

# Legend of Wyatt

## *Chapter 6 - 6: The Art of Inscription*

"Wyatt!"

Christina Lee looked at her son with an irritated frown. His independent actions had ruffled her feathers.

"Name your terms," the older man said, looking at Wyatt Barnes.

So long as Wyatt would accept the challenge and his conditions were not too extravagant, he would agree.

This was an ideal opportunity for him to exact revenge for his younger brother, Rudy. It was not one he wished to let pass by!

"My terms are simple. Delay the duel for a month! In a month's time, if you're unwilling or wary, then forget it. I'll look the other way and take it as if you never visited nor challenged me," said Wyatt, his face relaxed as if he was sure Hamza would agree.

"Very well. I will give you a month. But I hope that you don't become a coward!" Hamza Lee did not hesitate at all and his mouth curved up in a cold, derisive smile as he agreed immediately.

You think you can defeat him in just one month?

After Mark and Hamza Lee left.

"Hamza, that Wyatt deliberately asked to delay the duel by a month. Is it possible he's confident he can defeat you after a month? Weren't you being somewhat reckless by accepting his conditions so quickly?" Mark Lee's brow creased slightly.

"Father, a weakling will always be a weakling. Even if he has achieved Body Tempering now, he's still at the first level! Even if we give him another month, it's unlikely he could progress to the second level," Hamza Lee replied cheerfully.

"However..." Mark Lee wanted to say something, but Hamza interrupted him.

"Father, I suppose you're worried about Wyatt's Collapsing Fist? Rest assured, even if his Collapsing Fist martial art skill is above the profound level and he steps into the second level of Body Tempering after a month, do you think he could reduce the gap between us with just the Collapsing Fist?" He asked confidently.

The gap between the third and fourth levels of the Body Tempering Realm was considerable, with a difference in strength of over a hundred catties!

Not to mention the gap between the second and fourth levels...

"Perhaps I'm overthinking it. I'm confused because of your brother's injury," Mark Lee nodded in agreement after listening to his son's logical analysis.

His eldest son had always been his pride and joy, and never had there been a moment of disappointment.

After Mark Lee left.

Looking at his mother, Christina Lee, her face filled with displeasure...

"Mom, don't worry. I got this," Wyatt spoke first.

"Wyatt, your mother has noted your progress, but you shouldn't be so ambitious! This Hamza is a recognized genius among the younger generation and is a key figure nurtured by the family. He is also recognized as the strongest among all the Fourth Layer Body Temperers in the family! (He is far different from his younger brother, Rudy)."

Christina Lee let out a deep sigh.

"Mom, I know get all that. But will you just trust me? I will win. I will not embarrass you," Wyatt looked at Christina Lee sincerely.

"Silly boy, it's not about my pride, it's about you. I don't want you to go through that again... like that time a few days ago," Christina said, her eyes welling up at the remembered fear.

The incident from a few days ago had left a significant shadow in her heart.

"Mom, I promise, I won't let you worry about me again!" Wyatt vowed earnestly.

"Alright, I trust you. Whatever you need within this month, just tell me," Christina Lee nodded and managed to squeeze out a small smile.

"Mom, I need more of those medicinal herbs you got for me last time. Also, I need some money..."

After receiving some money from his mother, Christina Lee, Wyatt left the Lee Family mansion.

This was the first time he had left home since he came to this world.

The bustling marketplace of Tranquil Wind Town was divided into three sectors, each controlled by one of the three families: the Lee Family, the Garcia Clan, and the Holland Family. The market under the Lee Family's control was located in the north, close to the Lee Family's residence.

As Wyatt entered the Lee Family's market, he heard the shouting of the street vendors echoing in the alleys. The stalls on both sides of the streets were filled with an array of various unusual trinkets.

For a moment, Wyatt felt as if he had returned to ancient times in his previous life.

Scenes like this could only be seen on television in his previous world.

Wyatt strolled down the streets, looking around...

When he got to the entrance of the Lee Family's weapons shop, he paused, staring at the wide array of neatly arranged weapons. He hesitated for a moment before stepping away from the Lee Family market, heading towards the southwest to the Holland Family's market.

The Holland Family was equivalent to the Lee Family and the Garcia Clan in Tranquil Wind Town.

The three major families had a balance of power in Tranquil Wind Town; they kept each other in check. Though they clashed covertly, on the surface, everything appeared calm. No one was willing to stick their neck out.

As Wyatt entered the Holland Family's weapons shop, a man came to greet him right away.

"Dear guest, what kind of weapons do you need?" The man asked with a smile.

"I'm not buying any weapons, only interested in buying certain materials," Wyatt shook his head.

Buying materials and not weapons?

The man was taken aback. Could it be this young guest had an esteemed Artifact Refiner?

Artifact Refiners, unlike the average blacksmith found in a weapons shop, held a high status on the Cloud Skies Continent, no less than an alchemist.

Each one was sought after by various powers!

The weapons forged by blacksmiths were ordinary, but those crafted by Artifact Refiners were 'Spiritual Weapons,' which could enhance one's attack power. They were highly coveted.

Among the three major families of Tranquil Wind Town, each family had an alchemist but none had an Artifact Refiner.

This demonstrated the scarcity of Artifact Refiners!

"Guest, may I ask what materials you need, so I can prepare them for you immediately."

Wyatt Barnes found that the attitude of the man in front of him abruptly changed, showing a bit more reverence in his words.

He could guess the reason, but chose not to expose it...

He was buying materials, but not for artifact refining.

Although Martial Emperor was an Emperor Grade Artifact Refiner, he inherited all the Artifact Refining knowledge and memories from Martial Emperor.

To become an Artifact Refiner, you need to step into the Condensed Pill Realm at the very least and produce Origin Force.

Similarly, an alchemist who has reached the grading level is useless without the Origin Force; it's impossible to condense the red flame and refine Pill Medicine.

Wyatt Barnes enumerated nine materials he needed...

These materials were all prepared to be used for Inscription.

Inscriptions are rare in today's Cloud Skies Continent, usually engraved on personal belongings and weapons.

Objects engraved with inscriptions all carry an unusual 'power'.

These powers are various and there's no specific distinction. When the power is released, the inscription is exhausted.

It's analogous to the bombs of the past, once they explode, they're gone.

From the memory of Martial Emperor, Wyatt Barnes learned that the peak era of Inscription art in Cloud Skies Continent precisely coincides with the second reincarnation of Martial Emperor.

In that era, Martial Emperor nearly greedily mastered all practical inscription techniques!

The Martial Emperor's "Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture" requires the soul to sleep for ten thousand years before each reincarnation.

After ten thousand years, the soul begins to seek a new body.

Now, ten thousand years later, the Art of Inscription has gradually declined for some reason.

Inscriptionists on the Cloud Skies Continent have become popular, and their status surpasses that of alchemists and Artifact Refiners.

The nine common materials that Wyatt Barnes wanted to buy are prepared for engraving a low-level Inscription.

"Guest, here are the materials you need, totaling seven dollars."

The Holland's Weapons Shop staff quickly prepared all the materials for Wyatt Barnes.

After seeing Wyatt Barnes off, he left the Weapons Shop and went to the Holland mansion.

He must report the news of a possible Artifact Refiner in the town to his master immediately, to not let the other two clans take the lead!

"The money does not last long ... Mom gave me twenty dollars, and I spent almost half of it."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and took a shortcut to go to the Lee mansion.

On the way through the junction of the three markets in the town, Wyatt Barnes saw a crowd of people by the roadside, pointing and talking.

Out of curiosity, Wyatt Barnes squeezed into the crowd.

He saw a woman in mourning clothes kneeling on the roadside, her long hair hiding her face.

Judging by her physique, she should only be about fifteen years old, a young girl.

In front of her, a piece of paper was placed with a few bright red characters written on it:

Selling myself to bury my mother!

Wyatt Barnes didn't expect to encounter a plot that could only be seen in TV shows in his previous life.

As the once King of Soldiers, his keen intuition allowed him to feel the desolate air inadvertently revealed by the young girl.

"Tsk, tsk... The little girl has a good figure. Lift your head and show your face to me. If your face is pretty, I will buy you to serve me."

A fat man in wealthy attire with a potbelly and a nouveau riche's expression looked lecherously at the kneeling girl.

"Exactly, without lifting your head, who would dare to buy."

Someone followed his mocking.

"Once there is a benefactor willing to help me bury my mother, I will raise my head."

The young girl spoke but still didn't lift her head. Her voice was as beautiful as that of a little oriole and full of stubbornness.

"Her voice is not bad. But, since you don't lift your head, you surely don't have a beautiful face, and I..."

The belly-proud fat man in wealthy attire was interrupted by Wyatt Barnes' cold snort before he could finish his sentence.

"I will give you ten dollars, and you can bury your mother properly."

Wyatt Barnes moved to the front of the young girl and said softly.

"Thank you, Young Master."

The young girl's body trembled slightly, she slowly raised her head, and with her soft little hands she brushed away the long hair from her face.

Her clean and white face, slightly raw, unpowdered and undyed, reveals an unrestrained beauty...

Under her curved willow-like eyebrows, a pair of beautiful eyes revealed firmness amidst the grievances, causing one to pity her.

Her cute little nose was slightly raised, her lips were round and enticing.

This made one have an uncontrollable urge to kiss her directly!

Wyatt Barnes originally had the same idea as the potbellied wealthy man: this girl, who was reluctant to raise her head, must have an unattractive face.

But who could have imagined that this girl turns out to be extraordinarily beautiful!

With her exquisite figure, she appeared all the more elegant.

One could imagine that when the girl grows up, she will surely become a stunning beauty.

Immediately, all the men around swallowed their saliva, their eyes revealing a lustful look.

"He's only giving ten dollars, I'll give twenty! From now on, you will follow me properly."

The big-bellied rich man, who saw the real face of the young girl, was nearly drooling and hurriedly increased the bid.

"I'll give thirty!"

Someone else followed with a bid.

"I'll offer fifty!"

"I'll bid sixty!"

...

Seeing these people bidding, Wyatt Barnes watched with cold eyes.

If the young girl truly chooses the highest bidder in the end, he would leave immediately. Such people do not deserve his help!

#### *Chapter 7 - 7: Taking a Firm Hand*

The bidding price among the crowd continued to climb, causing many of the onlookers to shake their heads in disbelief.

Before she raised her head, the young maiden attracted little attention. Only a kind-hearted lad was willing to pay USD10 to settle her mother's funeral burial.

Now, with her exquisite face disclosed, some of the men who were initially reluctant to offer a penny had gone utterly loco.

"I bid USD100!"

Quickly, a portly man dressed in extravagant attire grunted and declared,

"If anyone bids higher than mine, I'll leave her to him! Otherwise, this maiden belongs to me today."

USD100!

Suddenly, the crowd who had been bidding before, shut their mouths.

USD100 was beyond their perceived value...

In their eyes, this maiden was not worth that much.

"Many thanks everyone, please stand down."

The rotund man in extravagant attire bowed to the crowd, a smug smile plastered across his chubby face.

"From now on, you will follow me."

Next, he gazed down at the young girl kneeling on the ground.

"I offer USD200!"

Just as he was speaking, an effeminate voice chimed in.

The crowd parted, allowing a sickly-looking, thin young man in brocade robes to come forward.

The young man squinted, his lustful gaze fixated on the maiden.

"Jackie Garcia?"

Wyatt Barnes recognized this indulgent lad. He was none other than the infamous son of the Garcia Clan Leader in Shady Winds.

Merely fifteen years old, he had already brought ruin upon many innocent girls. His notoriety in Shady Winds was widespread.

If it weren't for his complex identity, he would have been bludgeoned to death long ago!

"You, a coward, dare to offer USD200?"

The plump man in affluent clothes cast a disdainful glance at Jackie Garcia,

Completely ignorant of the fear visible on the faces of most people present when Jackie Garcia appeared.



"You are not from Shady Winds, are you?"

Jackie Garcia took a look at the plump man and inquired in a cold voice.

"Hmph! I am a well-travelled businessman from abroad. Don't believe I can't tell! Even in your brocade robes, I can't tell if they are stolen or not! Just one look at your pathetic demeanor, I can tell you are nothing but a pauper, a plebeian wearing a dragon robe doesn't make him the crown prince... As pathetic as you, I doubt if you could even cough up USD5!"

The plump man scoffed at Jackie Garcia, managing to maintain an air of superiority, conveying a clear message, 'I see through you, you better get lost now.'

"Pfff!"

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but laugh, the surrounding crowd also turned red from suppressing their laughter, but out of fear of Jackie Garcia, they dared not laugh out loud.

"Fatty, your... your death is imminent!"

Jackie Garcia glared at Wyatt Barnes before returning his gaze to the fat man and took a deep breath.

"You useless lot, what are you standing around there for? Beat this fat man to death! How dare you insult me, Jackie Garcia... In Shady Winds, I am the one in charge!"

While the plump man was still in a stunned state, Jackie Garcia roared.

"Yes, Young Master Garcia!"

Three strapping youths about the same age as Jackie Garcia, stepped forward and surrounded the plump man.

Jackie Garcia?

Is he Jackie Garcia?!

The plump man was taken aback.

Although he had only arrived in Shady Winds a few days ago, he had heard of some infamous individuals, among them was Jackie Garcia, the son of the Garcia Clan Leader.

The notorious spoiled brat of Shady Winds, who, relying on the Garcia Clan's influence, bullies anyone he comes across. Few dared to provoke him.

"So... So it turns out to be Young Master Garcia, my eyesight failed to recognize you, please forgive my ignorance, Young Master Garcia... I'll give this woman to Young Master Garcia..."

The fat man's face changed drastically, his previously arrogant demeanor, nowhere to be seen. His forehead was coated with cold sweat, he spoke in a humble and respectful tone.

"Your pleading now is too late! Beat him for me!"

Jackie Garcia coldly huffed, giving the order once again.

"Spare me, Young Master Garcia... spare me..."

The three sturdy youths that had completed the body tempering realm struck swiftly, causing the plump man to roll and scream for mercy all over the ground.

The observing crowd intuitively backed away a few steps, watching from a distance, not wanting to be innocently implicated in Young Master Garcia's brutal actions.

Jackie Garcia paid no heed to the fat man's pleas for mercy...

"My beautiful maiden, come home with me. I offer you USD200 to give your mother a grand burial. From now on, you will follow me. I, your young master, will treat you well."

Jackie Garcia looked at the young maiden on her knees, a desperate expression on his face, he reached out his hand wanting to hold hers...

The maiden quickly got up in a panic. Perhaps from kneeling for too long her legs began to tremble due to poor blood circulation.

"Young Master Garcia, this young man purchased me for USD10 bidding hence I belong to him for the rest of my life."

The maiden cowered behind Wyatt Barnes and tremulously voiced.

"USD10? Did you not hear me bid USD200 earlier?"

Jackie Garcia's demeanor turned as he felt tricked.

"I've never permitted people to bid for me. Whoever was first to offer money to help me bury my mother is the one I'll follow."

The maiden's voice was filled with defiance.

"Well said, well said, I like your spirit! But if you want to follow him, he may not be courageous enough to protect you... Lad, isn't that so?"

Jackie Garcia shifted his gaze to Wyatt Barnes, his eyes flashing with an icy light, not without a hint of threat.

Even though Wyatt Barnes recognized Jackie Garcia, Jackie Garcia didn't recognize him.

"Young Master, save me..."

The maiden clung to Wyatt Barnes' sleeve as if holding onto a lifeline.

She had long heard of Jackie Garcia's infamous reputation in Shady Winds. Her fear of Jackie Garcia was deeply rooted... she would rather die than become his servant!

"Don't worry."

Wyatt Barnes gently patted the back of the girl's hand and reassured her with a smile.

His smile was like a refreshing spring breeze, it relaxed the tense expression on the maiden's face.

"Young Master, this fat pig has passed out."

The richly-dressed fat man was beaten bloody and back into unconsciousness, after which Jackie Garcia's three henchmen stopped their hands and reported.

"Let's not bother with him for now. Everyone, come take a look. Someone is trying to steal a woman from me!"

Jackie Garcia looked at Wyatt Barnes, sneering.

"Who is so bold as to dare to snatch a woman from our young master!"

The three henchmen of Jackie Garcia stared fiercely at Wyatt.

"Scram!"

Wyatt's voice was cold, as if coming from the depths of hell, chilling to the heart.

Jackie Garcia and his three subordinates were stunned, and the crowd of onlookers was stupefied.

Who was this fool?

"Kid, do you know who I am?"

Jackie Garcia sneered. He was now suspicious if this kid even knew who he was...

"Aren't you just the useless young son of the Garcia Clan? Relying on your family's power, you bully men and women everywhere. I wonder, if the Garcia Clan were gone, what would happen to you..."

Wyatt sneered, taking the tender hand of the girl and walked towards the crowd.

"Kill him!"

Jackie Garcia's face turned as purple as a pig's liver, and he bellowed with utmost fury.

"Yes, Young Master!"

His three subordinates charged towards Wyatt.

"You stay here and don't move."

Wyatt said softly to the girl, then bravely confronted Jackie Garcia's three underlings.

He'd noticed that the strongest of the three was only at the Second Layer of the Body Tempering Realm, posing no threat to him!

Wyatt made his move, dodging the attack of the strongest one, and swiftly went behind him.

He swiftly turned, his body leaning backwards and his arms back. His back trembling, he looked like a drawn strongbow that was ready to unleash its power.

Collapsing Fist!

Wyatt's right fist darted straight out, like an arrow leaving a bow. His full-body strength was poured into his fist, hammering into his opponent's back, hitting the spine...

Crack!

The opponent screamed terribly, was slammed to the ground, and fainted.

This scene was almost identical to Wyatt's defeat of Rudy Lee this morning.

The difference was that when Wyatt defeated Rudy Lee, he had shown mercy, only leaving Rudy incapacitated in one arm.

But this time, he had directly shattered his opponent's spine.

The other two of Jackie Garcia's underlings, seeing that their strongest had been taken down, had their faces turn pale and froze in place.

When they sensed Jackie Garcia's cold gaze, they still plucked up the courage to charge.

Bang! Bang!

Dealing with these two First Level Body Temperers, Wyatt made it seem like child's play.

He effortlessly sidestepped, and in lifting his hands his double fists came down, smashing onto the foreheads of the two, knocking them out as well.

Cleave Fist!

This was also one of the Five Elements Fist.

For a moment, only Jackie Garcia remained standing.

Although Jackie Garcia was still the son of the head of the Garcia Clan, his body, exhausted by licentiousness, was only on the First Level of the Body Tempering Realm, even weaker than his three henchmen.

"You....you don't come over...I am Young Master of the Garcia Clan, if you dare lay a hand on me, your whole family will die!"

Seeing Wyatt approaching him, Jackie Garcia turned pale.

"Indeed, Young Master Garcia, even at this juncture, still dares to threaten me!"

Wyatt sneered. He swiftly moved forward two steps and kicked Jackie Garcia, sending him flying.

Turning around, he took the beautiful yet astonished girl and left the crowd, disappearing at the end of the road.

"Young Master Garcia has met his match this time, attempting to take but instead suffering a loss!"

"I wonder what background that young man has. He doesn't look any older than Young Master Garcia and his men, yet his strength is so astonishing."

"He dares to hit Young Master Garcia; he certainly isn't an ordinary person."

...

As the crowd dissipated, most people present were happily discussing the incident.

Wyatt took the girl back to her shabby house and spent a few dollars to bury her mother.

"Take this money, use it for some small business."

Wyatt took the remaining dollars from his pocket and handed it to the girl.

"Young master, you... are you repulsed by me?"

The girl trembled, her face pale and helpless.

"Where has your mind wandered off to... You sold yourself to bury your mother out of desperation, I merely offered a hand. You don't need to devote your entire life to repay it."

Wyatt shook his head.

He never intended to have the girl become his servant all along.

"Young master, you are a good man, let me follow you... My mother is dead, I have no family left in this world, please."

The girl tugged Wyatt's sleeves again, pleading pitifully.

Looking in the girl's hopeful eyes, Wyatt thought for a moment...

"Alright, then come with me."

He finally made a decision.

"Thank you, young master!"

The girl immediately beamed brightly.

When Wyatt Barnes left the Lee Mansion, he was alone. But he returned with another person.

All the way, the girl's incredibly beautiful gaze attracted many of the Lee children, all guessing who she was and what her relationship was with Wyatt.

*Chapter 8 - 8: The Young Girl 'Keer*

After bringing the young girl home, Wyatt Barnes went to see his mother, Christina Lee.

Christina Lee was also somewhat surprised to see her son bring a girl home.

Although the young girl was simply and soberly dressed, her innate beauty was undeniable. From the first look, she developed a liking for this beautiful girl.

"This is my mother."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Christina Lee and introduced her to the young girl.

"Keer pays respects to the lady of the house."

Upon seeing Christina Lee, the girl became somewhat restrained, her beautiful face blushing, making her look rather cute.

"Wyatt, what's going on here?"

Christina Lee gave Wyatt Barnes an amused glance.

She didn't expect that her son would bring back such a beautiful girl after going out just once.

"Mom, here's what happened..."

Wyatt Barnes recounted the story of his encounter with the young girl, Keer, to Christina Lee.

This included him teaching the Garcia Clan's young master a lesson, without leaving out any details.

"That Jackie Garcia has a very bad reputation in Clearwind Town, you did right by beating him. Even if the Garcia Clan comes knocking, we will be in the right."

Christina Lee nodded, showing an indifferent expression when Jackie Garcia was mentioned.

Meanwhile, her soft, maternal gaze slowly settled on the young girl.

"Keer, since you are now all alone, why don't you stay here? Conveniently, the maid in my courtyard got married and left for her hometown yesterday. You can stay in her former room."

Christina Lee looked at the young girl affectionately.

"Thank you, madam."

Keer thanked her quickly, her face flushing, with a slight excitement.

"Come on, let's get you changed."

Christina Lee took the young girl's hand and went into the bedroom.

Only Wyatt Barnes was left standing dumbfounded.

When the girl came out with Christina Lee again, she was in a new, bright set of clothes, slightly adorned by Christina.

The girl's long, ink-like hair was now tied up, her delicate face was captivating, slightly flushed, lively and delicate.

Willowy eyebrows, apricot eyes, a delicate nose, and red lips- each feature matched perfectly and flawlessly.

The slightly full chest was like a bud ready to burst open at any moment.

The slender waist, shapely bottom, and long beautiful legs gave her an elegant yet alluring appearance.

"As her name suggests, she really is an adorable girl."

Christina, standing to the side, looked at the young girl, not hesitating to heap praise on her.

"Keer, this set of clothes was what I used to wear when I was young, and I'm giving it to you now. You see, with just a little adornment, you've become quite a treat to look at. Someone can't help but keep his eyes on you, he almost wants to devour you!"

Christina cast a teasing glance at the entranced Wyatt, joking.

Christina's words caused Wyatt to laugh awkwardly and take his gaze off the girl.

The girl's transformed appearance after the makeover indeed fascinated him.

As the king of mercenaries in his previous life, he was never short of women. However, those women, while beautiful, lacked an elegant and unconventional aura.

In this aspect, they simply couldn't compare to Keer!

"Madam, I am just a maid. It is improper for me to wear such clothes."

Christina's words left the girl's beautiful face blushing like the evening sunset, clearly flattered.



"Who said you're a maid? Even if I wanted you to be one, I'm afraid someone would be unhappy..."

Christina laughed.

Wyatt Barnes was speechless.

Throughout, he hadn't said a word, and yet he'd still taken a direct hit!

Upon hearing Christina's words, the girl's face blushed even more.

Although Christina Lee and Wyatt Barnes didn't treat Keer like a maid, the sensible Keer still assumed all the house chores.

In her words, since the young master and madam kindly took her in, she wouldn't feel at ease if she didn't do anything to repay them.

The kind and sensible Keer quickly gained the approval of Christina Lee and Wyatt Barnes, and was integrated into this small family.

At the Garcia estate.

In a medium-sized courtyard.

A middle-aged man paced anxiously back and forth, occasionally raising his head to glance at a bedroom not far away.

Suddenly, the bedroom door opened, and an old man came out.

"Master Davidson, how is my son?"

The middle-aged man quickly went up to him.

"Mr. Garcia, whoever did this was extremely cruel, they've almost completely shattered your son's spine...Even after taking a ninth-grade Healing Potion, there are no signs of recovery. I'm afraid I can't do anything else, please accept my condolences."

The old man sighed and shook his head.

"What?!"

The middle-aged man's face changed dramatically.

If even this ninth-grade alchemist they'd paid a fortune to bring back could do nothing, didn't it mean that his son was ruined, doomed to spend his entire life lying in bed?

"Strength Garcia!"

At that moment, a majestic middle-aged man strode in from outside the entrance, handing an exquisite box to Mr. Garcia named Strength Garcia:

"This is an eighth-grade Healing Pill, quickly give it to your son."

"Lord of the house!"

Strength Garcia was stunned.

Although he had considered asking the clan leader for the eight-rank golden healing pill.

But when he thought that it was the only eight-rank golden healing pill that the Garcia Clan had, he gave up the idea, not believing that he, as the Garcia Clan's steward, could ask for it.

Now, seeing the clan leader personally deliver the eight-rank golden healing pill, he couldn't help but feel excited.

"Strength Garcia, if it wasn't for my miscreant son causing trouble, your son wouldn't have been injured. We owe you an apology... As for my miscreant son, I will punish him severely and give you a satisfactory explanation."

Justice Garcia, the clan leader of the Garcia Clan, said guiltily.

"Clan leader!"

Strength Garcia knelt down in excitement, his slight dissatisfaction in his heart completely dispelled.

"Get up quickly and give the pill to your son."

Justice Garcia added.

Strength Garcia stood up, reaching out to take the eight-rank golden healing pill from Justice Garcia's hand.

"Steward Garcia, I must speak frankly...No matter if it is the eight-rank golden healing pill or even the seventh-rank golden healing pill, it might not be able to cure your son's injury!"

An old man next to him suddenly spoke, "Unless there is the 'Bone Mending Pill', but, this Bone Mending Pill has long been extinct."

Strength Garcia's extended hand stiffened, and the hope that had just arisen in his heart was again cruelly shattered!

"Let him try it anyway."

Justice Garcia said.

"Clan leader, there's no need, I trust Master Davidson, it's not necessary to waste this precious pill medicine on my son."

Strength Garcia shook his head.

"The thing I want to do most now is to find out who disabled my son and take revenge for him!"

Strength Garcia sucked in a deep breath, the cold light of hatred flashed in his eyes.

"Steward Garcia, rest assured, the Garcia Clan will do its utmost to find the culprit and give your son justice!"

Justice Garcia said with a resolute tone.

"Thank you, clan leader."

Strength Garcia expressed his gratitude.

The Lee Residence.

A shocking, thunder-like news spread throughout the Lee family.

The Lee family's genius martial artist, 'Hamza Lee', will fight against the son of Ninth Elder, 'Wyatt Barnes' in one month!

Apparently, in preparation for this battle, Mark Lee, the Seventh Elder, specially invited the clan leader and Grand Elder as witnesses.

As this news spread, it caused quite a stir in the Lee family.

"The moment when Wyatt Barnes disabled Rudy Lee's arm, I knew that Mark Lee and Hamza Lee would not let it go. I didn't expect their response to be so swift!"

Tsk tsk... Fourth layer of Body Tempering Realm challenging the First level of Body Tempering Realm, Hamza Lee is really going all out for his younger brother, not caring about his reputation at all!"

"I wonder what Wyatt Barnes was thinking, actually accepting Hamza Lee's challenge, didn't his brain get damaged when he was beaten by Rudy Lee?"

"In this battle, Hamza Lee will definitely not show any mercy, even if he can't kill Wyatt Barnes, he will definitely disable him!"

...

Almost no one was optimistic about Wyatt Barnes' chances in this battle.

One was a rising star of the Lee family, a genius martial artist who entered the fourth layer of the Body Tempering Realm at just sixteen years old, with a promising future.

The other was a nameless affiliate of the Lee family, who had recently completed his body tempering and became a first-level martial artist.

Although he defeated Rudy Lee, who was at the second layer of Body Tempering Realm, using the weird and powerful 'Collapsing Fist', no one thought he could defeat Hamza Lee.

Hamza Lee and Rudy Lee may be blood brothers, but their strength is not on the same level at all.

While the Lee family was making a fuss over this matter, Wyatt Barnes, the person involved, seemed to have disappeared.

"Done!"

Looking at the ring on his right middle finger, Wyatt Barnes revealed a smile.

With the Martial Emperor's thorough understanding of inscriptions, his first attempt to inscribe on the ring was successful.

"Hamza Lee, you'll have a surprise waiting for you."

A smirk crossed Wyatt's lips.

"Young Master, the water is ready."

At that moment, a maiden walked out from behind the screen in the bedroom, having replaced the water in the bathtub for Wyatt.

"Keer, you've worked hard, get some rest."

Wyatt Barnes walked over, gently wiping the sweat from the girl's forehead with his sleeve. His movement was extremely gentle.

"Keer, I should handle such heavy chores in the future."

His face showed a look of affection.

"Young Master, it's no problem, ever since I have been using the medicine you gave me for bathing, I am stronger..."

The young girl flexed her arm, a look of gratitude on her rosy cheeks.

"It seems that with some cultivation, our Keer will soon complete the body tempering and become a martial artist."

Wyatt Barnes gently rubbed the girl's arm, smiling.

"Young Master, Keer knows you treat me well, but Keer also understands that a family like the Lee family has its rules, and martial arts techniques cannot be casually shared ... It's enough for Keer to stay with you and the lady, it doesn't matter whether or not Keer becomes a martial artist."

Keer said understandingly.

"Silly girl, I naturally won't pass on the Lee family's techniques. Okay, go and rest first, I will come to your room in the afternoon... Eh, why has your face turned so red all of a sudden, are you alright?"

Wyatt Barnes shook his head, smiling.

"Young Master, you are so naughty, always bullying Keer..."

Teased by Wyatt Barnes, the young girl ran away in a panic.

Leaving Wyatt Barnes to laugh heartily.

*Chapter 9 - 9 Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula*

"Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique", the Spirit Snake Transformation!

Seated cross-legged in the tub, Wyatt Barnes calmly practiced with his eyes closed...

The water in the tub somehow formed a turbulent vortex around Wyatt Barnes' body, unbeknownst to when it began.

The Seven-Treasure Body Tempering Fluid accumulated in the center of the vortex, continuously merging into Wyatt Barnes' body, aiding his cultivation.

Wyatt Barnes' body was undergoing subtle changes every moment.

Blood and Qi were growing stronger, while muscles pulsed.

"Whoosh~"

When all the Seven-Treasure Body Tempering Fluid in the tub was absorbed by Wyatt Barnes, he opened his eyes, rose, and stepped out of the tub.

"It seems like it will still take some time for me to break through to the second layer of the Body Tempering Realm."

With his fists slightly clenched, feeling the power coursing through his body, a glimmer of determination flashed in Wyatt's eyes.

"I must break through to the third layer of the Body Tempering Realm before my fight with Hamza Lee! Otherwise, even with the help of inscriptions, the fight will be somewhat passive."

Hamza Lee is a cultivator in the fourth layer of the Body Tempering Realm. His cultivation gives him an extra couple hundred pounds of strength and has greatly transformed his body, bones, and internal organs, making him far stronger than the average person.

If Wyatt cannot break through to the third layer of the Body Tempering Realm in one month, even if Hamza let him attack, Wyatt might still not be able to harm him. The Shape and Intent Fist, no matter how powerful it is, would become useless.

Just like a child who has just learned to walk, even with the insight into the grandmaster-level Shape and Intent Fist, still couldn't harm an adult. It's the same principle.

The two are simply not on the same level.

If one's own strength can't even break the opponent's defense, what good is a powerful technique?

"Right, I also made an appointment with Keer."

As Wyatt Barnes stepped out the door, he began contemplating what technique he should teach Keer.

In the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, besides the top-notch Three Lives Reincarnation Scripture and Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, there were several other powerful techniques that could cultivate all the way to the level of the Martial Emperor.

It wasn't that Wyatt was deliberately withholding the best technique, the Nine Dragons War Sovereign Technique, from Keer; rather, this technique was too harsh for women during later stages of practice.

"Got it, this technique isn't bad...the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula, a Martial Emperor's cultivation technique from over 20,000 years ago. The emperor was a powerful sword cultivator, and more importantly, she was a woman!"

Whether on Earth in his previous life or on the Cloud Skies Continent in this life, it's an uncontroversial fact that women are naturally physically weaker than men.

On the Cloud Skies Continent, if a woman wants to become a strong cultivator, she needs to put forth far more effort than men!

The Ice Martial Emperor truly commanded respect from Wyatt!

Through the memories of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, Wyatt learned that the Reincarnation Martial Emperor once fought against the Ice Martial Emperor...

In that battle, the stake was each other's cultivation techniques. The Reincarnation Martial Emperor won in the end and received the Ice Martial Emperor's cultivation technique.

"Well, I will pass this martial technique on to Keer."

Having made his decision, Wyatt had arrived outside Keer's bedroom.

Gently, he knocked on the door.

The door opened.

"Young Master."

Seeing Wyatt Barnes, the girl flushed slightly and replied softly.

Wyatt Barnes entered Keer's bedroom and closed the door behind him.

"Keer, I've already thought about which technique to teach you. Come, let me orally transmit the Body Tempering Realm portion to you first. You must remember it well."

Gazing at the slightly nervous and tense girl, Wyatt wore a gentle smile.

The girl nodded gently, listening intently.

Without a doubt, Keer was indeed a clever girl.

Wyatt only had to recite the Body Tempering Realm part of the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula three times, and she remembered it all without a single mistake.

However, a problem quickly arose.

"Young Master, I... although I remember the technique, I don't know where the acupoints mentioned within it are located, what should I do?"

Keer looked at Wyatt with innocent eyes, pleading pitifully.

"I have been negligent. How about I teach you how to discern these acupoints?"

Puzzled, Wyatt smiled and shook his head.

"Yes, yes!"

Keer nodded excitedly.

In Keer's heart, there was a strong desire to become a martial artist.

As far as she was concerned, if she became a martial artist, she would have the ability to protect the young master and the lady who had treated her like family.

With Wyatt Barnes' guidance, Keer sat across from him on the bed.

"Keer, your Tail Acupoint, it is seven inches above the navel... Yes, right here."

Wyatt Barnes slowly stretched out his hand. Through the thin clothes of the girl, he located her navel and moved his finger up, stopping at the position of the Tail Acupoint.

"Keer, have you remembered it?"

Wyatt Barnes could feel the young girl's body trembling slightly.

He chuckled inwardly, this girl is quite sensitive.

"I...I remember."

The girl's cheeks were as red as an apple, her voice trembling, blushing to the extreme.

Wyatt Barnes taught the young girl to recognize each acupoint.

His hand gradually moved upwards.

The girl's trembling grew more intense, causing Wyatt Barnes to become restless.



Although Keer was only fifteen, she was well developed, which was undoubtedly a great temptation for Wyatt Barnes.

After becoming a mercenary in his past life, Wyatt Barnes led a liberated life.

Of course, most of it was just play-acting.

As a mercenary who walked out of the battlefield, he was self-aware.

Love and such were fleeting; he wouldn't allow women to become his weakness against others.

"Keer, are you okay?"

Seeing the girl soaked in sweat, Wyatt Barnes asked.

"Young Master, you continue."

The young girl stubbornly nodded.

"Keer, this is the central acupoint."

Wyatt Barnes nodded and reached out to press again.

The girl's body shuddered violently, like she had been electrified, was unable to hold on any longer, she fell into Wyatt Barnes's arms.

With the sweaty beauty in his arms, a sweet fragrance filled his nose as Wyatt instinctively caught her.

The soft touch turned the atmosphere slightly romantic...

The girl jolted and shyly lowered her head.

Her head hit something hard causing Wyatt Barnes to grimace and groan.

"Young Master, are... are you okay?"

The girl quickly raised her head and looked at Wyatt Barnes, somewhat panicked.

"I... I'm fine."

Wyatt Barnes let out a low growl in his throat.

At this time, the girl seemed to also realize something, blushing she lowered her head, not daring to look at Wyatt Barnes.

"Keer, you can have my mom teach you the rest of the acupoints later, I'll leave first."

Reluctantly, Wyatt Barnes got off the bed and beat a hasty retreat.

"So embarrassing... I actually..."

Left behind was a girl blushing so bad it seemed like blood might drip out, murmuring to herself.

After leaving the girl's room, Wyatt Barnes took a deep breath, he was really afraid he would lose control.

In terms of his past life, fifteen-year-old Keer is just an underage girl.

"Wyatt, why were you coming out of Keer's room?"

Christina Lee, who had just returned, bumped into Wyatt Barnes and noticed his panic-stricken state.

"Mom, I have some stuff to do, I'll go back to my room."

Wyatt Barnes noticed Christina Lee's gaze, smiled awkwardly, and quickly returned to his own room.

As someone who had been there before, Christina Lee couldn't help but chuckle.

It seemed that her son had grown up.

Stepping out, Christina Lee walked into Keer's bedroom, which hadn't been closed yet.

"Keer, you..."

Just seeing the the girl, her face flushed and ears red, Christina Lee's eyes filled with amusement.

"Madam!"

Seeing Christina Lee, the girl jumped in surprise.

"Madam, it's not what you think, I... Young Master was just teaching me to recognize acupoints."

The girl hurriedly explained.

"Recognize acupoints?"

Hearing the girl's words, Christina Lee's expression became even more strange.

*Chapter 10 - 10: Gamble!*

A month's time passed in a flash.

Today is the day Wyatt Barnes and Hamza Lee have scheduled to duel.

In the clean and tidy room in the early morning,

Wyatt got up from the bath and slowly walked out.

He had just used up the last vial of Seven Treasures Body Tempering Fluid.

Gently trembling his sore body, feeling the power it contained, a faint smile curled up at the corners of his mouth.

His efforts over the past month had not been wasted!

After a month of arduous cultivation, some of the childishness had faded from his handsome face.

The long period of body tempering had made Wyatt's body become sturdy and robust.

His dark purple, body-hugging outfit vividly highlighted his perfect physique.

Compared to the frail boy from over a month ago, who hadn't completed body tempering and become a warrior, he was practically a different person.

Just then, a gentle knock came from outside the room.

"Young Master, are you awake?"

The melodious voice, like a warbler singing, brought a touch of tenderness to Wyatt's calm face.

Dressing himself, Wyatt walked out from behind the screen, slowly coming to the door and opening it.

The door opened, allowing soft and warm sunlight to spill into the room, bathing Wyatt in a warm glow.

Outside the door, a graceful girl locked eyes with Wyatt for a moment before quickly bowing her head, a tinge of blush appearing on her face.

The girl was dressed in a light green outfit today, perfectly complementing her developing figure.

Her pair of budding flowers of youth silently unleashed the temptation of youth.

On her slender waist, a light blue sash fluttered in the wind...

Looking at the girl outside his door, Wyatt was momentarily dazzled.

"Keer, you're up so early."

Coming back to himself, Wyatt managed a faint smile.

He murmured to himself, over this past month, as she completed her body tempering, Keer's figure had become more and more enticing.

As Wyatt sized up the girl up and down, her face turned so red that it seemed like it would bleed.

"Young Master, the Lady said she's gone ahead, and asked me to wake you up so we could all go together. But I didn't expect that you'd be up so early already."

The girl blinked her autumn eyes and gently nodded her head.

Her words made Wyatt laugh bitterly.

Did his mother still think that he was the same old lazybones?

"Keer, have you...broken through to the Second Layer of Body Tempering?"

Suddenly, Wyatt looked at the girl with mild astonishment, noticing that she had broken through.

"Thanks to the medicinal solution you helped me prepare, Young Master, otherwise my progress wouldn't have been this fast."

The girl blinked her eyes and slightly raised her eyebrows, her mouth adorned with an enchanting smile.

"The medicinal solution is just a secondary factor, the key is Keer, your talent is really good, it seems the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula suits you well... Keer, you practice a sword cultivation technique, so you need a sword. This afternoon, I'll take you out to get one."

Wyatt shook his head and smiled.

"Young Master, didn't you say that the Body Tempering section of the Cold Ice Divine Sword Formula doesn't match any sword techniques?"

The girl blinked her autumn eyes.

"I'll teach you some other sword techniques first, would you like to learn?"

Wyatt asked with a smile.

"Yes!"

The girl eagerly nodded her head, seeming almost afraid Wyatt would change his mind.

"Keer, let's head over too."

Wyatt stepped out of the room, closed the door behind him, and naturally extended his hand to hold the girl's soft hand in his. The whole action was as smooth as flowing water, as if he had practiced it countless times.

"Yes, let's not keep the Lady waiting."

The girl's face was full of blissful smiles as she held the boy's hand a little tighter.

A pair of golden boy and jade girl, hand-in-hand, walked out of the grand courtyard towards the Lee Family's Martial Arts Performance Field.

Along the way, they attracted many envious and jealous gazes.

A few of the Lee Family's young descendants looked at Wyatt with almost fiery gazes, as if they would push Wyatt away in a heartbeat and take his place.

There were also some girls looking jealously at the beautiful Keer, who looked like a little fairy.

...

The Lee Family's Martial Arts Performance Field was a huge bluestone field.

The area outside the field, which was slightly elevated, was crowded with people. These were all members of the Lee family, chattering animatedly, their voices roaring to the sky.

"It's just a duel between two youngsters, and yet almost all the elder of the family have come. What a grand event!"

"Yes, even a few of the elders who were responsible for managing the family's market at the Clear Wind Town have come back. This scale can even match a coming-of-age ceremony."

"From what I see, the main factor is the Seventh Elder had invited the Family Head and the Grand Elder to be the witnesses of today's duel. Now that the Family Head and the Grand Elder are here, it wouldn't be right for these elders not to come."

...

In front of the field was a raised platform arranged with tables and chairs. Many people were already seated there, enjoying the tea upon the tables.

These people were the higher-ranking members of the Lee family.

The head of the Lee family, Jeremy Lee, sat in the center.

Apart from an empty seat beside him, all the other seats were filled. Standing behind these elders of the Lee family were several boys and girls.

As the Ninth Elder of Lee family, Christina Lee sat on the far end, her expression composed, unfazed even if the Mount Tai in front of her crumbled.

"Ninth Elder, what a steadiness."

Mark Lee, the Seventh Elder, cast a glance at Christina Lee, despite the Eighth Elder separating them. He offered a faint smile.

He looked like a sure winner.

However, Christina Lee acted as if she hadn't heard his words at all, totally ignoring him, which caused the Eighth Elder positioned between them to also reveal a strange smile.

"Humph!"

Mark Lee laughed angrily.

He was eager to see, how long this Christina Lee could keep up her aloof act.

Today, his eldest son, Hamza Lee, would definitely cripple Wyatt Barnes, avenging his good-for-nothing younger son.

"Grand Elder!"

"Grand Elder!"

...

At this moment, the crowd parted in the distance.

Along with a wave of reverent titles, an aged figure stepped forward and ascended the high platform.

It was the Grand Elder of the Lee Family, Kayson Lee!

"Grand Elder!"

Every one of the Lee family elders, including the family leader Jeremy Lee, all stood up, respectfully saluting the old man.

This old man wasn't just the strongest presence in the Lee family, but also a highly revered Ninth Grade alchemist.

In the Cloud Skies Continent, only the alchemists graded were considered as true alchemists.

Becoming an alchemist required meeting extremely stringent conditions.

It could be said that among a thousand Condensed Pill Realm warriors, there might not be one capable of becoming an alchemist.

The three major families in Qinfeng town each have a Ninth Grade alchemist.

Only the Lee family's alchemist is one of their own, while other two families' alchemists, who they had to pay heavily for their services, could leave at any time.

The old man nodded lightly, sat next to the family leader, Jeremy Lee, and closed his eyes to rest.

"Hamza, now that the Grand Elder has arrived, you should proceed first."

Seventh Elder, Mark Lee, suggested. The always at his side, Hamza Lee nodded his head, strutted out, and entered the spacious Martial Arts Performance Field.

"Even the Grand Elder has come, Hamza Lee has also appeared, why hasn't Wyatt Barnes arrived?"

"This Wyatt Barnes, is really full of himself!"

"He isn't afraid to show up, is he?"

...

The Scions of the Lee family surrounding the Martial Arts Performance Field were all discussing, with few even sneering at Wyatt Barnes.

"Ninth Elder, even the Grand Elder is here, why hasn't your son Wyatt Barnes arrived yet? He isn't afraid to show up, is he?"

On the high platform, Seventh Elder Mark Lee deliberately asked in a loud voice.

"Seventh Elder, rest assured, since my son has agreed, he will certainly come."

Christina Lee snorted lightly.

"Ninth Elder, I feel this battle today is unnecessary. How about you simply concede defeat on behalf of your son, to avoid your son getting hurt, ruining the harmony between you and the Seventh Elder?"

'Bellamy Lee,' the Sixth Elder, always on good terms with Mark Lee, a middle-aged man with a scar on his face, stated indifferently.

"Sixth Elder, by your words, it seems you believe that Hamza Lee will surely win?"

Fifth Elder Moshe Lee couldn't help but speak up.

"This is a universally acknowledged fact."

Bellamy Lee laughed.

"Then I will place a bet with the Sixth Elder...if Hamza Lee wins, I lose five hundred USD to you, but if Wyatt Barnes wins, you also lose five hundred USD to me. How about it?"

Moshe Lee gazed deeply at Bellamy Lee and stated slowly.

For each elder of the Lee family, the monthly salary is only more than ten USD. Moshe Lee blasted out several years' worth of his salary as stake!

Every upper echelon of the Lee family present, including family leader Jeremy Lee looked in surprise at Moshe Lee, they hadn't expected him to have so much confidence in Wyatt Barnes.

Even the Grand Elder Kayson Lee opened his eyes and looked deeply at Moshe Lee.

Upon hearing Moshe Lee's words, Bellamy Lee's eyes brightened.

He was already quite the gambling addict; in his view, Moshe Lee was simply handing over money to him.



It's just, five hundred is a sum he couldn't currently cover.

His money was nearly completely squandered in the gambling dens.

"What, Sixth Elder, are you scared?"

Seeing Bellamy Lee go silent, Moshe Lee laughed.

Bellamy Lee's face flushed red, he shifted his gaze towards the Seventh Elder, Mark Lee at his side.

"Sixth Elder, I lend you five hundred USD. Furthermore, I put down another five hundred USD to bet with Fifth Elder, is Fifth Elder willing to accompany me?"

Mark Lee, seeing Bellamy Lee's difficulty, stared intently at Moshe Lee.

Moshe Lee frowned.

Despite the five hundred being just several years of his salary, coupled with his everyday expenses, he has been able to save only about eight hundred in these years.

Mark Lee being able to save a thousand makes him quite well-off among the Lee family elders.

You could say, this time Mark Lee was putting all his eggs in one basket!