Void Realm' in the Black Stone Empire, Prince Yakim?"

Alfonso Rowan looked surprised.

The Black Stone Empire, Prince Yakim.

He had long heard about him.

It was said that Prince Yakim of the Black Stone Empire was the strongest person in the Black Stone Empire.

"Since we were young, this 'Prince Yakim' was recognized as the strongest in the Black Stone Empire, most close to the 'Cave Void Realm'... If you ask me, he might have already broken into the 'Cave Void Realm'!"

Master Holland said.

"Possibly."

Alfonso Rowan nodded.

When Prince Yakim became famous, he was just a youngster.

Now, more than ten years have passed.

Prince Yakim's strength must have become more terrifying.

"Although they're both princes, our Green Forest Royal Country's 'Victory King' cannot be compared to this 'Prince Yakim'."

Master Holland's gaze was fixed on the sedan chair floating in the air.

Having eight warriors willingly serving as palanquin bearers and such an ostentatious display, not everyone can enjoy.

"Greetings to Prince Yakim!"

At this point, the representatives from various major forces and major royal countries on the high platform stood up, respectfully saluting in the direction of the sedan chair.

Millon Pond and Victory King were also among them.

Victory King, who had a murderous look on his face when mentioning Wyatt Barnes earlier, was now showing humility when facing the sedan chair.

At this moment, the curtain of the sedan chair was drawn open.

A tall figure slowly stepped out.

It was a middle-aged man in a gold-trimmed white robe, with a resolute face, showing majesty in between his brows.

On his forehead, there was a conspicuous red mole.

It was the strongest person in the Black Stone Empire...

Prince Yakim!

After leaving the sedan chair,

"Long live Prince Yakim!"

At this moment, the people standing outside the nine arenas respectfully greeted Prince Yakim.

Prince Yakim looked around and gave a nonchalant nod.

He then calmly went to the high platform and sat in the middlemost 'seat of honor'.

"Has everyone brought all the young talents?"

Prince Yakim's glanced over the representatives on the high platform.

Immediately, everyone except Millon Pond and Victory King nodded their heads.

Very quickly, the two became the center of attention for thousands of people.

"What? The young talents you have brought have not arrived yet?"

Prince Yakim looked at Millon Pond and Victory King and asked indifferently.

Although his tone was calm, everyone present could feel a hint of pressure.

"Prince Yakim, we..."

In front of Prince Yakim, Millon Pond felt the pressure, took a deep breath, and was about to explain.

However, before he could finish his words, he closed his mouth.

Whoosh!

In the high sky, a purple figure traversed the space as a bolt of lightning and landed in the middle of the nine arenas and the high platform.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Millon Pond's eyes lit up, he immediately turned to Prince Yakim and respectfully said, "Prince Yakim, the young talents from our Green Forest Royal Country have all arrived."

Prince Yakim nodded lightly and withdrew his gaze from Millon Pond.

At this time, numerous gazes fell on the young man in purple who had just arrived.

Most of them were shocked by the young man in purple's age.

"This young man who appears to be around 25 years old, is one of the young talents from the Green Forest Royal Country participating in the 'Competition of Talented Youths'?"

"Each royal country under the Black Stone Empire only gets five spots... and the Green Forest Royal Country sent two young men who are not even 30 years old!"

"It seems that the Green Forest Royal Country really has run out of people."

"Yes, otherwise, these two young people wouldn't have snatched spots to compete in the empire's 'Competition of Talented Youths'."

...

Whether it's the representatives of the various major forces and royal countries on the high platform or the spectators from a distance, everyone is buzzing with discussion.

"Millon Pond, it seems that your Green Forest Royal Country really has run out of people... to my knowledge, any of the five princes from your Green Forest Royal Country seems to be over 30 years old, right? These two are not meant to be part of those five princes."

The man in green who had a conflict with Millon Pond earlier scoffed.

"Connor Wilson, you should wait for your 'Hundred-Week Royal Country's' talented youngsters to defeat them... for now, please close your stinking mouth!"

Millon Pond retorted without any politeness.

"Hmph! It seems, Millon Pond, you are really confident in these two."

Connor Wilson snorted with disdain in his eyes.

Two kids under 30 years old.

In his view, they posed no threat to the talented youths of their Hundred-Week Royal Country.

"Wyatt Barnes, why did you come only now?"

Mustafa Rowan looked at the young man in purple who had just landed beside them and asked curiously.

"I ran into some problems on the road and got delayed."

The young man in purple was Wyatt Barnes, who was unkempt from his journey.

Originally, Wyatt Barnes estimated that he should have returned to the Imperial City of the Black Stone Empire several days ago.

However, he was delayed by some matters on the road.

Seven days ago.

Wyatt Barnes arrived at the mountain range north of the Imperial City of the Black Stone Empire, and accidentally discovered two 'Ninth Level Demon Beasts of the Peep Naught Realm' fighting ferociously.

He thought that the two beasts were fighting for some 'treasure'.

So, when the two beasts were exhausted, Wyatt Barnes killed them and began searching around.

However, after searching for several days, he found nothing.

In the end, he could only leave disappointedly.

Chapter 578: The Number One Young Talent of the Empire?

It's no wonder Wyatt Barnes misjudged.

Those two Peep Naught Realm Level Nine demon beasts were evenly matched.

According to the survival rules of demon beasts, unless there was a dispute over some 'treasure', two demon beasts of equal strength would generally not fight to the death.

"I can only check it out when I have time later."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

"I'm glad you arrived in time."

Handmi Holland sighed in relief.

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

The next moment, out of curiosity, Wyatt Barnes extended his mental energy, examining the cultivation levels of the three people beside him.

Quickly, Wyatt Barnes was shocked, looking toward Walter Simmons with astonishment.

Heavens!

What did he find?

Walter Simmons had broken into the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Nine'!

"I thought that my breakthrough to the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Seven' would allow me to catch up with Walter in cultivation...I didn't expect him to do the same as me and make a three-level breakthrough."

Wyatt Barnes was internally shocked.

Meanwhile, the improvement in Alfonso Rowan's and Handmi Holland's cultivation also surprised him...

Peep Naught Realm Level Six.

Both made a two-level breakthrough.

Quickly, Wyatt Barnes' gaze swept over to 'Young Master Blade', Kase Dragonsmith.

"Peep Naught Realm Level Eight!"

Wyatt Barnes exclaimed in surprise.

Kase Dragonsmith's progress was almost on par with Walter Simmons.

"It seems their improvements are linked to the 'masters' behind them..."

Wyatt Barnes quickly identified this connection.

"Who is that man?"

At this point, Wyatt Barnes looked up to the stage, where he saw a senior man confronting Millon Pond.

"I don't know."

All of them shook their heads.

"Huh?"

Quickly, Wyatt Barnes became aware of a gaze carrying murderous intent, targeted at himself.

Without looking, Wyatt Barnes could guess.

The owner of that gaze must be 'Victory King'.

Without acknowledging Victory King, Wyatt Barnes turned his attention towards a middle-aged man in white on the stage.

The middle-aged man, dressed in a white robe with gold edges, was majestic and clearly not an ordinary person.

Especially, the mole between his eyebrows, red as if imbued with blood, was unforgettable.

"He is 'Prince Yakim'."

Alfonso Rowan explained to Wyatt Barnes with a serious expression.

"Prince Yakim?"

Wyatt Barnes paused before asking curiously, "Who is 'Prince Yakim'?"

"Prince Yakim, with his high status as the second brother of the current emperor of the Black Stone Empire, is also the strongest person in the Black Stone Empire... It has been rumored more than ten years ago that his cultivation level was nearing the 'Cave Void Realm'!"

Alfonso Rowan explained.

"More than ten years ago, close to the 'Cave Void Realm'?"

Wyatt Barnes was surprised, "Doesn't that mean that he might have already broken through to the 'Cave Void Realm' at this time?"

"Eight or nine out of ten have broken through to the 'Cave Void Realm'."

Handmi Holland nodded.

"Cave Void Realm?"

Wyatt Barnes' gaze fell on Prince Yakim.

He extended his mental energy, covering it over Prince Yakim, intending to probe his cultivation level.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes found.

When his mental energy touched Prince Yakim, it felt like hitting a cotton ball, unable to find any leverage.

This feeling was similar to when he was examining Pavilion Master 'Valiant Charlesworth' of the Treasure Pavilion in Thames River City of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"Sure enough, he is a strong figure who has stepped into the third Void Realm, the 'Cave Void Realm'!"

A jolt ran through Wyatt Barnes' heart as he drew this conclusion.

He was sure.

Even if it were a martial artist in the Enter Void Realm Level Nine, he could detect it with his current mental force.

Only those warriors above the Cave Void Realm would be beyond his ability.

With his current state of mental force, as his cultivation level had broken through to the 'Peep Naught Realm Level Seven', it had also been pushed to break through into 'Peep Naught Realm Level Nine'.

It was always two levels higher than his cultivation level.

Wyatt Barnes promptly withdrew his mental energy.

If it probed longer, as a Cave Void Realm powerholder, 'Prince Yakim', even if he didn't initially notice it, would soon realize someone was probing him.

Being a Cave Void Realm powerholder, it wasn't as simple as having incredible power.

"Everyone!"

Prince Yakim on the stage suddenly stood up, glanced around, his voice loud as thunder, making its way into the ears of everyone present.

"First of all, on behalf of the Imperial Family of the Black Stone Empire, I welcome everyone to the Black Stone Empire, to the Imperial City of the Black Stone Empire...you must have had a tough journey."

Prince Yakim's words were clearly directed at the representatives and young talents from the various Imperial Nations.

"Thank you for your concern, Prince Yakim."

Immediately, the representatives of the various Imperial Nations stood up, greatly flattered.

Prince Yakim nodded, then continued, "Today, the young talents from various forces of the Black Stone Empire, as well as the young talents of various Imperial Nations gather here, for a single purpose..."

"To determine the top ten strongest individuals to go to the Great Turdo Dynasty, to compete with the young talents of the Great Turdo Dynasty and other empires for the eligibility to participate in the 'Ten Kingdoms Martial Meet'!"

Prince Yakim's words resonated, thundering in everyone's ears.

The Martial Arts Meeting of the Ten Dynasties!

With Prince Yakim's speech ending, a group of talented young geniuses, including Wyatt Barnes, lit up with anticipation.

They all stood here today for the 'Martial Arts Meeting of the Ten Dynasties.'

"Today, the competition among the young and talented is simple...It will determine the nine-ranked 'Masters of the Arena', and one 'First Young Talent of the Empire' who can surpass the rest!"

Prince Yakim continued.

First Young Talent of the Empire?

Prince Yakim's words left most of the young geniuses present breathless.

What an 'honor' this would be!

Among the five great geniuses of the Green Forest Royal Country, only Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons remained calm.

"Wyatt, do you think there's any substantive reward for this 'First Young Talent of the Empire?'"

Walter Simmons asked Wyatt with his Origin Force condensed voice.

"There should be... After all, this 'Genius Competition' is hosted by the Black Stone Empire."

Wyatt guessed.

"Prince Yakim!"

Suddenly, a young genius, from an unknown royal country and faction, turned to Prince Yakim and respectfully asked, "May I know if there are any substantive rewards for the one who attains the honor of 'First Young Talent of the Empire?'"

Wyatt and Walter shared a smile.

It seemed that they were not the only ones interested in this matter.

In an instant, young geniuses from various factions and royal families, and numerous representatives, all turned to Prince Yakim.

Even the spectators, who came to watch the excitement, looked towards Prince Yakim.

Obviously, they were all curious.

"Of course!"

Under the scrutiny of countless eyes, Prince Yakim remained composed and nodded.

Then, with scorching gazes fixed on him, Prince Yakim continued, "Today, the one who stands out in our Black Stone Empire's 'Genius Competition' and wins the honor of 'First Young Talent of the Empire' will receive the 'Containing Void Fruit' prepared by our Imperial Family."

Containing Void Fruit!

Upon Prince Yakim's announcement, the crowd was stirred.

"Containing Void Fruit?"

Wyatt's heart fluttered, and anticipation blazed in his eyes.

Whether it was the 'Refining Void Fruit' or the 'Containing Void Fruit' that Wyatt had previously consumed, or this 'Containing Void Fruit', were all fruits used by martial artists in the Peep Naught Realm.

The medicinal powers of the Refining Void Fruit and Containing Void Fruit were similar.

But the medicinal power of the Containing Void Fruit was the combined total of the previous two fruits...

Moreover, it wouldn't conflict with the medicinal power of the previous two fruits.

That is to say, even if Wyatt had previously consumed the Refining Void Fruit and Containing Void Fruit, there would be no reduction in efficacy after consuming the Containing Void Fruit.

"The Containing Void Fruit can allow a martial artist, who has just broken through to the Ninth-Order of the Peep Naught Realm, to break through into the 'Enter Void Realm' in a short time!"

Someone exclaimed out loud.

Suddenly, the atmosphere was ablaze with excitement.

"The Containing Void Fruit, I must have!"

"Hmph, Dream on! The Containing Void Fruit is definitely mine."

"I think you're all dreaming, the Containing Void Fruit will certainly be mine."

...

The young geniuses began to argue.

Each of them was full of confidence in their chances.

"Containing Void Fruit!"

Determination shone brightly in Wyatt's eyes.

"With the medicinal power of the Containing Void Fruit, if I can consume it, I might even break through two stages in a short time, stepping into the 'Ninth-Order of the Peep Naught Realm'!"

"So, even if I can't get the 'Everlasting Root' in the 'Great Turdo Dynasty's Martial Competition', and can't refine the 'Nirvana Pill', I still have a chance to break into the 'Enter Void Realm' as soon as possible!"

"As long as I break through to the 'Enter Void Realm', I can team up with the other eight to open the 'Sword Emperor's Treasury'!"

Wyatt's emotions surged tremendously.

The Everlasting Root was too rare.

He dared not pin all his hopes on it.

Now, the Containing Void Fruit would be another opportunity for him.

"I wonder if there are any existing 'Enter Void Realm' observers among the young geniuses present... If so, I'm definitely not their match! Even if he gets the 'Containing Void Fruit', it won't be of much use to him."

"At that time, if I offer to exchange it with a fourth-grade spiritual instrument, he probably won't refuse."

"If there's no existence of 'Enter Void Realm', I wonder if there's a Ninth-Order Inscription Master in attendance... such a figure would be the most troublesome for me! My 'Soul Technique: Thousand Illusions' would be ineffective, and he probably wouldn't give up the 'Containing Void Fruit' for a fourth-grade spiritual instrument."

Wyatt, whose thoughts suddenly turned, began to worry as he thought about it.

Thinking of this, Wyatt extended his spiritual power to probe the cultivation of the young geniuses present.

However, his spiritual power had barely reached out.

He found three mental forces, stronger than his own, sweeping towards him, which startled him, and he quickly withdrew his spiritual power.

"Enter Void Realm level mental force?"

Wyatt's pupils contracted, then he looked up at the high platform, "It seems that there are still three 'Inscription Masters' on this platform... Just now, when I used spiritual power to probe Prince Yakim, they didn't react, probably out of respect for Prince Yakim's majesty."

"Just now, when I wanted to probe the details of the young geniuses of the various factions, their mental power appeared."

Wyatt quickly guessed this.

Of course, those three 'Inscription Masters', even if they discovered Wyatt's mental power, won't know who the owner of the mental power is specifically.

After all, Wyatt had withdrawn his mental power at the very first moment.

And Wyatt, since he didn't pursue those three mental forces, he couldn't find out who the owners of the three mental forces were.

"It seems that I can only take one step at a time."

Wyatt muttered to himself.

Now, if he used his mental power to probe the cultivation of the young geniuses present, he might be hindered by those three Inscription Masters.

Wyatt's current mental power was much weaker than theirs.

Chapter 579: The Battle of Young Talents' Begins

"Huh."

Soon, Wyatt Barnes noticed.

Faced with the temptation of the 'Void-Melting Fruit', most of the young talents, including him, were filled with yearning.

But there were two who seemed completely fine.

Walter Simmons! Kase Dragonsmith!

"Both of them have a master from the 'Outside Territory'... perhaps they have already taken the 'Void-Melting Fruit'."

Wyatt Barnes speculated.

Once the Void-Melting Fruit has been consumed for the second time, its effect significantly lessened and provided little benefit.

"Walter Simmons, have you taken the 'Void-Melting Fruit'?"

Out of curiosity, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but use his Origin Force to ask Walter Simmons.

Upon hearing this, Walter Simmons nodded, and responded using Origin Force, "Not too long ago, my master presented me a 'Void-Melting Fruit'... I am yet to fully absorb its medicinal power. As soon as I do, I'll be able to break through to the 'Enter Void Realm' directly."

Enter Void Realm!

Wyatt Barnes's pupils shrank as he looked at Walter Simmons with slight shock. "Walter, have you... comprehended the 'realm of swordsmanship'?"

Walter Simmons said once he fully absorbed the spiritual fruit power, he could directly break through to the 'Enter Void Realm'.

This statement of his made Wyatt's imagination soar.

"Yes."

Walter Simmons lightly nodded. "I comprehended it two months ago."

As it turned out, Wyatt Barnes had guessed right.

"Two months ago, you comprehended the 'realm of swordsmanship'?"

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but feel amazed.

The comprehension of Walter Simmons left him astounded.

He remembered how Walter Simmons had once appeared as a 'sword cultivator' in front of him.

The young man in red who had initially emerged from the Iron Blood Army's Genius Camp had grown so much.

Wyatt Barnes knew clearly.

Even if Walter Simmons's cultivation level was stacked up by several heavenly treasures by his master from the 'Outside Territory'.

But Walter Simmons's understanding of the 'realm' was solely based on his own comprehension.

Walter Simmons's comprehension was amazing.

Walter Simmons, he was born to be a sword cultivator.

"Wyatt Barnes, I will strive in this 'Youth Talent Competition'... If I achieve first place, I'll give you the 'Void-Melting Fruit'."

Walter Simmons's voice echoed in Wyatt Barnes's ears once more.

It made Wyatt Barnes shudder imperceptibly.

He heard Walter's sincerity in his promise.

A warmth arose in his heart.

"Walter, don't underestimate me... You may not necessarily be my match now."

Wyatt Barnes laughed, his tone filled with confidence.

"I'm eager to see!"

Upon hearing this, Walter Simmons's eyes suddenly brightened, filled with anticipation.

Just then, Prince Yakim, who was standing on a high platform, began to speak again. "Now, you have a quarter of an hour to rest... After a quarter of an hour, the 'Youth Talent Competition' will officially begin!"

A quarter of an hour.

Upon hearing Prince Yakim's words, the tightly strung young talents all let out a sigh of relief.

Some of them began to stretch their limbs.

Between the young talents of each major force and royal country, tension was high.

"Wyatt Barnes, today, I'll defeat you!"

A confident voice echoed in Wyatt Barnes's ears.

Though Wyatt Barnes did not turn his head, he could tell that it was Young Master Blade Kase Dragonsmith's voice.

"I'm looking forward to it."

Wyatt Barnes responded indifferently, seemingly not taking Kase Dragonsmith's words seriously.

"Tsk tsks... Just like what Officer Wei said, your Green Forest Royal Country really has no one left."

An exceedingly mocking voice arrived at Wyatt Barnes and the others' ears.

Wyatt Barnes was the first to frown and look over.

He saw a young man of about thirty-five and another four in their thirties walking shoulder to shoulder towards them, staring at them with derision.

The one who opened his mouth was the thirty-five-year-old young man.

"Two young brats we've never heard of before are taking up two of the Green Forest Royal Country's quotas... Whatever dog shit five princes of the Green Forest Royal Country, looks like it's all a joke."

Another young man scoffed.

The other three young men all had looks of mockery on their faces.

Just as Alfonso Rowan, Handmi Holland, and Kase Dragonsmith were about to change their expressions,

"Idiots!"

Wyatt Barnes glanced over at the five men and slowly murmured two words.

Just in that last instant, Wyatt Barnes had received a message from Millon Pond.

He found out about the identities of the five men.

They were the five young talents of 'Baizhou Empire'.

The old guy who was previously at odds with Millon Pond was an official of the Baizhou Dynasty royal family and one of the two representatives of Baizhou Empire this time.

That old guy's name was 'Connor Wilson'.

As a result, Wyatt Barnes was not at all polite to the five men who came to provoke them.

"You... What did you call us?!"

The five young men from Baizhou Empire turned pale in an instant.

"Haha..."

Alfonso Rowan burst into laughter, and he loudly countered, his voice full of arrogance and wantonness. "You bunch of idiots, is there a problem with your ears?"

"I've long heard that Baizhou Empire is renowned for producing 'idiots'. Seeing it today, the rumor clearly did not lie."

Young Master Holland also mocked, his language showing no mercy.

Clearly, Alfonso Rowan and the others had also received a message from Millon Pond and found out the identities of these men.

"Worthless!"

Kase Dragonsmith swept a glance of contempt over the five young men of Baizhou Empire, his eyes full of disdain.

At this moment, Kase Dragonsmith and Wyatt Barnes were standing on the same side.

Their representation was for the 'Green Forest Royal Country'.

To the outside world, we share honor and shame.

Idiot?

Waste?

The five youths from the Royal Country turned pale with humiliation, and their bodies quivered in anger.

This was the first time someone had insulted them so directly.

"You...you're courting death!"

The thirty-five-year-old youth from the Royal Country, his face darkened, and his eyes were filled with fury, "Wait till the 'Young Talent Competition' starts, I'll trample you underfoot! I'll let you fools know who the real waste is."

"You angered me, you're dead meat!"

Another youth from the Royal Country licked his dry lips, murderous intent flashing in his eyes.

"You two brats, daring to participate in the 'Young Talent Competition' in the Kingdom of Blackstone... Today, I will teach you a good lesson!"

Another youth from the Royal Country glared at Wyatt and Walter Simmons, with malicious intent in his eyes.

The other two youths from the Royal Country had murderous intent dancing in their eyes without exception.

"Let's see."

Alfonso Rowan sneered.

As the five youths from the Royal Country left, the area where Wyatt and his team were regained its tranquility.

This was just a minor incident.

It hardly drew anyone's attention.

Only the representatives of Green Forest and Royal Country paid attention to this.

Time slipped by quickly, and soon fifteen minutes had passed.

"Now, each of the nine arenas will have one 'arena master'. The others can challenge them in one-on-one matches! In the end, the nine 'arena masters' will be determined, as well as the 'Top Talent of the Empire', who can defeat all nine arena masters!"

Prince Yakim stood up again, his voice booming across the room.

"Today's 'Young Talent Competition' allows only the use of spiritual weapons. No external forces should be used."

Prince Yakim continued.

External forces, including 'Inscriptions', referring to any power not one's own.

"Wyatt, where is Little Gold?"

Alfonso Rowan looked at Wyatt's shoulder and asked curiously.

In the past, there always used to be a little golden mouse on Wyatt's shoulder, to which he had gotten accustomed.

A moment ago, he felt like something was missing from Wyatt.

After being 'reminded' by Prince Yakim, he finally remembered Little Gold.

"I don't know where it is...it's lost."

Wyatt replied with a wry smile.

Lost?

The rest of the group paused in surprise.

"How did it get lost?"

Young Master Holland asked.

Although Walter Simmons didn't ask, he looked at Wyatt curiously.

"It was the 'sandstorm.'"

Wyatt sighed.

"Sandstorm?"

Alfonso and the others seemed startled before their expressions changed simultaneously.

"Wy...Wyatt, did you travel to the 'South Wilderness' of the Great Turdo Dynasty?"

Young Master Holland took a deep breath and asked.

Everyone with general knowledge knew that sandstorms only occurred in the 'South Wilderness' of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Alfonso and Walter also were no exceptions.

"You ran into a sandstorm and still didn't die... Wyatt, you really are lucky."

Kase Dragonsmith looked towards Wyatt, fighting spirit burning in his eyes. "It seems even Heaven wants you to lose to me!"

"Kase, you seem to be very confident in yourself."

Wyatt looked at Kase deeply.

Kase raised his head, his face full of arrogance.

"Wyatt, what did you do in the 'South Wilderness' of the Great Turdo Dynasty?"

Walter Simmons asked through Origin Force.

There was curiosity in his tone.

"I originally planned to visit the Great Turdo Dynasty but accidentally ended up in that 'South Wilderness'."

Wyatt answered using the Origin Force.

He didn't reveal the truth.

After all, the 'Nirvana Pill' was his secret.

Maybe Walter wouldn't covet his Nirvana Pill.

But the allure of the Nirvana Pill was too great...

Even Walter's mentor from the outside territory may not resist the attraction of the Nirvana Pill.

So, Wyatt was determined never to reveal the Nirvana Pill.

For both his own protection and for those around him.

Walter Simmons nodded, not suspecting anything.

By this time, nine young men had already taken the lead to ascend to the nine arenas to become the initial 'arena masters'.

Apart from the nine young men who followed them, the remaining young men were all spectators outside the arenas.

Soon, nine fierce matches began.

On the nine platforms, silhouettes moved like winds, with blades crossing paths, the battle was at its peak.

"Twelve at the Fourth Level of the Peep Naught Realm, six at the Fifth Level of the Peep Naught Realm."

Wyatt, with sharp eyes, gauged their cultivation by seeing the shadow of the 'Ancient Horned Dragons' and 'Ancient Giants' projected in the void above the heads of the eighteen people on the stage.

Soon, the outcome was clear on all nine stages.

Six young men at the Fifth Level of the Peep Naught Realm achieved the hit they wished for.

On two other stages, three cultivators at the Fourth Level of the Peep Naught Realm, one exploiting the power of his spirit weapon and the others overcoming opponents with superior 'vitality', scored decisive victories.

"Good!"

"Good!"

...

Suddenly, the audience outside the arenas began to cheer.

Chapter 580: Young Master Sword' of the Green Forest Royal Country

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

Those deafening sounds come from the nine arenas.

It's the figures standing in the arenas or hanging above them, battling each other until one emerges victorious.

Occasionally, someone is killed before they can surrender.

At this moment, the representatives of the deceased's faction often look dark.

However, they dare not do anything.

The Blackstone Empire's "Youth Talent Contest" has its rules:

Those who ascend to the nine arenas either surrender from a distance or admit defeat verbally...

Otherwise, even death is futile!

"It's that guy from the Hundred Cycle Kingdom."

Suddenly, Handmi Holland's voice brought Wyatt back to his senses.

Wyatt followed Handmi Holland's gaze.

One of the five young talents from the Hundred Cycle Kingdom has now ascended to the arena.

His opponent is a young prodigy who has reached the Peep Naught Realm's Fifth Layer and realized the "Half-step into Microness" technique.

The two of them are of a similar age.

"You're no match for me!"

The young man from the Hundred Cycle Kingdom spoke coldly and indifferently.

"Let's find out if I'm your match by fighting!"

His opponent, naturally dissatisfied with his arrogance, attacked without hesitation.

Whizz!

The Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth swirled around like the wind, stepping on the surging Origin Force whilst enveloped in a strand of green energy.

Half-step into Momentum Wind!

The young man from the Hundred Cycle Kingdom's strength was comparable to his opponent's.

However, due to the speed advantage of the "Momentum Wind", his opponent could not keep up with him.

"Stop running if you dare!"

His opponent's face darkened, shouting angrily.

"As you wish!"

The moment the young man from Hundred Cycle Kingdom finished speaking, he abruptly turned and rushed towards his opponent.

Swish!

A swift three-feet-long sword whistled through the air, bursting with brutal Origin Force, viciously attacking the opponent.

Clang!

A metallic collision sounded as the spirit sword in Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth's hand shattered his opponent's spirit knife into dust.

Next,

Squelch!

His spirit sword pierced the opponent's chest, going through it.

His opponent was killed by him.

"Ping'er!"

An elderly man shakily stood up on the high platform, his voice full of sorrow.

His gaze on the young man from Hundred Cycle Kingdom was full of murderous intent.

"Sit down!"

A majestic voice echoed, causing the old man's body to tremble, promptly making him sit back down.

The majestic voice belonged to Prince Yakim.

Soon afterwards, someone removed the corpse of the young genius.

"Grade five spirit sword!"

From the start to the end of the fight, Wyatt had observed the whole thing.

The reason the Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth won was largely dependent on his 'Grade Five Spirit Sword'...

The opponent only had a Grade Six spirit weapon.

After killing his opponent and emerging victoriously, the young man from Hundred Cycle Kingdom looked provocatively towards where Wyatt and the others were standing, loudly taunting, "Trash from the Green Forest Kingdom... do any of you dare come up and fight me?"

Green Forest Kingdom's trash?

The Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth's words made most of the people at the scene look over quizzically.

Everyone's eyes were on Wyatt and his group.

Wyatt's gaze turned colder, he moved slightly, ready to ascend the arena.

Smack!

However, a hand landed on his shoulder first, stopping him.

"Let me handle it!"

The one who stopped him was Handmi Holland.

Whizz!

Handmi Holland moved and landed in the arena.

"Not bad, it seems you have some courage... I thought all of you from the Green Forest Kingdom were nothing but cowards," the Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth looked at Handmi Holland, his eyes filled with murderous intent, "but since you've stepped into the arena, don't plan on leaving alive!"

The moment the Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth finished speaking, a murmur went round.

"This youth wants to kill this talent from Green Forest Kingdom?"

"Looking at how he acted just now, he's extremely ruthless, showing absolutely no mercy... I'm afraid that this talent from Green Forest Kingdom is in great danger."

"I don't see it that way... this talent from the Green Forest Kingdom, since he dared to step onto the stage, must be very confident in himself."

"I think so too."

...

The spectators whispered amongst themselves.

Some were rooting for the Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth, while others were rooting for Handmi Holland.

"How strong are you among the five from the Hundred Cycle Kingdom?"

Handmi Holland cast a casual look at the Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth and asked indifferently.

"Humph! My strength is the weakest among the five from the Hundred Cycle Kingdom... But to deal with you, I have more than enough!"

The Hundred Cycle Kingdom's youth sneered disdainfully.

"Really?"

Handmi Holland laughed, his smile bright.

"Remember well on your journey to the Netherworld path... the one who killed you was the 'Young Master Sword', one of the Five Princes you looked down upon from the Green Forest Kingdom!"

Handmi Holland's words were clear and resolute, and as his words fell,

Whoosh!

Handmi Holland didn't hesitate. In a split second, he had dared to close in on the young man from the Royal Country.

Above the void over his head, there appeared a phantom image of 'seven thousand ancient elephants'.....

"Peep Naught Realm Five!"

A lot of people present couldn't help but be taken aback; they hadn't expected Handmi Holland to merely be a 'Peep Naught Realm Five martial artist'.

"Could it be that he is also a Peep Naught Realm Five?"

Quite a few people couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat for Handmi Holland.

"This guy, he's actually pretending to be a pig to eat a tiger."

Wyatt Barnes looked on weirdly.

He had already seen through Handmi Holland's cultivation level long ago.

The current Handmi Holland was already of 'Peep Naught Realm Six' level.

And now the youth from the Royal Country saw Handmi Holland as he came, showing the strength of the 'Peep Naught Realm Five', making the disdain in his eyes even more apparent.

When he saw Handmi Holland got close to him, he lifted his hand to form a sword using Origin Force without even needing a spirit tool.

"If you're searching for death, then I'll send you on your way!"

The youth from the Royal Country uttered a cold command and casually waved his sword.

This sword; he did not even bother using his full strength.

He only used the power equivalent to more than nine thousand ancient elephants.....

In his view, a Peep Naught Realm five martial artist who behaved arrogantly without using a spirit tool, he did not have to use his full strength at all.

"Millon Pond, your 'Young Master Sword' from the Green Forest Royal Country, is probably going to die in the hands of my talented youth from the Royal Country today..... Hahaha..."

On the high platform, an arrogant voice filled with Origin Force echoed in Millon Pond's ears.

"Connor Wilson, aren't you jumping to conclusions too early?"

Millon Pond replied equally coolly using Origin Force.

"Hm?"

At the moment, in the blink of an eye, the situation on the dueling arena had changed drastically.

The Origin Force on Handmi Holland's sword surged suddenly as he approached the youth from the Royal Country.

The phantom image of the ancient elephants increased from 'seven thousand' to 'eight thousand' in an instant.

"Peep Naught Realm Six! He had hidden his cultivation level!"

At this moment, everyone present had the same thought.

Connor's face changed, but he then assured himself, "So what if it's the power of eight thousand ancient elephants? Now, it's too late for him to use a spirit tool. Unless he has mastered the 'Intricate Sword Move'... otherwise, he is undoubtedly doomed!"

Whoosh!

As Handmi Holland's sword formed by Origin Force thrust out, it transformed into a streak of lightning, clashing with the spirit sword in the hands of the youth from the Royal Country.

A strand of incredibly sharp aura began to frolick about on the 'lightning' in Handmi Holland's hand.

Swoosh!

Suddenly, two thousand additional phantom images of ancient elephants appeared to join the initial eight thousand phantom images.

The ten thousand phantom images of ancient elephants merged to form a phantom image of a horned dragon that snaked through the air, creating an imposing momentum.

"Intricate Sword Move!"

Many people around the arena yelled out in alarm.

"How is this possible?!"

Connor stood still, his face changing dramatically.

He had just been comforting himself not too long ago.

He thought that this 'Young Master Sword' from the Green Forest Royal Country, probably wasn't capable of understanding the 'Intricate Sword Move'.

But in the blink of an eye, the opponent had just played an astonishing joke on him!

He had actually demonstrated the 'Intricate Sword Move'.

Handmi Holland's sword holding the power of an ancient horned dragon, roared through the air, dispelling the spirit sword in the hands of the youth from the Royal Country.

In the critical moment when the opponent's facial expression changed drastically, and he wanted to exert even stronger power.

Whoosh!

The sword formed by Handmi Holland's Origin Force pierced the throat of the youth from the Royal Country.

As the Origin Force dispersed.

A ferocious, bloody hole appeared in the throat of the youth from the Royal Country. His blood spurted out continuously as if it was free-flowing.

"...No...No..."

The youth from the Royal Country desperately clutched his throat, with his body trembling, he struggled to look at Handmi Holland.

After a moment, his hands were dyed red with his blood.

Boom!

Finally, the youth from the Royal Country fell heavily to the ground, lifeless.

Wyatt Barnes was somewhat surprised by the scene before him.

Of course, he wasn't surprised that Handmi Holland could kill the youth from the Royal Country.

What surprised him was that Handmi Holland had killed the opponent without even using a spirit sword.

"Being careless led to his instant death...But even if he wasn't careless, even if he had given it his all, as long as Young Master Sword used the spirit sword, he could have killed him instantly."

Wyatt Barnes was certain in his heart.

The moment Young Master Sword 'Handmi Holland' stepped onto the dueling platform, the fate of the youth from the Royal Country was already sealed, it was irreversible.

Peep Naught Realm Six.

Intricate Sword Move.

Five-grade spirit sword.

To kill a martial artist who only understood the 'Half-step Intricate Wind Move', and was only a Peep Naught Realm Five, was a breeze for such an existence.

"I didn't expect that he would comprehend the 'Intricate Sword Move'."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Handmi Holland and sighed.

Although he had long since perceived Handmi Holland's cultivation level using his spiritual power.

But he knew nothing about Handmi Holland's comprehension of 'Sword Moves'.

"There actually exists such a person with understanding in the Green Forest Royal Country!"

"Looking at his age, he is just over thirty...understanding the 'Intricate Sword Move' is remarkable."

"I have heard of the five princes of the Green Forest Royal Country. This 'Young Master Sword' seems to be ranked 'fourth'."

"What?! He's only the fourth? Doesn't that mean there are three people stronger than him?"

...

On the high platform, delegates from various prominent powers and royal countries were chattering non-stop.

Some of the delegates from certain royal countries had heard about the Five Princes of the Green Forest Royal Country.

These delegates' 'Royal Countries' were all adjacent to the Green Forest Royal Country, and they had heard some things about it.